



"Fighterhorses" by Raymond Stauble Jr.

Veterans Creations

*Works from the residents of the New Hampshire Veterans Home
2016-2017*

PEACE to WAR

WORLD WAR II 1938-1945

MEMORABLE STORIES OF GUNNERY SERGEANT ROGER E. PARIS, USMC

FOREWORD: I am not an author, poet, anchor person or a media person of any kind. Without the patience and help of Kristen Griffin and Len Stuart this document would not exist. To them, my sincere thanks.

R.E.P

BEFORE PEARL HARBOR, when you enlisted in the Marine Corps there was a set protocol – you did two years of shore duty and two years of sea duty. The good part was that sea duty included every foreign port, even Australia, or assignment to a battleship for a “tropical vacation” doing fleet maneuvers off the island of Puerto Rico.

The bad part was not knowing where you were going.

There were 31 in my graduating class at boot camp; unbeknownst to us we were supposedly going to China to relieve an equal amount of troops. The duty was supposed to be three months over, two years in Shanghai, China, with the 4th Marine Regiment, and three months back. So the guys right out of boot camp got to spend 2 years in China: it was the best duty.

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Basic training, 1938

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A coal-burning ship, the SS Chaumont, came in and was supposed to take us from Norfolk to Shanghai, but it was in such bad shape it had to be put in dry-dock and it was questionable how long it would take to repair.

So the Norfolk Navy yard, having no need for a cadre of Boot Marines, transferred us to Fleet Marine Force in Quantico, Va. and I was assigned to "G" CO. 2nd Battalion 5th Marines, under the command of Capt. Walker Reaves, USMC.

In 1940 we moved to Cuba as the 1st Expeditionary Force. Headquarters had called all the Marine reserves east of the Mississippi to Cuba and that brought along a lot of higher ranks. At that time, Privates First Class were being offered promotion to Corporal if they would re-up. Needless to say, there were hard feelings by USMC regulars against the reservists for filling all the ranks.

After 6 months, the First Marine Division was formed from the 1st, 5th and 7th Marine regiments. However only the 5th and 7th Marines with attachments, artillery, tanks, etc. were mobilized. The 1st Marine Regiment was not up to par, so those Marines were reassigned to various units stateside.

While in Cuba, the 5th Marines formed a transfer unit to reorganize the 7th Marines. I was a Corporal in the Intelligence Unit of "G" Company, so I was transferred to "G" Company 7th Marines. Once I felt they were ready to operate their unit, I was transferred to the 1st Marine Regiment to help organize their unit.

But the European war was heating up, and the reorganization was cut short. When the 1st Marine Division was formed and ended in Camp Lejeune, N.C., the First Regiment wasn't part of the division, since it was not completely re-organized and personnel weren't up to wartime readiness. My unit was shipped to Marine Corps recruit depot for what I believed at first was reassignment to a combat ready unit. I somehow became a company clerk in the reassignment pool, though I wrote to headquarters every day asking to be returned to my original unit.

Eventually I was sent to motor transport Quantico. The Colonel was a World War I veteran. He told me he had asked for a Sergeant and decided to raise my rank, and I became a dispatcher. The unit was transferred to Camp Lejeune and became "Company A" motor unit.

More reserves were called in, all ranked sergeant or above. . We also got newer trucks, Jeeps, wreckers, tanks, Etc. While at Camp Lejeune December 7 happened and all Sergeants and above were called before a committee and were asked if they would accept a commission as a second Lieutenant in the reserves. They had to agree to leave the Corps and join the USMCR Reserve as an officer. At the end of hostilities, they'd be able to re-join the USMC at their previous rank.

I agreed to this and left my unit before any changes happened. I passed the physical but did not get accepted, since I already was at the Norfolk Navy Yard aboard the USS Wakefield as billeting officer for my unit.

It turned out to be a good move, and I stayed a sergeant in my unit.

The Wakefield was a large ship and I found out it had carried over 5,000 men to harm's way. When we crossed the Panama Canal no troops were allowed on deck: we were told enemy spies would count us and their intelligence could figure out who and how many were on board.

Aboard ship, it was mealtime 24 hours every day. But since our billet was in the double bottoms and we were fed last, we ate a lot of cold cuts because they always ran out of hot food.

After about three weeks and crossing the equator we were informed that our destination was New Zealand.

The ship arrived at a bad time as the harbor's submarine net



That's me on the left.

was already closed, and it had to spend the night zig zagging in case a sub was around.

We never had experienced such swells on the ocean as we did waiting to enter the harbor. It seems that our ship was a surprise to them also.

The dates are a little hazy, but after re-loading and a lot of hurry-up- and-wait, there was quite an armada of us assembled: ships of all classes and purposes including mine sweepers. with all of the troops, artillery, trucks and Jeeps.

While they publicly said we were going for a rehearsal landing, just about every New Zealander knew we were headed for the real thing. At the designated landing I was still with motor transport and on a ship designated to land later. But the big naval battle was shaping up and we were pulled back from landing. My job was armorer, and though I saw no actual combat, I still went through the hardships that all troops had to go through, including malaria and being scared shitless.

We had no idea what a precarious time it was and how costly it was in human lives. We are more scared as we read about it now than we were living it.

In December of 1942 we left the Solomon Islands and arrived in Brisbane, Australia, for R and R. Because of our high percentage of Malaria they sent us to Melbourne, Australia. We were at this time under MacArthur rule and he left us there for nine months, believe it or not. The local Army was off fighting in Africa. They were called the Rats of Tobruk.

What a dilemma- a city full of lonely women and a division of Marines.

Need I say more.

My unit was quartered in a down town cricket field with a tent city with charcoal burning stoves and also sleeping in the

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stadium stands. We were paid in the local currency and clothed and boarded by the local Army. The taxi cabs had charcoal burning units and ran their cabs from gas and regular petrol for climbing hills.

The best bargaining agent we had was petrol. The locals weren't suffering any shortages of petrol but had a high rate of consumption. There were so many smaller cars on the road that the rationing agency started stopping cars to test the petrol with litmus paper. Sure enough, it turned out a good share was petrol issued to Marine Corps vehicles. I will leave it to your imagination how they managed to transfer the petrol to their lady friends' cars.

Tea was the main beverage. You just couldn't find a coffee pot anywhere, which was what everybody really wanted.

Sometime in that period the Rats of Tobruk returned on a troop transport and didn't like finding a Marine Division in their stomping ground. There were some hard feelings, but the commanders had a huge rally and both sides attended. Good relations were established and there were no major beefs.

I made friends with an Aussie Major, who said all Australian military personnel received only half pay; the other half went into an account that he or his estate would draw at end-of-service date.

That's a system that should be adopted by the US Military.

We left Australia and I believe McArthur's command, we went back to the islands for preparation and training for the islands and ended up in New Guinea next to a large air base.

We would watch flights of B24s take off with four engines and cut down to two engines for long bombing runs, probably heading for the Philippines. Many other aircrafts of all types bombed our targeted landing area, and our landing on January 24th was unopposed. A great beach turned into a swampy terrain but landings were

carried out for unloading cargo, etc. I was the NCO in charge of an LST, since we had motor vehicles and aviation fuel on board.

Meanwhile our troops ran into opposition and casualties and bodies were on the beach waiting to be put aboard to return to New Guinea. Those mortally wounded had tags attached to their big toe. Reading from some of the tags -- ".30-cal, no visible wounds" -- it really hit me.

I quit reading tags.

As the motor vehicles were removed, aircraft fuel was also being unloaded -- it was in short supply -- and casualties were put on board. It came to a point that exhaust fumes were really bad and the boat Captain was running out of shore time and still had fuel aboard. He talked to me about pulling off the beach but would let us put living casualties in the truck aisles. I do not know how much fuel was not delivered and his decision is debatable.

Remarks have been made that the Cape Gloucester Campaign was not an important one, but don't tell that to the marines who were actually there. Never have I read where the Admirals who plan and tell the Marines when and where to deploy admit that they made a blunder. For sure, the media did not glorify the event. During the mission, every participant was put in harm's way. The mission of the patrols was to intercept the enemy forces as they retreated to Rabaul. The main force had already passed our point of entry on patrols.

We moved mostly at dusk and would set up a temp HQ. After dark we would observe the jungles for camp fires and plan to check them up next day. We would catch the stragglers, the sick, the wounded, and the deserters, some with little or no resistance. These jungle patrols were usually made up this way. Two native scouts leading two marine scouts as far apart as visibility could be maintained, then a lieutenant followed by a gunnery sergeant, a ranking sergeant, and finally six or eight.

Back in temporary headquarters it was

continuous rain. Some of the company NCOs and I got a tarp and with the help of natives who dug holes with sticks, refusing to use shovels, we put up a lean-to and were able to eat a meal without our mess kit filling up with rain water on food that sometimes was even warm.

This was about the time I got a field promotion to Gunnery Sergeant. and had a 90-day wonder lieutenant who did not think I was qualified. He told me I had no right to give our first sergeant any orders after I read him the riot act over some trivial difference.

He notified me that we could not use our eating shelter unless we built one for the officers to use. Needless to say, no men would volunteer and my native boys were gone. So in the ensuing argument I was blamed for a lack of leadership and I stupidly replied he was wrong.

BINGO! The lieutenant told me that he getting rid of me as there is no gunnery sergeant listed in the Table of Organization of the company. He was right and I got transferred to 1st Regiment headquarters.

Lo and behold -- my new commander turned out to be Col. Walker Reaves, my old company commander of the 5th Marine Regiment G Co 2nd Battalion, the unit I had been trying to get back to since 1939.

As I had gone up in rank, so did he. From Captain to a Company Commander to a Chicken colonel commanding a war time regiment. He greeted me with "Paris, where did you come from and what are you doing here?"

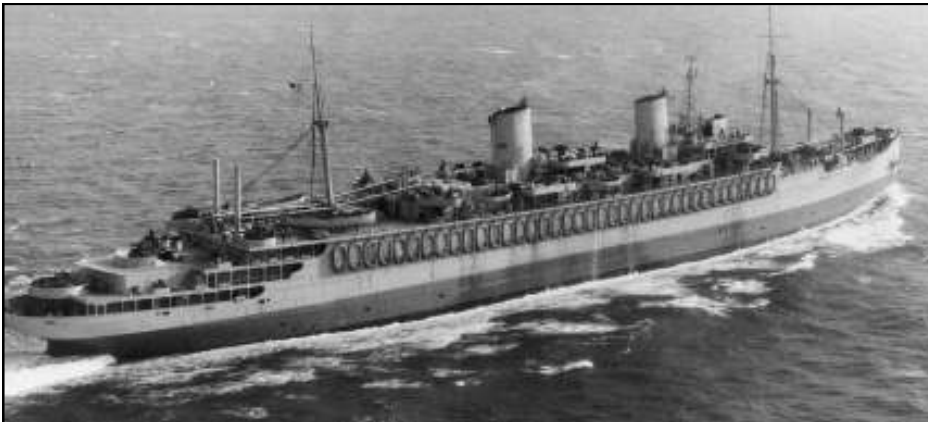
I told him about my episode with the lieutenant, and he said I was the 4th top NCO he had inherited, two Master Sergeants and now two Gunnys.

He decided I was to go on patrols behind enemy lines -- incidentally so did the Colonel. So begins my first front-line combat.

When native scouts ran through the patrol to the rear you knew that Japanese were present somewhere ahead. Extra cautions were taken and movement was at snail's pace until the alarm was verified or it was determined that the natives were being extra careful and crying wolf often, since this was their home we were messing with.

One patrol we were on looking for a fallen Marine found a corpse fully stripped of any clothing that could only be identified by a great mustache. You would not want to read the coroner's report.

You knew that you were near a battleground by the reeking smell, something so bad you never forget it!!! We returned the remains to temporary HQ.



USS Wakefield

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On another patrol I was on, we were sent to a fork in a well-used trail in late afternoon to set up an ambush. There had been action at the location that morning and there were several Japanese bodies lying around both sides of the fork. My position was between two dead Japanese one facing foot first and the other head first, with no helmet on his head. We were to stay in that position until dawn if no action took place.

They did not have to tell me to stay awake as it got dark -- I swear those dead Japs were moving around. I have been sleepless many times before, but nothing like this. We had no action on this ambush and we returned back to headquarters.

This village had a good spring or well and Higgins boats landing craft came in to fill their empty 5-gallon cans with drinkable water. The brass had to negotiate with village chief to do the loading.

What the allies paid him I do not know but the chief furnished only young women to work as the men did not do menial labor. The women were just about enough to cover their loins. They were rather nice to look at but no troops would touch them as their skin was all blistered and peeling. Our MDs said they believed it was a vitamin deficiency and lack of sunlight as they remained under cover from aircraft strafing.

There was one mystery around this well: we guarded this well with men with tommy guns during the day and night, but every morning there were Japanese tracks around the well. The mystery was solved when a Gunny was found to be wearing Japanese boots.

When it came time to rotate the patrols back to our regimental HQ on Cape Gloucester, I was given the dead Marine's corpse and very ambulatory Japanese dressed in only the loincloth that was probably his underwear.

We were using a Higgins Boat and would travel only after dark. I put the body on the afterdeck portside and the Jap prisoner starboard of the coxswain with a load of Marines in the landing well. The prisoner looked like any other prisoner. I never knew why he was being given the VIP treatment for or what his rank was.

After we reached HQ Beach I had to wait some time before the MPs picked him up. My order was to bring him back alive, and I did not like standing off the beach with curious Marines looking on and wanted to kill him.

It was my last actual patrol that I was on and back to HQ and we began to train for a landing on Peleleiu.

I was assigned to the 1st Battalion "DCO" of the 1st Marine Regiment for a very short time, and when the first Marine Troop ship arrived at Palau Island, Marines with enough points were rotating back to the States.

I had enough points and as the newly arrived replacements went down the forward gangway, we loaded by the rear gangway. We got underway after we were to dump everything except very personal items and received two suits of khakis. We were told we would be at least 30 days at sea and that one clean suit to disembark was to be on hand.

The ship docked at a warehouse was guarded and no one was to tell anyone who, what and where about us. The train

My position was between two dead Japanese one facing foot first and the other head first, with no helmet on his head. We were to stay in that position until dawn if no action took place. They did not have to tell me to stay awake as it got dark -- I swear those dead Japs were moving around. I have been sleepless many times before, but nothing like this.

ride took most of the night because when we detrained we were in L.A. and taken to a Harvey's Restaurant where we could order anything on the menu and as much as we wanted. For most of us, it meant we could have fresh milk, bread, eggs etc. for the first time since we left Australia. We were open to the media and anyone who wanted to know our vitals. From there we transported to Camp Pendleton.

A lot of red tape came up in the next month.

The Corps insisted I go on to my assignment in Hawaii and I stated I wanted a discharge. Their argument was that I just finished 6 months at school in Quantico, VA and I owed them (the Corps) that time. Several interviews were held to retain me, involving everyone from chicken colonels down to staff sergeants, and I would not change my mind. My actual discharge date

for my four year enlistment was May of 1942. But it was extended by two years for the convenience of the U.S. Government.

Finally, they changed my orders to read Camp Lejeune, N.C. instead of Hawaii.

However, the Camp sergeant major said I was to lead 75 Marines with me via the southern train route, which would take 5 days. The route passed through a dry state, but after we crossed the Mississippi it became wet and several Marines were treated to drinks by civilian riders.

The maître d' was an ex-Marine, so we usually got to eat first. The regular passengers were in line to eat and did not appreciate our going through their lines to eat first.

We had two Pullman cars and they would be hooked onto regular railroad trains at the end, and at large stations they would back in putting the Marine cars into stations first.

In St. Louis, when the Marines poured out and tried to enter the station, they were met by Army MPs who were armed and shouting. Liberty was restricted to the station and all went well in the two-hour or so stop until the end, call when the conductor and I were at the end of the train and could see three Marines in a bar ignoring last call. He asked me if I would send someone to pick them up and I said "no" because I had no authority and it would delay the train.

I heard "All Aboard" and we left without them. When we got to Camp Lejeune I had roll call, I had all 75 men present and accounted for. Later, I talked with one of them and he said they had beaten us back by 1 day.

Goodbye Marine Corps on the 10th of October 1945.

Later, my baggage arrived at North Station in Boston on the B&M Railroad. As I had no decent civvies, I wore my greens, which was legal as long as I displayed the Discharge Symbol nicknamed the "Ruptured Duck." As I strolled around the North Station and was waiting to cross a street, a little old lady came up to me and took my hand. She put a silver dollar in my hand and murmured what sounded like "you served and that is thanks to you," then she scooted away.

As I stared at the dollar, a big hand was put on my shoulder and a uniformed cop said "what did you take from that lady?" I think he thought that I was pan handling. I showed him the coin and told him it was a gift for my service. He said that Boston was full of kooks and let me keep the coin. So, my first thank you for my service was in Boston.

Time marches on.

R.E.P



*My God, make my home
a happy home, dedicated to
you and founded on your
principle of unselfish love and
sacrifice.*

*Grant me prudence in judgment,
perseverance in effort, and humility
and strength in the performance of all
my duties.*

*Help me appreciate more fully the
importance of “eternal values” and the joy
in accepting “thy will be done.”*

*Direct me in teaching your children and mine
these sacred and essential truths and
principles.*

*Assist me in guiding each of my children with
love, understanding, wisdom and justice.*

*Give me courage to say “NO” to them when
I should, regardless of their pleading and
temporary sadness.*

*Increase my patience in correcting
misbehavior and settling quarrels calmly
and fairly.*

*Thus, O God, let my children see in me some
faint glimmer of your virtue and goodness.*

*May my conduct and speech inspire and
encourage them in their steps toward you.*

*And one day, in your mercy and love, may all of
family be united in your eternal home, to live with
you in perfect happiness and peace. Amen.*

**Author Unknown,
shared by John Noonan**

Witness to history

On a Pacific Island, watching the dawn of the nuclear era

Lorenzo "Joe" Perry
USN Seabees

January, 2016

To my four children, Brent, Blake and twins Kevin and Patti, just so you all do not forget, here's some different thoughts on many things that occurred in my life, starting with school days.

I was born in Canada on February 19, 1925. I have dual citizenship in the U.S. and Canada. I went to school in Greenville, Maine, and graduated June of 1943. My Dog Tag was #823-35-05; my Bolt Action Springfield Rifle Model 19A3 Serial Number 3769247.

I am a life member of the Navy Seabee Veterans of America #2482 and also a life member of the American Legion Post #16 Goffstown, NH.

During school vacations and such, I worked on farms and with heavy work horses as a teamster yarding logs.

Keep in mind that I was only about 14 years old. It was no easy feat to pick up a harness and throw it up on a horse taller than myself. We learned to shoe the horses with the help of experienced farriers and to tend to their every whim including carding and brushing their hair and keeping their manes and tails trimmed.

The experienced people would "float" the horse's teeth, grinding them down when needed or when they could not eat when their teeth became uneven or broken.

I remember one of my horses named "Chub" was one that I could hitch to a log with a chain and head him down to the landing and he would deliver the log or load and the landing boss would turn him around and he would come back to me and I would repeat the process.

These horses were half broke, large work horses, Percherons, Clydesdales and Belgians, all strong and smart. We always



Hard at work building an airstrip in 1945.

took care of the horses assigned to us, before we took care of ourselves. I would leave the bunkhouse with only a handheld kerosene lantern, no modern flashlights or lights of any kind. We would give them an arm full of hay and also a bucket of oats and cracked corn.

I always said and still believe that most animals are creatures of "habit" and once taught to do something, with a reward of a food item like carrots, sugar, salt, etc., they would remember that and often actually help me do something.

For instance, I recall they would actually lower their heads to help me put on the bridle and install the bit in their mouths and adjust them: proper adjustments kept them from having a sore mouth.

We also provided them with a least two pails of clean, fresh cold water at regular intervals.

Remember we always had available help if a horse was balky or hurting. If a horse became injured he would be sent to the nearest horse farm and would receive all the professional help that was available in those days.

After caring for the horses, we would go back to the bunkhouse or cook-shack, wash up, then eat several eggs, much bacon, home-cooked potatoes, coffee, several

pieces of toast and plenty of sweets to make up for the large loss of calories etc. This was always needed for energy on hard, cold days.

I enlisted in the Navy Construction Battalion on June 18 1943 in Bangor, Maine and went to the Naval Training Construction Center at Camp Peary in Magruder, Virginia, for special assignment and training. We were commissioned on August 12 as the 110th battalion. I stayed with the unit from then to the war's end.

After Basic Training we moved to Camp Holliday at Biloxi, Mississippi, and Gulfport for Advanced Combat Training under Marine instructors. We then moved by rail to Port Hueneme, California. Then we were moved north by rail to Oakland and boarded ship for Pearl Harbor, Oahu, and Iroquois Point, where we prepared our equipment for the invasion of Eniwetok, Marshal Islands, the first original Japanese held territory we took from them.

I debarked from my transport ship and entered a "Higgins Landing Craft" via rope ladder with full combat gear. Heavy American fire from ships and bombs from our planes was very noisy.

I was not a brave man, but rather a

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The Enola Gay on a runway on Tinian.

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very scared kid, but I was able to control my worst moments at that point in time. I told my Lord that if I got through this first combat day I would never forget. I got lucky and have talked to and thanked my Lord every day as promised, for many reasons.

After helping to build a B24 bomber airfield on Eniwetok and a carrier plane parking area for replacing of carrier aircraft, plus some other buildings, I was sent to Saipan.

I became one of a contingent of 270 men specially equipped for a special classified operation at the seaplane base near the city of Garapan on Saipan in the Mariana Islands. We arrived August 29, 1944

and we were never mentioned as ever being on Saipan at all until the information was finally declassified -- I think in 2012.

When we rejoined our main outfit on September 9, 1944 they had landed on Tinian while we were still on Saipan. I was assigned to a GMC dump truck for construction on west field until the end of the war. I also operated other heavy equipment and did numerous other jobs as required and needed.

On August 6, 1945, I was on Tinian, in the Marianas Islands, for one of the world's most important events: watching as the "Enola Gay" A B-29 four-engine

bomber piloted by Col. Paul Tibbets, took off for the first Atomic Bomb drop on Hiroshima, Japan.

His bomb was nicknamed "LITTLE BOY." We all knew the importance of this mission and were told that if the plane was too heavy to become airborne and should crash, we would not have to worry about anything further in this world. I was there and watched the Enola Gay return to Tinian after the historic mission.

Three days later, another B-29 "Boxcar" took off with a second A-Bomb, for the city of Nagasaki, Japan. This time, the bomb was armed "IN FLIGHT," and our survival prospects improved considerably.

I was privileged to be a truck driver with the Navy Seabees who were the prime contractors in constructing several runways long enough to accommodate the large cabin pressurized bombers, which required over 8,000 feet of runway for takeoff.

Before I came home after 23 straight months of overseas duty, I took the first plane ride in my life in a B-29 on a short bombing run while testing a newly installed propeller. No problem, in those days (and no record either).

We could do things like that as most of the planes came to us from China, with its hand-made runways and no asphalt. Our flyers were so grateful for

the nice 8,000+ foot runways, miles of asphalt taxi-ways and parking areas, housing quarters etc., that we could go to their operation building in pairs of two and they would issue us the proper gear and instructions and we could have a free ride on the largest and only pressurized bomber of the day.

I used to see may B-29s and many of them returning from bomb runs to Japan. They would run out of gas and sometimes crash just a few feet from the end of the runway, especially before Iwo Jima became a haven for planes shot up or running out of fuel.

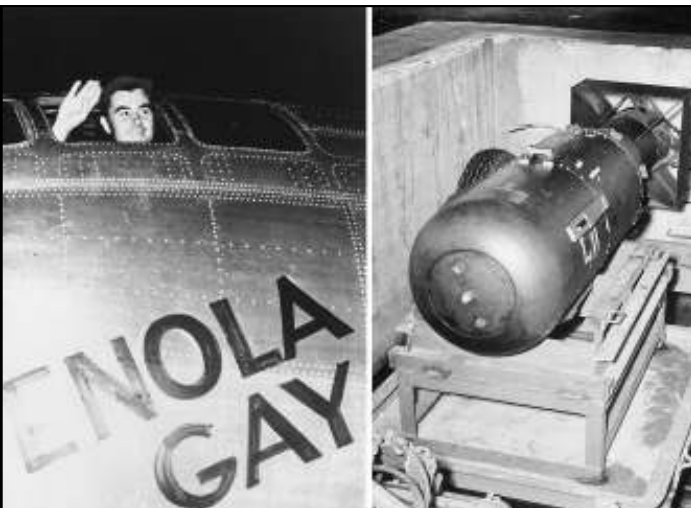
We would ride on planes that had just been repaired, such as new props etc. There was a small island, called "Pagan" I think, that we never invaded, just blockaded. It was about 100 miles away from us and any planes repaired would fly down there and drop a few 100 pound bombs.

At that time, their anti-aircraft guns could not reach us (if we didn't go lower than about 10,000 feet). We were all happy to have the opportunity to ride in that big new plane, and it wasn't until about three or four years ago that my youngest son, Kevin, said to me, "Dad, you were on a bombing run." That had never occurred to me at all, we just were all so happy just to ride in the new plane.

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New Hampshire Veterans Home

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ment" in Balm, Fla., for three years. I worked as a security supervisor for five years. I also worked for many large construction companies including Landers & Griffin, Morrison, Knudsen, of Boise, Idaho, and R.S Audley of Bow, N.H., among others, on air fields, interstates and other large projects.

I also owned and drove my own over the road tractor trailer unit, then sold and worked for others. I worked as the Director of Public Works for 24 years in Goffstown, N.H. from 1964-1987, then I retired and moved to Florida.

Later in life, we owned our own riding horses, dogs and cats, snowmobiles, motorcycles, etc. We did lots of fishing in the summer and winter.

As a truck driver, I used to haul our own horses and many times I hauled show horses for the 4-H youngsters who wanted to attend the local events, but had no means of transporting them.

I never charged them for the services. A simple smile, a thank you and an occasional winner, and yes and even a cookie or two now and then was thanks enough.

Always remember, there were others that helped the young people attain their wishes and goals.

September 26, 2009 I went on the Honor Flight New England. My guardian for the day was Assistant Attorney General Tracy Culberson, who attended to all of my needs. I found the trip to be wonderful, enjoyable, overwhelming and stirring. A highlight of the day was meeting Bob Dole and his wife.

I have been retired for 29 years and now live at the NH Veterans Home in Tilton.

I take this time to let you all know I am eternally grateful that your mom and I had the good fortune to have had you all for most of your years and loved you more than you can possibly know. We did our utmost to see that you had things much better than we did.

I want to also take a moment to thank you all for accepting Adrienne into our lives. Remember, she was a big contributor to our new life and she loved you all dear-

ly.. Also I thank all your children and our grandchildren for their love and support.

God Bless you all, this old man loves you and you all gave us great joy by being with us as long as God saw fit. Besides, he needed more good people up there. Be safe and kind to each other.

I will try to find a few pictures of each of you for my final page of this journal. You will have a copy of this for yourselves at a later date. CLIMB ABOARD OUR 1974 GMC TRACTOR AND WE WILL MAKE A FINAL RUN FOR BRENT AND PATTI AND OUR LOST FAMILY MEMBERS.

I would like to make a statement to all the personnel at the New Hampshire Vet-



prepared a dinner tray same as his and we would eat together.

Keep on mind that we four Ps have been together at table #8 for about nine months and Mr. Pease had never mentioned Ray. The fact is, that Ray and Howard Pease are cousins and were together most of their young lives.

I was flabbergasted and so was Howard when I told him I certainly knew Ray. Ray was one of my best foremen -- I hired him myself. Ray worked with me for about 17 years for the town of Goffstown, NH.

So you see, it is indeed a small world that we live in. I thought that as the newspapers reporters would say, it makes for a small "HUMAN INTEREST STORY" and the truth. Thank you both Ray and Howard for some nice reminiscing.

It takes special and well trained people to handle all of the challenges that arise for us (the older generation) each day. Thank you for all of your expertise and patience in the important profession you have chosen -- helping us veterans. We salute you all. God bless in your good work.

I know my social worker Kristin Griffin, MSW (who is the best) will see to it that this message will arrive safely to all hands. Be kind to one another. Many thanks again from this 91 year old WWII veteran of the Pacific Theatre of Operations, namely Eniwetok, in the Marshall Islands, Saipan and Tinian in the Marianas Islands. Much love and God Bless.

Please don't forget our people who so bravely tackled these important jobs, at life's risk for you and your country and the great faith we all had in our lord. Be nice to each other, and God Bless.

**Thanks All.
Love,
Dad**

Lorenzo "Joe" Perry



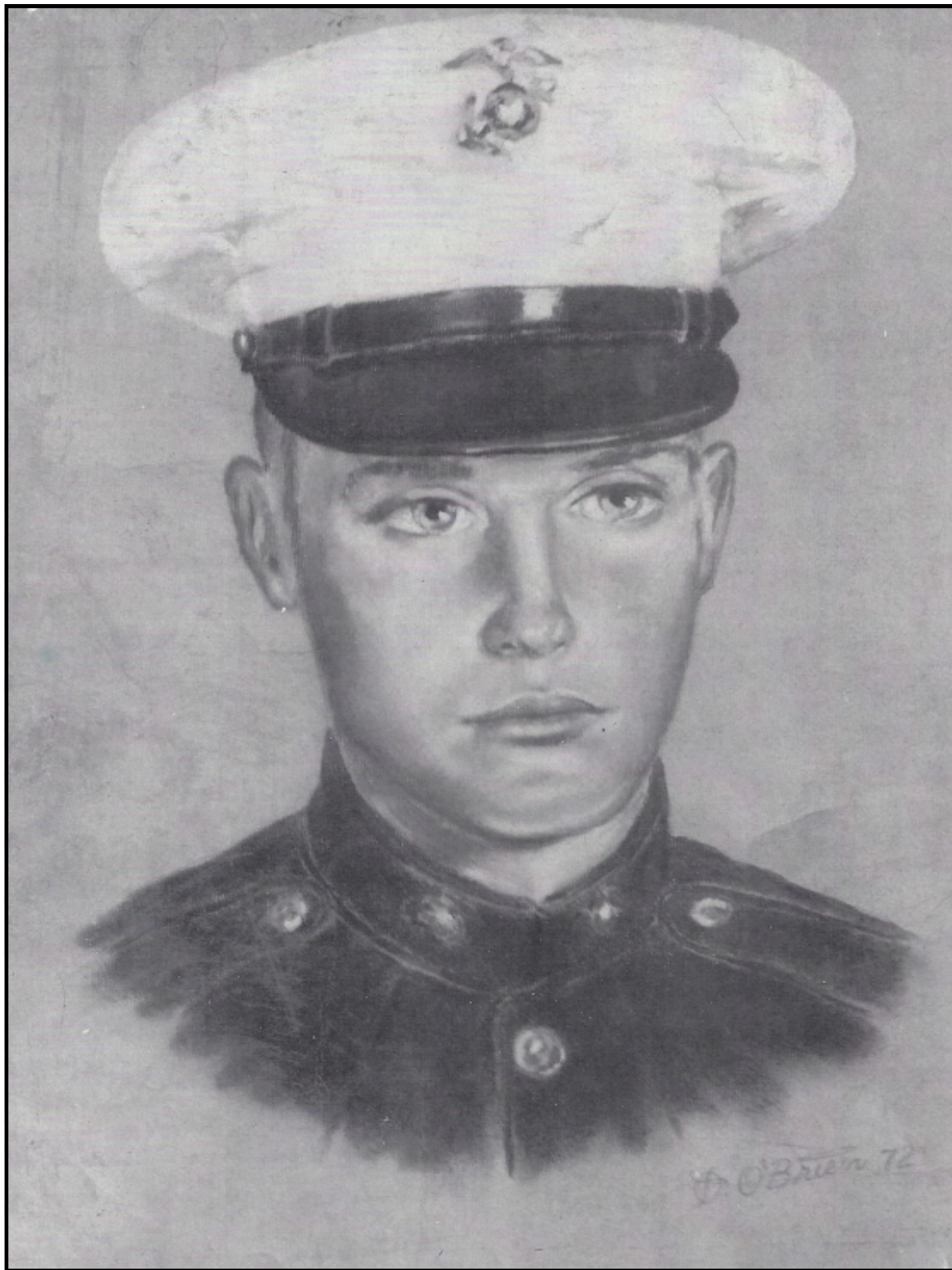
erans Home in Tilton, New Hampshire.

I and my family wish to thank everybody involved with me as a veteran for the many kindnesses and concerns for our safety and well-being. I know of no better place to be than here, bar none. Everything is near perfect for all problems we may encounter.

I would like to inject a little note of interest. At each breakfast four of us sit at table 8 at about 6 a.m. until 7:30 a.m. (for the early, then the regular breakfast). We were given the name "the four Ps" due to the fact that our last names are: Paris, Pease, Perry and Peters.

While at breakfast the other morning Mr. Pease, at our table asked me a question: did I happened to know a Ray Kennison (who was here at the Vets Home for a time, until he passed). I used to come here and visit at the noon meal, and I would be





Tom O'Brien



THE STORY OF A PROUD VETERAN

I was born in Okanogan, Washington, where my father had taken up a homestead tract, on Oct. 1, 1916. But he got homesick for New England where he had grown up, so he sold his land and with his wife and his children Esther, age 2 and me, 2 months old, they came back East to New Hampshire in the middle of winter in December, 1916, by train. My grandfather wanted my parents to name me "Okanogan" for the Indian name of the town that I was born in but they named me Daisy and a nickname "Okie" for Okanogan.

Now back to the story of a veteran. I grew up on a back woods farm in the Depression years. We were poor, but most everyone was poor. I had a real desire to see the world, and I did pretty well -- New Hampshire, Boston, Florida, California, Connecticut and points between.

I was working in a defense job in Pratt & Whitney Aircraft in East Hartford, Conn. It was a very interesting job, everyday there was something new to learn. But it was 1943 and World War II was raging all over Europe and the world.

I had given a lot of thought of joining the military so I went to the recruiting office to learn about women in the service. My first choice would have been the Navy, but I found out that the Navy did not send women overseas. Besides being very patriotic, I had a truly adventuresome spirit, so I joined the Army. It was early in 1943. First we were the W.A.A.C. but shortly, the first A was dropped and we were "W.A.C." -- the Women's Army Corps. I was sworn into the U.S. Army and pledged allegiance to the USA for the duration of the WAR plus 6 months. After our physicals we new recruits were sent to the Army supply for clothing, etc., then to our barracks. I remember thinking that first night in our barracks that "this is the place for me, I'm in the US Army."

I was assigned to Fort Devens, Mass. for my Basic Training. My health was excellent so the rigorous basic training was fine for me. The training movies on "Why We Fight" was a lesson in history and the formation and drills were gone over and over and over. After 6 weeks of Basic Training we were given a choice of which career school we wished to attend. I was assigned to Radio School, a 13 week course on the fundamentals of radio at the

United Radio Institute in Newark, NJ. It was a highly technical course. I had had very little math in high school so I really struggled with it. Our classes were divided into 2 groups, 10 and 10W. I did somehow manage to get the highest marks in my group-10W.

The rest of this story is really another story, overseas on the Queen Elizabeth, stationed just outside of London, then on to France and Belgium. The fierce war in Europe was over May 8, 1945. But it was many months before the awful war in the Pacific was over.

I flew back from Europe and got my Army discharge September 8, 1945 in New Jersey. Then I went home again and I married Clayton Howe, an old friend and a 4-year World War II veteran. We had four children and we did a lot of living. Now I am a widow and a resident of the New Hampshire Veterans Home. It is a good place to be. I am 98 years old.

Sincerely,

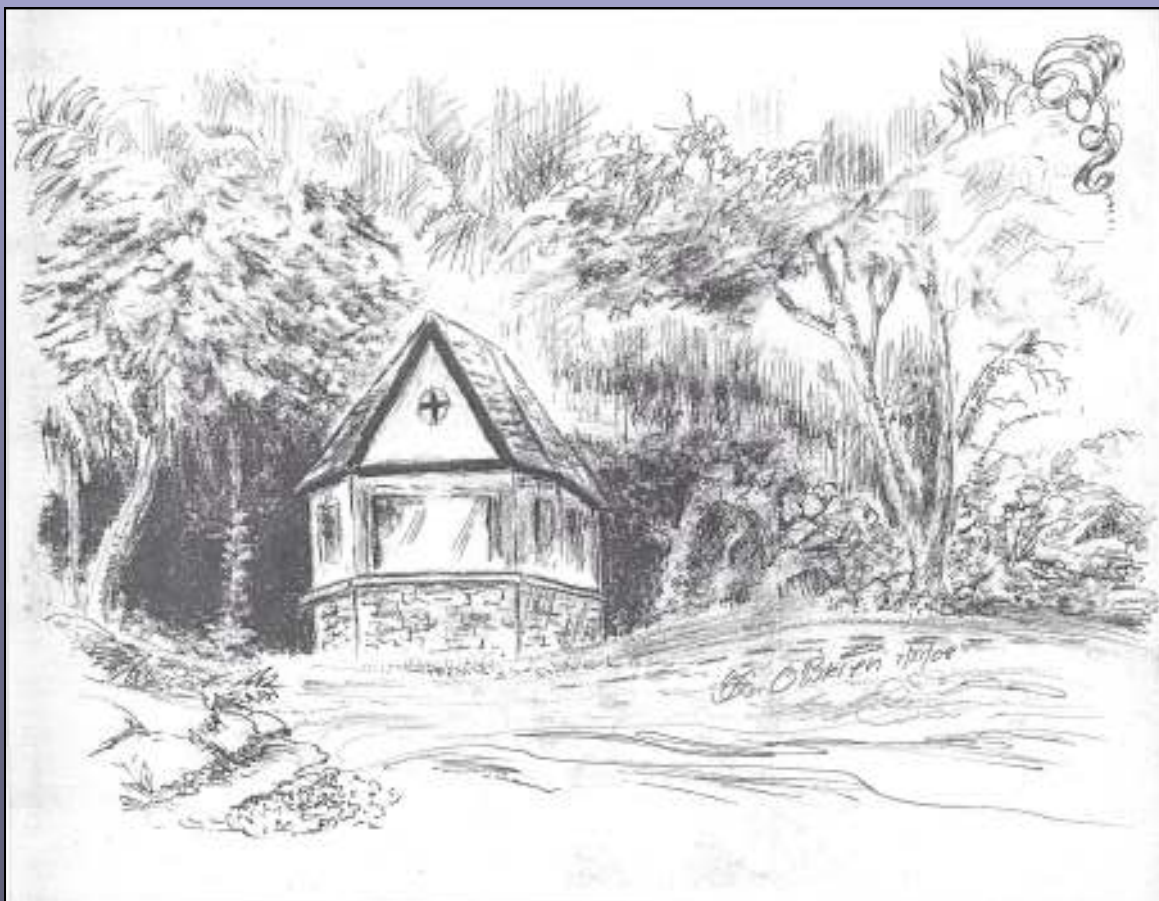
Daisy Carleton Howe (Okie)

P.S. I am proud to have been a soldier in the US Army and now to be a Veteran.

Editor's note: Okie Howe passed away on September 7, 2015



Raymond Stauble Jr.



Tom O'Brien



My Walk in the Sun

World War II Memories

By Joe Butler

The Japanese had surrendered on orders from the High Command, so we change course and head for Hokkaido, the northern most island of Japan.

As six destroyers tied up at local docks, Japanese civilians cooperated. Anchorage was secured and parties sent ashore to remove all small arms, patrol headquarters, police the schools and to greet people with courtesy and respect.

Touching any Japanese women would be subject to General Court Martial, per orders signed by Gen. Douglas MacArthur

After 26 months and 10 combat stars (including two from the Philippine government) my shipmates and I had many doubts what was lay ahead. My shipmates had orders to secure and to bring aboard all

weapons and guns. Japanese officials agreed to cooperate.

My patrol with a Lieutenant in charge was to report to Japanese Police who gave us their complete cooperation.

My first meeting with Japanese children was as I walked ashore. One boy handed me a note written in English "I can read English but I cannot speak it."

Their first request was for cigarettes which we had orders to deny as they would take them inland and sell them for triple the price. The children kept following us as we advanced toward the city area.

I heard my name, "Hey Butler, come and see what we have.." It was a 1929 Ford loaded with Japanese. My shipmate from Ohio, Jack Khim, wanted me to check something he could not understand. This Ford was being fueled by a woodstove attached to the back usually where the spare tire should be. After my inspection and could see nothing wrong we let it proceed as usual. Today that Ford and operation sticks in my mind.

Visiting a movie

Continuing on our patrol I saw a lot of children going into a movie theater and asked the Lieutenant permission to join them -- I wanted to see what that was about. The officer refused my first request but after pleading with him, he finally gave me permission.

"Butler" he said, "if you don't come out after five minutes I will come in and get you, do you understand?" I said "Yes, Sir.."

I passed by the ticket office and proceeded. All of the Japanese children held onto my hand and escorted me in. After freeing myself from the children, I decided to put my back to the wall and all I could see was the movie screen and seated children jumping and screaming at the characters in the movie. Two gladiators were fighting with swords.

After satisfying my curiosity, I decided to come back out. My officer in charge

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sighed with relief.

Visit to Schools

Proceeding down the highway we visited a school and were met by school officials. They were very courteous and welcomed us with handshakes. I first visited the classroom on the second floor with my buddy, Herman Hurst from Guley Mills, West Virginia. On the blackboard I saw the Japanese alphabet, then English underneath. Now I could understand why they could read English but not speak it. Very clever I must say.

Hearing a call from my buddy across the hall "Hey Joe, come here and see these kids playing baseball.." Sure enough, looking out the window I saw it for myself.

We met up again at the principal's office. They offered us tea, but we refused: We were taking no chances. Being a Radioman, I told the officer, "Be careful what we say.." I felt they were recording our interview but I had no proof. We ended our interview and proceeded with our tour.

The school day was over. All of the students fell into a military formation in the street with no adult supervision. Within their own command, orders were given and they marched out of sight in perfect military formation.

"Look at that," I said to the Lieutenant. "We can't do that and the Marines aren't that good.." "Butler, you're right- I have never seen a formation marching that good."

Completing this tour we could not get any Japanese Flags for souvenirs.

Visiting bombed out seaplane base

As we were patrolling along the street, many Japanese people -- women, children and a few Japanese soldiers -- kept watching and waving to us to extend gestures of friendship. By this time, we felt more at ease and comfortable. Things were looking good, so far we had complete cooperation, but we still remained on guard.

As I approached the seaplane base I was hoping to get a Japanese flag for a souvenir. Walking down the seaplane ramp with the hangar to my back a destroyed plane was within reach. I decided to tear off part of the plane covering that contained the Red Symbol we called the "meat ball." I still have and am proud of it.

Still curious, I decided to walk up the ramp into the hangar. Viewing the hangar I was dumbfounded at the "Henry Ford" name on the building. It had been a Ford Car Manufacturing Plant before the war: now I knew where that 1929 Ford I stopped was manufactured.

Entering the building, which was part-



ly destroyed, I proceeded upstairs and I discovered the radio room, or what was left of it after our planes bombed the base. Everything was a mess.

Getting back to my patrol, my Lieutenant was upset with me again. And my excuse about trying to get a Japanese flag was no excuse. One more time leaving the patrol was not possible.

"Shrine and Sacred Grounds"

After we'd been on patrol for several hours, sunset wasn't too far away. As we continued our patrol up hill to the shrines and second burial ground, at least a thousand Japanese lined both sides of the road. The Lieutenant called "Halt."

I again asked the officer if I could go and look into the shrine and check the burial grounds. He shouted "Stand Still! No further!" That was an order. All I wanted to do was to look, but orders were orders and when I returned to my patrol, a rush of Japanese women and children hugged my officer and wrapped their arms around me and my buddies. This was their appreciation for us not touching their shrine and respecting their burial grounds.

Our ship was an hour away so time was important in getting back. That little boy who guided us to all this was still with us and carrying the newspaper. I asked him if he would give me that paper, which he did. I asked him to sign the paper and he did, both in Japanese and English. I still possess and cherish that paper.

This day, my longest day, I called my walk in the sun.

My Last Visit

As the Japanese were excellent business people, all their gift shops were open for our arrival knowing we would be look-

ing for souvenirs. With all our other destroyer crews also visiting these gift shops, business was booming.

I went to one gift shop with many displays and souvenirs. The Japanese girl wouldn't wait on me and ran out back. I waited a while, but she never returned, so I took two small dishes and left the store without paying. I now feel guilty about my actions.

I continued to my sightseeing tour down the street. Seeing a group of my buddies at the big store I thought I would join them. As I strolled through the aisles I was amazed at the beautiful real silk gifts: dresses and blouses and many ladies items. They knew that the U.S. sailors would buy them out. They accepted our bills and my buddies had a field day getting beautiful items for their girlfriends and wives back home.

This amazed me how fast they got ready for our ships and crew to spend U.S. dollars.

Hell on Earth

Mother Nature played her part in the Pacific Operations. Both Japanese and Americans fell victim to the merciless weather.

Leaving Ominato, Japan, and heading home with one scheduled stop at Pearl Harbor, my buddies were in the celebrating mood. There were movies being shown on the fantail and we were enjoying our homeward bound trip. The officers, including the Captain, also got to enjoy some relaxation.

But my radio reports coming in from Okinawa were not good. Staying on pre-

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sent course we'd be facing a bad situation in 24 hours. And surely, as the next day proceeded, storm signs were gathering. The waves were getting higher and higher.

It looked like we had no choice. Changing course to avoid it was now impossible, so our best course was to change headings and take on the tail end of high rolling waves.

Unfortunately, such was not the case. The best we could do was to cross the cen-

and falling." This shook my feelings, I knew then it was going to be Hell on Earth.

His said the first half of the storm would ill last about thirty minutes, then we'd be in the eye of the storm. Silence and calm would only last thirty minutes, then it would be Hell all over again. He was surely right, as the moon was out and the stars were shining. He was right again it was hell all over again. It lasted only thirty minutes, then silence again.

Off duty, I headed for the bridge, day light approaching. I watched the battleship

olulu, we readied the U.S.S IZARD for its homeward bound cruise. We installed our home bound pennant once again, hundreds of small flags strung out from the forecastle to the top mast, then down to the Fantail of the ship. This was done by all ships at Pearl Harbour or at sea that were heading stateside.

Each crew member was entitled to a piece of the flag that had been signed by all our shipmates.

This procedure had happened once before at Manas Island, but orders were changed. The IZARD was ordered to escort the West Virginia to Iwo Jima. We were quite upset. Waiting for us at Iwo Jima were orders to proceed with the operation, so for at least 31 days all our homeward bound plans got shelved. This time though, heading home to the USA was certain.

All ships saluted us by blowing their whistles as we left Pearl Harbour. Leaving Pearl Harbor two whales escorted us toward Seattle, Wash.; sea gulls followed us landing on the ship mostly at night after flying during the day eating all the garbage thrown over the side during the day.

This lasted all the way to Seattle, so we felt we were in good hands.

Back home again

Puget Sound looked terrific as we got ready to unload our ammunition, torpedoes and small arms at different stops as we proceeded down the Sound, so that when we docked in Seattle our ship was disarmed.

Final docking at Seattle meant liberty, beer, food and nightclubs. And there were shore leaves, returning home by train if possible and in "cattle cars" when no train reservation could be made..

My taxi cab rolled through my old home town and stopped at my driveway and my dad ran down the driveway to hug me, something he had never done before. my brother Frank ran out the front door of his house next door and my mom came out the front door so excited I was afraid she would fall. My other brothers Harold and Oscar were not present but notified by phone as well as the nearest neighbors. That evening it was wonderful to be home again.

Atom Bomb

After an exciting evening and good night's sleep, I was excited to be calling my home town girl who had been writing all during my service and time aboard ship. Her voice seemed different and upset. I said she sounded as though she were sick, and she said "I am not sick. I'll see you

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ter of the storm. We thought it was going to be between 2100 and midnight, but by 1700, winds were increasing, waves were taking control and the U.S.S. Zard was rocking and rolling in 60- foot waves and taking 35-to-40 degree rolls.

By midnight, all hell broke loose. In the radio shack the chair I was sitting in taking latest Typhoon warnings from Radio Guam fell over backwards and my receiver fell on top of me.

At that moment, the captain came in to get the latest info and I said "Sorry Sir, I just missed twenty words." He said, "Don't worry about it, they will repeat again." I then asked him how the barometer reading on the bridge was. "27 inches

New Jersey and Iowa with the front turrets turned into the super-structure to prevent salt water from entering the barrels. The waves were so high I could see under both battle ships, something I couldn't believe. Mother Nature was in control.

As day light increased we all were anxious to see a rising sun again, since the waves were still high and the winds very strong. The storm still controlled our headings for a while, but we did manage to gain control and get back on course.

Another day on course and the seas became normal. With an increase in our speed, Pearl Harbor was coming in sight soon so we could rest and enjoy liberty.

After a short stay and a night in Hon-

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tonight, I have a gift for you," then hung up. It bothered me not knowing what was wrong.

Meeting again was wonderful but she seemed to resist, I asked what was wrong, then she handed me a bunch of mail and told me it was over for good. She handed me a package of my return mail from the service that contained love letters from all the girls I met -- including hers.

That damn mailman, seeing her return mail also in the package, delivered it to her address instead of my home address, since she also was well known by my family. I apologized but it did no good. I have to admit I was truly sorry. Both families understood and over time we all became friends. Over the years we became good friends but nothing serious ever happened again.

Now she has passed away I have visited her site many times asking God for her forgiveness as I know she hadn't forgiven me.

Iron Horse, Iron Rails, & Iron Men

Railroad Experience

After my service ended, I started looking for work and saw an ad in the paper by the Boston & Maine Railroad headquarters Boston and filed an application. They needed new agents and train dispatchers. Seeing I was a radio man in the Navy, they asked if I could learn the telegraph code. The job appealed to me, since I saw a future of working station agent's jobs in many towns and cities in New England.

There were three divisions -- Fitchburg, New Hampshire, and Portland. My training period included working for the railway express company, Western Union Company making reservations, and handling personal luggage, some agents required assistance and that's where I came in.

Experience #1

My first job was in my home town Wakefield, Mass., for Mr. Collins, who had over 50 years of service and was known for his bad disposition. Talking about my family, I discovered he knew my aunt and seemed deeply interested in her, but she was a registered nurse, not married, but showed no interest in him. From that day on he was wonderful and respectful towards me.

Experience #2

My next job was in Biddeford, Maine, a long way from my home town.

Telling my family about my new job location was not accepted in good spirits. My dad expressed his strong opinions about my going away in the service and now leaving again for my new job location.

But my trip to Biddeford Maine and the railroad work was fascinating. Biddeford was an industrial city, with both French and English spoken. The Saco & Lowell manufacturing plant was located there, providing work for most people.

Finding lodging was difficult so I had to settle for a so called rooming house called the Adams House, and slept next to the furnace in the cellar, since I didn't have a car and it was near the station where I worked. The railroad only paid mileage between trains but not hotel accommodations. They did furnish a mattress and blankets and being near the furnace, the room was warm.

I bought my first car in Biddeford as I quickly realized that I had to be at the station to open for business and close station at set times. It was a 1947 Ford and it served me well for my job and other golden opportunities. At 18 years old, I was the new kid on the block. Enough said.

My one bad moment was handing a fatal accident on the Saco River Bridge. A crossing tender on the Saco side was walking the eastbound track on his off duty night, knowing that the 174 train from Portland was on the west-south bound track heading for Boston.

Being an experienced railroad man he felt confident he was safe, but what he didn't know was that the train dispatch office in Dover, NH had put that train on the north-east bound track to get around a yard shifter working at Biddeford station.

With this situation, plus my regular work selling tickets, checking baggage, cashing checks, and many other duties, my job was getting hectic. The dispatcher's phone rang and headquarters wanted an update. I described the situation and they gave me order to notify train crew to put the body in the luggage car, get the train off the bridge and into the Biddeford station.

They disregarded my orders and I reported the information to the dispatcher headquarters. Mr. Charles Kane, a top executive, overheard the information and told me to inform the crew to do as I said or call this trip your last day of work.

Mr. Kane gave me orders to call the regular off-duty agent to report to the station to assist me, which I did. The agreed time was 7 pm.

Still handling things as best I could, I finally got control, got the passengers and train out of town and the body handled by the Biddeford fire department.

It was now 9:30 pm just before closing time. In walks the regular agent. I

asked him if he was delayed and I got no answers. I had completed my work and got all things in place and back to normal.

The first thing he asks for was his paycheck. "And how are things now?" he asked.

As I was still in my training period was I kept my opinion to myself. I hold these memories dearly as it was the start to my career.

Experience #3

Next, I was assigned to Kennebunk, Maine, for the summer to assist the regular agent, Mr. Author, another agent with over 50 years of service.

One evening as he handled the ticket sales at the window as the train was boarding passengers, I was busy on the telegraph.

He was always humming some tune during his job but twice during that time he kept looking over my shoulder and smiling and humming the same old tune. After the train departed, things slowed down and I asked him what was wrong or what he'd seen. "Oh I just saw a couple of heifers sucking tongues." I didn't understand until he explained: a boyfriend kissing his girlfriend good-bye before getting on the train?

I advised him I received a message from headquarters in Boston to send his monthly ticket sales report immediately. "Send them in" was his answer. I said they were not complete. His reply was "SEND THEM IN."

So I sealed the incomplete reports and put them on the first morning train to Boston headquarters. Next day I received all the incomplete reports back with a message "Take your time."

I really didn't want to rush things. Many people have one speed.

Wells Maine #4

Wells, Maine, during the summer months was very busy, and Mr. Ernie Knox needed an assistant. He was well-known in town, a well-respected hunter and a firearms expert who instructed the Maine state police in the use of fire arms and handling of small arms.

The Ogunquit Play House was located in town, and top shows from New York and other entertainers played there. The audience included many well-known Washington names who came up on a train called the East Wind, which ran round trips from Bangor. It was a popular trip during the summer to visit Maine Coast resorts.

One day entering the ticket office Mr.

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Knox seemed to be in such a humorous mood, I asked him what was he smirking about.

"Joe," he said, "Do you know that lady who ships her cat, dog and parrot here to her summer home and returns?" I said "yes." All baggage and pets had to have special tags for our baggage car transportation and were checked separately for transportation.

"Well she first arrived this morning and I approached her. I said 'good morning Mrs. So-and-so,' She said 'Don't you good morning me Mr. Knox.'"

I asked what was wrong.

"Do you remember shipping my dog, cat, and parrot back to Washington, D.C. last fall?"

"Yes."

"Well I got the cat and the dog but the parrot went all the way to Miami."

"I just had to laugh," he said. "Well did you get him back?" and she said "Yes." "I had to call every president and vice president of the railroads to Miami before I found them."

"Well I am glad you located them, did you get him back?"

"Yes I did but that's not all" Mr. Knox "What happened?"

"I held a big welcome home party for his glorious return with invited friends."

"Wasn't that nice?" Mr. Knox said.

She said "as my guest welcomed him back he used some awful language he picked up on the trains that was very embarrassing to me and I had to get him destroyed."

As it was 2 p.m. when I was reporting for work, Mr. Knox was still smirking and joking about it.

Mr. Knox was a wonderful agent to work for, as it's now memories I will never forget.

Experience #5

Getting into bigger cities was different and much busier. Haverhill, Mass., was very busy since any special events at Fenway Park, Boston Garden and college games including football, basketball, and hockey would increase the ticket sales.

Again the regular agent was well known for his nastiness with agents assigned to his post when he took vacations. As stations were audited each year, he was eventually fired for stealing company funds. It took us new employees by surprise but left us somewhat happy.

My next great experience at this office was when President Truman's special train during one of his campaigns scheduled a stop at Haverhill for him to speak to a large group in the downtown area.

Since Haverhill was on the Merrimack River and the bridge was higher than the street level, the secret service restricted the President from going down to the street level because of security concerns. That was mainly because the mill buildings were rather tall and gave the people who worked there eye birds' eye views including potential snipers.

As the train was pulled ahead over the streets, they let him address the people down below.

Our station and immediate area was standing room only, and there were so many Secret Service agents it was difficult

“*My next great experience was when President Truman's special train during one of his campaigns scheduled a stop at Haverhill for him to speak to a large group in the downtown area.*”

to know if one was standing next to you. I believe it ended up as one of the shortest stops in his travels.

Old Orchard Beach #6

Forest fires created problems as railroads ran through mountain areas including small towns. In 1947 a forest fire began up in the mountains near the Saco River and swept all the way to sea. Part of the fire crossed the Saco River east of Stanford, Maine and many farmers lost their homes and livestock. In one small town, all that was found was a bank safe.

As I had the second watch as station agent at Old Orchard Beach Maine I watching the State of Maine Train time to see if I was going to have a problem. It was due at my station at 10pm heading to New York Headquarters at Dover NH was in constant touch with me, also with Biddeford, Kennebunk, and Wells Maine stations. Luck was on our side as it cleared all three stations. After I heard good news everything went back to normal, I decided to walk on the beach later. With my back to the sea, I could see a wall of fire from Kennebunk south to Pine Point making for a red sky.

When I returned to the station a Maine state trooper stopped to see if everything was OK. He told me he just stopped a car on Route 1 throwing cigarette butts out the window. As other troopers took over the case he just thought he would go check out the Old Orchard Beach area.

The police and fire departments of Biddeford, Saco, and Scarborough did wonderful work. The city of Biddeford Maine was considering evacuating the Trull hospital and my girl friend worked there as an RN

Escaping Death Again

Again my railroad career had a new job for me. I got trained to operate a bridge, running the bridge over the Merrimack River between Newburyport and Amesbury, Mass. for train service.

On this day, train traffic on the western division was all tied up at Rockingham Junction in New Hampshire because of a freight train accident.

That meant train service between Portland, Maine, and Boston was diverted down the eastern division through North Berwick, Portsmouth and Hampton NH, Amesbury and Newburyport, Mass., crossing the Merrimack River Bridge there to get to Boston

That day, a crane barge was towing a barge downstream back to its home port in Boston and a Coast Guard cutter was heading upstream for assistance.

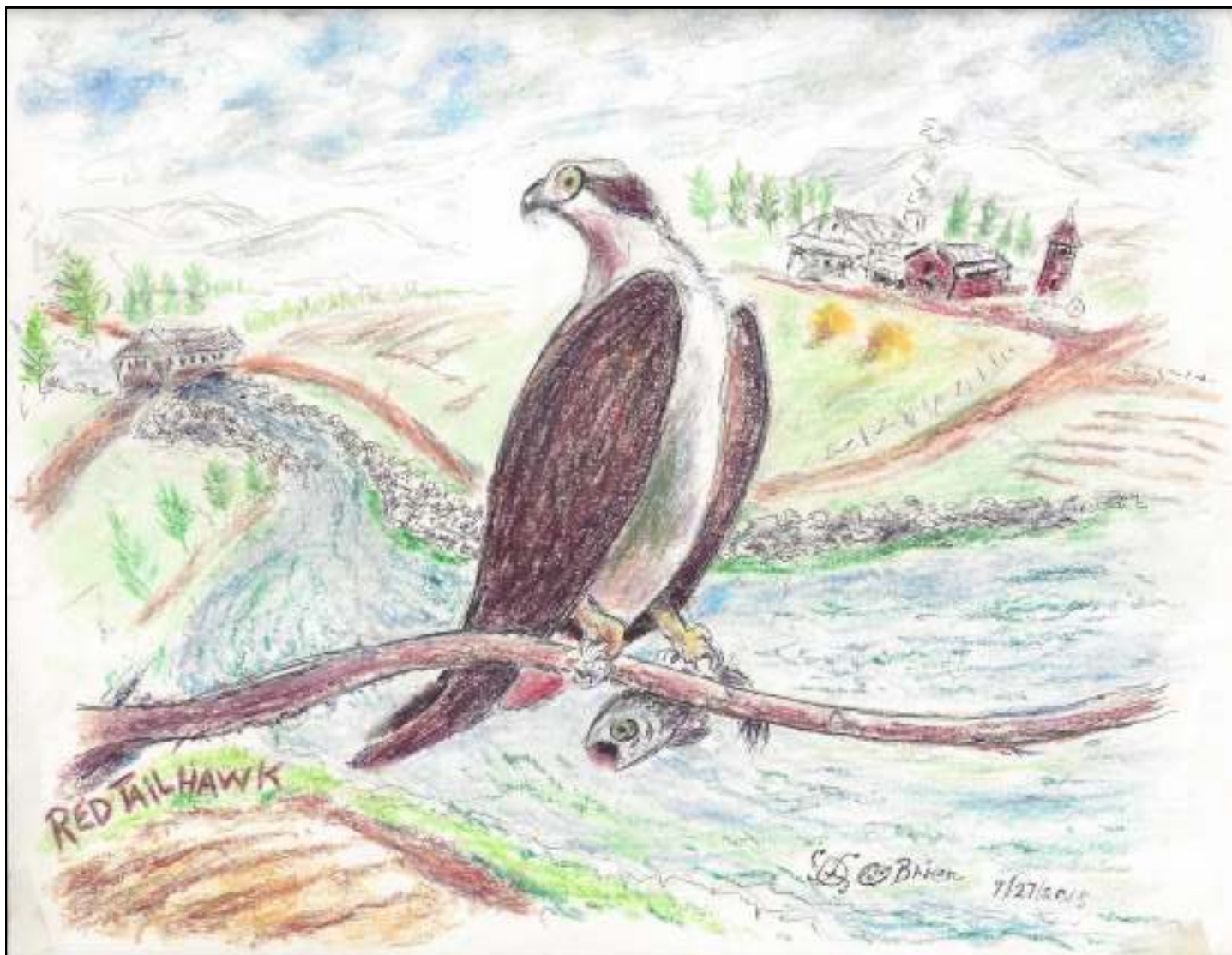
As I attempted to open the bridge – 5,000-plus tons of steel -- my operating control refused to open. The bridge was jammed on the Newburyport side.

Thank God a track crew was working in the area and came to my rescue and following their directions the problem was solved. It turned out a rock jammed under the bridge on the Newburyport side was what had put me in such a dangerous situation.

I later was advised that the president of the Boston & Maine Railroad was on the train at the Newburyport side in his private car and was upset by the delays. His destination was Portland Maine. It cleared just in time for the crane barge to pass through and the US Coast Guard cutter made it OK. Now it was my job to close the bridge so that I could clear my train traffic.

Several days later the B&M Engineers came out of Boston and they wanted to see the man who escaped death. They advised me had that bridge tipped another inch I would have joined the bridge in the Merrimack River. They wanted to shake my hand and give me credit of staying cool and getting all traffic back to normal.

I realized afterward that if my close call didn't turn out this way all train service would have been halted between Boston and Portland Maine.



Tom O'Brien



Tom O'Brien

New Hampshire Veterans Home



*Dear St. Peter
I come to you at last,
My peanut days are over
An my banana nights are past,
I treat my neighbor like myself
No beg no rob no steal,
And never on the sidewalk
I throw the banana peel.*

*Listen my comrades and you shall hear,
The midnight ride of the can of beer,
Down the alley and over the fence,
I got the can, who's got the ten cents?*

*His pistol to my head did pop,
Two steps I did retire,
The gun just flashed, his head I smashed,
Old shillelagh , you never misfire.*

*Dublin's stout is good no doubt,
In either wood or bottle,
But Bass's ale will never fail,
To quench a thirsty throttle,
Your good Rhine wine is very fine,
It makes you very frisky,
But there's never a draught was ever quaft,
To equal Dublin's whiskey.*

*The Frenchman loves his native wine
The German like his beer,
The English loves his half and half,
Because it brings him cheer,
The Irishman likes his whiskey straight,
Because it brings him dizziness,
The Yankee man he has no choice,
He drinks the whole damn business.*

*Author Unknown,
Shared by John Noonan*



Welcome Lucas!

Here's to the newest
generation of Howes

A brand new great-great-grandson was born this morning — August 8, 2015. His name is Lucas Carleton Howe and he is my great-great-grandson.

Let me tell you about all the Howes that came before him.

My maiden name was Daisy Carleton (Okie). I married Clayton Howe right after World War II. Clayt was born in 1915 and died at almost 84 in the year 2000.

We had four children -- Dan, Dick, Tim and Debbie. Our first child, Dan, was born in 1947. Then Dan's son Randy was my first grandson. His whole name is Randall Carleton Howe.

The next in line is Randy's son Dylan, who is my great-grandson.

Then Dylan and his companion Samantha had a son this morning -- my great-great-grandson Lucas Carleton Howe.

There have been many Howes covering all the years from 1915 to 2015 (and many years before).

Now it is August 8th 2015 and I have a new great-great-grandson named Lucas Carleton Howe.

Welcome Lucas! And love from your great-great-grandmother,

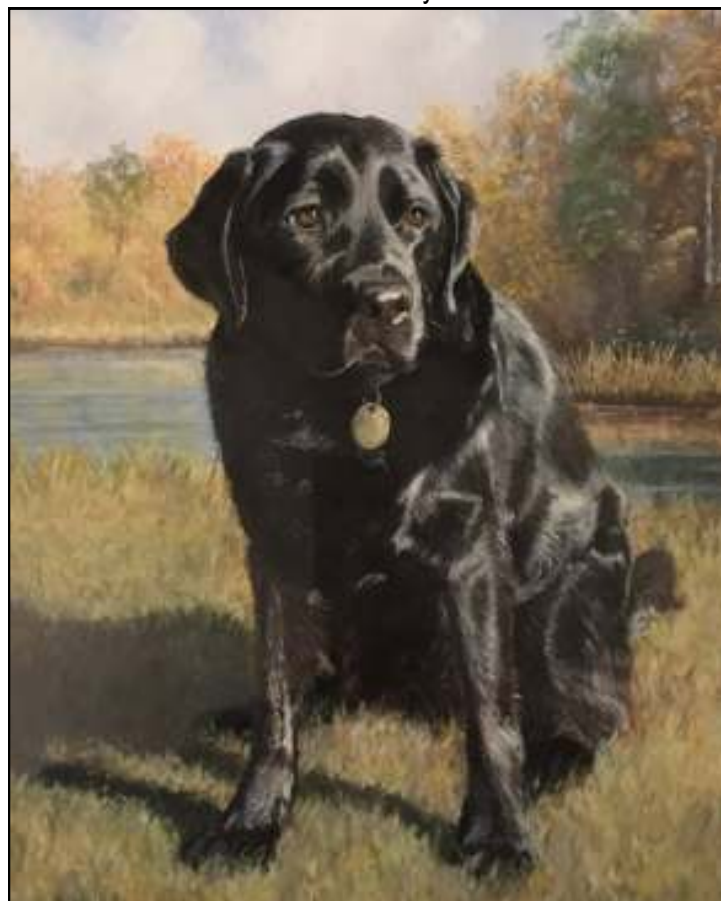


Daisy Carleton (Okie) Howe Age 98 almost 99

Editor's note: Okie Howe passed away on Sept. 7, 2015, shortly after this was written.



Raymond Stauble Jr.



New Hampshire Veterans Home

Contributors

ROGER PARIS was in the U.S. Marine Corps from 1938 to 1945, serving in the Pacific during the war. He returned to his native Manchester after the war and worked for 39 years in the auto parts business before retiring. He was married to his late wife, Josephine, for 58 years and has two children and three grandchildren.

LORENZO “JOE” PERRY was a Navy Seabee from 1943 to 1946, serving in the islands of the Central Pacific, where he helped build the runways that launched the Enola Gay on its historic bombing run on Hiroshima. After the war, he worked in a variety of construction jobs and ran several businesses before a 24-year stretch as public works director in Goffstown, retiring from there in 1987. He has four children.

OKIE HOWE, who passed away in 2015, served in the U.S. Army during World War II from 1942 to 1945. She was born in Okanogan, Wash.. Her favorite pursuits included reading, Tai Chi, writing group, exercise groups and the mentoring program. She wrote poetry and published her works on her own blog

JOHN NOONAN was born and raised in Manchester, N.H. He served in the U.S. Navy during World War II. Prior to retiring he managed a shoe pattern shop and did a lot of woodworking. He enjoys intergenerational programs, music, socializing with peers and games.

THOMAS O'BRIEN has been drawing since he started winning prizes for his work as a kid. He served as a transportation specialist in the U.S. Army from 1951 to 1953, driving duck boats and landing craft and protecting the East Coast. After discharge, he did all kinds of illustration work for companies including Diamond Match, AT&T and others, and drew political cartoons for local newspapers. He was married, with three sons and two daughters.

JOE “JB” BUTLER was in the Navy from 1943 to 1945, serving on those hastily built “Tin Can” destroyers and spending time in occupied Japan after the surrender. Following the war, he worked for the B&M Railroad for 15 years, the New Hampshire Liquor Commission, and sold insurance until he retired. He was married to his late wife for 61 years and has two sons and two daughters.

RAYMOND STAUBLE JR. served in the U.S. Air Force from 1951 to 1953 during the Korean War. When he returned home he sold home improvements for a while, then worked a wide a variety of jobs, finally retiring from the insurance inspection industry. He started painting professionally after retirement, doing more than 250 portraits of pets, horses and people. He's been married to his wife Barbara for 55 years; they have two sons, four daughters and too many grandchildren and great-grandchildren to count.



Tom O'Brien



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