



BUCKTAIL DETACHMENT # 856
MARINE CORPS LEAGUE
Post Office Box 175
Renovo, Pennsylvania 17764-0175

DETACHMENT NEWSLETTER

October 2008

ATTENTION ALL MARINES!!!

Our October Detachment meeting will be held at 1930, Thursday, 16 October 2008 at the **Sons of Italy** Building, 111 12th Street, Renovo, Pa. Plan to attend. Please mark your calendar now!!!

Check out our WEB Page on the Internet at:
<http://www.kcnet.org/~dmiller2/>

“The first Pennsylvania Detachment on the Internet”

Also, check out Marine Corps League of Pennsylvania’s Web page at:
<http://www.pamcleague.org>

DETACHMENT OFFICERS – 2008/09

Commandant

John J. Tarantella, Sr. 923-2538

Senior Vice Commandant

Ronald E. Hans

Junior Vice Commandant

Joseph M. Egger 923-2136

Judge Advocate

Francis Van Kirk 748-8588

Adjutant

Amy Snyder 748-6645

Paymaster

Donald C. Miller 923-1731

Chaplain

Arthur O. Kramer 923-1888

Assistant Chaplain

Francis Van Kirk 748-8588

Sergeant-at-Arms

John D. Hills 726-4193

Junior Past Commandant

Donald C. Miller 923-1731

Honorary Commandant

Vincent V. Tarantella 923-0883

CHAPLAIN’S REPORT

If you know of a member or the family of a member who is in distress, sick in the hospital, or bereaved by the death of a family member please contact the Detachment’s Chaplain, **Art Kramer** at **923-1888**, and

if he is not available, one of the Detachment officers with the appropriate details.

PAYMASTER’S REPORT

A summary of the Detachment’s financial status as of the end of September 2008 is attached for information. The detailed report for each of our financial accounts is always available for your inspection at every monthly meeting.

EDITORS NOTES

This past weekend was an exciting one for the greater Renovo area and the Bucktail Detachment. We all celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the annual Flaming Foliage Festival (FFF). It was a perfect weekend. The weather was ideal with the fall colors at their finest. A Bucktail Detachment Color Guard made up of **John Tarantella, Sr.; John Tarantella, Jr.; Ron Jones** and **Art Kramer** led off the parade and set an example for all that followed.

And while all of this was going on, back at the Flaming Foliage lot our “Foot Long Hotdog” food booth was in full operation on Saturday thanks to the support of many of the members of the **Art Gavlock** family. We owe a great debt of gratitude to **Marlene** who coordinated the work schedule that day for the **Gavlock** family. Our own Commandant **John Tarantella, Sr.** pretty much alone ran the food booth on Sunday.

It also has to be mentioned that the addition of “bean soup” to our menu has certainly contributed to the success of our food booth. We sincerely thank both **Jack Dickey** and his wife **Dorothy** for all of their hard work in making this new venture such a great success on both Saturday and Sunday. Dorothy did double duty in assisting Jack and in cooking the hotdogs.

We also want to thank life member **Art Probst** and Dave Shope, Jr for the 40 pounds of chili sauce they made and donated to the Detachment in the memory of Dave’s dad, a former member of the Detachment. Dave senior prior to his death always provided the sauce to the

Detachment. The sauce was again very popular this year and at the end of the day the 40 pounds had disappeared. Fortunately, we had another ten pound of equally delicious sauce as back-up. It was provided by the **Joe Egger** family.

And while foot long hotdogs were being sold from one side of our booth **Joe Egger** and **Dan Hills** were busy selling our rifle raffle tickets out of the other side. It was a busy place. **Joe** and **Dan** were glued to ticket sales for a full ten hours on Saturday and **Joe** was back at it again for another six hours on Sunday. We thank both of them for their hard work.

While all the facts and figures are not in at this writing it does appear that the Detachment's efforts did produce a nice profit both in the food booth and in the sale of our raffle tickets.

The winners of our raffle were Bill O'Neil of Renovo for the rifle, James Barfield for the shotgun and Dale Schweikart for the K-Bar. Our congratulation to all of the winners and we thank them for their support.

The only downside of the weekend was the lack of members participating in this event – the color guard, food booth and raffle sales. One could count on his ten fingers the total number of members helping out. With a detachment consisting of over fifty members one would think we could provide more than a scant four people for a Color Guard. For your editor it is always exciting to see a full color guard with at least a five person front marching smartly along the parade route backed up by another five or six person detail. We used to do it. The four man front we had this year did a good job but just did not have the impact that we would like the Bucktail Detachment to present.

There are several important items that have to be addressed at this month's meeting. First, we must make plans for a Veterans's Day program at the high school and secondly, plans for our Marine Corps birthday. Please attend this meeting and add your input to our planning.

The Detachment has recently purchased two types of shirts for membership wear. We now have a green T-shirt with a large printed Marine Corps emblem and detachment name spelled out across the front. This shirt can be worn by our work details. They were worn by the workers in our food booth this past weekend. The Detachment will provide these to the members at no cost to them. We also have a very attractive red knit shirt with collar. This shirt also has the Marine Corps

emblem and detachment name embroidered on the left front of the shirt – right over the heart. We are hoping that the membership when not wearing their league casual uniform will wear these shirts to our detachment meetings. By doing this we would present good looking informal appearance. Everyone at the meeting would be in the uniform of the day – the red knit shirt and red cap. These shirts, at the option of the member, can be purchased at a cost of about \$15.00 each.

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USS New York

It was built with 24 tons of scrap steel from the World Trade Center.

It is the fifth in a new class of warship - designed for missions that include special operations against terrorists. It will carry a crew of 360 sailors and 700 combat-ready Marines to be delivered ashore by helicopters and assault craft.

*Steel from the **World Trade Center** was melted down in a foundry in Amite, LA to cast the ship's bow section. When it was poured into the molds on Sept 9, 2003, 'those big rough steelworkers treated it with total reverence,' recalled Navy Capt. Kevin Wensing, who was there. 'It was a spiritual moment for everybody there.'*

Junior Chavers, foundry operations manager, said that when the trade center steel first arrived, he touched it with his hand and the 'hair on my neck stood up.' 'It had a big meaning to it for all of us,' he said. 'They knocked us down. They can't keep us down. We're going to be back.'

*The ship's motto? '**Never Forget**'*

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GUARD DUTY

I just wanted to get the day over with and..... go down to Smokey's for a few cold ones. Sneaking a look at my watch, I saw the time, 1655. Five minutes to go before the cemetery gates are closed for the day. Full dress was hot in the August sun. Oklahoma summertime was as bad as ever -- the heat and humidity at the same level -- both too high.

I saw the car pull into the drive, '69 or '70 model Cadillac Deville, looked factory-new. It pulled into the parking lot at a snail's pace. An old woman got out so slow I thought she was paralyzed. She had a cane and a sheaf of flowers, about four or five bunches as best I could tell.

I couldn't help myself. The thought came unwanted, and left a slightly bitter taste: 'She's going to spend an hour, and for this old soldier...my hip hurts like hell and I'm ready to get out of here right now!' But for this day my duty was to assist anyone coming in. Kevin would lock the 'In' gate and if.... I could just hurry the old biddy along, we might make the last half of happy hour at Smokey's. I broke Post Attention. My hip made gritty noises when I took the first step and the pain went up a notch. I must have made a real military sight; middle-aged man with a small pot-gut and half a limp, in Marine Full Dress Uniform, which had lost its razor crease about 30 minutes after I began the watch...at the cemetery.

I stopped in front of her, halfway up the walk. She looked up at me with an old woman's squint. 'Ma'am may I assist you in any way?' She took long enough to answer. 'Yes, son. Can you carry these flowers? I seem to be moving a tad slow these days.'

'My pleasure Ma'am.' Well, it wasn't too much of a lie.

She looked again. 'Marine, where were you stationed?' ' Vietnam , Ma'am. Ground-pounder. '69 to '71.'

She looked at me closer. 'Wounded in action, I see. Well done, Marine, I'll be as quick as I can.'

I lied a little bigger, 'No hurry, Ma'am.'

She smiled..... and winked at me. 'Son, I'm 85-years old and I can tell a lie from a long way off. Let's get this done, might be the last time I can do this. My name's Joanne Wieserman, and I've a few Marines I'd like to see one more time.'

'Yes, Ma'am, At your service.'

She headed for the World War I section, stopping at a stone. She picked one of the bunches out of my arm and laid it on top of the stone. She murmured something I couldn't quite make out.

The name on the marble was; Donald S. Davidson, USMC, France 1918. She turned away and made a straight line for the World War II section, stopping at one stone. I saw a tear slowly tracking its way down her cheek. She put a bunch on a stone; the name was; Stephen X. Davidson, USMC, 1943. She went up the row a ways and laid another bunch on a stone; Stanley J. Wieserman, USMC, 1944. She paused for a second, 'Two more son, and we'll be done'

I almost didn't say anything, but, 'Yes, Ma'am, Take your time.'

She looked confused. 'Where's the Vietnam section, son? I seem to have lost my way.' I pointed with my chin. 'That way, Ma'am.' 'Oh!' she chuckled quietly. 'Son, me and old age ain't too friendly.' She headed down the walk I'd pointed at. She stopped at a couple of stones before she found the ones she wanted.

She placed a bunch on Larry Wieserman, USMC, 1968, and the last one on Darrel Wieserman, USMC, 1970. She stood there and murmured a few words..... I still couldn't make out.

'OK, son, I'm finished. Get me back to my car and you can go home.'

'Yes, Ma'am. If I may ask, were those your kinfolk?'

She paused. 'Yes, Donald Davidson was my father; Stephen was my brother; Stanley was my husband; Larry and Darrel were our sons. All killed in action, all Marines.' She stopped, whether she had finished,

or couldn't finish, I just don't know.

She made her way to her car, slowly, and painfully.

I waited for a polite distance to come between us..... and then double-timed it over to Kevin waiting by the car. 'Get to the 'Out'-gate QUICK!, I have something I've JUST got to do.' Kevin started to say something, but saw the look I gave him. He broke the rules to get us there down the service road. We beat her.

She hadn't made it around the rotunda yet.

'Kevin..... stand to attention next to the gate post. Follow my lead.' I humped it across the drive to the other post.

When the Cadillac came puttering around from the hedges and began the short straight traverse to the gate, I called in my best gunny's voice: 'TehenHut! Present Haaaarms!' I have to hand it to Kevin, he never blinked an eye; full dress attention and a salute that would make his DI proud.

She drove through that gate with two old worn-out soldiers giving her a send off she deserved, for service rendered to her country, and for knowing Duty, Honor and Sacrifice

I am not quite sure, but I think I saw..... a BIG salute returned from that Cadillac!

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WHAT IS A VETERAN

A veteran is someone who, at one point in his life wrote a blank check Made payable to "The United States of America " for an amount of "up to and including my life". That is Honor, and there are way too many people in This country who no longer understand it."

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MONTHLY CASH DRAWING

Don't forget about our monthly meeting cash drawing! At the conclusion of each meeting a member's name is drawn from the hat and the winner receives a cash prize. However to claim the prize, the member must be in attendance. This sounds to me like a darn good incentive to be at each meeting. The prize is increased by ten dollars each month to a maximum of one hundred dollars until some lucky member can claim it. The winner of the September drawing was **Joe Egglar** who was in attendance. Joe won \$80.00. The pot now starts off at \$10.00 for this month's drawing.

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ATTACHMENT:

- 1. Summary of Financial Accounts for month ending September 2008 (**Members Only**)

14 October 2008
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