

# NEWSLETTER

August 2019



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The Metamora Cardinal Pony League Team this year includes, front L-R, Greg Alig, Scott Smith, Roger Jern, Joe Sasso, Norm Ulrich, Billy Kipling and Randy Walker. Standing, same order, Coach Bob Blackwell, Dave Duncan, Mike Ioerger, Dick Grob, Pat Ryan, Mike Mulberry, Terry Glaub, and Tim Kalley. (Photo by Greg Kramer).

THE HERALD, Thursday, July 7, 1977 PAGE 7



Metamora's Prep League baseball team completed their conference season recently and currently own a perfect 14-0 season mark. The team is now involved in conference tournament play with the next game slated for Friday evening on the MTHS field. Members of the team include front L-R, Randy

Solomon, Don Solomon, Dave Singley, Brad Barrow, Mike Mulberry and Ken Alig. Back, same order, Coach Al Mulberry, Doug Hargis, Willie Payne, Curt Jones, Dennis Koch, Harlan Walker, and Don Bitner. Missing are Mike Foster, Jeff Smith, Bill Herring and Ron Stotler.

## HOMECOMING QUEEN AND COURT



The Homecoming queen and her court reigned over the Homecoming dance Saturday evening, November 2. Left to right are Bonnie Schierer, Dennis Woosley, Eva Winkler, Tom Jauch, Stevie Deatherage, Fred Sweat, Judy Bachman, Susie Elbert, Lynn Elbert, Dianne Bader, Dick May, and Susan Berg.

The 1957 MTHS Homecoming Court

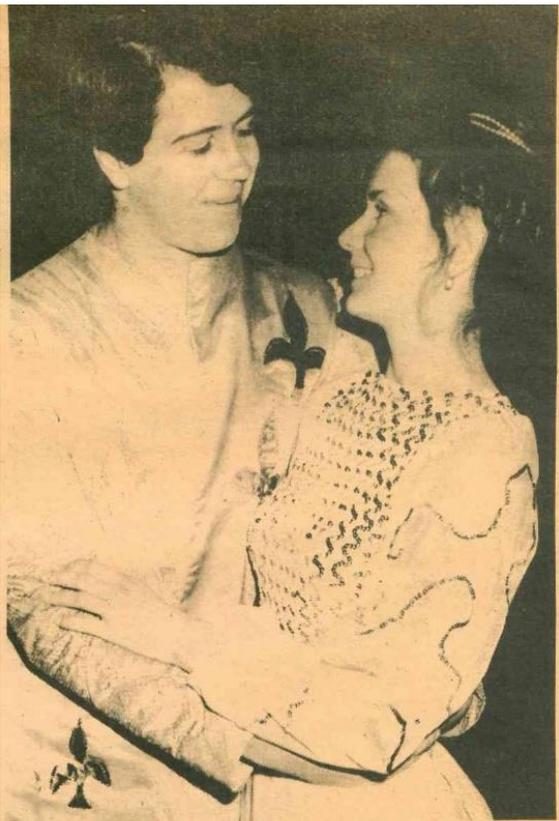
## Homecoming Queen Candidates Named



TWENTY LOVELY candidates will vie for the title of Homecoming queen at Metamora High School Friday, as classmates narrow the field to two from each of the four classes. The Queen will be crowned Saturday, Oct. 13, at the annual Homecoming dance. Candidates are: back row, left to right, seniors - Shirley Harter, Joan Haefli, Judy Bradford, Marilyn Kern and

Vicki Schramm; third row, juniors - Kriss Montgomery, Cindy Haefli, Susan Masters, Vicki Grebner and Yvonne Gries; second row, sophomores - Betsy Pedrick, Denise Leman, Sue Bumeter, Joanne Garber and Jerri McLaren; front row, freshmen - Joan Stickelmaier, Kathy Sanders, Vicki Shoopman, Cindy Hartman and Sheila Flora.

This is probably about 1966 or 1967. Anyone know for certain?



Merle Weyeneth (Luntha) and Geri Boone (Tuptin) appear to enjoy their roles as lovers in "The King and I." I HAVE DREAMED is one of the songs they will sing in the musical tabbed for May 2-5.



Mike Mason and Paul Martynowski, double cast in the role as the King of Siam, receive some last minute adjustments from Geri Boone and Pam Parks, double cast as Tuptin, in Metamora High school's musical "The King And I" slated for May 2-5. Mike's newly shaved head is the center of Geri's attention while Paul gets an earring adjustment from Pam.

**What's New (er, rather, "old")** Scanned versions of St. Mary's 100<sup>th</sup> centennial and 75<sup>th</sup> diamond jubilee books. Stop by and see them! Plus check our Facebook page for Open House dates. Lots of interesting artifacts!



The "Runnin Red" of MTHS have had some fine support this year by their cheerleaders. The group includes (front to back, L-R) Elisa Smith, Lisa Boken, Jackie Booth, Sheree Belshaw, Tammy Welsh and Wende Gordner (capt.).



American Legion school award winners were honored at the Memorial Day services at the Metamora Park Sunday. Winners included front row, from left: Germantown Hills Junior High School—Susan Peterson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Laurel Peterson; Christopher Eller, son of Mr. and Mrs. Barry Eller. Second row: St. Mary's School—Deborah Ricca, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ricca; Brett Guth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Guth. Third row: Metamora Community Consolidated Grade School—Joelle Doyle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Doyle; Eric Bachman, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Bachman. Back row: Metamora Township High School—Laure Gangloff, daughter of Gerald Gangloff and the late Mrs. Gangloff; Bruce Cluskey, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cluskey.

**1981 American Legion Essay Winners**



**Joseph C. Alig.** Joseph was born May 9, 1894. He was called to Army service for WWI on June 27, 1918. He was stationed in France when his brother died of the Spanish influenza. Joe had a close call with death also. He had spinal meningitis, and it was thought that he had died. He was put in the morgue, but was saved when a nurse came in and saw his little finger wiggle. He was honorably discharged on his 25<sup>th</sup> birthday in 1919 and he moved back to the farm. He farmed 96 acres on the edge of town, but in 1936 he sold the farm and moved into Metamora where he bought ten city lots. He did some truck farming and finally got a job as a machinist at Caterpillar. He retired from Caterpillar in 1959. He married Mary Theresa Schaub at Kickapoo in 1928 and they had seven children: Rosemary, Elizabeth, Carina (Stotler – who loaned this story to the Newsletter), Rita, Josephine, Jacob and Joan. He was a charter member of American Legion Post 89 in Metamora. He died August 3, 1975 at the age of 81 and is buried in St. Mary's Cemetery in Metamora.

**Ed Bumeter Loses an Eye – A Letter Home from Okinawa.** May 26, 1945. Mother Dear: How are you and he family. I to find you all fine and in good health. I bet you are pretty busy with your chickens and spring work. I haven't received a letter from anyone since April 9th. I'm O.K. I've been fighting in a bloody battle in Okinawa. Mother it is terrible over here. The first night and every night I was on the front lines. I never expected to come out at it alive. I shot quite a few Japs. Pretty tough being in a fox hole. My poor buddies got shot down like flies. I help carry any wounded buddies and the dead ones back to the rear area and give the wounded first aid. I see some awful sights. Anyone over here is your buddy - black, pink or blue; t doesn't make any difference what color they are. I never will see another battle. Mother dear, I've been wounded in the line of duty. I wasn't scared of them t dirty little Japs. I got wounded on Mothers' day at six o'clock the evening. It takes a lot of guts to go through what us American soldiers are going through Don't mind my writing. I am a little shaky and nervous.

I was digging my foxhole. My two buddies were inside digging our hole deeper. I was piling rocks around our hole. Of course Mon the Japs saw us digging in. So they knew right where we were for the night. They started to fire mortar and rifle shells at us. I hit for my hole when the first mortar shell hit. It killed one of our gang and wounded two. I stayed in my hole for a minute and then I thought If we don't get protection over and around our hole, we will get killed during the night The Japs like to fight at night. We kicked them off in the day time. I still can remember the first Jap I got. Then, Mom, I got out of my hole in the line of fire. There were mortar shells going off all around. I was just finished with my work My buddy hollered Ed, here comes one. I just ducked to one side and a mortar shell hit right by me and hit me in my eye. I let out a yell and crawled in my hole My good old buddies helped me into my hole.

They gave me wound tablets and put a bandage on my right eye They asked me if I was hit any place else. I told them no, so they helped me to a cave and the medics gave me blood plasma. They finally got me out of the dangerous area. Then they took me to a wonderful doctor In a tent. I was suffering pretty badly. told the major I had lost my right eye. I told Doc that I was lucky to come out alive. God was with me. They took three x-rays of my eye. Then Doc told me I'd have to go under an operation right away. He put me to sleep and took what was left of my eye out. I never woke up until morning. I was laying in a tent hospital with a lot of poor wounded buddies. The Doc asked me If could walk. I got up and walked to breakfast. I still have to go under another small operation on my eye lid. I have a temporary glass eye in now. I'm sitting In a nice little hospital in the central Pacific. I help feed my poor helpless buddies. I'm out of bed and walk around. I'm on my way to Honolulu in a couple of weeks to another hospital and from there to the states. I hope to be home by fall. I hope I can learn to shoot my shotgun left-handed.

Mother dear, I'm a happy man with one eye. Please don't worry. I still can see and have got my two arms and both legs which a lot of my poor buddies lost. We have a radio and good beds to sleep in and are in the dry. Tell Harold hello. I sure hope you and Frankie don't worry too much. The Red Cross is swell and awful nice to us. They sit by our bed and talk to us. So please don't worry. I'll be taken to Honolulu by plane. So I'll get my plane ride after all. Mother dear. please don't write to me till I get to a hospital in Honolulu, Then I'll give you my new address. I'll write this letter as soon as I get there. I'll write again. I've been treated wonderful by all my doctors and nurses. I have some awful homesick nights and days but make out alright. Take care of yourself and Frankie. I sure miss you all and love you all. So nighty night Mom and good luck mother. Lot more to tell you when I get home. Best wishes to you. Don't worry if you don't hear from me for a while. With love, your son, Ed

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## Contact Us

Questions, Ideas - Love to hear from you

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