

# The Illinois 40 et 8 News

Official Publication of the Honor Society of Illinois Veterans



Volume 23, No. 1

Spring 2018

## GRAND CHEF DE GARE DWIGHT MOSS



What a nice fall season, then the bottom really fell. It was in the 50's then it went to the minus. Plus, we had ice and snow.

With the Holidays over, I can get back to traveling around. I know from looking at times of meetings and dates, plus the distance between, I will not make them all.

We will be in Springfield, Illinois Feb. 11 & 12 2018. This for the Lincoln

Wreath Ceremony.

Our Voiture like many others is trying to get new members.

We hope that all of you had a very nice and happy New Year. Since our children are married and with other families, my wife and I went to the Knights of Columbus hall Thanksgiving Day and worked to feed the families that had no one else or couldn't afford a dinner. Had a wonderful time.

Attention all Chef de Gare's, when a District holds a petite Cheminot meeting you or another Voyageur needs to attend and you Voiture has reports that are to be turned in.

I'm trying to work on a system to get around better.

I hope that each Voiture has at least one new or renewed member to add to their ranks.

## FROM THE GRAND CHEF DE TRAIN MIKE VANCE



Greetings I hope everyone had a joyous and peaceful Christmas Holiday season with family and friends. Now that the holidays have passed it is time to get to business at hand, the New Year 2018 is off to a running start. I would be remiss in not bringing up the first most priority for the new year as every year -Membership which is the life blood of this and every organization. We need to

ensure that all our Locales have their voyagers up to date on their dues. Correspondents have the membership records at hand and should have plenty of help to contact people to keep everyone on track. The acid test is to check current membership cards and see that they say 2018, if they have 2017 or anything else, it is time for a fix!!

Second priority, is organizing for the future with Petite Cheminot meetings. The Petite Cheminot meeting must be conducted at least 30 days prior to the Spring Cheminot. I currently have in hand an invitation from the 3rd District Cheminot for his petite Cheminot meeting to be held on the 24th of February. Speaking of invitations, I just received an invitation from the Springfield American Legion Post to represent

the 40 & 8 at their annual Lincoln pilgrimage on the 12th of February.

I plan on making the rounds and attending a few local Promenades as my schedule and weather and road conditions may dictate.

With the 100th anniversary of the 40 & 8 rapidly approaching, each Locale should be looking to do something special to mark the event. Case in point, Leavenworth Kansas has a Veterans Day parade that will be marking it's 100th anniversary in 2019 and they have invited Grandes from the entire country to send at least one Locomotive to attend the parade; even if your locale Voiture does not have a locomotive I hope that they will try to do something special to commemorate the 100th birthday of La Société.

NonProfit  
Organization  
U.S. Postage Paid  
Indianapolis, IN  
Permit No. 279



## V-812 LOCOMOTIVE & BOXCAR AT WILD LIFE PRAIRIE PARK



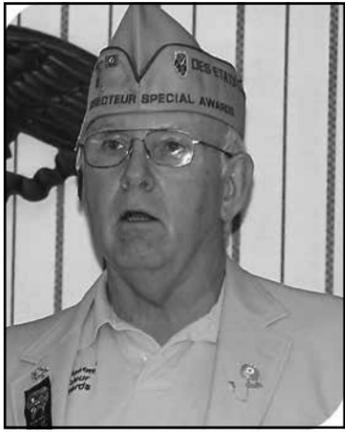
V-812 Voyageurs was asked to bring their Locomotive to Wild Life Prairie Park to participate in their Christmas Program again this year. They have a miniature rail system, which is very realistic, and we transport the kids and their families from the main complex, to their

depot, pick them up after the ride there and transport them back to the main area for more activities. They have Santa, crafts and animals on display for their enjoyment. Members from V-812 that participated this year were, Dave Ferris and wife Margaret, Jerry Surrrels

and wife Sandy, Harold Rose, Ray Geier and Wally Hammond. They had two skunks on display and Harold Rose said they were some of my relatives! There were over 1,000 kids and parents that we transported in the three days of the festivities. We

have participated in their program for the last four years and have already been asked for 2018! What an excellent way to promote the 40/8! We all had a wonderful time! They even had a hospitality room for us to warm up in and snacks to enjoy!

# GRAND SPECIAL AWARDS



Awards, the letters standing for Promote, Inform and Encourage, it is our responsibility to get as much activity for the Special Awards as possible, sometimes we have to think outside the box! Get the Voyageurs attention, plant the seed and point them in the right direction by offering any or all the help they need to put a Nomination package together.

I have been involved in the Special Awards Program for a few years and believe me I'm still learning something new every year! Talk about the Program at your Locale Promenades. Get the message about Special Awards to the Membership! Serve up a big piece of PIE!

The membership in the General's Club is another way to help Special Awards. The dues paid are to help Nationale offset the cost of transportation and housing for the LOY at Nationale Promenade. Membership can only be offered to a Voyageur or Le Femme by a current member so make sure your dues in the General's club are paid and start recruiting new members!

While I'm talking about membership, have you recruited a new member in La Société this year? This or any other Program needs new members to keep the activities we have going and make them better in the future! Heck don't just get 1, sign up 2, and get an I GOT TWO pin for your Chapeau! You will be glad you did!

I know this letter is a long one, I believe that if we don't inform and aid our membership about Special Awards, it will be overlooked!

My e-mail is [mrbear812@sbcglobal.net](mailto:mrbear812@sbcglobal.net) and phone # is 309-338-8332, if you have questions or comments or need answers, I will be glad to assist, we are all still learning, no matter how familiar we are to our endeavors!  
Wally Hammond  
Grand Directeur Special Awards  
AKA Horses Ass #1 2015

Happy New Year and may this be the best Year ever to you and your families! I can only speak for my neck of the woods, but so far, this year, Illinois has been a COLD one, 16 continuous days below freezing! Hope it's warmer in your area.

The proverbial New Year is upon us and many of us wipe the slate clean and make resolutions for what ever we think needs attention. These can be from losing weight to cleaning our shops or basements, some may be to resolve to quit putting things off, procrastinating! You guessed it! Don't put off starting a nomination for one of the Special Awards.

The four Awards are HOY, LOY, VOY and City/Town of the Year. The first step is to select a candidate to nominate, once you have determined a candidate, get started. Remind the Voyageurs in your Locale that candidates can be found in the news media, word of mouth at the local hang out or first-hand involvement. The City/Town nomination is how your Home Town honors Veterans and makes it a great place to live for you and your family etc.. Once you decide on an Award nominee get started. First of all, get the guidelines from the Nationale website, select the Petite Communique, click on Special Awards and the mandatory forms, Nomination and Participation, and guidelines for each Award are there. Read these over and get started. I know in the past, I have had a corny acronym, PIE, to try to get involvement in Special

# Grande Voiture du Illinois

## OFFICERS 2017 - 2018

GRAND CHEF DE GARE ..... DWIGHT MOSS  
GRAND CHEF DE TRAIN ..... MICHAEL VANCE  
CHEMINOT NATIONALE ..... FRANK BEIERLOTZER  
GRAND COMMISSAIRE INTENDANT .... VICTOR MARTINKA  
GRAND AVOCAT ..... ROBERT CEARLOCK  
GRAND CORRESPONDANT ..... ROBERT HARMON  
GRAND AUMONIER ..... RICHARD WILLIAMS

## NEW FEDERAL VETERANS ID CARD NOW AVAILABLE??

Congress passed the Veterans Identification Card Act, a new bill that would create a government issued Veterans ID card, something many veterans have been requesting for years. The bill was unanimously passed by both the House and the Senate. President Obama signed the bill into law on July 20, 2015. The Veterans Identification Card Act authorized the VA to begin issuing a national Veterans Identification Card (VIC) to all veterans with an honorable discharge. However, delays pushed back the initial issue date until November 2017.

**BUT WAIT!**  
New veteran ID cards

comes to a halt after a high demand for the wallet sized cards crashes the Department of Veterans Affairs' website.

Right now, unless you're a retired veteran or have a VA medical card, you don't have any sort of wallet size form of identification. Veterans must carry around what's called a DD Form 214, which is the size of a piece of computer paper, to prove you served.

Veterans have been waiting for these cards since 2015 when the law was passed, so when they became available, veterans all over the country quickly took to the site to register,

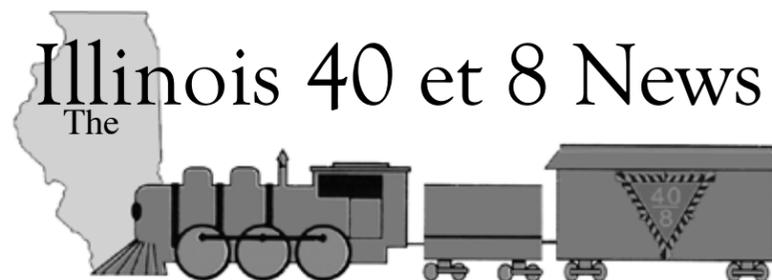
which crashed the site.

In 2015, the government decided to issue veteran ID cards. Veterans have since waited for 28 months to be able to even start applying for the cards.

The application process recently opened, but was quickly shut down. An error message being given to applicants describing a high volume of traffic saying the VA is working to solve the problems.

Application response;  
Printed Veteran ID Card  
Thank you for your email address. We'll

let you know when the application is working again. Another failure for the VA to deal with?



The Illinois 40 et 8 News is the official publication of the Grande Voiture du Illinois and is published four times a year. Any changes or additions to the mailing list must be made to Voiture Nationale, La Societes des 40 Hommes et 8 Chevaux, Voiture Nationale 250 E 38th Street, Indianapolis, IN 46205.

**Dwight Moss - Grand Chef de Gare**

**Robert Harmon - Grand Correspondant**

Articles and Announcements To be Sent To;

Robert Cearlock - Le Editeur  
PO Box 1782 • Mt. Vernon, IL

Spring Issue

ARTICLE CUTOFF DATE - February 1st

Summer Issue

ARTICLE CUTOFF DATE - May 1st

Fall Issue

ARTICLE CUTOFF DATE - August 1st

Winter Issue

ARTICLE CUTOFF DATE - November 1st

## BROTHERS AND SISTERS-AT-ARMS

*You may have served in Combat or in non-combat.  
You may have retired out or you may have served for a short time. You may have been a draftee or a volunteer.  
You may have served in the Army, Navy, Air Force, Coast Guard or the Marines,*

*BUT YOU SERVED. YOU DID YOUR JOB HONORABLY and for that I am PROUD to call you Brother. You may have served during Korea, WWII, Vietnam, the Cold War, Persian Gulf, Iraq or Afghanistan, but you served.*

*You did not run.*

*You have a DD 214 with those words "HONORABLY DISCHARGED" two of the most noble words in the world.*

*Again I am proud to know each and every one of you.  
To the cool men that have touched my life: Here's to you!!  
I was never a hero, but I am thankful and proud to have served among them.*

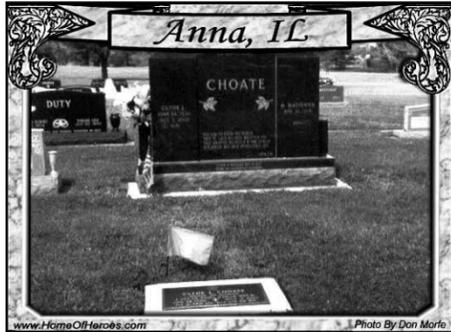
*A real Brother walks with you,  
when the rest of the world walks on you.*

## ILLINOIS MEDAL OF HONOR RECIPIENTS

The President of the United States  
in the name of The congress  
takes pleasure in presenting the Medal of Honor to



### Clyde Lee Choate



### Anna City Cemetery

**Born:** June 28, 1920 at West Frankfort, IL  
**Entered Service in the US Army from** Anna, IL  
**Earned The Medal of Honor During World War II**  
**For heroism October 25, 1944 at Bruyeres, France**  
**Died:** October 10, 2001 at the age of 81

*At dusk an enemy Mark IV tank and a company of infantry attacked Staff Sergeant Choate's position, threatening to overrun and capture a command post 400 yards to the rear. Staff Sergeant Choate's tank destroyer, the only weapon available to oppose the German armor, was set afire by two hits. Ordering his men to abandon it, Staff Sergeant Choate reached comparative safety. He returned to the burning destroyer to search for comrades risking instant death in an explosion and braving enemy fire which ripped his jacket and tore the helmet from his head. Seeing the enemy tank and its supporting infantry overrunning our men in their shallow foxholes, he secured a bazooka and ran after the tank. He fired a rocket from a distance of 20 yards, immobilizing the tank but leaving it able to spray the area with cannon and machinegun fire. He secured another rocket, and, advancing against a hail of machinegun and small-arms fire reached a position ten yards from the tank. His second shot shattered the turret. With his pistol he killed two of the crew as they emerged from the tank; and then running to the crippled Mark IV while enemy infantry sniped at him, he dropped a grenade inside the tank and completed its destruction.*

### John Peter Fardy



**Born:** August 15, 1922 at Chicago, IL  
**Entered Service in the US Marine Corps from** Illinois  
**Earned The Medal of Honor During World War II**  
**For heroism May 07, 1945 at**  
**Okinawa Shima, Ryukyu Islands**  
**Died:** May 07, 1945 at the age of 22

*Corporal Fardy was a squad leader, serving in action against enemy Japanese forces on Okinawa Shima in the Ryukyu Islands. When his squad was suddenly assailed by extremely heavy small arms fire from the front during a determined advance against strongly fortified, fiercely defended Japanese positions, Corporal Fardy temporarily deployed his men along a nearby drainage ditch. Shortly thereafter, an enemy grenade fell among the marines in the ditch. Instantly throwing himself upon the deadly missile, Corporal Fardy absorbed the exploding blast in his own body, thereby protecting his comrades from certain and perhaps fatal injuries. Concerned solely for the welfare of his men, he willingly relinquished his own hope of survival that his fellow marines might live to carry on the fight against a fanatic enemy.*

## INTERVIEW WITH ARTHUR S. ALLEN, WWII VETERAN



January 4th, 2018

This interview took place at the La Salle Veterans Home with resident Arthur Slater Allen, a resident there since June 8th, 2011. Arthur was born in Louisville, Kentucky on December 18th, 1924. He was married twice. First to Charlotte and then, for forty years to Doris.

Arthur's Army service began at Camp Polk Louisiana. He trained in Field Artillery and became assistant to the Horizontal operator.

During World War II he served in the infantry stating he missed qualifying as Rifle expert by one point.

After Boot Camp he was offered College ASTP, started and then the program was closed. He was then sent to the City College of New York around 1943 for courses in Engineering, of which he had no previous experience.

He was then put on a converted Passenger Liner, the New Amsterdam, converted to carry 10,000 troops to the coast of France. Upon reaching France he was transported on a couple of different small Boxcars across France deep into Germany to the Ardennes Forest or "Black Forest", arriving shortly after the "Battle of the Bulge".

Arthur describes the

Boxcars as smaller than today's Boxcars. They sat crowded on the floor with meals onboard and stops for "potty breaks". Arthur smiled and stated, "there was never any trouble in the Boxcars as we were all good Buddies".

Shortly after arriving at the Ardennes Forest, Arthur was hit by a mortar round, receiving two shrapnel wounds. One in his right shoulder leaving permanent damage and one in his right leg, dangerously close to an artery.

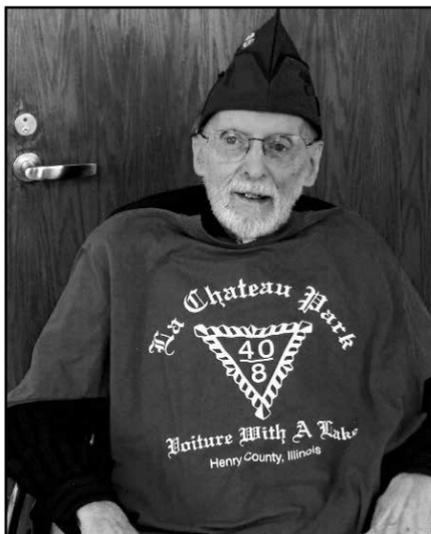
So, off to England for surgery and recovery time. During recovery, while being transferred back and forth to France he was assigned to Eisenhower Headquarters as a mail clerk. Even though he never got to meet General Eisenhower, then Supreme Commander of the European Forces, Arthur said he "liked it a lot better than the Forest, the war was over for me".

Arthur was in the "U.S. Control Council for Germany", delivering messages throughout the Headquarters.

Arthur was given a three-month furlough while awaiting developments in Japan. After the furlough, he returned and was no longer needed. He was Honorably Discharged in 1946.

Arthur then continued his education at Georgetown University in Washington D. C. where he studied accounting. He then went through testing and obtained a job with the I.R.S. auditing tax returns, retiring in 1980.

Ending the interview Arthur laughed and said, "It should be forty or eight" and then with moist eyes, he said, "I regret the loss of life of all who died. What more can I say?"



*During the interview Arthur was presented a 40et8 Chapeau complete with several special pins and declared an "Unofficial" Honorary Member of Voiture 433. He was also given an official Voiture 433 T-shirt to complete the look.*

*Marianne Moser, Presidente of Cabane 433, also gave Arthur a handmade lap quilt donated by the Kewanee American Legion Ladies Auxiliary, which he really loved and immediately put his name on it! She also gave him an American Veterans Calendar which was proudly hung on his bulletin board.*

Submitted by:  
Dave Moser  
Voiture 433  
Grand  
Directeur, POW/MIA

# HISTORY OF THE CAR RADIO

Seems like cars have always had radios, but they didn't. Here's the story:

One evening, in 1929, Two young men named William Lear and Elmer Wavering drove their girlfriends to a lookout point high above the Mississippi River town of Quincy, Illinois, to watch the sunset.

It was a romantic night to be sure, but one of the women observed that it would be even nicer if they could listen to music in the car.

Lear and Wavering liked the idea. Both men had tinkered with radios (Lear served as a radio operator in The U.S. Navy during World War I) and it wasn't long before they were taking apart a home radio and trying to get it to work in a car.

But it wasn't easy: automobiles had ignition switches, generators, spark plugs, and other electrical equipment that generate noisy static interference, making it nearly impossible to listen to the radio when the engine was running.

One by one, Lear and Wavering identified and eliminated each source of electrical interference.

When they finally got their radio to work, they took it to a radio convention in Chicago.

There they met Paul Galvin, owner of Galvin Manufacturing Corporation. He made a product called a "battery eliminator", a device that allowed battery-powered radios to Run on household AC current.

But as more homes were wired for electricity, more radio manufacturers made AC-powered radios. Galvin needed a new product to manufacture. When he met Lear and Wavering at the radio convention, He found it. He believed that Mass-produced, affordable car radios had the potential to become a huge business. Lear and Wavering set up shop in Galvin's factory, and when they perfected their first radio, they installed it in his Studebaker.

Then Galvin went to a local banker to apply for a loan. Thinking it might sweeten the deal, he had his men install a radio in the banker's Packard.

Good idea, but it didn't work - Half an hour after the installation, the banker's Packard caught on fire. (They didn't get the loan.)

Galvin didn't give up. He drove his Studebaker nearly 800 miles to Atlantic City to show off the radio at the 1930 Radio Manufacturers Association convention.

Too broke to afford a booth, he parked the car outside the convention hall and cranked up the radio so that passing conventioners could hear it. That idea worked -- He got enough orders to put the radio into production.

## WHAT'S IN A NAME

That first production model was called the 5T71.

Galvin decided he needed to come up with something a little catchier. In those days many companies in the phonograph and radio businesses used the suffix "ola" for their names - Radiola, Columbiola, and Victrola were three of the biggest.

Galvin decided to do the same thing, and since his radio was intended for use in a motor vehicle, he decided to call it the Motorola.

But even with the name change, the radio still had problems: When Motorola went on sale in 1930, it cost about \$110 uninstalled, at a time when you could buy a brand-new car for \$650, and the country was sliding into the Great Depression. (By that measure, a radio for a new car would cost about \$3,000 today.)

In 1930, it took two men several days to put in a car radio. The dashboard had to be taken apart so that the receiver and a single speaker could be

installed, and the ceiling had to be cut open to install the antenna.

These early radios ran on their own batteries, not on the car battery, so holes had to be cut into the floorboard to accommodate them. The installation manual had eight complete diagrams and 28 pages of instructions. Selling complicated car Radios that cost 20 percent of the price of a brand-new car wouldn't have been easy in the best of times, let alone during the Great Depression

Galvin lost money in 1930 and struggled for a couple of years after that. But things picked up in 1933 when Ford began offering Motorola's pre-installed at the factory.

In 1934 they got another boost when Galvin struck a deal with B.F. Goodrich tire company To sell and install them in its chain of tire stores.

By then the price of the radio, with installation included, had dropped to \$55. The Motorola car radio was off and running.

(The name of the company would be officially changed from Galvin Manufacturing to "Motorola" in 1947.)

In the meantime, Galvin continued to develop new uses for car radios. In 1936, the same year that it introduced push-button tuning, it also introduced the Motorola Police Cruiser, a standard car radio that was factory preset to a single frequency to pick up police broadcasts.

In 1940 he developed the first handheld two-way radio-- The Handy-Talkie for the U. S. Army.

A lot of the communications technologies that we take for granted today were born in Motorola labs in the years that followed World War II.

In 1947 they came out with the first television for under \$200.

In 1956 the company introduced the world's first pager; in 1969 came the radio and television equipment that was used to televise Neil Armstrong's first steps on the Moon. In 1973 it invented the world's first handheld cellular phone.

Today Motorola is one of the largest cell phone manufacturers in the world. And it all started with the car radio.

## WHATEVER HAPPENED TO

Whatever happened to the two men who installed the first radio in Paul Galvin's car? Elmer Wavering and William Lear, ended up taking very different paths in life.

Wavering stayed with Motorola. In the 1950's he helped change the automobile experience again when he developed the first automotive alternator, replacing inefficient and unreliable generators. The invention lead to such luxuries as power windows, power seats, and, eventually, air-conditioning. Lear also continued inventing. He holds more than 150 patents. Remember eight track tape players? Lear invented that.

But what he's really famous for are his contributions to the field of aviation. He invented radio direction finders for planes, aided in the invention of the autopilot, designed the first fully automatic aircraft landing system, and in 1963 introduced his most famous invention of all, the Lear Jet, the world's first mass-produced, affordable business jet.

(Not bad for a guy who dropped out of school after the eighth grade.)

Sometimes it is fun to find out how some of the many things that we take for granted actually came into being! AND It all started with a woman's suggestion!!

# HUMOR

## LANDING AT A HIDDEN MILITARY BASE

You've all heard of the Air Force's ultra-high-security, super-secret base in Nevada, known simply as "Area 51?"

Well, late one afternoon, the Air Force folks out at Area 51 were very surprised to see a Cessna landing at their "secret" base. They immediately impounded the aircraft and hauled the pilot into an interrogation room.

The pilot's story was that he took off from Vegas, got lost, and spotted the Base just as he was about to run out of fuel. The Air Force started a full FBI background check on the pilot and held him overnight during the investigation.

By the next day, they were finally convinced that the pilot really was lost and wasn't a spy. They gassed up his airplane, gave him a terrifying "you-did-not-see-a-base" briefing, complete with threats of spending the rest of his life in prison, told him Vegas was that-a-way on such-and-such a heading, and sent him on his way.

The day after that though, to the total disbelief of the Air Force, the same Cessna showed up again. Once again, the MP's surrounded the plane...only this time there were two people in the plane.

The same pilot jumped out and said, "Do anything you want to me, but my wife is in the plane and you have to tell her where I was last night!"

—

## PRACTICAL JOKE ON HIS EX-GIRLFRIEND

The soldier serving in Hong Kong was annoyed and upset when his girl wrote breaking off their engagement and asking for her photograph back.

He went out and collected from his friends all the unwanted photographs of women that he could find, bundled them all together and sent them back with a note saying, "I regret to inform you that I cannot remember which one is you -- please keep your photo and return the others."

—

WE THE WILLING  
LED BY THE UNKNOWING  
ARE DOING THE IMPOSSIBLE  
FOR THE UNGRATEFUL  
WE HAVE DONE SO MUCH  
FOR SO LONG WITH SO LITTLE  
WE ARE NOW QUALIFIED  
TO DO ANYTHING  
WITH NOTHING

AHAJOKES.COM

—

When a soldier came to the clinic where I work for an MRI, he was put into the machine by an attractive, young technician. Sometime later, when the examination was over, he was helped out of the machine by a far older woman. The soldier remarked, "How long was I in there for?"

—

My gunnery sergeant and I were inspecting a Marine training exercise when we spotted a second lieutenant ambling about. "Where is your foxhole, Lieutenant?" I asked. He snapped off a salute and responded, "I don't know, sir!"

Turning to the sergeant, he asked, "Gunnery, where is my foxhole?" "You're standing in it, sir," said the sergeant. "All you have to do is remove the dirt."

—

"Halt!" shouted our drill instructor. He had noticed that, for the umpteenth time, a recruit kept going to his right on a left command. Our instructor approached the directionally challenged Marine and stomped on his left foot. "Now," he said, "when I say 'left,' it's the one that hurts."

# WHAT IS IN MY HEART!!!

This is a well-written article about a father who put several of his kids through expensive colleges, but one son wanted to be a Marine. Interesting observation by this dad's commentary that says a lot about our failing and fallen society.

By Frank Schaeffer of the Washington Post

Before my son became a Marine, I never thought much about who was defending me. Now when I read of the war on terrorism or the coming conflict in Iraq, it cuts to my heart. When I see a picture of a member of our military who has been killed, I read his or her name very carefully. Sometimes I cry.

In 1999, when the barrel-chested Marine recruiter showed up in dress blues and bedazzled my son John, I did not stand in the way. John was headstrong, and he seemed to understand these stern, clean men with straight backs and flawless uniforms. I did not. I live in the Volvo-driving, higher education-worshiping North Shore of Boston. I write novels for a living. I have never served in the military.

It had been hard enough sending my two older children off to Georgetown and New York University. John's enlisting was unexpected, so deeply unsettling. I did not relish the prospect of answering the question, "So where is John going to college?" from the parents who were itching to tell me all about how their son or daughter was going to Harvard. At the private high school John attended, no other students were going into the military.

"But aren't the Marines terribly Southern?" (Says a lot about open-mindedness in the Northeast) asked one perplexed mother while standing next to me at the brunch following graduation. "What a waste, he was such a good student" said another parent. One parent (a professor at a nearby and rather famous university) spoke up at a school meeting and suggested that the school should "carefully evaluate what went wrong."

When John graduated from three months of boot camp on Parris Island, 3000 parents and friends were on the parade deck stands. We parents and our Marines not only were of many races but also were representative of many economic classes. Many were poor. Some arrived crammed in the backs of pickups, others by bus. John told me that a lot of parents could not afford the trip.

We in the audience were white and Native American. We were Hispanic, Arab, African American and Asian. We were former Marines wearing the scars of battle, or at least baseball caps emblazoned with battles' names. We were Southern whites from Nashville and skinheads from New Jersey, black kids from Cleveland wearing ghetto rags and white ex-cons with ham-hock forearms defaced by jailhouse tattoos. We would not have been mistaken for the educated and well-heeled parents gathered on the lawns of John's private school a half-year before.

After graduation, one new Marine told John, "Before I was a Marine, if I had ever seen you on my block I would've probably killed you just because you were standing there." This was a serious statement from one of John's good friends, a black ex-gang member from Detroit who, as John said, "would die for me now, just like I'd die for him."

My son has connected me to my country in a way that I was too selfish and insular to experience before. I feel closer to the waitress at our local diner than to some of my oldest friends. She has two sons in the Corps. They are facing the same dangers as my boy. When the guy who fixes my car asks me how John is doing, I know he means it. His younger brother is in the Navy.

Why were I and the other parents at my son's private school so surprised by his choice? During World War II, the sons and daughters of the most powerful and educated families did their bit. If the idea of the immorality of the Vietnam War was the only reason those lucky enough to go to college dodged the draft, why did we not encourage our children to volunteer for military service once that war was done?

Have we wealthy and educated Americans all become pacifists? Is the world a safe place? Or have we just gotten used to having somebody else defend us? What is the future of our democracy when the sons and daughters of the janitors at our elite universities are far more likely to be put in harm's way than are any of the students whose dorms their parents clean?

I feel shame because it took my son's joining the Marine Corps to make me take notice of who is defending me. I feel hope because perhaps my son is part of a future "greatest generation" As the storm clouds of war gather, at least I know that I can look the men and women in uniform in the eye. My son is one of them. He is the best I have to offer. John is my heart.

"Faith is not about everything turning out OK,  
Faith is about being OK no matter how things turn out."

Oh, how I wish so many of our younger generations could read this article. It makes me so sad to hear the way they talk with no respect for what their fathers, grandfathers and great grandfathers experienced so they can live in freedom. Has freedom been replaced with Free-Dumb. Please pass this on . . . .



# A LITTLE HUMOR



## Family Question

Billy-Bob and Bubba were sitting in the back of a trailer, drinking a beer and talking about life.

Billy-Bob said, "If I snuck over to your house while you were out fishing and had sex with your wife, and she got pregnant, would that make us kin?"

Bubba scratched his head for a bit and said, "I don't think so...but it sure would make us even."

## Small Font

"What happened?" asked the hospital visitor to the heavily bandaged man sitting up in bed.

"Well, I went down to Alton towers and decided to take a ride on the Loch Ness Monster. As we came up to the top of the highest loop, I noticed a little sign by the side of the track. I tried to read it, but it was very small and I couldn't make it out. I was so curious that I decided to go round again, but we went by so quickly that I couldn't see what the sign said.

"By now, I was determined to read that sign, so I went round a third time. As we reached the top, I stood up in the car to get a better view."

"And did you manage to see what the sign said this time?" asked the visitor.

"Yes," he said sheepishly, "Remain seated at all times!"

## Game of Bridge

Fay Chester was a busy housewife with a demanding husband, six children and a large house. The only relief she got from her chores was the twice-a-week bridge game she shared with a dozen other women.

The only flaw in the bridge club relationship was that Fay loved to tell off-color stories and the girls didn't want to hear them. To teach Fay a lesson, the other women decided that the next time she told an off-color story, they'd just get up, walk out, meet at another home but without Fay.

Sure enough, at the next meeting, Fay started, "You know, girls, there's a rumor going around that a busload of prostitutes will be leaving in the morning for that big gold find up in Alaska, and they say...."

Just then, the women all stood up and started for the door.

Fay was disconcerted but only for a moment, then she understood what was going on and said, "Hey! Girls! Hold on, hold on! There's plenty of time 'cause the bus doesn't leave till morning!"

## Dentist Visit

I was sitting in the waiting room for my first appointment with a new dentist. I noticed his DDS diploma on the wall, which bore his full name.

Suddenly, I remembered a tall, handsome, dark-haired boy with the same name had been in my high school class, some 30-odd years ago. Could he be the same guy that I had a secret crush on way back then?

Upon seeing him, however, I quickly discarded any such thought. This balding, gray-haired man was way too old to have been my classmate.

After he examined my teeth, I asked him if he had attended Northmont high school. "Yes. Yes, I did. I'm a thunderbolt," he said gleaming with pride.

"When did you graduate?" I asked.

He answered, "In 1975. Why do you ask?"

"You were in my class!", I exclaimed.

He looked at me closely, then, the ugly, old, bald, wrinkle-faced, fat, gray-haired, decrepit fool asked, "What did you teach?"

## Healthy Eating

Yesterday I went to the doctor for my yearly physical. My blood pressure was high, my cholesterol was high, I had gained some weight, and I didn't feel so hot.

My doctor said eating right doesn't have to be complicated, but it would solve my physical problems. He said just think in colors. Fill your plate with bright colors: greens, yellows, reds, etc and keep a balance between all colors.

After I got home, I assembled a bowl of peanut M&Ms with equal amounts of green, yellow and red. After I ate it, I felt better immediately. I never knew eating right could be so easy.

## A Pirate's Story

A sailor meets a pirate in a bar, and take turns boasting of their adventures on the high seas. The sailor notes that the pirate has a peg-leg, hook, and an eye patch.

The sailor asks "So, how did you end up with the peg-leg?"

The pirate replies "We were in a storm at sea, and I was swept overboard into a school of sharks. Just as my men were pulling me out a shark bit my leg off."

"Wow!" said the sailor. "What about your hook?"

"Well...", replied the pirate, "While my men and I were plundering in the middle east, I was caught stealing from a merchant and the punishment for theft in the middle east is the loss of the hand that steals"

"Incredible!" remarked the sailor. "How did you get the eye patch?"

"A sea gull dropping fell into my eye.", replied the pirate.

"You lost your eye to a sea gull dropping?" the sailor asked incredulously.

"Well...", said the pirate, "...it was my first day with the hook."

## Blonde Jokes

One night a blonde nun was praying in her room when God appeared before her.

"My daughter, you have pleased me greatly. Your heart is full of love for your fellow creatures and your actions and prayers are always for the benefit of others. I have come to you, not only to thank and commend you, but to grant you anything you wish," said God.

"Dear Heavenly Father, I am perfectly happy. I am doing what I love. I lack for nothing material since the Church supports me. I am content in all ways," said the nun.

"There must be something you would have of me," said God.

"Well, there is one thing," she said.

"Just name it," said God.

"It's those blonde jokes. They are so demeaning to blondes everywhere, not just to me. I would like for blonde jokes to stop."

"Consider it done," said God. "Blonde jokes shall be stricken from the minds of humans everywhere. But surely there is something that I could do just for you."

"There is one thing. But it's really small, and not worth your time," said the nun.

"Name it. Please," said God.

"It's the M&M's," said the nun. "They're so hard to peel."

## Visit to a Zoo

Little Johnny wanted to go to the zoo and pestered his parents for days. Finally his mother talked his reluctant father into taking him.

"So how was it?" his mother asked when they returned home.

Great," Little Johnny replied.

"Did you and your father have a good time?" asked his mother.

"Yeah, Daddy especially liked it," exclaimed Little Johnny excitedly, "especially when one of the animals came home at 30 to 1!"

## Older Couple

An old couple were sitting on the porch one afternoon rocking in their rocking chairs. All the sudden the old man reaches over and slaps his wife.

She says, "Well what was that for?"

He says, "That's for 40 years of rotten sex!"

She doesn't reply, and they start rocking again.

All the sudden the old lady reaches up and slaps her husband.

He says, "Well what was that for?"

She says, "That's for knowing the difference!"

## Ole and Sven

Ole and Sven die in a snowmobiling accident, drunker than skunks, And go to Hell. The Devil observes that they are really enjoying themselves. He says to them 'Doesn't the heat and smoke bother you?' Ole replies, 'Vell, ya know, ve're from norderm Minnesoota, da land of snow an ice, an ve're yust happy fer a chance ta varm up a little bit, ya know.'

The devil decides that these two aren't miserable enough and turns up the heat even more. When he returns to the room of the two from Minnesota , the devil finds them in light jackets and hats, grilling Walleye and drinking beer. The devil is astonished and exclaims, 'Everyone down here is in misery, and you two seem to be enjoying yourselves?' Sven replies, 'Vell, ya know, ve don't git too much varm veather up dere at da Falls, so ve've yust got ta haff a fish fry vhen da veather's dis nice.'

The devil is absolutely furious. He can hardly see straight. Finally he comes up with the answer. The two guys love the heat because they have been cold all their lives. The devil decides to turn all the heat off in Hell. The next morning, the temperature is 60 below zero, icicles are hanging everywhere, and people are shivering so bad that they are unable to wail, moan or gnash their teeth. The devil smiles and heads for the room with Ole and Sven. He gets there and finds them back in their parkas, bomber hats, and mittens. They are jumping up and down, cheering, yelling and screaming like mad men.

The devil is dumbfounded, 'I don't understand, when I turn up the heat you're happy. Now its freezing cold and you're still happy. What is wrong with you two?'

They both look at the devil in surprise and say, 'Vell, don't ya know, if hell iss froze over, dat must mean da Vikings von da Super Bowl.

Sarcastic AI Says:

"I wonder what my parents did to fight boredom before the internet. I asked my 17 brothers and sisters and they didn't know either."

AND FINALLY;

## Confused....???

I became confused when I heard the word "Service" used with these agencies:

Internal Revenue 'Service'

U.S. Postal 'Service'

Telephone 'Service'

Cable / TV 'Service'

Civil 'Service'

City, County & State Public 'Service'

Customer 'Service'

This is not what I thought 'Service' meant.

But today, I overheard two farmers talking, and one of them said he had hired a bull to 'Service' a few cows.

BAM!!! It all came into focus.

Now I understand what all those agencies are doing. I hope that you are now just as enlightened as I am.



# NEW WAY OF STEALING...

ESPECIALLY LOOK AT SCENE THREE...

Be sure to read Scene 3. Quite interesting.

This is a new one. People sure stay busy trying to cheat us, don't they?

## SCENE 1

A friend went to the local gym and placed his belongings in the locker. After the workout and a shower, he came out, saw the locker open, and thought to himself, 'Funny, I thought I locked the locker...

Hmm, 'He dressed and just flipped the wallet To make sure all was in order. Everything looked okay - all cards were in place...

A few weeks later his credit card bill came - a whopping bill of \$14,000!

He called the credit card company and started yelling at them, saying that he did not make the transactions.

Customer care personnel verified that there was no mistake in the system and asked if his card had been stolen...

'No,' he said, but then took out his wallet, pulled out the credit card, and yep - you guessed it - a switch had been made.

An expired similar credit card from the same bank was in the wallet.

The thief broke into his locker at the gym and switched cards.

Verdict: The credit card issuer said since he did not report the card missing earlier, he would have to pay the amount owed to them.

How much did he have to pay for items he did not buy?

\$9,000! Why were there no calls made to verify the amount swiped?

Small amounts rarely trigger a 'warning bell' with some credit card companies. It just so happens that all the small amounts added up to a big one!

## SCENE 2

A man at a local restaurant paid for his meal with his credit card.

The bill for the meal came, he signed it and the waitress folded the receipt and passed the credit card along.

Usually, he would just take it and place it in his wallet or pocket. Funny enough, though, he actually took a look at the card and, lo and behold, it was the expired card of another person.

He called the waitress and she looked perplexed.

She took it back, apologized, and hurried back to the counter under the watchful eye of the man.

All the waitress did while walking to the counter was wave the wrong expired card to the counter cashier, and the counter cashier immediately looked down and took out the real card.

No exchange of words -- nothing!

She took it and came back to the man with an apology.. (This scenario actually happened to me at a local restaurant - Falls Terrace - between the waitress and the front desk cashier.)

Verdict Make sure the credit cards in your wallet are yours.

Check the name on the card every time you sign for something and/or the card is taken away for even a short period of time.

Many people just take back the credit card without even looking at it, 'assuming' that it has to be theirs.

FOR YOUR OWN SAKE,  
DEVELOP THE HABIT OF CHECKING YOUR CREDIT CARD  
EACH TIME IT IS RETURNED TO YOU AFTER A  
TRANSACTION!

## SCENE 3

Yesterday I went into a pizza restaurant to pick up an order that I had called in.

I paid by using my Visa Check Card which, of course, is linked directly to my checking account.

The young man behind the counter took my card, swiped it, then laid it on the counter as he waited for the approval, which is pretty standard procedure.

While he waited, he picked up his cell phone and started dialing.

I noticed the phone because it is the same model I have, but nothing seemed out of the ordinary. Then I heard a click that sounded like my phone sounds when I take a picture.

He then gave me back my card but kept the phone in his hand as if he was still pressing buttons.

Meanwhile, I'm thinking: I wonder what he is taking a picture of, oblivious to what was really going on.

It then dawned on me: the only thing there was my credit card, so now I'm paying close attention to what he is doing.

He set his phone on the counter, leaving it open.

About five seconds later, I heard the chime that tells you that the picture has been saved.

Now I'm standing there struggling with the fact that this boy just took a picture of my credit card.

Yes, he played it off well, because had we not had the same kind of phone, I probably would never have known what happened.

Needless to say, I immediately canceled that card as I was walking out of the pizza parlor.

All I am saying is, be aware of your surroundings at all times.

Whenever you are using your credit card take caution and don't be careless.

Notice who is standing near you and what they are doing when you use your card.

Be aware of phones, because many have a camera phone these days.



# **2018 Grand d' Illinois Spring Cheminot**

**April 21<sup>st</sup> 2018**

**Mt. Vernon, Illinois**

**Headquarters Hotel**

**Fairfield Inn & Suites**

**217 Potomac Blvd. Mt. Vernon, IL. 62864**

**618-244-2300 Ask for 40&8 block**

**Cutoff date -20 March, 2018**

**\$93 per night**

**Free Breakfast**

**Registration - \$10**

**Grand Cheminot Meeting 1300 hrs**

**Legion Post 141**

**816 Main St. Mt. Vernon, IL. 62864**

**La Femmes Meeting at Headquarters Hotel 1330 hrs**

**Dinner Saturday night at Post 141**

**\$25 per person**

**Ribeye Steak or Marinated Grilled Chicken Breast**

**Baked Potato, Mixed Veggies, Salad & Desert**

**Cash Bar -1800 hrs – Dinner – 1900 hrs**

