

Loch Haven's

salute to those who served.

Special Edition of the
Loch Haven Tymes
November 2014

A publication of
Loch Haven Senior Living Community

2014 EVERY DAY IS FREEDOM DAY

2014 marks the 100th anniversary of the start World War 1, the war that was supposed to end all wars. The advancement of modern military equipment, including rapid fire weapons, aircraft, and submarines, only seemed to heighten the appetite of ambitious villains. Since that war, America has stood as the protector of world freedom, often alone, sacrificing her blood and treasure. Today, the world stage is crowded with terrorist and world leader's intent on the destruction of freedom and human rights, and only the sacrifice and determination of America stands in their way. Revisiting history we are reminded that there have always been threats to our way of life, and these threats have been met with our best and bravest, our men and women in military uniform. At this writing we have Forty-five military veterans (men and women) living here at Loch Haven. Each has contributed to our countries military effort, and most have shared those experiences and allowed us to feature their story in this newsletter. To each of our veterans, we offer our heartfelt appreciation for your service.

Patrick Shanahan, local author and Loch Haven Volunteer



Plad, Missouri, a small town close to Lebanon, was where I spent my childhood. I'm third in the family, with two older sisters and a younger sister and brother. We lost my father when I was seven and mom went to work. She only came home on weekends and

walked the five miles each way to her job. Grandpa, although disabled, came to live with us to keep order, but Blanch, my oldest sister ran the house. Several years later mother remarried, but when she died, I went to live with Blanch who was married. I eventually made my home with Aunt Mable.

In Oct. 1945, when I had turned eighteen, I was drafted into the Army. The war had ended, but with the occupation, there was still a lot to do. I did basic training at Camp Crowder, Neosho, Missouri. After

"boot" I was trained as a medic and sent to Germany. I spent most of my three year hitch there and can't begin to describe the devastation I saw. Whole cities lie in ruins with the displaced population trying to survive. I got to see first hand what can happen when the people allow a tyrannical government to rule them. That lesson has stayed with me my entire lifetime.

The most memorable incident of my military career occurred while examining a deceased prisoner, the notorious Nazi, Herman Goering. I was assigned to Munich Hospital on the eve of his execution when he was brought in after swallowing a hidden cyanide pill. While cleaning him we turned his lifeless body and suddenly it exhaled the remaining air in his lungs. I was in shock and the guy with me fled out the door. Another time a young boy was brought in for treatment after being run over by a truck. I remember the tire impressions on his abdomen and how well he responded to treatment. When he later died from internal hemorrhaging, I wanted a transfer from the medics. One good memory of Germany is the poker games that I was very successful with. I won a lot, but blew it just as fast.

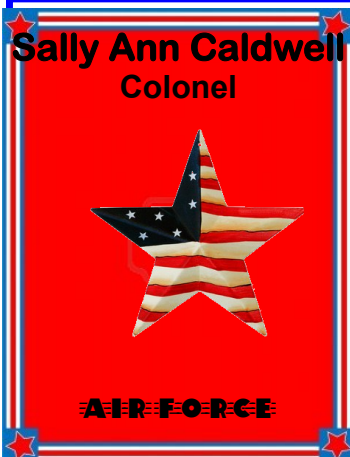
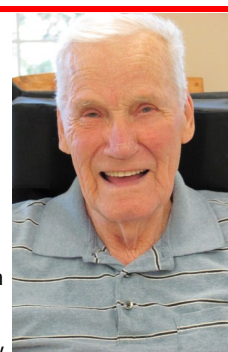
I was honorably discharged in August 1948, and in 1951 met Betty (wife) an RN through my sister, Inez, who was an LPN at the Marshall, Missouri hospital. We took to each other immediately and have been together since we married in October

1952.

I've earned a living in Kansas City working as a mechanic and a truck driver, and eventually I ran my own small trucking company and had several rigs on the road. Being a family man I mostly took short runs that allowed me to be home at night. In 1968 we bought a small farm (120 acres) that was our homestead. We raised a few animals and had enough row crops to feed them, but the farm didn't provide a living.

Betty and I have five children. Sadly, our son, Donald, suffered a brain injury resulting from a vehicle accident and now lives in a care facility in Texas. Recently we enjoyed a family reunion with the other children coming home. Even though they live in distant places we often "meet" through Face Time which allows us to view each other as we visit.

Editor note: Mr. Harrell participated in the Honor Flight where he and fellow Veterans traveled to Washington DC to visit the World War II memorials. He was accompanied by his brother, Forrest. His awards include World War Victory Medal and Army of Occupation Medal.



My parents lived in Ashburn, Missouri, when I was born in September 1934. I was the first child with four brothers to follow. At the age of six we moved to Elburn, Illinois, a small town close to Chicago, and that's where I grew up.

My mother was a strong influence on my life and encouraged my interest in nursing. After completing 3 years of nursing school at Copley hospital in St. Charles, Illinois, I earned the title of RN.

At that point I decided that along with serving humanity, I wanted to serve our country. So I joined the Air Force. I did my basic training at the nurses' training center at Maxwell Air Force Base, Montgomery, Alabama. That was the start of my 23 year career that would take me world wide.

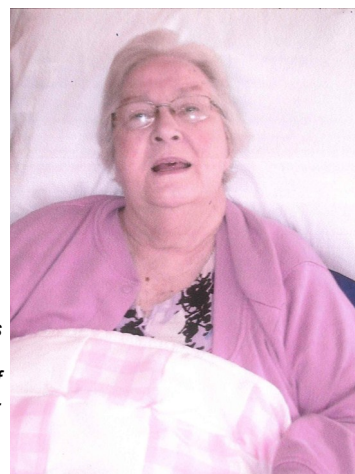
During the Viet Nam War, I worked many hospital flights between Viet Nam and Clark Air Force Base on Luzon Island in the Philippines. With one of my brothers fighting with the Army, it was easy to relate to the wounded personal I cared for during the flights. It was

often hard not to let my emotions show as I cared for so many with broken bodies and shattered dreams. Like all wars, that war was terrible and caused so much pain and suffering.

I try not to relive that experience, but at times I can't help it. Sometimes I think about the unexploded grenade lodged into the side of an aircraft I flew on with the wounded. I guess God had different plans for all of us.

After my discharge in 1978 I settled in San Antonio, Texas, then back to Ashburn, and finally to Atlanta, Missouri to care for my dad during his last years. In my spare time I enjoy puzzles, reading, and visiting with friends.

Editors Note: During her military career Sally rose through the ranks and retired as Lt. Colonel and commanded her medical group. This extremely high achievement of rank is in concert with the qualities of leadership and experience she displayed throughout her military career.



Bruno Amidei



ARMY

Bruno "Poke" Amidei

I was born north of Kirksville and was the baby of the family. I had three sisters and one brother. My family moved to Bevier, Missouri and that is where I grew up. A teacher once called me "Poke" and the name stuck. A lot of people know me by that name. As a young man, I played baseball in Bevier and was a pretty good catcher.

I was drafted into the Army. I had basic training in Honolulu, Hawaii. Throughout my time in the Army, I was stationed in Hawaii, New Guinea, Australia, the South Pacific, and the Philippines. I was a Staff Sergeant and Company Clerk for the 24th Infantry. I made payroll, deliv-

ered mail, and sent allotments to military families. Everyone liked me because I was a good ol' boy and he did the job right. I was at Pearl Harbor exactly one year after the attack.

In 1958, I came home and began farming in Bevier. I grew corn and lots of hay, but I mostly raised livestock. I baled hay for others, too. I met my Alma, and we later married at AS Seed Office in Macon. Together we have two daughters and one son.

I continued farming and began raising Pole Hereford cattle. Several people would come to me to purchase my bulls. I got a good reputation for it. I was also an auctioneer at sale barns in Macon county.



Thank you for your service

David Carter Army 1960-1966



Inducted in 1960 Fort Campbell, Kentucky
RCT E-1

Specialty Title
UP-611.20 Crane Shovel Operator
5-73.070 Truck Crane Operator

Medals & Badges

- Marksman Buckle (Rifle & Carbine)
- Driver & Mechanic Badge with Driver with Bar
- Good Conduct Medal

Other Service
Crane Shovel Operations
Basic Combat
Military Justice

Edward Burkhardt Corporal



ARMY

I'm an only child and Macon, Missouri has been home much of my life. I graduated from high school in 1949 and worked in several factories and as a surveyor before being drafted into the United States Army in 1951.

I did basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri and was then sent to Fort Belvoir, located in Fairfax County, Virginia. There I was assigned to an Engineering Unit where I trained as a mechanic. I worked on various military equipment after training, but several months later I was on my way to war. Korea may have been a United Nations action with 21 countries aiding South Korea in their fight against the communist, but the United States provided 88% of the man power and most of

the equipment.

By then the worst of the fighting was over, but there was still a lot of apparatus that needed constant attention and repairs, and that was part of my job. The rest was doing guard duty and with the conflict still continuing, I knew how important protecting my fellow soldiers and equipment was.

I saw the devastation of war first hand and will never forget the ruins that once were cities and towns. It was heartbreaking to see displaced families, many with small children, carrying their meager possessions trying to find safety. On the other hand it is gratifying that the people of South Korea remain free to this day because of our efforts.

After spending two years in uniform, the war ended, and I was honorably discharged and returned home.

I met Carol, and we married in 1968 and have four daughters. With better job opportunities around big cities we lived outside of Chicago and raised our children there. My work history includes operating a crane, factory work, surveying, and farming. Three of our girls married and remain in that area. The other daughter also married and lives in Michigan.

I feel very fortunate to have a loving family and the bonus is Carol's family. They are warm and caring and treat me as one of their own.

Merle Matticks Sergeant



MARINES

I was born and lived in Elmer, Missouri, until eighth grade, when my family moved to La Plata. Moving away from my friends and the life I knew was difficult, but I was resilient and soon made new friends. Coming from a rural town to city life in La Plata and nearby Kirksville, was as much of an adjustment as making new friends, but I quickly adapted.

The early years of my life found our country in difficult times and while growing up I experienced the hard times of the world wide Depression and then the rationing during World War II.

Like a lot of young kids, I didn't worry much about my future until I was drafted into the United States Marine Corps in 1952. With the Korean War raging, the Marine Corp basic training facility at San Diego, California was turning out fighting Marines as fast as possible. I was one of them. Boot camp was tough, but most things worthwhile don't come easy. When my group graduated we were in the best condition of our lives and prepared to defend the United States' interests whenever needed.

After testing it was decided I could best serve in communications, and I was sent to Cherry Pines, North Carolina where I eventually was in charge of the communication section. I made several close friends during my military career, and we stayed in touch for years. Of course time and natural attrition have taken its toll and reduced those friendships to pleasant memories.

Although I am proud to have served my country and to be a Marine, a military career was not in my future, and I was honorably discharged after my two years were up. Besides, I was anxious to get home to Shirley, my wife. We were married when I was 19 and by far the hardest part about serving was to be separated from Shirley. This year she and I, along with our children Neal, Gwen, and Jay are celebrating our 65th wedding anniversary. I always look forward and enjoy visits from my family.

Upon returning home I found employment with the Santa Fe railroad in the Signal Department and was promoted to Supervisor of Signals and served them for 44 years until I retired in 1998.



John Gaughan

PFC



ARMY

I was born in Thornton, California in 1929, the oldest of five children. I grew up on the farm and spent my early years doing farm work. When I was old enough, I got a chauffeur's license and drove large farm trucks hauling grain and other farm products to market.

In 1951 Arthur Godfrey, Red Skelton, and I Love Lucy were the top television shows. Joe DiMaggio set a major league record for hitting in 56 straight games and I, at 21, was drafted into the United States Army. I did my basic training at Fort Chaffee, Arkansas. Since farm work is very physical, I was in great condition and didn't find the experience as rough as some. After testing, I was sent to Japan and trained with an intelligence group. I was then shipped to Korea where the country was at war. I was offered an officer's commission while in Japan, but turned it down since it would mean signing up for an extended period of time.

In Korea my job was to transport shackled prisoners of war to headquarters where they were interrogated. I did this by jeep with one to three captives. My duties took me over much of the Korean peninsula and often into dangerous situations. Six months before the peace treaty was signed and the fighting stopped, I was discharged. I was glad to make it home, and today it warms my heart to know the South Korean people have taken our gift of freedom and prospered.

pered.

Three weeks after my discharge, Louise and I were married. In 1959 we moved to Kansas City where I worked for the auto makers for most of my work life. I served Ford, but most of my career was spent building BOP cars for General Motors. (Buick, Oldsmobile, and Pontiac)

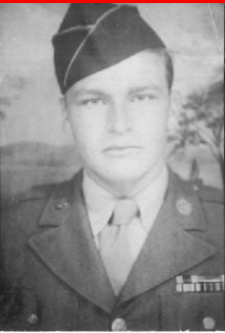
Louise and I have eight children, 13 grandchildren, and 5 great grandchildren. We've enjoyed a good life together, and I'm proud of each of my children. They are well educated with seven graduating from college, with the other one attending nursing school and is a Registered Nurse. Each is successful in their chosen endeavors, and more importantly good role models for their children. Katherine, Martha, and Daniel live close enough to visit often, and my other kids come when they can. Of course I look forward to their visits.

This year marks 62 years married to Louise, and we've done a lot together. It took a bit of planning and lots of time, but we've managed to visit all 50 states.

*Editors note: Mr. Gaughan is a recipient of the **Gold Star**, an award citing bravery and gallantry during hostile action. This award is considered a Silver Star plus citation.*



Harold Wheeler



ARMY

Harold Wheeler was a junior in high school when he enlisted in the army. He lied about his age to do so as he wanted to fight for the cause in WW II. He did go back and finish high school after he served.

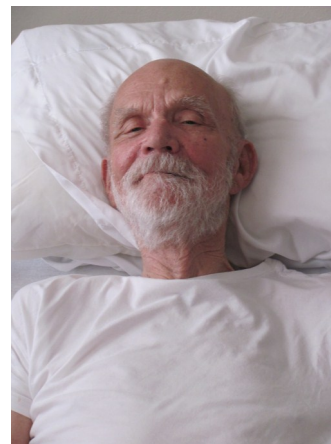
Harold was a combat engineer. He served in Germany, France and England. Besides losing many comrades to battle, he remembers that there were those who died from the extreme cold weather conditions. At times it was 40 degrees below zero. One time he nearly froze his feet. He was pulled out for a while, but when he got well went right back in.

Harold has always worked two jobs. He owned a seamless guttering business and worked for the Chillicothe Municipal Utilities.

For his 60th "service" anniversary, Harold's son, Dr. Randy Foster, sent Harold and his wife Joy on a 10 day bus tour of all the places Harold had served. It was a wonderful journey.



Thank you for your service



Bob Bradley Air Force (1950-1953) PFC

I am originally from Pine Bluff, Arkansas. I joined the Air Force in 1950. I was around 19 years old. I chose the Air Force because it seemed to me that the Army and Navy were also going somewhere to fight.

I was stationed in England for two years. My brother also joined the Air Force and began in England, too, but was later transferred.

After my time in the Air Force, I went to college and got my Civil Engineering degree. I worked for the State Highway Department for forty years. I have been married twice, and I have two children.

George Morgan



ARMY

I was born in Macedonia, Iowa on November 20, 1927. I had two older sisters, who were twins, and one younger sister. My father and grandfather were row crop and cattle farmers. The Depression hit when I was around seven years old,

and we got a homestead in Missouri.

When I was in school, I loved music and art. I was drawing all the time and was an artist for the year-book. I played the baritone horn and drums in the high school band. While I was working on a wheat farm in Kansas, I was drafted into the Army. I was a corporal gunner in the 160th infantry regiment. I had active duty in Korea and was there 1 -1/2 years. I was in a heavy weapons company. We moved and worked with mortars, machine guns and rifles. My job was to carry a tripod on my back. When someone yelled, "ACTION" I put the tripod on the ground and threw the machine gun on it. I also carried ammunition which was used to blow up tanks and bunkers. There are lots of things that I saw over there that I would rather not remember.

When my tour was over, I came back to northern Missouri. While at

a dance in Macon, I met a pretty lady named Dorothy. Dorothy and I went together for three years prior to marriage. Dorothy was the talker on our relationship, I was the listener. I have worked as a mechanic, in a factory, and at the Coal Mine prior to retirement.



Jack Patton

PFC



ARMY

On June 21, 1932 I was born in Herndon, Virginia where I grew up and attended school. I was an only child until my mother remarried my step-father and that union produced two boys, my step brothers. My roots are agriculture, and I've always loved the land and farm animals. I didn't finish high school and instead found work on area farms.

I was drafted into the United States Army in 1953 when I was twenty years old and eventually served twenty two months before receiving my honorable discharge in December of 1954. After being sworn in I was sent to Camp Crowder, an Army post located in southwest Missouri near Neosho, for recruit training. My most vivid memory of all my training was when they had us crawl on our stomachs with full

battle packs while machine gun rounds buzzed over our heads. If anyone didn't know what the military was all about, that drove the point home.

After boot camp I was moved to Fort Leonard Wood for advanced training. The time frame to complete this training from recruit to soldier was sixteen weeks.

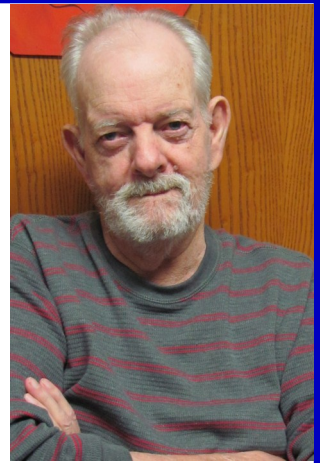
From there it was on to Fort Belvoir, Virginia where I joined the L Company Combat Engineers and trained to construct and repair various strategic installa-

tions such as bridges and roads. I was also instructed in demolition, a vital component of any war machine.

I finished my training at Fort Devens, Massachusetts before shipping out to Germany. Most of those I trained with were sent to Korea, but along with a small group I was stationed in Austria where I spent ten months and ten days before coming back stateside. While there we repaired and built temporary bridges that were used until permanent structures could be built or repaired.

When my tour was up I fell into inactive reserve for six years until in 1960 when my military commitment was fulfilled. After discharge I joined my mother and stepfather in Macon County and found work doing what I always loved, working with the ground. The farm I spent most of my life serving featured row crops. I also raised hogs and cattle for market.

Looking back, I enjoyed the military and never regretted serving. I've always had the mindset that home is where you hang your hat so I never felt homesick. Although I never married I do have a step brother who lives in Macon and several of my step dad's family work at Loch Haven.



Ronald Musicant



ARMY

I graduated from Paso Robles High School in Paso Robles, California where my sister and I grew up. Before my military service I was employed by Thunderbird Boats building pleasure craft, Ennis Tags where I worked in shipping and receiving, and at the Atascadero (California) State Hospital where I was a Psychiatric Technician.

My world changed in October 1966 when I was drafted into the Army. After completing boot camp at Fort Bliss, Texas, and advanced infantry training, where I was trained as a tank crewman, we were tested. With my score it was determined that I'd be a good candidate for OCS (Officer's training). I was talked into signing up as an enlisted man and was sent to Fort Knox, Kentucky to OSC School.

Several weeks later, I regretted that decision and resigned from the program. I was shipped to Viet Nam and assigned to the 1/69 Armor Division as a tank crewman. I started out as the ammunition loader, then promoted to driver, gunner, and finally tank commander. The tank is an extremely effective weapon, and we were able to target and destroy enemy positions as far away as five miles with accuracy. Anything we could see we were able to neutralize. Tanks are very maneuverable and can go practically anywhere, but not everywhere and as the commander, it was my responsibility to keep the tank mobile. We

experienced several mishaps that exploded rounds inside the tank. I'm deaf in one ear and have tinnitus in the other as a result.

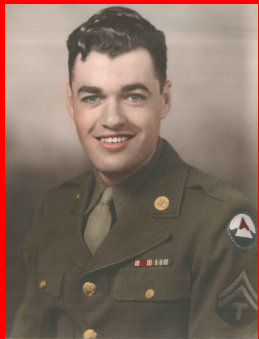
In early 1967 the Viet Cong launched an attack and our artillery site was overrun by Cong as we fought hand to hand for our lives. That war changed who I am. I live with it every day in the form of PTSD (post traumatic stress disorder). I can't get over the lies we were told and the way we were instructed to fight the war. Since Viet Nam was considered a police action, we were not allowed to engage anyone unless attacked first. At times we could see the enemy walking around freely in the villages, but under General Westmoreland's directions (commander of ground forces) we were ordered not to engage.

My fighting days ended unexpectedly when we were passing through a muddy area. I climbed on the tank and banged my boots against the fender to knock off the mud. When I slipped, milliseconds later I was on my back being run over by the 52 ton tank. It seemed to happen in slow motion as I made my stomach as hard as possible while the tank track passed over me. As I watched the giant sprockets rotate, I knew the driver would turn the tank shortly to maneuver up a road. If he did my head would be crushed. But divine intervention kept him on a straight course for the few extra feet as I was pressed into the soft earth. I survived, but spent the next 18 months in a military hospital before getting a medical discharge.

When I came home I went to trade school. Over the years I worked as an auto mechanic and eventually with my skills as a tool and die maker, fabricator, and welder. I was employed as a contract employee by Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory serving them for 18 years.

I have three children, two living in California and one in Reno, Nevada, along with 12 grandchildren.

Hubert Moehle



ARMY

S/SGT Hubert Willard Moehle

Son of Mr. & Mrs. Harry E. Moehle
Wife: Helen Faye (Cason) Moehle
Enlisted March 29, 1943
Discharged April 1946
Reserves through October 31, 1952
Trained in New Jersey & Missouri
Served: WAS Dakota, Iceland, Texas, California, Utah

Awards:

Meritorious Unit Award
Presidential Unit Citation
American Theatre,
European, African, Middle Eastern Theatre
Victory Medal
Good Conduct Medal



Arnold Truitt

Army Artillery
Corporal
1951-1953
Korean War

Nelson Million Corporal



ARMY

Reprinted from
Newspaper
Article

The award of the Silver Star, the nation's third highest military honor, to Cpl. Nelson Million, son of Mr. & Mrs. Carl Million of Clark, is announced by Headquarters of the Tenth Corps, U.S. Army.

The citation with the award reads: Gallantry in Action "Cpl. Nel-

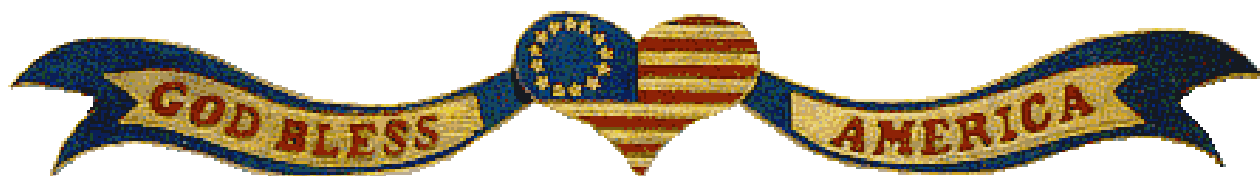
son Million, Infantry, while serving with Company K, 31st Infantry Regiment, distinguished himself by gallantry in action against an armed enemy in the vicinity of Nae-Dong, Korea, October 27, 1951.

Cpl. Million was acting as squad leader of the assault squad, with the mission of attacking, clearing and securing Hill 710. As the assaulting elements approached the crest of the hill, they were pinned down by enemy concealed in a trench on the reverse slope."

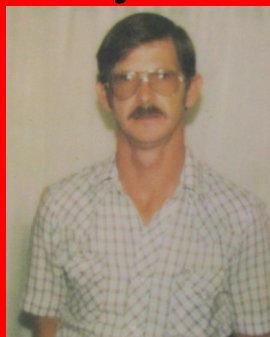
Ignored Personal Safety: "Cpl. Million, with complete disregard for his own personal safety, left the comparative shelter of the ground and ran forward about 25', and standing on the skyline, continued to toss grenades into the trench until he had neutralized the position.

In this gallant action, he killed two of the enemy and wounded several more, thereby clearing the way for the company to successfully complete its assigned mission with a minimum of casualties.

"The gallant action of Cpl. Million reflects great credit on himself and the military service."



Johnny Walker



ARMY

I come from a large family with four sisters and four brothers. Home was Corinth, Mississippi until our family moved to Chicago where I grew up on the West side. After graduating from high school, I worked in a machine shop until I was drafted in 1966.

I was sent to Fort Benning, a training facility near Columbus, Georgia for basic training. Life as a

recruit is not easy, and we learned military discipline as we qualified through the various steps to become soldiers. After training I was assigned to a supply unit and sent to Viet Nam. When asked about my experiences over there, I simply say I don't like to think about that time. I'm sure every war is horrible, but that war was especially horrific for me since I saw first hand the carnage and suffering. After spending a year in Viet Nam, I came home and was discharged from the Army in July 1968. I had served two years total.

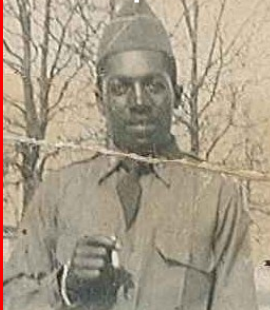
I worked as a printer until retiring. I was employed at the facility that prints *National Geographic Magazine* in Corinth, Mississippi. It's a huge operation with two gravure presses that are 157 ft. long and each weighs 390 tons. Three offset presses are 110 ft. long and weigh 86 tons each. The nine million issues each month require eight million pounds of paper and 649 thousand pounds of ink. Obviously, I had a lot of help putting each issue together.

Thank you for your service
J. Evans Biehl, PFC
Army

Military Police
1953-1955

Served in the USA
during the Korean War.

Loyes Benson Corporal



ARMY

years old. I was sent to Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri for basic training as a rifleman.

The Korean War had just begun and my unit was sent there to aid the United Nations support of South Korea. I spent two years fighting on the front lines. Unless you were a part of it, there's no way to describe what that was like. My fellow soldiers and I became closer than brothers, and it didn't matter who you were, or where you came from. We worked as a team and followed orders while trusting and looking out for each other. Everyone had the same goal, to get home in one piece.

I looked forward to mail call, as infrequent as it was, although because of the nature of my duty, I seldom found time to write home. There are things in war that are best not remembered, but I do treasure the memories of the friends I made.

Everything considered, my service was a worthwhile experience. After Korea, I spent the rest of my enlistment serving my country in Japan and at home. Discharged in 1954, I have had no contact with the men I served with, but I guess that's just a part of life.

I returned to Chicago, eventually marrying Norma, where we raised two girls and a boy. I was employed by Spiegel for many years, working in the warehouse. Upon my retirement my wife and I returned to her roots in Macon County.



I was born in Mississippi and moved to Chicago when I was three years old. The city is rich in history and a great place to live. I enlisted for four years in the United States Army in 1950 when I was eighteen

Thank you for your service

Glenn Sharpe
Army E-6
Sergeant

Place of birth:
Clarence, Missouri

Drafted into United States
Army 1952 Basic training
Fort Leonard Wood, Mo.
Infantryman, Korea.

Served 13 years before
discharging in 1965

Rowland Roberts Sergeant



ARMY

Louis Rowland Roberts was inducted into the Army November 23, 1942 at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. At Camp Phillips, Kansas he was assigned to the 94th Division, Co. H 376th Infantry, 2nd Platoon. From Kansas he went to camp McCain, Mississippi where he was put on special detachment and assigned to Capt. Caywood to guard German prisoners at Indiola, Mississippi where they picked cotton on a

country farm.

After going to Camp Forest, Tennessee, he left for overseas duty on the Queen Elizabeth, landing in Greenock, Scotland. On December 29th, the 66th Infantry was supposed to relieve them, but lost the entire regiment after being hit by a German submarine in the Atlantic Ocean. They were then moved to Rmis, France by rail box cars that held 40 men and equipment or eight horses. It was during this time Roberts was assigned to **Patton's 3rd Army**. In addition Rowland spent time at Campholz Woods and at Sins his group was fired on as the Division thought they were Germans. They lost a lot of men. After numerous other battles, and after 209 days of combat, 1,087 men had been killed, 4,648 had been wounded, 113 were missing, and 5,028 had trend foot or frozen feet. Rowland was wounded in a small town after they took Ludwigshafen.

Rowland was awarded the Purple Heart, four Campaign Stars, Bronze Star, Expert Infantry Badge, Combat Infantry Badge, Good Conduct Ribbon, and other ribbons. His rank was Staff Ser-

geant, Section leader.

July 12, 1945, he married Jayne Gilstrap at Macon. They are the parents of Nancy Brennan, Rick Roberts, and Janna Craig. Rowland is a member of the Callao American Legion Post 360, Callao Christian Church, and D.A.V. It is men like Rowland who make this the land of the free and the home of the brave. Thank you Rowland. You are an American Hero. We honor you.



Bernard Wilhelme Airmen 1st Class



AIR FORCE

The year was 1932 and aviation pioneer Amelia Earhart became the first woman to complete a transatlantic flight when she landed in Ireland. That was also the year I greeted my parents and three older sisters on our families small farm in Muscatine, Iowa. I was 4th in line and the only boy with 4 sisters. The farm didn't provide enough income, so Father worked on and off as a truck driver.

In my late teens I was restless and wanted more out of life than farming so I went to Kansas City to enlist in the Army. I was turned down and the next year I tried again with the same results. When I had given up on ever having a military career, I was drafted at 20 years old into the Air Force. I was sent to Scott Air Force Base

near St. Louis for boot camp where I was trained for combat. At that time I was also trained as a cook, although I was never given that assignment. Next, I was sent to Park Air Force Base in California where I received training in inert atmosphere (gas) warfare.

It was late in 1952 when I was sent to South Korea. Thankfully, by that time the war was winding down, and my duties included walking the perimeter of our base. Since security issues are always more demanding during the hours of darkness, my assignments were mostly at night. Along with guard duty, I also acted as a messenger and gopher for the brass in headquarters.

Although it was dangerous and not permitted, my friend and I used to hunt

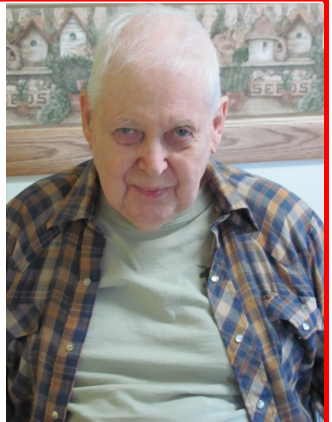
ducks north of the base. Probably not the smartest thing I ever did, but being young I didn't worry much about any consequences. One memory I have of Korea is of a small boy who would often accompany me and several buddies whenever we left the base. We never gave him anything, but I guess he liked being seen with American military.

In 1956, I was offered a promotion if I stayed in, but after 4 years I was ready to come home and accepted my honorable discharge. I enjoyed my military time and consider it a building block for who I am. I'm grateful for the great country we live in and proud to be one of her defenders. The only negative I have is the trip across the ocean to Korea where I was sea sick most of the time.

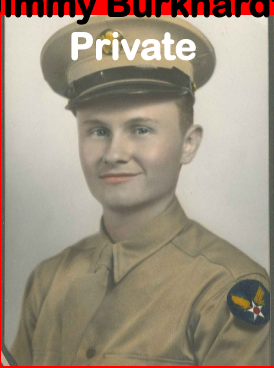
I never married and after my service I was employed at times by Con Agra, worked construction, and farmed both rented and owned land.

One of the highlights of my life is the communications I had with Dr. Billy Graham. We each prayed for special intentions and for each other. Today, I look forward to the twice weekly church services here at Loch Haven. I've been a resident here for nearly a year and am grateful to the great people who see to my care.

I enjoy visits with my two living sisters and my nieces and nephews. Sadly, health issues limit my sister's visits.



Jimmy Burkhardt Private



AIR FORCE

I was born in Macon, Missouri in 1919. The nearly 100 years has seen many changes to the Macon County area, some good and some not so good, but that's what progress brings. I graduated from high school in 1937 and eventually found work in St. Louis with Curtis Wright,

a defense contractor that produced aircraft engines. Because of my job I was draft exempt, but in 1943 at age 22 I was drafted into the Army Air Corp.

I did basic training at St. Petersburg, Florida. The training was very tough, but I was in the best

physical shape of my life and easily met every challenge. After my first leave I was sent to Atlantic City, New Jersey for overseas training. I never made it overseas, instead, after testing, I was sent to Salt Lake City as a motor pool mechanic. At that point health issues overtook me, and I spent several months at Camp Stoneman Army hospital in California. After evaluating my prognoses the doctors recommended my discharge, and in 1944 I was honorably discharged.

At home while recovering I worked in my dad's garage, and in 1946 I moved to Kansas City and worked 10 months for a Chevrolet dealer. Next I moved on to a machine shop in Hannibal where I learned about engine rebuilding and eventually worked with my brother Carl in our own garage. Carl was an auctioneer. At times I worked with him doing household auctions. I can still do the call and wished I'd pursued the business.

The first time I met Goldie she asked me if having a good time was all that I cared about! That made me rethink my life, and I called her for a date. We were married 58 years before I lost her in 2001. She was beautiful, fun, and smart, and I was lucky

enough to share her life. I am grateful for our years together, and miss her every day. We were unable to have children, but as a school teacher and guidance counselor she felt that all the kids were her children. She even held a Masters Degree in Guidance and Counseling and coached girl's basketball.

Over the years we lived in Kansas City and for ten we owned a 160 acre farm near Montgomery, Missouri which eventually became part of the Cannon Dam project. In 1967 we sold the rest of the land and moved to Macon. Macon has been my home ever since. I now reside in the Loch Haven Apartments.



I was born in 1951 to Raymond and Ethel (Christensen) Siegel in rural Ray County, Missouri. I was drafted into the Army in March of 1971. I was assigned to Delta Company-3rd BCT Brigade at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri. During our first company formation in front of the barracks the sergeant called out the roll call, and I heard him call out "Christensen".

I was in first platoon, and he was in second platoon. Later on in the day I noticed by his name tag that he spelled his name the same way my family spelled Christensen. While we were on a break from training that day, I introduce myself to him. His name was Roger. I told him that Christensen was my mother's maiden name. I remember writing to my mother to tell her a boy named Christensen was in my company. Although we were in the same company, we were in separate platoons so we were not as close of friends as we would be with guys in our platoons. But we still would come in contact with each other during our training. He told me he was married, and I remember seeing his wife, Chris, visiting Roger on some weekends. I told him I was engaged.

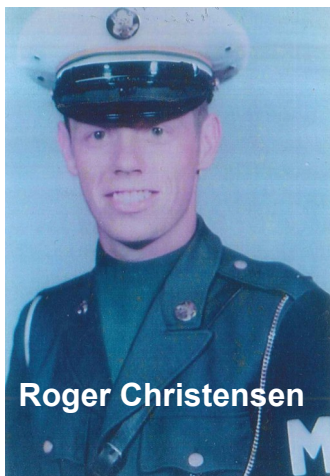
Because of the war in Vietnam, all of us in the company were prepared to be sent there. I think most of our families were resigned to this fact. But about midway through our AIT, the rumor went around that the company commander did not think we would be going to Vietnam except for maybe four or five guys. I wrote home to Denise, my fiancé that maybe we could get married while I was home on leave. Then she could maybe go with me as long as it was not a combat zone. We received our orders the last week of training. The rumor as it turned out was exactly opposite of the truth. I remember about five guys that got orders at various locations around the world and the rest of us were sent to the Republic of Vietnam. While home on leave, Denise and I were married on July 30, 1971. By August 16, I was in Vietnam.

After my leave, Roger and I along with about 120 of our fellow MPs met up at the Oakland (California) Army Terminal. The first night there we were placed in a temporary barracks. We then were moved to the main building which was like a large warehouse that was sectioned off by heavy curtains. Each section contained enough soldiers to make up a plane load. There were bunks in these sections where we stayed for a couple more days. Roger and I shared a bunk so we became closer friends as we had time to talk. I told Roger that I had gotten married while home on leave. He suggested that since our wives did not live that far from each other, maybe we could have them get together and meet us in Hawaii on our six month leave. Roger said he was from Macon. At the time, I was not familiar where Macon was, and he must have said it was near Marceline. I knew where Marceline was, and over the years confused that with where Roger was from.

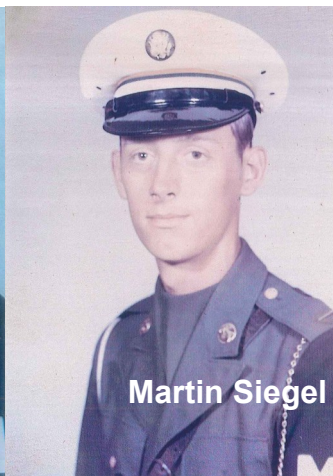
When we arrived in Vietnam, again Roger and I were assigned to the same company, the 615th MP

Remembering Roger

Written by Martin Siegel



Roger Christensen



Martin Siegel

Company at Long Binh.

I was reassigned very shortly thereafter to the 557th MP Company which was just across the road. From then on, I had little contact with Roger except to see him while he was working one of the gates or occasionally in the mess hall, as our two companies shared the same mess hall.

My company had just taken over the security detail for the drug treatment center at the 90th Replacement Battalion. They wanted volunteers for this job as it required a lot of spit and polish. I had no interest in this, and did not plan to volunteer, but a good friend of mine talked me into it. We had to move to a different barracks that was about a half mile from the company area, as we had to live close to the drug treatment center. I did not like working here and requested to be reassigned to a patrol unit.

I remember very well the morning while I was in the barracks when a boy named Coleman came up to me and a couple of other guys with the news that Roger had died while on duty in an accident. We did not get a lot of details on the accident except that he was on a gun jeep mission and that they met an ARVN (South Vietnamese Army) truck that did not yield and caused them to run off the road. Also that it was night time.

It was a sad morning as all four of us had gone through Fort Gordon with Roger. I later learned that there was a memorial service for Roger at the 615th Company area, but it was not announced to the 557th. I was disappointed to learn this as many of the guys in the 557th served with Roger at Fort Gordon.

A few weeks after Roger's death, I got my request to be assigned to a patrol unit. I was assigned to the accident investigation platoon. Had I received this assignment a few weeks earlier, I probably would have covered Roger's accident and would have had much more information about that.

As the years went by after Vietnam, I thought about Roger more and more, and I thought that I would like to try to contact his family. But I really did

not know how to go about it. I was still thinking that Marceline was his home. I thought about going up to Marceline and just ask around, but some folks get suspicious if a stranger is asking around like that.

Then one day, my wife was on the internet, and she pulled up the Vietnam War Memorial Web Page. We looked up Roger Christensen, and it said "home of record-Macon, Missouri." There was also a note about Roger from his cousin, Janet Shepherd, and it gave her name and phone number. I contacted her, and she in turn gave me Mrs. Christensen's (whom she referred to as Aunt Tilly) phone number. At first, I was a bit apprehensive about contacting Mrs. Christensen. There are those who do not want to relive bad experiences in their life. Also, the Vietnam War brought out so many different views about the war among Americans that I just didn't know how this family might feel. I thought they might not want to meet with me.

I was glad to find a hard working, patriotic family that welcomed me and Denise into their home and were eager to talk about Roger. I found out more about Roger's life before they Army, and I was able to tell them a little more about Roger. I was so glad to meet Roger's widow, Chris, and to meet her son Ross. I was impressed by Ross that even though Roger was not his dad, how interested he was to find out more about him. I keep in touch with Mrs. Christensen, and we visit from time to time. I always look forward to seeing her and the family and to hear from her.

I regret that Roger did not survive the war as I feel that our friendship would have continued. I am proud to have served with him.



(above) Martin and his wife Denise are welcomed to a family gathering at the home of Roger's sister, Sharon Thrasher. Pictured back row (l-r) Sharon Thrasher (sister), Dennis and Steve Christensen (brothers) and Martin Siegel. Front row (l-r) Tillie Christensen (mother), Chris Shipman (Roger's widow) and Denise Siegel. Roger Christensen's mother, Tillie Christensen and sister, Sharon Thrasher, are both on staff at Loch Haven.

Another fact that was discovered is that Roger and Martin shared the same birthday in the same year, January 23, 1951.

Thank you for your service

Harold Bond

Marine Corp WWII

Thank you for your service


**John Love
Air Force
1963-1965**

Vietnam/Philippines

Thank you for
your service

**Ernest Dodd
Korea**

November 2014 Activity Calendar

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
One on One activities offered daily to those unable to attend regularly scheduled activities						1 Independent Games
2 10am Sunday School 2pm United Methodist 6:30pm Callao Bible Study	3 9:30am Flex & Stretch 2pm Bingo 3:30pm Concentration 6:30pm Casino Night	4 10am Spa Morning 2pm Birthday Party 3:30pm Small Groups 3:30pm Wii	5 9:30am Flex & Stretch 2pm Root Beer Floats 3:30pm Small Groups	6 10am Bevier Baptist Bible Study 2pm Bingo 3:30pm Small Groups	7 Craft Show 10am-3p	8 Independent Games
9 10am Sunday School 2pm Faith Baptist 6:30pm Callao Bible Study	10 9:30am Flex & Stretch 2p Bingo 3:30pm Men's Social	11 10am Concentration 2pm Veteran Day 3:30pm Small Groups 3:30pm Wii	12 9:30am Flex & Stretch 2pm Donny Roberts 3:30pm Small Groups 7pm County Kickers	13 7:30am-9am Family Breakfast 10am Bevier Baptist Bible Study 2pm-4pm Clothes to you 3:30pm Small Groups	14 9:30am Flex & Stretch 10a Coffee Club 2pm Spirit Day	15 Independent Games
16 10am Sunday School 2pm Ethel Christian 6:30pm Callao Bible Study	17 9:30am Flex & Stretch 10am Resident Council 2pm Bingo 3:30pm Concentration	18 Cards and Dominoes	19 9:30am Flex & Stretch 10am Atlanta Methodist Bible Study 2pm Donny Roberts 3:30pm Small Groups 7pm County Kickers	20 10a Bevier Baptist Bible Study 2pm Bingo 3:30pm Red Hat Tea	21 9:30am Flex & Stretch 10am Coffee Club 2pm Third Friday Chef Series	22 Independent Games
23 10am Sunday School 6:30pm Callao Bible Study	24 9:30am Flex & Stretch 2pm Bingo 3:30pm Small Groups	25 10am Cooking 2pm Pie Social 3:30pm Small Groups 3:30pm Wii	26 9:30am Flex & Stretch 2pm Movie 3:30pm Small Groups 7pm County Kickers	27 Happy Thanksgiving!	28 Independent Games	29 
30 10am Sunday School 2pm Atlanta Methodist						

Employee Spotlight

MEET: Joshua Teter Evening Custodial



Were you named after anyone? Yes. My dad & great-great uncle.

Describe yourself in one word? Caring

What is your favorite movie? Never Back Down

What was your favorite subject in school? Ag classes

If you could be someone else, who would you be? Si Robertson

Everyone has a talent. What is yours? To make people laugh.

What would be your dream vacation? To go to Hawaii.

What is your favorite saying/quote? "That's a fact, Jack!"



Who was your favorite celebrity as a child? Elvis

How long have you worked at Loch Haven? 3 years

What are your duties? Maintain the floors and take out trash.

Family: Mother, Vanessa Teter; Father, Gary Teter; Sister, Latisha Teter; Brother, Michael Teter; Sister-in-law, Stephanie Teter; Nephew, Gage Teter.

What town do you live in? Bevier

"Loch Haven is a home away from home. The residents make my job well worth the time."

~~ Josh~~

Welcome to Team Loch Haven

Ashley Boze, LPN	Float
Ladena Mills, LPN	Cottage PAL
Jessica Freitag	Cottage PAL
Stacy Simons	Cottage PAL
Danielle Neeson	Dietary
Chaya Brunston, NA	Mt. View/West Brook
Opal Lewis	Cottage PAL
Tammy Manley, CNA, CMT	Cottage PAL
Annie McKenney, NA	West Brook
Melinda Pickins, LPN	Cottage PAL
Kali Allen, NA	West Brook
Sheila Oliver, LPN	West Brook
Tyneeka Mason, NA	Sunset Village
Baylea Turner, NA	West Brook/Sunset Village
Amber White, NA	Mt. View/West Brook-
Michelle Brittingham	Dietary

STAR AWARD WINNERS September

*Dana Morey
Amber Martinez
Donna Bridgewater
Melissa Stanfield
Vanessa Teter
Linda Mitchell
Latisha Mitchell*

Perfect Attendance

Linda Sloan

Team PLAYER award Karen Ibrahim



3rd Friday Chef Series Friday, November 21st
2 p.m.

Mary Beth Truitt & Patty Lolli & Family making Tortellinis

The public is invited to join us in the North Activity Room to watch our guest chefs prepare and then serve samples of their specialty. Watch for this series on CVTV!



join us on
facebook

Recognizing our Maintenance/Custodial Department.



Thanks to the guys who keep everything in perfect working order around here! (left) The Custodial Department (l-r) Joshua Teter, Alvie Voyles, Stephen Lozuaway, and Denny Ashenfelter. (right) The Maintenance Department (l-r) Floyd Young, Dale Sanders (supervisor), Tanner Ramage, and Nick Thrasher.

November Birthdays

1	Marlin Coffman	19	Lucille Riley
3	Phyllis McDowell	20	George Morgan
5	Genelee Beckley	23	Charles Fry
5	Arthur Eymann	26	Dick Rector
14	Ronald Musicant	27	Frances Wright
15	Kuldeep Singh	29	Juanita Lopez
19	Deloma Nuhn		

Alzheimer's Support Group

Second Monday of each month

5:30 p.m. light supper 6 p.m. meeting.

A Warm Welcome to

Ethel Clarke	Hubert Moehle
Daisy Tabor	Dale Wooldridge
Douglas Batten	Robert Bradley
Bert Clark, Jr.	Virginia Wood
Geneva Eymann	Marlin Coffman
Donna Palmgren	Ernest Dodd
Wilbur Buster	Richard Hoge
Warren Pflum	Martha Bragg
Arthur Eymann	J Evans Biehl
Nelson Million	

Good luck to **Nora White, Edward Burkhardt, Terry Veach, Marilyn Gardner, Cindy Thompson, and Marjorie McGee** who have returned home after a therapeutic stay.

Thank you, Thank you, Thank you

Lillian Freeman who donated magazines & Janet Kelley who donated quilts, magazines and several items.

Loch Haven's A SENIOR Moment

November Episode featuring

A Life of Service

Featuring Former Macon Mayor
Frank Eaton

Every Wednesday on CVTV (Channels 22 & 64)


We will always Remember

Harlan Mason
Lee Speck
Lonnie Prewitt
Dean Hughes

Richard Oldakowski
Vera Clarkson
William Dudley
Evelyn Day

Psalms 23:4 Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for you are with me; your rod and your staff, they comfort me.

November 2014 Dining Calendar

Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thu	Fri	Sat
		*all meals served buffet style with bread and beverage. Several choices available.				1 Pork Tips in Gravy Buttered Noodles Braised Cabbage Fruit & Whip Topping Corn Bread
2 Fried Chicken Mashed Potatoes/Gravy Broccoli Dinner Roll Apple Pie	3 Ham & Beans Fried Potatoes Mixed Greens Corn Bread Chocolate Cake	4 Pepper Beef Patty Baked Potato Carrots Fruited Gelatin	5 Marinated Pork Loin Yams Green Bean Casserole Fruit Crips	6 Baked Chicken Onion Gravy Garden Blend Rice Spinach Bake Lime Sprinkle Pears	7 Fish of the Day Macaroni & cheese Stewed Tomatoes Mandarin Orange Cake	8 Spaghetti w/ Meat Sauce Italian Vegetables Garlic Bread Peach Cobbler
9 Baked Ham Sweet Potato Casserole Mixed Vegetables Dinner Roll Mock Pecan Pie	10 Cornflake Chicken Au Gratin Potatoes Broccoli Sour Cream Pound Cake	11 Meatloaf Mashed Potatoes/Gravy Green Beans Iced Oatmeal Cake	12 Taco Salad Spanish Rice Corn Salad Peaches with Whipped Topping	13 Roast Turkey Turkey Gravy Combread Dressing Candied Carrots Pumpkin Pie	14 Polish Sausage Peppers & onions Fried Potatoes Sauerkraut Fruit Crumble	15 Vegetable Lasagna Italian Tossed Salad Banana Pudding cake Garlic Bread
16 Baked Chicken Mashed Potatoes Steamed Broccoli Dinner Roll Creamy Custard Pie	17 Salisbury Steak Brown Gravy Baked Potato Green Bean Frosted Marble Cake	18 Sweet & Sour Pork Steamed Rice Carrots Oriental Salad Fruit Cobbler	19 Breaded Chicken Livers Mashed Potatoes/Gravy Lima Beans Éclair Cake	20 Resident's Choice	21 Baked Fish Party Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Cheese Herb Biscuit Cream Cheese Brownie	22 BBQ Chicken Baked Beans Potato Salad Mixed Fruit Cup
23 Pork Chop Garlic Mashed Potatoes 30 Fried Chicken Mashed Potatoes/Gravy Apple Pie	24 Beef Stroganoff Noodles Mixed Vegetables Cheesecake Pie	25 Glazed Ham Yams Country Green Beans Fruit Cobbler Corn Bread	26 Roast Beef Roasted Redskin Potatoes Vegetable Medley Cranberry Swirl Cake	27 Turkey Tetrazzini Spinach, Bacon & Onion Garlic Bread Frosted Cake	28 Chicken Scampi Southern Diner Rice Okra & tomatoes Fruited Gelatin	29 Pork Tips in Gravy Buttered Noodles Braised Cabbage Corn Bread Fruit & Whip Topping

Angels of Love

Winter Memory Tree 2014



Would you like to honor or remember someone special in your life this holiday season? Loch Haven is creating a display of trees in the Front Circle Drive decorated with wooden angel ornaments made by Janice Wilson. The angels will be placed on trees, and the trees will be lit throughout the months of December. Your loved ones name will be written on the angel as a special dedication and keepsake. The angel is yours to keep after the event and can be picked-up at Loch Haven or mailed to our out-of-town families.

If you or someone you know would like to purchase an angel, please stop by our front office or send a \$5 donation and the person's name to

Loch Haven Winter Memory Tree

701 Sunset Hills Dr., Macon, MO 63552

For inquiries call 660-385-3113 or e-mail marketinglh@gmail.com

Each donation will be used to benefit the Loch Haven Legacy Facility Renovation Fund



Growing With Health Care Needs

Please welcome BJ Roberts (left) as Loch Haven's Director of Nursing. BJ moved into the DON position on October 6th and will continue to develop quality health care staff and quality resident health outcomes through Quality Assurance Measures. She has been an intricate part of the continued growth of Person Centered philosophy in the Loch Haven Cottages Project and Legacy Building on our campus. BJ has a total of 26 years with the Loch Haven family. Please welcome too, Christy Riekeberg (right), former DON to the new position of Director of Outreach and Nursing Technologies for Loch Haven. Christy also moved into the position on October 6th. This position will continue to develop relationships with hospitals, physicians and other health care providers in northern Missouri for improved resident outcomes. She will also be developing new nursing and clinical technologies for Loch Haven. Christy has a total of 26 years with the Loch Haven family.

Along with their nursing degrees, both are graduates of the Enhanced Leadership Development Academy through the University of Missouri's Nursing Outreach, Sinclair School of Nursing.



(left) Bowling!! Our residents had a fantastic time at the Bowling Alley. We aren't telling how many strikes, splits or gutter balls we had!! (right) The Loch Haven canopy along with megaphones and popcorn has become an anticipated site at the MHS Homecoming Parade. Helping out this year with handing out the popcorn were RCF residents Doris White and Helen McDuffee.

Vernon Barrow

Airman 2nd



AIR FORCE

Webb City is located on historic Rt.66 on the Ozark Plateau in the southwest corner of Missouri. My family lived in that small town where my older sister and I attended school. I was anxious to grow up and see places I'd only read about, and

with my love of airplanes, I joined the United States Air Force right after high school in 1956.

I did my basic training at Lackland Air Force Base in Texas. Although I wanted to be part of a flight crew, with my high test scores, the Air Force decided that I could be best utilized as a radar technician. My first assignment was Eielson AFB located

110 miles south of the Arctic Circle. At that time, we were involved in the cold war with Russia as the two countries played cat and mouse war games. We sent bombers to their borders, and they sent aircraft to ours. For me, the airplanes I dreamed about flying in were just blips on the radar screen. My job was to service and maintain equipment that fed vital information to the radar operators.

Alaska wasn't my only assignment. During my four year enlistment I was moved around the country as the need for my skills required. In 1960 I was honorably discharged and returned home. With my training I found work with AT&T maintaining microwave towers and stayed with them my entire work career until taking early retirement. I never liked the climbing involved, but that was part of the job.

I remember when I first saw Elsa. She would drive past the small restaurant I had coffee at each morning with her young niece. I saw her numerous times and wondered about the attractive girl driving the convertible. I wanted to meet her, but didn't know how. One day when a road crew blocked my usual route home, I had to maneuver several side streets and there she was, standing in her yard. I'm not usually that forward, but I stopped and introduced myself and invited her to dinner. She refused

that offer, but I persisted and won her heart. Two weeks later Elsa was my wife. When I recall the story of how I met my German born wife, I always say it was her car that caught my eye, but I never fooled anyone.

We lived in Winslow, Missouri, where we raised our daughter, Susan. She has blessed us with four beautiful granddaughters, the oldest a college student. Susan and her family live on a farm in Macon County, and I look forward to her frequent visits. I especially enjoy the small photo gallery I have in my room that surrounds me with my family.



Robert Smith

Corporal



ARMY

I've called Moberly, Missouri home all of my life. I was born, schooled and raised my family in the city. After graduating high school I worked in the produce business owned by my only sibling (older sister) and brother-in-law. Their venture wholesaled produce goods to small outlets, mostly mom and pop grocery stores.

Drafted in 1952, I did basic training at Fort Leonard Wood. Although not a pleasant experience, I was physically strong going in so it wasn't as hard on me as some. With our countries involvement in Korea, I knew I had a good chance to be sent into that war, but that didn't happen. I was sent to Fort Riley, Kansas and worked with the Post Engineers and civilians on maintenance projects. Several months later I was assigned to Fort Belvoir, Virginia and

trained as a camouflage expert.

Six months later I was transferred to Fort Bliss at the White Sands Proving Grounds in New Mexico. Along with two officers and ten enlisted men, I spent over one year erecting various military equipment associated with missile testing.

In 1954 with my time up, I was honorably discharged and returned to Moberly and my job with my sister. Since I was still living at home when I was drafted, I had a lot of growing up to do. My two years in the Army served me a big help-

ing of self reliance and maturity. Military life wasn't always easy for me, and I especially missed home and everything I took for granted.

In 1961 with large wholesale distribution centers supplying nearly every product sold in a super market, and with small groceries disappearing, my sister closed her business. At that time I found work with Uregas, a local propane supplier that distributed propane to homes and businesses. Eventually Uregas became the more commonly know Ferrellgas. My job was driving the transport rigs, large torpedo shaped tanks pulled by powerful semi tractors. Knowing the potential danger of liquid propane, I never forgot I was steering a bomb and had many anxious moments while driving in every type of weather. After years on the road I was eventually promoted and retired as Fleet Manager.

In 1961 I had married the love of my life, Wanda. Together we raised our six children Yonnie, John, Connie, Bobbi, Sally, and Scott. At this time both Wanda and I live in the Loch Haven Cottages. We deeply appreciate the loving care we receive from our caregivers.

Pictures of our children, 12 grandchildren and 15 great grandchildren decorate the walls of our Loch Haven rooms and remind us of what a loving family in which we have been blessed.



Danny Howard

Sergeant



ARMY

I grew up in Westminster, a city in Orange County, located in southern California. I graduated high school with honors before volunteering for the Army in 1985, where I hoped to make it my career. I did basic training at Fort Bliss, Texas and AIT (advanced infantry training) at Ft. Lee, Virginia. Part of my training consisted of a joint exercise with the Marines at 29 Palm, California. During my military time, I attended North Carolina State University where I earned my degree in business math.

After testing I was assigned as a field services equipment mechanic and became a specialist in water purification which included laundry apparatus. When I decided to make a career change, I applied and was accepted to attend MP school. My plan was to enter law enforcement after the military. When I was sent to Nicaragua, I entered one of the most dangerous places on earth. The leftist government was at war with the Contra rebels, with the United States supplying the rebel's supplies in a covert mission. I lost two friends in Nicaragua, one being murdered as he and I walked down the street.

My life changed as the result of an accident in Honduras. While working with a crew filling a tanker truck, the pressure on the fill hose I was holding suddenly increased and threw me into the air like a rag doll. I landed on the fender in such a way that it resulted in my back being broken. After being released from the hospital, I was given a medical retirement from the Army.

When sufficiently recovered I found work in Birmingham, Alabama as a police officer, but when my medical past was discovered, I was dismissed. After that I came to Jefferson City, Missouri where I managed a medical equipment store until I became permanently disabled.

I was married for thirteen years, but we eventually grew apart and divorced. We still remain friends and share the love of our two daughters, one who lives in Columbia, Missouri and the younger, who attends college. With their busy lives I don't see them often, but they visit when they can.



Raymond Buster Sergeant



ARMY

I've called Macon County, Missouri home all of my life. My brother, Ronald, and I are twins and when we were born in 1926, with birth-weights fewer than three pounds. We were given little chance for survival. But Mother was determined that we have a chance at life. She even used the oven to keep us warm. We both survived and grew up on the family farm where I learned the meaning and satisfaction of hard work.

I met my future wife, Betty Lou Epperson, when we were children. I was astonished when I saw her leap from a fifteen foot hayloft! I knew she was special, and I wanted to share my life with her even as a child. Due to illness, I was two years behind my class, but never minded since I was a classmate of Betty's at Ethel High School.

I was drafted in 1945 before I completed my senior year, but had accumulated enough credits to graduate. I was sent to Camp Maxey, near Paris, Texas for boot camp. At that time prisoners of war were held there, and I stayed on after basic training and worked as a guard. Later I was sent to Puerto Rico and again was assigned as a POW guard. I was honorably discharged in September 1946, serving just under two years.

When I returned home I eventually found work as an agent for Standard Oil delivering petroleum products throughout Macon and surrounding counties. My biggest account was Peabody Coal Co. where I filled the plant's gasoline and diesel tanks on a regular basis. The bulk plant I pulled out of South of Macon only exists as a memory now. It was during this time that Betty

Lou and I married on November 2, 1946. Being an agent for Standard Oil prohibited me from owning a service station, but when we purchased the station in Ethel, we put it in Betty's name. In 1976 we decided to sell our businesses, and I started working as a driver for the Callao Co-op.

We are blessed with two loving daughters, Debra (Kansas City) and Diana (Macon and Florida in the winter). Betty's daily visit highlights every day.



Finis Faught Sergeant



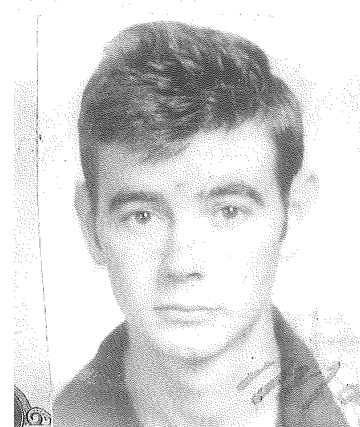
AIR FORCE

My roots are Macon County where I was born and raised in Atlanta, Missouri. I'm the middle child with a younger brother and an older sister. After high school I was anxious to see some of the world, or at least the country, so I joined the United States Air Force. I did my basic training at Lackland Air Force Base, San Antonio, Texas. The year was 1953 and the Korean War was just ending.

After my training was completed I was sent to George Air Force Base, Victorville, California where I was assigned to the main warehouse. There I worked as a stockman, expediting supplies to various points on the base. A lot of guys were homesick, but I never was and really enjoyed the military life, although I too looked forward to leave and spending time back home.

When my four years were nearly up I decided to make the Air Force my career and reenlisted. By 1963 I had put in ten years, but when it was time to re-up I decided against it. I was always a bit of a free spirit and at that point I had several disciplinary issues pending so I concluded that it would be better for me to just accept my honorable discharge and go home.

I found work with the city of Macon in the Public Works Department. where I did a little bit of everything. After five years I moved on and served Macon Redi-Mix as a concrete driver for nineteen years. I am married to Sue and the father of two daughters and grandfather of three.



Marlin (M.T.) Coffman
Merchant Marines
1941-1945
Able Seaman

Tom Linhardt



AIR FORCE

I grew up on a farm in Putnam County. I went to college in Kirksville and studied zoology. I met a woman named Mary on a blind date. Mary and I got married just before I joined the Air Force. I was in the Air Force from 1970-1973 and was a Sargent. I spent my entire time state-

side in Mississippi. I worked on training radar. It required a lot of intense training, maintaining machinery, and knowledge of electronics.

Mary and I had two daughters together. Mary encouraged me not to continue with the military. She didn't like it much. So at the age of 24, I did some odd jobs. I worked for the Highway Department for

four years. Then I worked for the Health Department in St. Louis as a nursing home inspector until I retired.

My youngest daughter joined the Air Force. I encouraged her to do so, and I am happy she did. She met a fella and got married. He is in the Air Force too.



Richard Hoge
Air Force
1953-1957
Airmen 1st Class
Japan



Walter Davis



ARMY

Walter T. Davis, Jr., is a veteran of the Vietnam War. He is originally from Macon, Missouri, but traveled quite a bit due to service in the armed forces. Most recently, he was a resident of Junction City, Kansas, where he lived with his wife of 50 years, Shirley Jean (Grant) Davis, until her recent passing. Shirley was an excellent homemaker and companion throughout their years together. Their travels included postings in: Fort Bragg, NC, Aberdeen Proving Ground, MD, Fort Leonard Wood, MO, Nelligan Barracks, Germany, Fort Wainwright, AK, and finally, Fort Riley, KS. They have five children, four grandchildren, and 8 great-grandchildren.

Walter served in the Army for 28 years as a mechanic, supply officer, inspector and instructor. He retired at the rank of

Warrant Officer (CW4) in November of 1986. CW4s are senior-level experts in their chosen field, primarily supporting battalion, brigade, division, corps, and echelons above corps operations (Wikipedia, 2012). In that capacity, then Sergeant First Class Davis received the Army Commendation medal in 1979 for meritorious achievement while on duty in the Inspector General's Office as a

vehicle inspector. He provided technical expertise and problem solving skills to his company. He also received a Certificate of Achievement among other honors during his many years of honorable service.

One of Walter's favorite duties was being an instructor for others, sharing his expertise and knowledge. Walter's youngest daughter followed in his footsteps with a love of learning that led to her success as a student and later, as a teacher. His grandson, Christopher Rose, also followed in his footsteps by serving (and surviving) multiple tours of duty in Iraq and Afghanistan.

Walter's hidden talents included real estate, receiving his realtor's license after retiring from service. He also worked in Kansas City for the Kansas Department of Human Services as a Job Service Counselor.

Written by his daughter: Lenora S. Davis



Jerald Simons

PFC



ARMY

Macon County, Missouri has been home all of my life. and Bevier my hometown. I'm third in the pecking order with 3 brothers and 2 sisters. Our family lived in the country, and to this day I love and appreciate the outdoors. Memories of Mom cooking up a big batch of rabbit stew wrapped in her homemade dough still makes me smile. Our family was close, and we did a lot together. Dad ran one of the big, steam powered locomotives for the Bevier & Southern RR, hauling coal produced in the strip mines around Bevier. When I see the B&S No. 112 on display in downtown Bevier, I can't help but feel proud and think of my father.

After graduating from high school I worked for the Bevier Lumber Company. In 1954, at the age of nineteen, I decided to

enlist in the Army. After doing basic training at Fort Leonard Wood, Missouri, I was assigned as a clerk typist, but my military career was cut short a few months later.

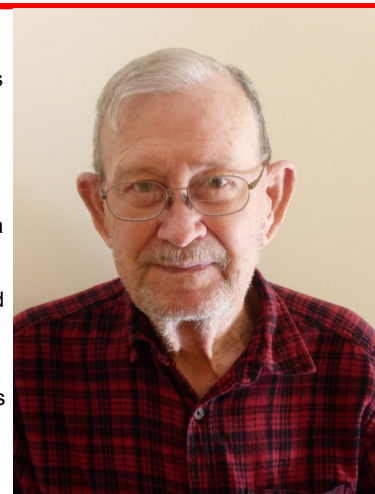
My father passed away suddenly, and with my mother needing someone at home I was given a hardship discharge. It was a difficult time for our family, especially Mom, and we were all happy when a few years later she was able to

move on and remarry.

On January 17, 1956, I married my childhood sweetheart, Leona. We met as classmates and fell in love when we were in seventh grade. The 25 years we were married are the highlight of my life. Leona was petite and suffered from kidney disease, but she was strong and even did self dialysis for 7 years before a sudden heart attack took her. Leona is always with me and when I see our sons Douglas J. and Dale Allen I am reminded of her. I know she's in heaven and watches down on our 4 grandchildren and 3 great granddaughters.

My work career consisted of 25 years as materials inspector for the Missouri Department of Transportation where I visited rock quarries, asphalt and concrete plants, and corrugated piping shops, where I inspected and tested their products for MODOT standards.

I'm grateful that my pastor takes the time to visit once a week and look forward to Douglas J.'s visits every other day, and the golf outings we have together. I'm new at the Loch Haven Cottages and am still getting adjusted, but being surrounded by such caring people makes me feel safe and secure.



Madison Walker

PFC



ARMY

I was born in Toledo, Illinois and graduated from Stotsville, Missouri high school, a town no longer in existence since it was flooded by the Corp of Engineers for a water reclamation project. I am the oldest of eight children and since my step dad worked construction we moved several times around the Midwest as his job required.

I was drafted on my 18th birthday, August 8, 1941, just before America became involved in World War II. I did basic training at Fort Polk, Louisiana and continued training in the Tank Corp after basic. I became part of a five man crew manning a Sherman M4 medium tank and my job was

driver. Not everyone was fit for this type of duty as working in a very confined space and performing as a team took training, nerve, and cool heads. I was proud to be a member of our tank team. After training I became part of the 8th Armor Division and sent to England before we landed in Germany. Before my tour finished I had fought in Germany, France, and helped secure the Italian border. Our leader was the ultimate warrior, four star General George S. Patton, who joined us after his victories in Africa. I can still see him as he strode through our ranks wearing his 45 caliber, twin pearl grip revolvers.

In April of 1945 I was part of the support force for the U.S. Seventh

Army that liberated Dachau concentration camp near Munich, Germany. I saw first hand the horrors of the gas chambers and remains of victims still inside the cremation ovens. I was only twenty one and should have been home building my future, not witnessing the horrors of war. We were all happy to free the camp but sorry to see what we saw. At that point most of us held a deep hatred for the Germans that was only softened by seeing how the German people were suffering.

When I was discharged after the war in 1945 I returned home and with my first wife had two children. Eventually I was married twice and became a widower both times. I have four grandchildren and several great grandchildren, all joys to my life. Employment wise I was a rolling stone and didn't stay anywhere very long, until I started my own small trucking business that served the Mexico, Missouri area. At times I contracted and hauled mobile homes around the Midwest.

Other than my family, my most prized possession is the American flag that flew over the United States Capitol, August 8, 2004, on my 80th birthday (see picture). I have it with me in my room here at Loch Haven where I can enjoy it every day.



Warren Pflum



NAVY

Warren was born in Shelbyville, Missouri.

Enlisted: May 11, 1942 in St. Louis

- ◆ Great Lakes Training Station-Illinois
- ◆ Jacksonville Ordinance School-Florida
- ◆ Assigned to Acorn 9-Port Hueneme, California

Left states on troop ship-June 16, 1943

- ◆ Arrived on Wallis Island
- ◆ New Caledonia
- ◆ Russell Island
- ◆ New Georgia Island
- ◆ Bougainville Island
- ◆ Green Island

Returned to U.S. on carrier USS Windham

Bay. Arrived in San Diego in August of 1944. Stationed in Port Hueneme, Cali-

fornia then transferred to Acorn 51. Left states, May 31, 1945 for a tour of Philippines, Cebu City, Mactan Island. End of war returned on Carrier USS Marcus Island. Discharged December 28, 1945 in St. Louis.

Ribbons

- ◆ Asiatic Pacific-3 Stars
- ◆ Philippine Liberation
- ◆ Good Conduct

Warren married Charlotte in 1950. They lived in the St Louis area where he was a graphic designer/artist for McDonnell Douglas/Boeing Aircraft. He was very talented and owned his own Real Estate Photography business. After retirement, he and Charlotte moved south of Clarence to be near family. They had three sons, Jim, Gary and Randy; 11 grandchildren; and 9 great-grandchildren.



Arthur Eymann



ARMY/AIRFORCE

I was drafted into the Army Air Force on October 1, 1942. After one month of being in the service, I turned 21 years old. During my time in the Army Air Force I didn't leave the country. I was moved around 15 or 16 times, but most of my time was spent in Texas. My job was as an aircraft mechanic. I went to school to learn how to work on B17s and B29s. It was the B29s

that dropped bombs on Japan. I spent 41 months in the Army Air Force. After, I went to college on the GI Bill.

I graduated from the University of Illinois and got a degree in agriculture. After college I worked in industrial labs in Iowa and had my own farm. We raised sheep mostly and had crops as well. I married Geneva who I had known since I was six years old. We have been together for 65 years and have three children. We are still together at Loch Haven in Oak View Cottage.



Irvin Gates



ARMY

In 1945 I graduated high school and volunteered for service. I was a Private in the Army for two years. I was in Germany during the end of WWII. I left New York City to travel to Germany in a cargo ship. We got into a horrible storm which busted the hull.

The ship came to near sinking because it took on so much water. It took almost 30 days for us to get there, and we had to wear life jackets the whole time.

In the beginning of my tour, I was moved around a lot. There was so much devastation from the war. But the people in Germany treated us really well and were glad to be out of Hitler's rule. We had the run of the city, but had to have a pass to go anywhere. I was finally ordered to a place I could stay the rest of my time - the Quarter Master Supply. It was a moving company that worked on moving tractor trailers and refrigeration units. I was sent to Frankfurt, Germany to a cold storage warehouse. Our primary job was to deliver food to the different camps. There were 40 trucks in the motor pool that we kept on the road all the time. I took a mechanic



course in Germany and learned how to work on refrigeration units - I still have my certificate of completion! While studying, we stayed in a beautiful building.

Then one day the MPs pulled us over. My orders had been lost, I was expected to go

back to the United States. They put me on a fast train to the coast where I waited for another ship. At this time, several American ships were still being torpedoed. On the way back, we saw something in the distant water. We were worried that it was a torpedo or something else dangerous. However, it came to be a big ol' whale! After 23 days at sea, it was good to see the Statue of Liberty.

After my time in the Army, I returned to Macon where I was born and raised. I met my future wife, Betty, at the Valencia Theater where she sold tickets. Together we have one son. I kept busy working at the strip mine south of Bevier, at the lumber company, at International Harvester working on trucks, and at the electric plant as a lineman. I retired at 58 years old and opened my own home jewelry business. Betty and I were together almost sixty years until I lost her to cancer.



Above: Irvin Gates father, Benjamin Frank Gates of Bevier, who served in WWI.

Below: Benjamin with two of his comrades.



Ralph Schmedake

PFC



ARMY

I entered military service on April 3, 1943 at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. I was nearly twenty two at the time and working as a school teacher. I did my basic training at Camp Grant, Illinois, an 18,000 acre Army base located on the southern outskirts of Rockford.

After boot camp I was ordered to the Medical Corp and received training as an Army Medical Technician and assistant. With my training complete I was assigned to the 27th General Hospital in the Asiatic-Pacific Theater of Operations where I was awarded a battle star for participating in the New Guinea Campaign. I also spent time with the medics in Sydney, Australia (25 months) Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea, North Luzon, and Manila in the Philippines.

The work I did included clerical duties where I admitted patients and filled out emergency medical transfers to bring the wounded to the hospital. Working with the wounded was not always easy, and I had to be careful not to get emotional in front of the patients. My duties were far ranging, and at one point I was assigned to permanent KP duty, working in the dining room of the mess hall

when our staff swelled to include highly trained nurses. I was glad for the change.

I was honorably discharged from the Armed Forces on February 1, 1946 and decided to attend the University of Missouri-Columbia studying Business Education. Upon my graduation in 1952, I held a Bachelor of Science in Business Education degree and was qualified to teach Business and Speech classes, which I did for eighteen years at various levels throughout Missouri.

I met Vonnice, my wife, in 1954 at the Student Union. We married on June 2, 1957 when I was 35 years old. Vonnice, originally from the Macon, Missouri area, also taught Vocation Home Economics.

At times we rented apartments to be close to our teaching jobs, but we made our permanent home in Kaseyville, Missouri. Vonnice and I were married 48 years before she passed away. She was my best friend, and I miss her very much.

I retired from teaching in 1970, accepting work with Guardsmark at Con Agra in Macon (5 years) and Green Thumb in Macon County. (10 years). I now reside at Loch Haven in Macon.



James Davis

Captain



ARMY/ AIR FORCE

Goldsberry is an unincorporated community in Macon County, Missouri and that was home to me and my six brothers and sisters. I'm a middle child and like my siblings, I attended Grandview High School.

I enlisted in the Air Force and did basic training at Lakeland Air Force Base in San Antonio, Texas in 1944 when I turned 17. During boot camp we were tested, and I was selected to enroll in pilot training which included three phases: primary, basic, and advanced. After successfully completing the required courses, I received my wings and was promoted to the rank of Captain. I qualified for "fixed wing" aircraft and sent to England for a time and then stateside to Malden AFB in the boot hill of Missouri. I served as a flight instructor specializing in military air transports including the huge C 47's, which played a vital part of our military effort both during the war and long afterwards. I've always been proud that I served my country and look back on the experience as a time when I grew into a man.

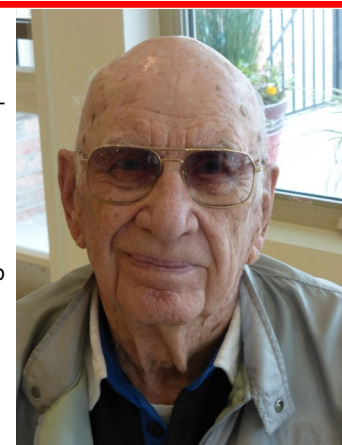
After three years I returned home. Through a friend who was the head chef at a San Francisco hospital, I found employment with him as a cook. It only

lasted a year, and I knew it wouldn't be my life's work. I did, however, take something away from that job that I've cherished all of my life. Lillian. She also worked at the hospital. We fell in love, married, and have a daughter, Pamela. (who calls us every week.)

Lillian and I decided to relocate back to Missouri where I applied to the Highway Patrol and worked thirty-five years as a law enforcement officer. I was assigned to Troop B Missouri, State Highway Patrol in Macon, where we made our home.

I've served the Patrol in several different ways over the years. I rode a Harley motorcycle as a patrol officer, did investigative work, and flew aircraft as needed. Some of my fondest memories of being an officer were the times I was sent to both New York and Los Angeles to represent the Missouri State Patrol in the VFW parades. Two other officers and I drove a patrol car and towed a small trailer with two motorcycles across country to participate in the parades.

Today, both Lillian and I live at Loch Haven in Oak View Cottage. I'm grateful that we're together. Our room is comfortable and the staff treats us very well.



Harold Spencer

NAVY



Mechanist 3rd

I'm the baby of the family with two brothers and a sister. My family lived in Linn County, Missouri, when I was born on July 25, 1924. Although we didn't live on a farm, I spent a lot of my early years with relatives on theirs. Farming is hard work and long hours, but I learned to love that life. I also have fond memories of hanging out in Brookfield during my teen years.

I joined the Navy at 17 with four of my school friends (before I graduated from high school) at the start of World War II. (We graduated after the war with that year's senior class) I did my basic training at the Naval Training Station, Farragut, Idaho. My test scores showed an aptitude for mechanics, and I was assigned to an attack transport serving in the South Pacific

working and maintaining the diesel engines. Our ship engaged the enemy on numerous occasions. At those times all of us on board remembered the Pearl Harbor Attack and wanted to punish Japan.

Another operation in which I took part was the invasion of the Marshall Islands, an important military base for the Japanese war effort. During that event in 1944 the enemy felt the might of the American war machine as the Islands were pounded for weeks by air and navel bombardment before the invasion. I operated one of the landing craft that transported troops from ship to shore. Thankfully only 400 American lives were lost to such a huge and important undertaking. Among other assignments, I also served on a mine sweeper during

the war, and after the A Bomb was dropped on Nagasaki, I used a pole to catch mines floating in the harbor from the deck of the ship.

During the war, I missed home and was glad after the fighting ended to come back. I was self employed for a while in the trucking business, but eventually went to work for the CB&Q RR reaching the position of Senior Call Clerk. I worked for them for 17 years, but I always had my hand in farming.

I married my sweetheart, June, in San Francisco while on furlough. With only three days left on my pass we had blood tests taken and twice the lab spoiled them. Thankfully, on the third try, the doctor personally brought them to the lab. Sadly, our honeymoon found me going to the South Pacific and June going to Denver to work as a photographer.

June and I raised our 3 children Roger, Sally and Susan in Macon County on our family farmstead. I worked for June's father on the farm, and eventually, after his death, we bought out her brother's interest. Between what we own and rent we plant over 1000 acres in row crops along with having some livestock.

Since Sally lives in Columbia, Susan in Macon, and Roger in New Cambria close to the family farm (Roger still works the farm) I have my family close by. *Editors Note: Mr. Spencer received two battle stars during his enlistment; one for his role in the sinking of an enemy submarine and the other for his participation in the Marshall Islands Invasion.*



Dick Rector Staff Sergeant



ARMY

I was drafted into the United States Army straight out of high school in 1945. My classmate and friend, Lloyd Burke and I did basic training at Fort Hood, Texas and were deployed to Europe. We were once again reunited at Loch Haven as roommates when Lloyd was here for a therapeutic stay. It really is a small world.

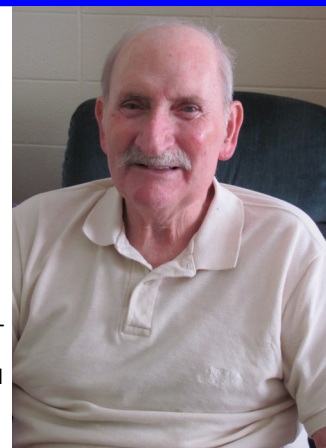
My artillery unit was part of the occupational force sent to stabilize Germany after the war. The country was devastated. Allied bombing reduced many of the cities to rubble and nearly destroyed all major roadways. I was so thankful that this terrible war never reached the shores of America. Our main means of transportation was by rail and when we traveled, it was in cattle cars, nicknamed forty or eight. The reference meaning either forty men or eight mules could occupy a car.

My orders assigned me to Garmisch, an Alpine village tucked high in the German mountains. Our duty post was a ski resort that the Germans used to train soldiers during the war. Although the resort was fortified with bunkers and

other defensive tools, it was never attacked. After the peace accord was signed, the allies turned the resort into a prisoner of war camp. Our duty was to guard the prisoners. I didn't want to be there, but at least we had good living quarters and hot food.

I received my honorable discharge in 1947. I was anxious to get home to Bettye, the girl I married when I was eighteen years old, during my first furlough after boot camp. With my family, I visited Garmisch in 1995 and found the bunkers still in place. The country is beautiful and with all the reconstruction in Germany, it's hard to believe that it suffered so much destruction.

I raised my family in Macon, Missouri and worked for Coca Cola for thirty-five years, first a driver and eventually as a supervisor. Bettye and I have had a wonderful life together. My most cherished possession is the loving family I have been blessed with including our two boys, our girl, and our seven grandchildren..



Edward Williams Lance Corporal



MARINES

I grew up in Levittown, New Mexico the oldest of 7 children. My father was in the Army in 1953 and was killed. I was never told the circumstances of his death and later my mother remarried. My step-father was an ex-Navy man and a heavy equipment operator. When I was old enough I followed in his footsteps and learned to operate the heavy machinery. After high school, I attended junior college for a year before enlisting in the Marine Corp.

I did boot camp at San Diego, California where the Corp not only stressed physical conditioning, but mental as well. After 10 weeks of training we graduated and joined the brotherhood as United States Marines. Our model *semper fi* (always faithful) means I'll always be a Marine.

With my skills as an equipment operator, I was sent to Camp Pendleton, California ITR (Infantry Training Regiment) where I acquired skills needed for military operations. After training, my job was to cut fire breaks in the hills surrounding the Camp. With the Viet Nam War in full progress, I knew my ability as a heavy equipment operator was needed so I volunteered to go overseas. But that wasn't to be. Two days before I was to leave I suffered serious injuries in an accident and spent 4 months in a Navy hospital before getting an honorable discharge based on my medical issues.

Over the years I've attended four reunions with some of my fellow Marines. It's good to rekindle the friendships I made, but it's also sad to remember those who never came home. My demon from that war is the survivor's guilt I have to deal with.

When I returned to civilian life, I again pursued heavy equipment and joined Local #150 Operating Engineers in Joliet, Illinois. Eventually I decided to start my own business and leased equipment until I retired. I found love and married Pamela Jean, a girl who shared my passion for Harley motorcycles and the open road. I lost her to breast cancer after 14 and a half years, but I still have the picture of our wedding day in my room and enjoy seeing our smiling faces on that special day.

Being a Harley guy I joined the *Valients* in Lake of the Ozarks, a national bike club and eventually became The Eastern Chapter President. With my physical limitations, my days of "being in the wind" are behind me. I donated my three Harley's to the club. On a more personal level I have two children, a son and a daughter and four grandchildren. Distance keeps us apart but we are able to get together three times a year.



Kelly Douglas Lance Corporal



MARINES

I was seventeen in 1956 and had just completed my first semester at Moberly Community College. I enlisted in the United States Marine Corp. The Marines have the reputation for being well trained and extremely tough, and I wanted to be part of it. At seventeen, the four year commitment seemed like a lifetime, but at that point I didn't care. I wanted to be a Marine, and I wanted to see what life was like outside of Clarence, Missouri.

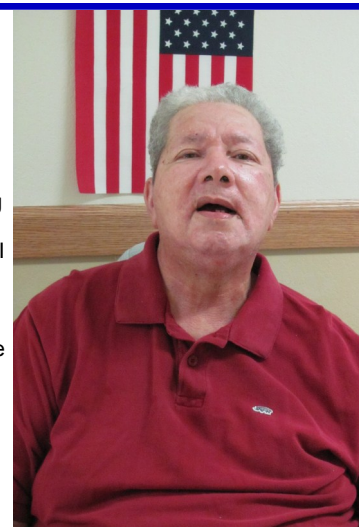
I did my basic training at Camp Pendleton in San Diego and very quickly realized that I'd have to work hard to earn the title of United States Marine. Peace time boot camp is usually a rougher journey than war time because war efforts always expedite the training process. After completing AIT (advanced infantry training) my

orders sent me to my first two year duty station, Hawaii. When we steamed into Pearl Harbor, most of us stood at the ship rails in silence as we passed the flag pole that flew the stars and stripes over the sunken remains of the USS Arizona. It was a moment frozen in time for me, and during my tour of duty in Hawaii, I spent a lot of time alone, looking out at the site, thinking about the price of freedom. Although I didn't get to see the Arizona

Memorial, since it wasn't dedicated until 1962, I have watched the documentaries, and that still puts a lump in my throat.

Even though I was classified as an infantryman, someone noticed my college credits, and I was assigned clerical duty. When my two years were up, I went back to the states and completed my remaining enlistment. When I was honorably discharged from active service in July 1961, I wasn't a boy anymore. I achieved everything that I'd hoped for upon enlistment, and then some. Being a Marine is an honor, and I wouldn't trade the experience for anything.

After four years I was glad to be home and eventually I married and raised a family of four boys and a girl. I earned a living working for Con Agra for several years as a production employee, and eventually accepted employment as a prison guard at the Moberly Correctional Center. Working in any penitentiary is dangerous and I was always grateful for my Marine Corp training. I now live at Loch Haven in Macon.



Please join us for our

Veterans Day Ceremony

Tuesday, November 11, 2014

2 p.m.

Speaker: Rev. Scott Dalrymple

Music by: Becky Wombwell & Loretta Thayer

Cookies and punch to follow.

Honoring Our 45 Resident Veterans

Loch Haven's Special Veterans Edition

This special Veterans Edition is published by Loch Haven Senior Living Community in Macon, Missouri. It has been a labor of love for those who have worked to compile the stories and take the pictures and for the families who have dug through photo albums and who helped tell the story for their family member.

A special thanks goes to Pat Shanahan. Pat came to Loch Haven and asked if he could volunteer. When asked to assist with this venture (a few years back!), he jumped right in and was able to use his superb writing skills to bring life to the soldiers' stories. This is our fifth edition, and Pat once again volunteered to interview and then write several of the stories.

Also, thanks to Janis Fraley who works in our Loch Haven Apartments. Janis loves to write and was kind enough to capture the stories of those veterans living in our Apartments and a few others in our community.

Loch Haven is very proud of the services we offer to **all** of our residents. Whether you are a veteran or not and would like more information on Loch Haven please contact us to set up a tour. Loch Haven is a place that you can truly call home!

660-385-3113 (ph) www.lochhaven.com



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