

"Freedom's Not Free"

79th Annual Memorial Day Celebration



Monday, May 26, 2014
Grand Marshal Dwight Sachau

Compliments of Hartland Area Community Council - P.O. Box 113, Hartland, MI 48353

This year Hartland is proud to present the Grand Marshal for the Memorial Day Parade 2014 ~ Dwight Sachau



Approximately ten years ago, Detroit journalist Mitch Albom wrote the best seller "The Five People You Meet In Heaven". On the morning of April 4, I had the pleasure to meet with this year's Memorial Day Parade Grand Marshal. I feel lucky to have met him, particularly since I did not have to wait for the demise of both of us to do so!

Dwight Sachau was born in Anthon, Iowa on March 17, 1924. That's right, St. Patrick's Day. Dwight jokes, "Yeah, my birthday is celebrated by a lot of people every year!" At the young age of 90, Dwight still remains active in the community. Hartland Township Treasurer Kathie Horning nominated Dwight. She mentioned that he regularly attends the Township Board meetings and offers ideas and concerns from a citizen's point of view. After meeting with Dwight, that is but one of his activities that in total out number what most people do that are half his age.

One activity is a charter fishing tournament held annually since 2009 in Manistee Michigan. Every mid-May as many as 60 boat captains and their charter boats give 300 Michigan veterans a memorable fishing trip at no charge. The veterans are from all branches of service.

Though the tournament itself is for veterans, the public participates in the "Welcome Back Celebration." As boats return to the marina, traveling up the channel to Manistee Lake, the shore along the channel is lined with people waving flags and cheering, welcoming the veteran fishermen "back home." One Vietnam War veteran described in emotional words his experience from the 2012 tournament.

"When I came home from duty, we were told not to wear our uniforms. The American public was tired of Southeast Asia. This was a welcome home I never received." Dwight, at 90 years old, makes every effort to see that veterans continue to participate in this annual event.

If you have purchased a "fly-over" button this year, or in years past, Dwight likely had a hand in that. It seems he is generally the top seller of the buttons. The proceeds are used to help fund the cost of the flyovers that take place the morning of the parade.

Another project of Dwight's and his fellow members of American Legion Post 415 is Camp Liberty. Camp Liberty is an outdoor recreational facility for veterans. The hope is that with fresh air and outdoor activities, the success for the veteran's medical rehabilitation will be greater. Research has shown this to be the case. Post 415 have made contributions in the thousands for the Camp.

But one cannot be a veteran until one serves in the one of the branches of the US Military. At just 17 years of age and a junior in high school, Dwight's father gave him permission to join the United States Navy. He was the same age (or at most 2 years older) than the members of the Hartland High School Band that will be marching in this year's parade. It was June 1941, about six months before the day that President Franklin Roosevelt described as the "Day that will live in infamy." Over the next four years, Dwight would travel to Iceland, the Panama Canal to the Pacific Ocean and to Guadalcanal. He served on the USS McCawley, a transport ship that was part of a convoy with the invasion of Guadalcanal. The Guadalcanal campaign began in early August 1942. Initially the US servicemen were lead to believe it would last just a few weeks. It continued until February 1943.

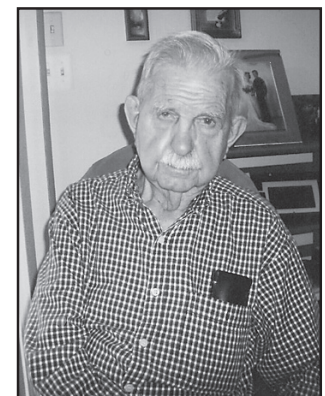
In late June, 1943, the USS McCawley was off loading for a landing in the Solomon Islands. An air attack by the Japanese planes ensued. One dropped a torpedo that slammed into the McCawley. The blast ripped a 40 foot hole, causing the ship to roll. Dwight found himself in water up to his neck. Seventeen of his fellow sailors lost their lives. One of the gunners from the ship did manage to hit the very plane that dropped the torpedo. That plane went down just a short distance ahead of the McCawley.

Just a few days later, the McCawley was struck again, when another US Ship mistook it as an enemy vessel. The day following, papers in the US had headlines that the McCawley had been sunk. One can only imagine the anxiety and sleepless nights his family and friends endured until weeks later when it was finally confirmed that Dwight was alive.

Dwight was discharged on December 7, 1945, the 4 year anniversary of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. After his discharge, he married his wife Eileen. They lived in Detroit until 1997 when they moved to their condo in Hartland. He worked for 28 years with Sears, and then worked 15 years in the pest control business. When he retired in 1989, he and Eileen put almost a quarter of a million miles on a couple of vans, seeing all of the 49 United States that are on the North American Continent. Hawaii just a few years ago involved a



trip by air of course! As you see Dwight and Eileen in the mid-60's convertible near the front of the parade and your kids ask "Who is that?" Just explain to them that he is a member of "the greatest generation." Because of people like him, we still have the flag we have today. We carry money with portraits of people like Washington, Lincoln, Franklin Jackson and others. Without people like Dwight and others that served in World War II, things could have turned out very different.



~ Cliff Schiesel

World War I ~ 1914 - 1919

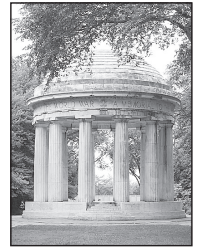
The Centennial Anniversary

The war to end all wars began on June 28, 1914, with the assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife Sophia while on a state visit to Bosnia-Herzegovina. European countries quickly took sides with the Central Powers consisting of Austria-Hungary and Germany and the allied countries of Belgium, England, France, Montenegro, Russia, and Serbia. Italy remained neutral at this point in time. Battles at sea would eventually bring the United States into conflict.

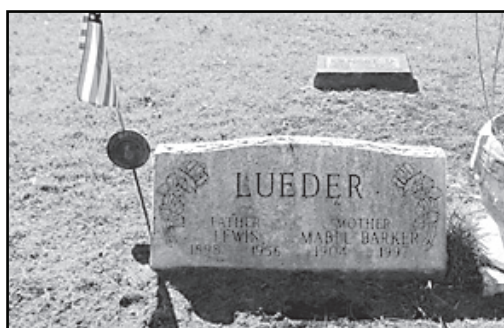
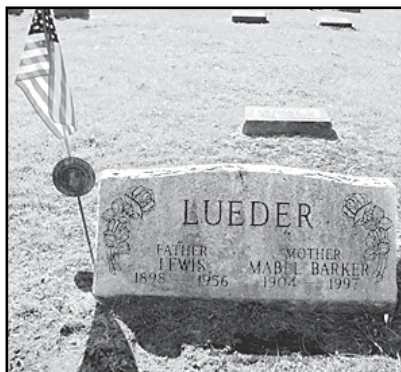
After several Americans were lost through U-boat attacks, in April of 1917, Congress declared war. Draft bills were signed and registrations for the draft began on June 5, 1917. To meet their first quota, Livingston County sent approximately 40 men to Camp Custer, near Battle Creek, by the middle of September 1917.

A number of Hartland men served in the Thirty-Second division. The insignia for the division was the red arrow because they *"shot through every line the Boche put before them."* This division served during the battles at Aisne-Marne, Chatue Thierry and Fimes, Lundendroff, Oisne-Aisne, Soissons and in September 1917 through November 1918, the Meuse-Argonne offensive.

On the home front, the Township Board, during World War I, was composed of James Grubb, chairman; Henry Huskinson and Herman Clark. Part of their responsibility was registration of all males 21 to 30. Women were also very busy signing pledge cards for food conservation and registering for war work. In 1918 Harriet Clements was the chairman of the Hartland Red Cross. Mrs. John Allen was Vice-President and Mrs. George Arthur was Secretary. Knitting wristlets, sweaters, caps, socks, and mufflers for the soldiers was one of their projects. They also made "housewives," a pocket size folder for soldiers consisting of thread, needles, buttons, pens, and scissors.



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World War I Honor Roll

Leon Ellsworth Allen
Cornelius J. Devereaux



Leon
Ellsworth
Allen



Cornelius
Devereaux

Hartland Area Soldiers in World War I



Delbert
Buell



Raymond
Burns



Frank
Devereaux



Henry
Devereaux



Phillip
Devereaux



John
Devereaux



Carl
Foldenauer

Delbert Buell
Raymond J. Burns
William Busselman
Daniel L. Bussey
Ford H. Calkins
Frank Devereaux
Henry Devereaux
John F. Devereaux
Phillip Devereaux
Ford H. Dormire
Ira Dunsmore
Francis James Dwyer
Charles A. Foldenauer
Portia L. Fordyce
Frank Fritschka



Ephraim
Hubbell



Fred
Huskinson



Leo
Huskinson



Harry Lyman
Parshall



Lyndol
Rogers



Harry Bitten
White



Percy
Whitehead

John Fritschka
Stephen Gannon
Leo Charles Gleason
Wayne Hooker
Ephraim Mowrey Hubbell
Lester Huff
Fred Huskinson
Leonard "Leo" Huskinson
William Elwood Husted
Charles Wm. Johnson
Donald A. Lee
Lewis Lueder
Edward V. Meyers
Oliver Meyers
Victor C. McCall
Morris Elmer Newlin

Harry Lyman Parshall
Walter Pittenger
Lyndol B. Rogers
William Ryneason
Roma W. Sackner
John Sajechowski
James E. Sarvade
Melvin W. Simonton
Joseph "Charles" Sneath
Harry Steele
Charles Terhune
Melvin Uhles
Mike Varga
Harry Bitten White
Percy Whitehead



Leo
Gleason



Lester
Huff

Photos From HONOR ROLL OF LIVINGSTON COUNTY 1917, 1918, 1919.

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What it Means to Serve Your Country

In 2011, in memory of our former Building Manager Grant Sweet, and with the support of the Friends of Cromaine Library, the National Veterans Awareness Organization and Hartland's American Legion Post 415, Cromaine Library held an essay contest open to Livingston County high school students, grades 9 through 12. Students' essays must have been based on an interview with a veteran or active-duty soldier, of any age. The veteran could have served in any conflict, past or current, or during peacetime. After the interview, students wrote a 250-word essay on what it means to serve your country. Cromaine held its third annual Memorial Day Essay Contest last year.

The winners for the Grant Sweet Memorial Essay Contest 2013 are reprinted here.



My Grandfather, Lyle Dean Eastom

by Zachary Palmieri

In interviewing my grandfather he was very hesitant even after all these years to discuss more than the basics of his service years. I can only imagine what he had seen, done or been a part of. I do know the sadness over losing all of his friends persist even after all this time. My grandfather said that even though the Korean War had officially ended on July 27, 1953 there was no winners, everyone lost.

My Grandfather, Lyle Dean Eastom said that people who go into the service do so for three reasons; for family, for country or by pressure that no one really goes for themselves. My grandfather went because all of his friends said that it would be a great thing to do and he felt pressured to do so. So the very next day without saying a word to anyone eight of his friends and himself drove up to Fort Henry to enlist. My Grandfather started off as a Corporal in the United States Army and very soon after that he was sent to fight in the Korean War. He, my grandfather was parachuting behind enemy lines with the 511th Airborne Paratroopers and during the jump he was hit by a large amount of shrapnel from anti-aircraft guns and to this day he still carries this "war souvenir." My Grandpa didn't want to kill the people that he did during his tour in Korea but when he hit the ground he had only two options; fight back and survive or let them take his life. This choice was difficult beyond anything I could imagine. This is the area of my Grandfather's life that he still doesn't chose to talk about. He prefers to talk about the many years after his time in Korea where he pursued his career in the United States Navy. He was in the Navy for the next 16 years, during which time he made the rank of E 7 Chief Petty Officer. My Grandfather retired from the service at the age of 38 after serving his country for the previous twenty years. My Grandfather said that one of the last places that he was stationed at was the state of Michigan and this is where he decided to build his life and family. He, my Grandfather said that it was sort of ironic that the job that he ended up with outside of the service, at the Grosse Ile Airport, was one of the bases that he was stationed at during the sixties. My Grandfather said that if he had to do it all over again he would make the same choice that he did back then and that would be to serve his country.



What His Service Meant to Scott Anthony

by Ashley Dunn

"Every time I see a flag, especially at half mast, it just gives me the chills." As Scott Anthony spoke of his time as a naval officer, I could hear the pride and respect he has for his former duty. Scott served in Italy as a base officer and Cuba as a boat escort. His four years spent overseas mean a lot to him. One of the greatest things he gained is a profound respect for all veterans. The humbleness that the navy taught him is very evident as he repeats that while his jobs were important, he doesn't need special recognition. He rarely wears his uniform and is bothered by those who make a big deal about being a veteran. According to Scott, the real heroes are soldiers who put their lives on the line every day; who served in situations like, the World Wars, Desert Storm, and Afghanistan. Recently, Scott went to a concert and right in the middle, they stopped to memorialize a soldier who had died defending his country in Afghanistan. This was an awesome experience for him, seeing people doing so much to recognize someone who gave their life for our country. They fired a 21 gun salute and played the well-know bugle call, TAPS. Experiences like this are what make Scott proud of his small service to the country, and proud of the countless men and woman who gave everything to keep American the land of the free and the home of the brave.



Memorial Day Essay

by Morgan Holt

Having a brother in the Army gives me an advantage to know what serving the country meant and means to him along with most soldiers. He has lost a lot, earned a lot and learned a lot, and at the end of the day is proud to be serving his country. But who he is now, shows how much he has grown since boot camp.

He went to Howell High School just as I will next year, and is as far as I know is remembered. He had more than enough friends, and somehow him wanting to join the Army didn't surprise me, until the day that he actually did. I was little, 7 maybe. When I asked why this was what he wanted to do he said that "it was for the guns" which to me today, wasn't a reasonable answer. But I respected his decision, as I still do today, even the stupid ones.

Yesterday, 4/28/13 Justin deployed to Afghanistan, bringing his 4th deployment at only the age of 25. Knowing I couldn't give him the goodbye I wanted too, a short phone call was the only option. My mom had told me to say anything that I felt needed to be said, as if it were the last time I would speak to him. But I still found myself lost in my own words. He seemed calm, ready and prepared for what was a head of him. After three of these "goodbyes" said already, this one was different. The phone call was short enough to know that he was slowly leaving, not that he wanted too, but had too. I treat every goodbye the same knowing he will be fine, I'll see him later on. My mom not so much, you can tell by her tone of voice and color of eyes she's scared. But who wouldn't be?

I've always been his person to talk too when need be, and a worthy secret keeper. He's told me about his friends lost in the field, I still remember the one who was shot right next to him in the dead of night, and how frightening I thought it would be, to lose a friend in that state of mind. I remember him wearing that friend's rubber band till it slowly withered off his wrist. And how much something so little meant so much. That was the day I knew he had changed, from my brother to a veteran soldier of war.

He is now an E-6 staff sergeant and I couldn't be more proud of everything he has achieved. Joining the Army straight out of high school wasn't exactly what my family and I were expecting, but now we know that it was his choice and the right one. I believe that the Army is his escape, it's what he's good at and will forever be. It's his way of life and he honors that. Because of him I am the person that I am today. I am proud to be his little sister, and to call him my hero for ever and always.

Come home to us safe Justin, we love you more than words can say!

