



Ford Genealogy Club
Volume 12 Number 3

3rd Quarter Sept. 2007

A message from our Prez...

Here we are again – Its back to school time. Can't go near a store without seeing all the school supplies stacked in the aisles of the stores, all the stores are offering specials on Shoes, jean, jackets, laptops and just about anything else they can label school supplies and get away with it.

We as genealogists have it really good actually, we don't have to wait for a "season" for our back to school. The opportunity for "school" presents itself almost weekly if we look hard enough. That old adage about old dogs not learning new tricks doesn't have to apply to us as genealogists. Almost monthly there is a seminar somewhere, and your local genealogical societies almost always have speakers. Many of them on topics that we can make use of. Many local libraries are bringing in genealogical speakers as well. With a variety of topics to choose from there's no excuse for not being up on all the hot topics of the year. Many of these offer the opportunity for learning for free, some charge a small fee. Certainly the fee for attending those is much smaller

than what you would be spending if you preparing a child for class in today's back to school market.

Local newspapers, libraries and township newsletters often offer listings of upcoming events near you. Sometimes your local genealogical society has a website with a list of upcoming events. So take a few minutes and see if there are any "back to school specials" out there that appeal to you - after all, its never too late to go back to school!

Happy learning!

Karen



The Ford Genealogy Club

Serving Ford Motor Company Employees and Family
since 1995

President	Karen Krugman
Vice President	Diane Oslund
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Web Page	Mark Krugman & Chuck Oslund
Past Presidents:	Steve Brown, Mark Krugman, Chuck Oslund, Karen Krugman & Sharon Brevoort

Meetings: 2nd Thursday each month
5:30pm Regular Meeting
Location: Fairlane Office Centre (FOCI)
Conference Room 2A
6 Parklane Blvd
Dearborn, MI, 48126

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Member Club of FERA
(Ford Employees Recreation Association)

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Queries Free For Members
\$1.00 per 50 words to non members.

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Are your Family Keepsakes safe?

This summer a friend discovered that keepsakes she had stored in her basement (newer house - better basement) were not as safe as she thought they were. Somehow they (some of it) got wet. There was mold and mildew and water damage. She and her husband spent more than a week cleaning out their basement and going through everything stored there. They ended up tossing many things away. Things they did not want to throw away but that were in no condition to be kept any longer.

So my question to you is just how safe are your keepsakes? Are they safe from water damage? From heat? Are they safe from little critters who sometimes get into ones house? Are they in your attic or basement? Just where do you keep your family heirlooms, papers, craft things you want to keep in the family and pass on to your children or grandchildren one day? How long has it been since you've looked at them? Maybe you should check to be sure they are still in good condition and can remain just where they are. Maybe you'll discover you need a better place to store them. Maybe not. But it's sure worth checking out.

My friend is glad to have gone through her things and gotten rid of the damaged beyond repair items. But some of those items were things she did not want to lose. If this had not been discovered now however she certainly could have lost more than she did. Think about it. Be sure your things are safe.

Honoring our Ancestors

Continuing to honor our military ancestors;



William Frank Terns 27 April 1917-14
March 2003 by Georgia Terns Clark

My Dad was born in Detroit, Wayne County, Michigan to Joseph Terns and Antoinette Sellman. He was the middle child of eleven.

In the early 1920s my Dad's family moved to what was then called Springwells where his father was born and raised. Springwells later became the City of Fordson and eventually became part of the City of Dearborn. His family attended St. Alphonse Church and school. My father completed 10th grade and went to work for the Beecher, Peck and Lewis Paper Company. He worked briefly for the Ford Motor Company at the Rouge plant but didn't like the fact that his car was covered with soot and other things that came from the furnaces at the mighty Rouge Plant. In 1940, he got a job with the City of Dearborn as a truck driver for the Department of Public Works.

On 29 April 1941, at age 24, Dad was drafted into the Army Air Corp and did his basic training at Camp Grant in Illinois,

north of the Chicago area. He was then sent to Jefferson Barracks in Missouri, just south of the City of St. Louis and was stationed at Jefferson Barracks for over three years.

Following the Battle of the Bulge, the Army needed more foot soldiers in Europe and in February 1945 my Dad became an infantryman in the Army and was shipped off to Europe. He had attained the rank of Sergeant by this time.

While at Jefferson Barracks, he met my mother and they married 1 January 1942. I was born in St. Louis as were one of my sisters and my brother.

Dad served in the European-African-Middle Eastern (EAME) theater until he was wounded on 11 April 1945 in Kassel, Germany. He recuperated for a time in England prior to being shipped home on 3 June 1945, arriving back in the States on 11 June 1945. He should have been sent to a Veteran's hospital near St. Louis where we were living but instead he was sent to Van Nuys California for additional recuperation and physical therapy. Except for the time that he hitchhiked to St. Louis when my brother was born, he remained in California until December 1945. Part of his physical therapy was learning how to knit. I remember a little maroon colored purse type thing that he had made with the initial "G" on it.

In one of my earliest memories of my Dad, he was in his Army uniform carrying a duffle bag. He was coming into the house in St. Louis and put his finger to his lips to tell us to be quiet. Apparently he was going to surprise my mother. I think this was when he had finally been released from the VA hospital.

Dad received the Purple Heart, Good Conduct Medal, World War II Victory

Medal, American Defense Medal, American Theater Medal and the EAME Medal with two bronze battle stars. He also received a partial veteran's pension for his injuries which in his old age caused him to have problems walking.

My Dad really didn't talk about his war experiences to us kids, except to say that he spent a lot of time saying "Hail, Mary" over and over again. When he was in his late 70s, he would visit the children at Sacred Heart grade school in Dearborn where he was known as Grandpa T and there he spoke about the war. Unfortunately, I didn't hear about this until after he had died. I would have been interested in hearing about his experiences.

Three of my Dad's brothers also joined the service. My uncle Tom was training for the Rangers when he was injured and discharged from the Army. Uncle Jack served as an Army medic in the Pacific and my uncle Howard talked my grandmother into signing for him to join the Marines when he was 17 years old. He, too, served in the Pacific.

After my Dad died, I found his discharge papers where I got most of the information and dates above. Since I had these papers, I decided to contact the National Personnel Records Center in St. Louis, Missouri, sending in the copies of his discharge papers. I received a letter that told me they did not have records for him because of the fire in 1973. They made copies of the papers that I had sent them for their records and made a copy for me. I thought this was rather weird for them to have sent me copies back, since I had sent them photocopies of the original papers but I guess that is the military way.

There is a website to honor your WW II veteran online. Just go to the following and

follow the directions. I think it takes a little while for them to verify the information and you are notified by email when it is online.

<http://www.wwiimemorial.com/default.asp?page=home.asp>

Thanks Georgia for a great article.



Martin Oslund (father) in North Africa, early 1943 submitted by Chuck Oslund

My father, Martin Oslund, has told me a little of his time in the army. He drafted into the army, entering at Pittsburgh, PA, on Apr. 24, 1942. His basic training took place in Georgia, but he did not complete the full training because he was sent to a school for map reading and compass usage. He told me that one time, all his fellow soldiers were getting leave to see family before going overseas, but he did not get a leave and went AWOL back home to Washington, PA, to see his family. When he returned to his unit he was not punished and his orders to go overseas were delayed. Later he did get a leave to return home prior to being sent overseas.

He was sent to Boston, MA, where he would depart, and while he was waiting his parents traveled there by train to see him off. He sailed from Boston on Dec 12, 1942. Mostly the trip was uneventful, but once in the Mediterranean Sea, the ship stayed close to the North African coast. He recalled there was one attack on the ship and all had an assigned place to go when under attack. He said he rushed to the location, but then discovered he was on the wrong side of the ship, so he just stayed put. Finally they disembarked at Oran in Algeria on Dec 20, 1942, just before Christmas.

He became part of the 5th Army Replacement Battalion, 384th Company. The 5th Army was activated Jan 4, 1943 for the defense of Algeria and Morocco. In February, 1943 Rommel attacked US forces in Tunisia forcing a retreat. (See these sites for information about the battle of Kasserine Pass: <http://www.answers.com/topic/battle-of-the-kasserine-pass> and http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Battle_of_the_Kasserine_Pass and <http://www.army.mil/CMH-PG/books/Staff-Rides/kasserine/kasserine.htm>). Although my father was not in any of the battles, Rommel's advance caused my father's unit to retreat; they buried all they could and then they ran for days, leaving everything behind. He said he never recovered any of the personal or military items he had buried.

Eventually, Rommel withdrew due to lack of supplies, and US and British forces retook all of Tunisia; the Germans and Italians left North Africa in May, 1943.

Once my father captured an Italian soldier. At the time he was in charge of six Italian prisoners; each day he gave them work to do around the camp and then escorted them back to their quarters each night. One day he saw an Italian soldier in the distance and

beckoned him over, thinking he was one of his prisoners. However when the Italian soldier got closer he saw he was not one of this prisoners; he was an Italian paratrooper who just wanted to surrender!

In the summer of 1943 my father contracted malaria and was sent to a field hospital for treatment. As the 5th Army moved into Italy, he continued in the replacement battalion. He was able to take a leave to Rome and was blessed by the Pope, even though he was Baptist. This went over well with his future in-laws who were Catholic.

With the war close to ending in Europe in March, 1945, some soldiers were to be sent back to the US early. In the unit my father was in, the commander allowed the soldiers to hold a lottery to choose who would return to the US. My father said he was next to the last one to pick his number and it turned out he got the trip home. He left Italy on Mar 17, 1945 and arrived in the US on Apr 3, 1945. So he got to see family again.

During the summer of 1945 with the Japanese acceptance of unconditional surrender, a new point system was instituted to allow for soldiers to leave the army. My dad was one point short of being demobilized. He was stationed in Indiantown Gap Military Reservation in Pennsylvania. While there he processed many of the men of his unit in Italy. He was finally demobilized on September 30, 1945. He immediately joined the enlisted reserves for 3 years leaving the reserves on September 30, 1948, leaving long before there was any talk of Korea.

I had written the army to get any records they might have for him but I was informed that those records had been destroyed in a fire; so the Army had less information than I had!



Martin Oslund (father), Peggy Doak (cousin),
Gust Oslund (Grandfather)
on Leave in Washington PA November 8, 1942



Martin Oslund (father), Anna DeSensi (mother) in
Washington, PA May 1945, they were married in October
1945.

Time is running out.
If you are going to submit
an article about your
military or Rosy the riveter
ancestor please do so quickly.

Historical Item

Found in the Daily Tribune, Royal Oak, MI Monday
October 31, 1938 page 1

Broadcast Puts Nation Into Panic

By United Press.

NEW YORK—The Federal communications commission investigated a radio program today which caused thousands of persons in every part of the country to believe that the Eastern United States had been invaded by creatures from the planet Mars in the first engagement of a "War of the Worlds".

The hysteria following the hour radio dramatic program swamped police and newspapers of New York City and of New Jersey towns and cities where the Martian adventurers were said to have landed, killing thousands of persons after they left their space rocket.

But it was not limited to the East. In Indianapolis, an unidentified woman ran down the main aisle of St. Paul's Episcopal church, crying: "The world is coming to an end." The congregation was hastily dismissed.

In Toledo, three persons fainted at telephones while trying to call police.

In Chicago, persons ran out of restaurants without finishing their meals.

In Salt Lake City, residents packed their belongings and were only dissuaded from fleeing their homes by proof that it was all just entertainment.

During the skit, two men, both greatly excited and one crying, ran into the Royal Oak police station demanding to know what was happening. Police were unaware of the broadcast.

East Hysterical—

But in the East, in the country being subjected to the "invasion", hysteria ran riot. Several persons came forward to swear they saw the rocket land and "strange creatures" climb out of it. In Newark, N. J., hundreds fled from two city blocks, carrying what possessions they could snatch up in their flight.

Police cars screamed through the streets of a score of towns, responding to frenzied alarms.

The reaction was bitter and the Columbia Broadcasting system, on whose network the program, a dramatization of H. G. Well's novel, "The War of The Worlds", was broadcast, was inundated with protest telegrams and telephone calls and its press department was busy with explanations and apologies.

FCC To Investigate—

In Washington, Frank R. McNinch, chairman of the Federal communications commission, announced that he would investigate at once. He said he had received no complaints, but that the commission could investigate without having received complaints.

"Apparently the broadcast was quite realistic," he said.

McNinch spoke before he went to his office to examine the morning mails and telegrams. Among other officials in the East demanding that the commission do something, was Paul Morton, city manager of Trenton.

The broadcasting system had taken every precaution to prevent anyone thinking its program was real. Program listings in Sunday newspapers had announced that the time between 8 and 9 p. m., would be taken by Orson Welles and the Mercury Theater of the Air in "The War of the Worlds". Welles, 23-year-old playwright and actor, opened the program with a detailed exposition of the series of which the program was a part. Then, four times during the hour broadcast, an announcer broke in to inform listeners that it was a play.

The play was realistic enough that if heard independently of the announcements, it was identical with many ordinary news programs. It began with a weather report. An announcer said that the program would continue with dance music from a hotel. Then came a few minutes of swing music. This was interrupted by a flash reporting that an observatory professor had noted a series of gas explosions on the planet Mars. Then came a series of bulletins and first hand reporting from the scene. One of the first bulletins said a meteor had landed near Princeton, killing 1,500 persons. Soon, another bulletin announced that it hadn't been a meteor at all, but a metal cylinder containing "strange creatures" armed with death rays who were warping on earth's inhabitants. Then an actor, representing the secretary of the interior, came on, spoke of the terrible disaster. Then other officials urged residents to flee the cities.

APRIL ELECTIONS – Important

I know what you are thinking - Its September. Why do I need to think about April Elections? It's rather simple actually. We need some new blood at the helm of the Ford Genealogy Club.

Its time for YOU to step up and take an office. President, Vice President, Newsletter, Secretary - all are available for the taking. The current officers are here and will help you in taking over the position. All you have to do is step up and say "I'd Love to help!" and we can fix you right up! Won't you consider helping???

Schedule

September 13, 2007; Researching Ellis Island
speaker; Jerry Jacobs

October 11, 2007; Soap Box Rules
speaker, Carol Stevens

November 8, 2007; Googling Books
speaker, William Priest

December 13, 2007; our annual Christmas Dinner.

Open for discussion on a restaurant as usual 'on our usual Thursday meeting night' OR moving it to a Friday or Saturday night (has been suggested). Also suggested is a gathering at someone's house with everyone bringing a dish to pass or doing the same at our normal meeting location instead of a local Dearborn eating establishment.

Comments please to either me, Diane at diane@dianesgenealogy.com or Karen at karen@miprofgenie.com. We need to start planning for this.

**Ford Genealogy Club
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Looking Backward To Our Past