



**WALTER T. ROACH AMERICAN LEGION POST 182  
165 WEST LINCOLN STREET - HUBBARDSTON, MICHIGAN. 48845  
NEWSLETTER NUMBER TWENTY THREE, AUGUST, SEPTEMBER 2005**

Don't miss it. Come early (at noon) for best seats . Dine in air-conditioned comfort !

**Legion Officers**

Commander - William Kruger  
Adjutant - Dan Heckman  
Vice Comdr. - Terry Fletcher  
2<sup>nd</sup> 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

**Calendar of Coming Events**

August 7 Aux. and Legion Meeting 2:00 and 3:00 p.m.  
August 14 Annual Chicken Barbecue 12:00 noon  
Tractor Pull  
September 3-4-5 Labor Day Weekend-Meet your friends  
October 2 "All you Can Eat Breakfast" 8:30-11:30 a.m.  
October 29 Halloween Masquerade Party 9:00 p.m.  
November 6 "All You Can Eat Breakfast" 8:30-11:30 a.m.  
November 12 Veterans Day Celebration 9:00 p.m.  
Raffle-\$500 to be given away  
December 4 "All You Can Eat 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 with 8<sup>th</sup> Dist. Comdr. Root 1:40 p.m.  
Auxiliary Meets with 8<sup>th</sup> Dist. Brenda Sappington  
Raffles and Door Prizes  
January Euchre Tournaments to be announced.

**Annual Chicken Barbecue August 14, 2005**

No where will you find chicken like the Post 182 guys do it. Melt in your mouth, flavored to perfection and served from noon until gone . The ladies of the auxiliary arrange for the solicitation and preparation of the extra's: potato salad, baked beans, salads, fresh garden vegetables and desserts. All this and half a chicken!

**Project "Pave the Parking Lot"**

Post 182 has always had such successful "fun and fund-raising" events and we all know that the autumn rain and winter snow bring real duress to those cleaning our beautiful club when all of that mud is tracked in on our luxurious new carpeting. Many ideas for fund-raisers are being bounced around: some extra Fish Fry Dinners, raffles, etc. Every fund-raiser requires a hard-working committee and we have lots of them who do everything all of the time. **Here's some food for thought! How about...if those of us who truly enjoy the 'Mansion on the Hill' each donate something comfortable to the fund.** Send to James Barker, Financial Officer, American Legion Club, Box 182, Hubbardston, Mi. 48845. Make your checks payable to Post 182. **If 200 people donated \$100 each (we have close to 300 members- lots of couples, however), the job would be 'in the bag.'** Consider what you can afford and let's really push for this goal. Jim is smiling, ready and willing to accept your contributions of any size as of today! Box 182.

Sign on Athi River Highway near Nairobi: "Take notice: When this sign is under water, this road is impassible."

## A Salute to a Veteran of World War One.

Henry Bozung was born September 7, 1893 and died July 17, 1986 at the Saginaw Veteran's facility with Schnepf Funeral Home of Carson City and internment at St. John the Baptist Cemetery in Hubbardston. He was born in Ionia to Peter and Katherine Roll Bozung. Henry was a carpenter unexcelled to perfection in detail, besides being a man's man. He loved fishing and all outdoor activities and trained his children in the beauties of the outdoors, instilling in them a love and loyalty to family and a deep commitment to their faith. Henry married Magdalena (Magda) Donelle, who was a native of Czechoslovakia, in a lovely formal ceremony in Chicago (picture can be seen at the Celtic Path) and settled in Hubbardston after Henry's stint in World War I. Henry served his tour of duty which began with his basic training at Ft. Sheridan, Illinois. As a returning veteran, Henry was active in the newly formed Walter T. Roach Post 182 American Legion club when the fever was high for uniting the surviving veterans of that conflict. Henry lost his lovely Magda when she was 43 years old. She shared his interests but preferred the quiet home life with her growing family.

Throughout his life Henry was involved in everything related to a busy little boom town which had flourished when "pine-was-king," the lumbering years of the late 1800's and early 1900's. Progress in the name of the railroad never materialized and the lack of availability of transport to market of manufactured and agricultural goods doomed the growing potential of this immigrant town. The rich farm land was still here, the power plant, the flowing Fish Creek, the flour mill, and ambitious, hard-working, fun-loving people such as Henry would make the town permanent. Henry was looked upon as one of the experienced individuals to contact when there was a question about anything related to the history of the cemetery, the school, the village, carpentry or building rules and regulations and of course – fishing. He was an expert and knew every trick in the book involved to catch the elusive 'in season' "what's for dinner tonight" fish. He especially enjoyed his comradeship with fellow veterans and made his regular appearance at military

commendation ceremonies and parades over the years.

Sign in a Kansas City restaurant:  
"Open seven days a week and weekends."

## World War II

Henry's first-born son, Alvin was himself serving in the national conflict-World War II - when tragedy hit the home front resulting in the instantaneous death of two of his sisters, Margaret and Mildred, as they made their way home from work at the factory (war plant) in Ionia (along with several of their car-pooling munitions workers) on a foggy, misty, afternoon. Alvin graduated from St. John the Baptist High School in 1942, went to work for prosperous farmers Pat and Dan Hogan and shortly thereafter was drafted into the army where he served in the Field Artillery. After basic training he was sent first to Oral Bay, New Guinea, on to White Beach, Luzon. From Luzon he went on to Manila and his last assignment was strange indeed. President Truman had authorized the use of the atomic bomb and Alvin's group was to hit another area of Hiroshima as a decoy action. They were warned that military planners fully expected such fierce opposition that they could suffer 90 % casualties. However, the bomb was dropped before their orders materialized and three days following the massacre that was Hiroshima, Alvin's unit marched into that devastated city to try to put some means of order into the chaos. Soon after the second atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, Emperor Hirohito surrendered unconditionally, the war was over and Alvin was on his way home. However in the din of battle, Alvin's ear drums perforated and he was awarded the Purple Heart. Promotions came fast in battle when exemplary courage was an everyday expectation. Alvin was no exception. In October of 1944, he made Pfc. In July of 1945, he became Corporal Bozung. His Sergeant's stripes were issued in November of 1945 and Staff Sgt. followed one month later. Alvin would return home outwardly unscathed and marry his sweetheart, Beatrice and rear 10 children. To carry the military theme beyond – Alvin's son is also a military man with a prestigious career to his credit. Alvin was a master craftsman while working throughout his life at Federal Mogul in St. Johns. The altars of St. John the Baptist Church are graced with extraordinary examples of his unique skill and expertise today. They serve to bring to mind the person of Alvin the student, the acolyte, the worker, the father, the family man, the deeply religious and devout man of faith who died so suddenly and unexpectedly of a heart attack after complications from surgery to correct a cancerous condition. The community mourned a wonderful friend, a compassionate man, a prayerful man and a pleasure to be near-conversationalist who truly loved his solitude and the joys of everything in nature.

Henry's second son, Raymond was in the Military Police and served in the army of occupation overseas after the Korean War. He is married and lives in the St. John's area.

Third son, Father James Bozung entered the seminary after completion of the eighth grade at St. John the Baptist Catholic School and officially retired in 2004. Acting as a 'free agent' or more commonly called 'substitute or fill-in' priest in many areas of the diocese, especially in the growing Spanish religious communities, he continues to maintain a full-time commitment to his profession. He is also active in the Hubbardston local, parish and community events.

Fourth son, Eugene served in the Regular Army in Korea in the occupation period after the war. He served his country, the community and church for over 30 years acting as custodian, groundskeeper, expert on local happenings and village data and as an area historian.

Henry's surviving daughters are: Bernice Caudy of St. John's who had to act as mother to the youthful family when her older sisters were killed in a train-car accident when she was barely in her teens. She was strength for her dad in his grief and provided the domestic touch necessary for the children to grow in security, love and good health. Daughter Joan is a resident of the St. Johns area and youngest daughter Janette married Harry Lee Sanborn, (who did his military tour in the army in Korea), a successful farmer, and raised a family of community oriented persons who share in the farm responsibilities as well as a very lucrative "Sugar Bush." This operation produces hundreds of gallons of maple syrup which is sold to contractors who prefer perfection and quality in their agricultural products.

Their legacy lives on into the year 2005 with nine children (5 daughters and 4 sons) to their credit, 24 grandchildren and 23 great grand children and this number has grown through the years. Patriots all!

### **The Korean War and a Hubbardston Legend**

Cliff O'Grady was the second son of Loretta O'Grady whose husband was killed in a train accident where he was working in Chicago, Illinois when Cliff and Kenneth were very young. A young mother, a widow, she wanted her sons raised in a small town setting away from the city. If it could be an Irish settlement, that would be perfect. An ad in the paper led to a trip to Michigan, and a friendship with Ada Grant who lived on the hill on Lincoln Street (Ewalt's today). A job at the local Cowman-Holbrook General

Store and the dye was cast. (In later life Loretta would marry Ray Cowman.) Cliff attended St. John the Baptist School, was a devout Catholic and the war changed his life forever. Faithful friend, Vera O'Connell O'Grady never wavered in her belief in his safe return. Cliff was an Army Medic, who carried injured soldiers, no gun, in the midst of terrible bloodshed." Cliff attended daily Mass when he was home on leave and always on the day he was to return to camp, I observed him kneeling with intensity showing on his brow, knowing what he had to face ahead of him.

"The son of Mr and Mrs. C. Ray (Loretta) Cowman was awarded the Silver Star for bravery over and beyond the line of duty in action on July 26<sup>th</sup> (1951-52?) He was also recommended for the Bronze Star for bravery the following day when, being wounded himself, he assisted other wounded until he lost consciousness. The Silver Star was awarded for carrying out a wounded Chicago soldier under fire. Cpl. O'Grady who is attached to the Medical Company of the 38<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment 2<sup>nd</sup> Division, has been overseas since April. He entered the service October 10 last year. Hit July 27<sup>th</sup> when a mortar shell exploded near him, he suffered multiple flesh wounds when shell fragment struck his legs. He was not believed to be seriously hurt, but later when bleeding persisted, he was hospitalized in Pusan where he underwent lengthy surgery to control the bleeding. The shell which injured him, killed a soldier in back of him. In a letter to Ford Burns he writes, "I had seven die in my arms the day before I got hit, but I guess that's war. The action was on Hill 1179 (Carson City Gazette)

Returning home he married his sweetheart Vera and they had four children, Jan McCrackin, Carolyn Cunningham, Sheila Thurston and Shaun (Beth). Cliff's true spirit blossomed when as manager of the Cowman Store (Hubbardston Market) he on occasion lent a sympathetic ear to a needy and temporarily 'short of food' customer friend. Often an extra \$20 bill went with it to get him through the weekend. No one was ever aware, until late in his life, these friends boasted of Cliff's 'warm' side and relayed these tales. The war would eventually be his demise. A cancerous tumor on the brain which claimed many of the survivors of the chemical pollution of the battlefields took him from us. Another 'gentle giant' among our memories!

### **"I Explain God" by Danny Dutton, 3<sup>rd</sup> grade**

Jesus is God's son. He used to do all the hard work like walking on water and performing miracles and trying to teach people who didn't want to learn about God. They finally got

tired of his preaching and crucified him...His dad God appreciated everything he had done so he told him he didn't have to go out on the road anymore. He could just stay in heaven and help his dad out...like a secretary, only more important...But you shouldn't just always think of what God can do for you. I figure God put me here and he can take me back anytime he pleases...so if there's anyone you want to make happy, it's God. (Mary Caris)

### How They Celebrated in 1919

On November 15, 1919, Armistice Day was observed when the Ladies of the area served a banquet at the local GAR Hall, formerly located east of the present post office on Main Street in Hubbardston. The Hall was filled to capacity. The veteran soldiers were admitted free and a short program was given in their honor. Rev. Father McCormick gave an impromptu speech, Rev. W.S. Phillips and Elwood M. Brake, Superintendent of Schools and himself a veteran also spoke. Several musical numbers were given, but the best received, was a violin solo by Walter Brunn, a former A.E.D. man (American Expeditionary Forces). The proceeds from the evenings activities were \$100 to be given to the American Legion Post 182 to repair the G.A.R, Hall which they plan to use together for their organizational activities.

**Dry cleaners, Bangkok:**

**"Drop your trousers here for best results."**

### The Colors of My Rainbow

A row of bottles on my shelf caused me to analyze myself. One yellow pill I pop, goes to my heart so it won't stop. A little white one that I take goes to my hands so they won't shake. The blue ones that I use a lot tell me I'm happy when I'm not. The purple pill goes to my brain and tells me that I have no pain. The Capsules tell me not to wheeze or cough or choke or even sneeze. The red ones, smallest of them all, go to my blood so I won't fall. The orange ones, very big and bright prevent my leg cramps in the night. Such an array of brilliant pills helping to cure all kinds of ills. But what I really want to know...is what tells each one where to go!

### Who Is Today's Fighting Man?

He's a recent High School graduate; he was probably an average student, pursued some form of sport activities, drives a ten year old jalopy, and has a steady girlfriend that either broke up with him when he left, or swears to be waiting when he returns from half a world away. He listens to rock and roll or hip-hop or rap or jazz or swing and

155mm howitzors. He is 10 or 15 pounds lighter now than when he was at home because he is working or fighting from before dawn to well after dusk.

He has **trouble spelling**, thus letter writing is a pain for him, but he can field strip a rifle in 30 seconds and reassemble it in less time in the dark. He can recite to you the nomenclature of a machine gun or grenade launcher and use either one effectively if he must. He digs foxholes and latrines and can apply first aid like a professional. He can march until he is told to stop or stop until he is told to march.

He obeys orders instantly and without hesitation, but he is not without spirit or individual dignity. He is self-sufficient. He has two sets of fatigues: he washes one and wears the other. He keeps his canteens full and his feet dry. He sometimes forgets to brush his teeth, but never to clean his rifle. He can cook his own meals, mend his own clothes, and fix his own hurts. If you're thirsty, he'll share his water with you; if you are hungry, his food. He'll even split his ammunition with you in the midst of battle when you run low.

He has learned to use his hands like weapons and weapons like they were his hands. He can save your life - or take it, because that is his job. He will often do twice the work of a civilian, draw half the pay and still find ironic humor in it all. He has seen more suffering and death than he should have in his short lifetime. He has stood atop mountains of dead bodies, and helped to create them. He has wept in public and in private, for friends who have fallen in combat and is unashamed. He feels every note of the National Anthem vibrate through his body while at rigid attention, while tempering the burning desire to 'square-away' those around him who haven't bothered to stand, remove their hat, or even stop talking. In an odd twist, day in and day out, far from home, he defends their right to be disrespectful.

Just as did his Father, Grandfather, and Great-grandfather; he is paying the price for our freedom. Beardless or not, he is not a boy. He is the American Fighting Man that has kept this country free for over 200 years. He has asked nothing in return, except our friendship and understanding. Remember him, always, for he has earned our respect and admiration with his blood. And now we even have women over there in danger, doing their part in this tradition of going to War when our nation calls us to do so. As you go to bed tonight, remember this scene... A short lull, a little shade and a picture of loved ones in their helmets.....

"Lord, hold our troops in your loving care." (American Legion Magazine, May, 2005)

May God bless you, my child. I put you under the protection of Mary and her Son, under the care of Brigid and her cloak, and under the shelter of God tonight. (Pat Fairon, Belfast, Ireland)

**Do you know the difference between "guts" and "balls?"**

Guts – is arriving home late after a night out with the guys, being assaulted by your wife with a broom, and having the guts to say, "Are you still cleaning, or are you flying somewhere."

Balls – is coming home late after a night out with the guys, smelling of perfume and beer, lipstick on your collar, slapping your wife on the butt and having the balls to say, "You're next."

A college student at a recent USC football game challenged a senior citizen (Don't you just love it?) sitting next to him, saying it was impossible for their generation to understand his. "You grew up in a different world," the student said loud enough for the whole crowd to hear." "Today we have TV, jet planes, space travel, walking on the moon, nuclear energy, electric cars, computers ..and uh..." Taking advantage of the pause in the student's litany, the geezer said, "You're right. We didn't have those things when we were young; so we invented them, you little twit! What the hell are you doing for the next generation??"

**Oh! Those Lovely Golden Years!**

**SIGNS OF MENOPAUSE**

1. You sell your home heating system at a yard sale.
2. Your husband jokes that instead of buying a wood stove, he is using you to heat the room this winter. Rather than just saying you're not amused, you shoot him.
3. You have to write post-it notes with your kids' names on them.
4. The Phenobarbital dose that wiped out the Heaven's Gate Cult gives you four hours of decent rest.
5. You change your underwear after every sneeze.

**SIGNS OF WHERE...**

1. "OLD" IS WHEN..... Your sweetie says, "Let's go upstairs and make love," and you answer, "Pick one, I can't do both!"
2. "OLD" IS WHEN..... Your friends compliment you on your new alligator shoes, and you're barefoot.
3. "OLD" IS WHEN..... A sexy babe catches your fancy and your pacemaker opens the garage door.
4. "OLD" IS WHEN..... Going braless pulls all the wrinkles out of your face.
5. "OLD" IS WHEN..... You don't care where your spouse goes, just as long as you don't have to go along.

6. "OLD" IS WHEN..... You are cautioned to slow down by the doctor instead of by the police.
7. "OLD" IS WHEN..... "Getting a little action" means I don't need to take any fibre today.
8. "OLD" IS WHEN..... "Getting lucky" means you find your car in the parking lot.
9. "OLD" IS WHEN..... An "all-nighter" means not getting up to go to the bathroom.

**From the Arizona Republic online.....**

(A complaint post and reply)

**The complaint:** A wake-up call from Luke's jets June 23, 2005, 12:00 a.m.

"Question of the day for Luke Air Force Base: Whom do we need to thank for the morning air show? Last Wednesday, at precisely 9:11 a.m., a tight formation of four F-16 jets made a low pass over Arrowhead Mall, continuing west over Bell Road at approximately 500 feet. Imagine our good fortune! Do the Tom Cruise-wannabes feel we need this wake-up call, or were they trying to impress the cashiers at Mervyns early-bird special? Any response would be appreciated."

**The response:**

Regarding "A Wake-up call from Luke's jets" (Letters, Thursday): On June 15 at precisely 9:12 a.m., a perfectly timed four-ship of F-16's from the 63<sup>rd</sup> Fighter Squadron at Luke Air Force Base flew over the of grave of Capt. Jeremy Fresques.

Capt. Fresques was an Air Force officer who was previously stationed at Luke Air Force Base and was killed in Iraq on May 30, Memorial Day. At 9:00a.m. on June 15, his family and friends gathered at Sunland Memorial Park in Sun City to mourn the loss of a husband, son and friends. Based on the letter-writer's recount of the flyby, and because of the jet's noise, I'm sure you didn't hear the 21-gun salute, and the playing of taps or my words to the widow and parents of Capt. Fresques as I gave him their son's flag on behalf of the president of the United States and all those veteran's and servicemen and women who understand the sacrifices they have endured. A four-ship flyby is a display of respect the Air Force pays to those who give their lives in defense of freedom. We are professional aviators and take our jobs seriously, and on June 15 what the letter writer witnessed was four officers lining up to pay their ultimate respects. The letter writer asks, "Whom do we thank for the morning air show?" The 56<sup>th</sup> Fighter Wing will call you and forward your thanks to the widow and parents of Capt. Fresques and thank them for you,

for it was in their honor that my pilots flew the most honorable formation of their lives.  
Lt. Col. Scott Pleus  
CO 63<sup>rd</sup> Fighter Squadron  
Luke Air Force Base (J. Billings) So there!!

your convenience. Saves time and file work for Dan Heckman, Red Ward and Lezlie Hauck. Enjoy the delicious dinner, get your bill out of the way and enjoy another great tractor pull from your perfect vantage point on the hill.

### Some thought to Ponder

The Social Security reform debate has become increasingly political and confusing. All arguments are based on long-term projections. These are just 'best-guesses.' Social Security trustees make projections that cover not just five or 10 years, but 75 years. No matter how reasonable, such projections will more than likely be flawed. Think back 75 years. Who in 1930 could see the severity of the depression, the baby bust of 1930, World War II, the postwar prosperity and the baby boom? Will current projections be any more accurate?

**Every 7 and ½ seconds a baby-boomer turns 50.**  
Baby Boom Years: 1946-1964

While no law, constitutional amendment nor official proclamation defines the era, sociologists coined the term because the United States experienced a rapid population increase after the American soldiers returned home from World War II. The **biggest year was 1957 when 4.3 million babies were born.** Between 1956 and 1960, 21.2 million boomers were born, nearly 5 times as many as between 1941 and 1945 (the war years) the largest rate for any five-year period in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. **Now you see why we have a few people who foresee some problems down the road.** (Condensed from "The Retirement of Social Security" by Kerry Lynch-American Legion Magazine, July, 2005)

A lady walks into a drug store and tells the pharmacist she needs some cyanide. The pharmacist asks, "Why in the world do you need cyanide?" The lady explained she needed it to poison her husband. The pharmacist's eyes got big and he said, "Lord have mercy, I can't give you cyanide to kill your husband. That's against the law! I'll lose my license, they'll throw us both in jail and all kinds of bad things will happen! Absolutely not, you can not have any cyanide!"

Then the lady reached into her purse and pulled out a picture of her husband in bed with the pharmacist's wife. The pharmacist looked at the picture and replied, "Well now, you didn't tell me you had a prescription."

### Reminder

Early Bird Membership fees are due and payable at the Chicken Barbecue on Sunday, August 14 for

### Post 182 To Host Eighth District Meeting

On Sunday January 8, 2006 fifteen posts will be represented at this event. Call in your reservations (989-981-6527) and plan to attend a scrumptious dinner by our "Chief Gourmet Team of Post 182"- Delores Schmitt and Carol Fitzpatrick. All officers of the Legion, the Auxiliary and the SALS are cordially urged to be in attendance as Eighth District Comdr. Root and Auxiliary Eighth District President Brenda Saporling are introduced by Post 182 Comdr. Kruger to conduct the separated meetings. All interested Legion, Auxiliary and SALS members are invited to attend. Reservations must be made in advance to ensure the cooks accurate numbers to provide adequate food. The cost is \$7 per person and the menu will be announced as the date approaches. It is an honor for our club to be asked to sponsor this Eighth District Event. Our impressive club is a direct result of years of dedicated effort by willing workers who have found the secret of cooperation and recreation combined to make profits. And we can't discount "Lotto!" That has been a "Boon" to our financial security. Thanks to Leo and his willing supporters who keep the monies and the records in "State ordered Ship-Shape." We depend on all of our committees as they perform marvelous benefits and fund-raisers. You are indispensable and appreciated. See you there!

**Monte Cassino** is a new book out by Matthew Parker who also wrote **The Battle of Britain**. The story of the Benedictine Monastery in Italy is a bloody account of war at its most brutal. **Clare Cunningham, Past Comdr. at Post 182 is quoted 12 times** in the book as are many other veterans of that siege. Clare lost a leg in the first days of the brutal battle. A copy can be seen at the HAHS Museum Room at St. John the Baptist School. It was published by Doubleday.

Walter T. Roach Post 182

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