

HENRY E. BERGDORF AMERICAN LEGION POST 155, INC.



Issue 1 - January, 2019

For God and Country

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COMMANDER'S MESSAGE

Greetings from the Commander. As I start to write this, it is hard for me to imagine that another year has whisked by. It simply reflects that life is fleeting and that we must take advantage of every opportunity that we have before life is snatched away from us. It seems hard to believe that it was a year ago (December 2017) that David Cooper and I had the interest and desire to see if we could start a local American Legion Post. When we looked at the eight others that had left our other post, and discussed with them the matter, they jumped at the chance to start the process. It required 10 veterans to apply for a temporary charter to get the idea off the ground.

So much has happened that time and space will not permit me to tell it all. We have grown from the initial 2 (charter application 10) to 33 Post member veterans and an Auxiliary of 18. I have been impressed with all of them and the quality they bring to our organization.

Two main activities that I will bring to your attention are the Veterans Memorial Park that we are building in cooperation with the Oldtown, Idaho Mayor and the Council members and the refurbishing of a veteran's widow's home in cooperation with a grant of almost \$1800.00 from Home Depot of Ponderay, Idaho. We look forward to doing even more in the future for our local veterans and their families. So, as we enter the new year, let us be ever mindful and supportive of those who so bravely stood up to defend our freedom in this country. May the Holiday season and the New Year bring health, happiness and all good things in the land of the free and the Home of the Brave. May God bless!



All photos by Jim Dean



American Legion Park, Oldtown ID dedication, November 11, 2018



All Photos by James Dean

FROM THE ADJUTANT

Depending on when this newsletter reaches you, I hope you all either had or will have a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. This past year has flown by so fast. It hardly seems possible that it was at this time last year when we were going through the initial stages of forming our new Post 155, but it really happened. Under the leadership of Commander Taylor, we have, as a team, been able to provide a great number of accomplishments for our local Veterans, their families, and our community. Looking forward to 2019, there are a number of activities that the Post will be working on, which will give us a presence in the local community. I'm anxious to see what we, as a dedicated group of Veterans, are able to accomplish in the next 12 months. As we continue to pick up new members, we appreciate the combined talents of our members to achieve our service goals. We still have a few members that have not renewed their membership for 2019. We need you to "re-up" as soon as possible as your membership will be suspended as of January 1, 2019, and will be dropped completely on March 1, 2019 if we haven't received your \$40.00 dues payment. We appreciate your continued support of the Legion and our local Post 155.

As I've said so many times, thank you all for your service to our great nation and to the American Legion. Working together we will be able to impact many lives and families in 2019.

CHAPLAIN'S CHAT

Twas the night before Christmas, he lived all alone,
In a one-bedroom house made of plaster & stone.
I had come down the chimney with presents to give
And to see just who in this home did live.

I looked all about a strange sight I did see,
No tinsel, no presents, not even a tree.
No stocking by the fire, just boots filled with sand,
On the wall hung pictures of far distant lands.

With medals and badges, awards of all kind
A sober thought came through my mind.
For this house was different, so dark and dreary,
I knew I had found the home of a soldier, once I could see clearly.

I heard stories about them, I had to see more
So I walked down the hall and pushed open the door.
And there he lay sleeping silent alone,
Curled up on the floor in his one-bedroom home.

His face so gentle, his room in such disorder,
Not how I pictured a United States soldier.
Was this the hero of whom I'd just read?
Curled up in his poncho, a floor for his bed?

His head was clean shaven, his weathered face tan,
I soon understood this was more than a man.
For I realized the families that I saw that night
Owed their lives to these men who were willing to fight.

Soon `round the world, the children would play,
And grownups would celebrate on a bright Christmas day.
They all enjoyed freedom each month of the year,
Because of soldiers like this one lying here.

I couldn't help wonder how many lay alone
On a cold Christmas Eve in a land far from home.
Just the very thought brought a tear to my eye,
I dropped to my knees and started to cry.



The soldier awakened and I heard a rough voice,
"Santa don't cry, this life is my choice;

I fight for freedom, I don't ask for more,
my life is my God, my country, my Corps."

With that he rolled over and drifted off into sleep,
I couldn't control it, I continued to weep.
I watched him for hours, so silent and still,
I noticed he shivered from the cold night's chill.

So, I took off my jacket, the one made of red,
And I covered this Soldier from his toes to his head.
And I put on his T-shirt of gray and black,
With an eagle and an Army patch embroidered on back.

And although it barely fit me, I began to swell with pride,
And for a shining moment, I was United States Army deep inside.
I didn't want to leave him on that cold dark night,
This guardian of honor so willing to fight.

Then the soldier rolled over, whispered with a voice so clean and pure,
"Carry on Santa, it's Christmas Day, all is secure."
One look at my watch, and I knew he was right,
Merry Christmas my friend, and to all a good night! .

Lt Col Bruce Lovely, USAF (Printed in the Fort Leavenworth Lamp, 1995)

I'm sorry this was a bit late, but I wanted it to share it even though this first newsletter edition is a bit tardy

THE HENRY E. BERGDORF AMERICAN LEGION POST #155 AMATEUR RADIO CLUB

SERGEANT AT ARMS SEZ

I'd like to share a short story about thee person that inspired me to join the U.S. Army. Her name was Doris Caple. Doris was a hardworking, independent girl from the mid-west, that talked



straight, did not believe in being politically correct, smoked cigarettes, never married, and liked kids. She was in her 20's when Japan attacked Pearl Harbor on 07 December, 1941. She immediately joined the U.S. Army.

I met Doris well after the war, when she was a secretary at my Dad's office in the 1950's. I was a little kid at the time. She liked kids and adventure. On weekends, she would take me and my brothers out to explore Indian ruins, old gold mines, and play outdoor games, like one she called "Gray Woolie." Gray Woolie was a variant of hide and

(say that fast 6 times) was formed in October and recently received its call sign N7ALR, National Seven American Legion Radio. The president of the American Legion Amateur Club (TALARC) communicated to me how happy he was to have us and WE volunteered to host a net on our N7ALR hosted Echolink conference, *TALARC*. Details will be arranged. Our club repeater is operational, though there is a bit of an antenna problem, on 146.900- PL 100. It is reachable from Priest River, Oldtown, and much of the surrounding area depending on terrain. We also will have a GMRS repeater set up in Newport, which should cover all of Newport, Oldtown and Priest River, so get your FCC issued GMRS license to use it. The FCC License fee is about \$70.00 and the license is valid for 10 years. Let's stay in touch, socialize and be prepared. 73.



seek, played outdoors at night. She may have invented that game from her experiences in the Army.

As a kid, I enjoyed all these adventures, but what I really enjoyed were her stories about the Army and WW II. Of particular interest was her time spent in Paris, France. Immediately after Paris was liberated, she was deployed to the city and worked in an office processing classified information. Basically, she was a clerk. But she said that just because the city had been liberated, it did not mean the front line of battle had moved on towards the Rhine River and Germany.

Immediately after being "liberated," Paris still had many French civilians that sided with the Nazis during the occupation. Civilians that thought the German Army would fall back, regroup and attack again, retaking all on France, pushing the Allies into another Dunkirk. These Nazi sympathizers in Paris would perform terrorist acts of sabotage and clandestine killings. When Parisians would rout these terrorists, they would kill them on the spot. There was no trial or due process. The dead were left in the street as reminders for others that were helping Nazis. There were also non-uniformed German soldiers (spies) that stayed behind after the German army pulled out, in order to provide intel for the Nazis in Germany. Some of the "spies" were hidden and well-armed. Sniper fire and the killing of Allied soldiers was not uncommon. Being Liberated, was not the same as being Free.

Paris was still very much a war zone while Doris was there. Doris worked in a building some distance from where she and other soldiers were billeted. In order to get from the secure billets to the

secure office building, they would travel through the sewers of Paris and they were armed.

So, it was a lady named Doris Caple, and her stories of living in a foreign country, and her adventures of Army life that convinced me, as a little kid, that I would someday be a soldier.



2ND VICE ADVICE

Greetings from frosty San Diego. Yes, we did have a low recently that turned water to ice on a can lid!



It happens in the inland areas during the winter. We've also had several days where the high did not Hit 70! It's survival of the fittest down here but your 2nd Vice Commander is here to represent Post 155.

Speaking of that, I've scheduled several visits to some of the



Posts down here too get ideas on serving vets. I'll report in when I have info we can use. Some interesting notes on California.

The RV Park I'm in is adjacent to the Camp Pendleton Marine Base. When I first started staying here, I heard gunfire in the distance. I didn't pay much attention at first until I realized something might be possible. To give a little background, I was in the 40th Armored Division CA Nat'l Guard, 1957 – 1964. We used the Pendleton base quite often, mainly for qualifying on weaponry. I suspected something and upon checking with an active duty marine here in the park my suspicions were confirmed. The firing was coming from the old Camp Elliot, built in WWII, now home to Duffy Town, a San Diego Sheriff training facility. That range was the one I qualified on in 1957, with an M1, same model issued to my grandfather, veteran of the Battle of the Bulge! Now when I get up a few mornings a week I get a flashback to 62 years ago when an eighteen-year-old kid first fired a military arm! Until Spring, this is your Southern Reporter, all alone in my pup tent, Taking one for the team. Hoorah! Semper Fi! Anchors Away!

