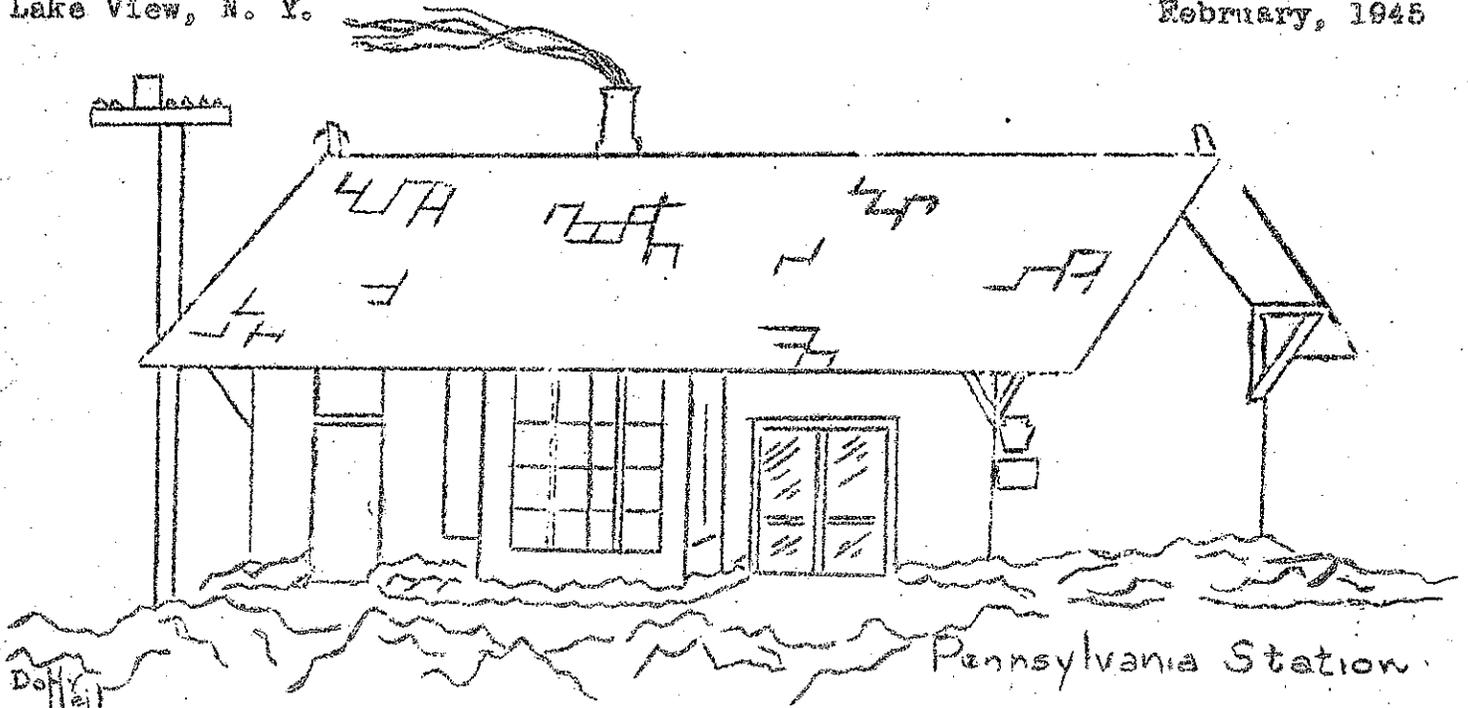


# LAKE VIEW LOCAL

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We who are native born have a country of which we may well be proud. Those of us who have been abroad are better able, perhaps, to make the comparison of our enjoyments and our comforts than those who have stayed at home.

Ulysses S. Grant

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Employees at the Pennsylvania Station extend sincere Greetings and best wishes to all of you in the Service.

Looking forward to seeing you all home again soon.

F. E. McCurdy  
C. W. Grubb  
P. M. Burke



## WITH OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

News from Ft. Wayne, Ind. is that Edward Busha has been promoted to Cpl.

Joe Heiderman who claims to be the only bombardier from our fair village is now a "three-striper."

It's no bed of roses for Bud Fierle somewhere in the vicinity of France but he's still got time to receive a promotion to 1st Lieut.

We knew him when he was a civilian. Now Ray Hender has the new rating of P.F.C.

Newly promoted to Lieutenant is Frank Kielar who is credited with blowing up of two locomotives while combat flying.

Russell Columbo now in Texas-- promoted to S/Sgt.

The 2nd lad from town to have made the Supreme sacrifice is Bob Beckman (better known as Sleep) who died Jan. 8th in Belgium of wounds he suffered four days earlier. Bob, 19, a paratrooper, was a veteran of the Holland invasion and received the Silver Star for knocking out a German machine-gun nest with a bazooka. He also received a Presidential unit citation. He had been in service since Sept. 21, 1943.

This news came to us so unexpectedly that everyone of us felt the grim reality of World War II.

And we know that to each of us and each of you--deep in our hearts he is fondly remembered in a certain special way.

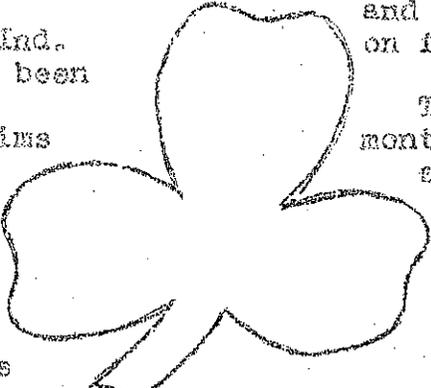
### A MEMORIAL TRIBUTE

They who die for home and country  
In a rude land far away  
They shall live to see more glory  
Than their homeland wears today.

Our two WAVES, Joan Fierle and Gertrude Beckman sailed in on furlough recently.

The mail truck blew in this month with letters (or shall we say behavior reports) from Joe Heiderman, Frank Kielar, Edward Busha, Jim Daniels, and Steve Kielar. It's sure good to hear from you guys.

The low down on Joe Poppenberg is that he graduated at Scott Field, Ill., as a radio specialist.



Success attend St. Patrick's fist,  
For he's a saint so clever;  
Oh! he gave the snakes and toads a twist,  
He banished them forever.

What do you know about that? Joan Fierle's flashing a diamond around. Best wishes Joan, for you and your Marine, Joe Duffy. And that's no malarkey.

Word has been received that Ray Koester was slightly wounded on Luzon.

Nothing further has been heard concerning Jim Flick.

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WAR

LY *Joe* Heiderman

I am the curse----  
That drives strong hands & stout hearts  
To knife and gun.  
I lurk in the black hearts of evil men  
To come out ever so often  
And take my toll among the dead.

My price is dear----  
Tear strained eyes and mummering lips  
Have felt my blow.  
I am the blackest of thieves----  
I rob the rich and poor alike----  
Of food and clothes  
And steal from their hearts  
The joys and pleasures once known.

I am the antonym to everything fine  
and beautiful----  
I am the curse of WAR.



How is it that practically everything here is rationed, and yet snow seems to be as plentiful as ever? What this country needs is less snow.

John Q. Public is keeping a stiff upper lip in view of the cold weather. It seems to us it was definitely chilly in L. V.

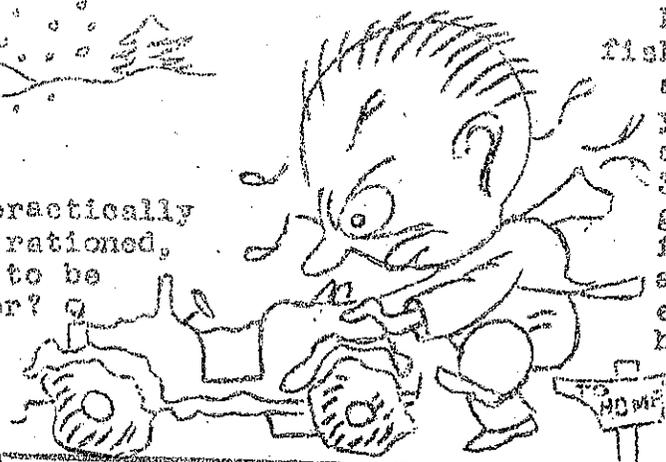
for a couple of mornings when the mercury dropped to 22° below zero on Jan. 26 and the next day to 13° below. Perhaps that's why we saw Helen in Ralph's long underwear one day. (Ho Ho)

And---sit up and take notice--- all activities in our firehall have been suspended because of fuel shortage. In fact it was so snowed in that a rotary plow was called in to plow away the snow.

Lots of people after finding half a dozen seed catalogues in the mail set them aside and went back to snow removal. Yeah, the only tool we use around here is the snow shovel. That's why some of us went to work with a bad case of "droopy lids." And everyone looks like a breath of the north woods in their lumber-jack outfits.

In order to save coal, Buffalo's had its first heatless day. A business holiday was declared and all stores, schools, theatres, etc. except war plants and restaurants were closed for one day. Talk about Lake View being dead, now we can give the razz to the big city.

But you "ain't" heard nothing yet! Taverns and night clubs had a brown-out for approximately a week due to conserving on electricity. If you wanted a drink you had to get it between 11:A.M. & 11:P.M.



During the last few days fishermen have been finding some perch and the odd yellow closs to shore off Pinckurst in 25 to 30 ft. of water. In general, however, the fishing has been poor and most of ice fishing experience on Lake Erie have been having slim pickings.

Did you ever have to shove your car through snow like this? Work up a sweat? Strain your back? Arrive late and mad???

Here's the payoff. Nip Schiedel pulled a boner when he borrowed brother Mike's old jalopy to take ice fishing. Everything would have

been all right if he wouldn't have made a bum steer into a crack in the ice, and left it for the night. Yep, the darn thing sunk to the bottom of Lake Erie. To put our 2 cents worth in we'd say we only hope the fish have some extra gas coupons on hand.

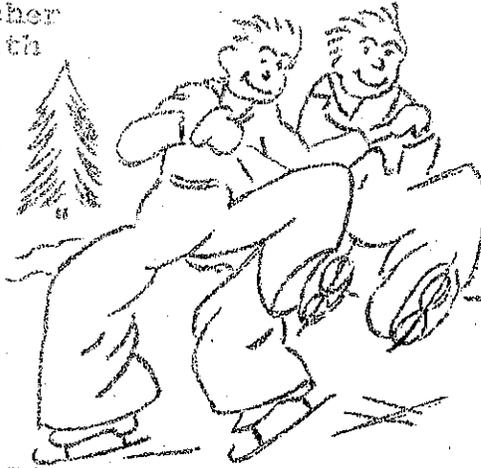
Thought Lake Erie was a landing field when airplanes circled around Wanakah shores searching for 2 Buffalo boys who went ice fishing Sunday and had not returned Monday. However, they were aited & rescued after a sleepless night & futile tramping over the endless lake of ice.

There was a blessed event at the Pat Langbein's home. Its a son --- Frederick John.

There's a Spring-like touch these days to the spacious yard of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Augrom. Daily visitors to the Augrom yard for their ration of grain are 7 pairs of brilliant cardinals. Recently a pair of robins showed up for lunch, leading the Augroms to forecast the coming of Spring, at least within a couple of months.

Someone wanted to know why they didn't name our town "Fierleville" because so many Fierle's are mentioned in this paper.

Who does the dog catcher think he's hounding? With all the remarks heard about him his ears must be ringing plenty. If he shoots any of our dogs here's a pointer for him. Brother, you better get yourself a dog house!!!



Joe Rauch who has been ill and in the hospital must be feeling better. Anyway he puts up a fierce battle when he has to take his pill, we are told.

**FUNOR**

These day's Little Red Riding Hood puts on her new red coat and goes out looking for a wolf.

G.I.'s remark: What I want to get most out of this Army is

One nice thing about living in a small town is that most of the gossip about you sooner or later reaches a friend who lets you in on it.

"If my letter seems blue, ignore it, writes a G.I. from an atoll to the folks at home. "Every morning I get up on the wrong side of the world."

Consider the plight of that office girl. She sang "Don't Fence Me In" till the boss gave her the gate.

She: "Does skating require any particular application?"  
 He: "No; arnica or horse liniment---one's as good as the other."

The Nazis are back where they started in 1939. My how the old place has changed!

**BIRTHDAY GREETINGS**

- 1st Lt. Frank Biggar.....March 4
- S/Sgt. Russell Columbo.....March 6
- Sgt. Frank Coniglio.....March 8
- Pvt. Roy Ebel.....March 8
- Lt. Bernard Patrikus.....March 19
- Cpt. William Kelleher.....March 20
- Pvt. John Hutton.....March 26
- Cpl. Leslie Trinder.....March 31

An all-American Lucky Birthday to you

**"LAST MINUTE FLASH"**

Word has been received that James Flick has been killed in action. Details will be in next issue.

Not for high brows. Just for us folks-----an Art gallery of snapshots from you boys and girls in uniform (pretty sharp too) in Spittlers store now on display in place of the candy (usually so plentiful). If you have any you think will fill the bill---give us an eyeful. Huh?

**Heard in Passing:**

As I was trying to shoe-horn myself aboard a bus into which others were simultaneously seeking admission, a woman ahead of me, somewhat more mauled and mutilated than I, suddenly raised her eyes toward heaven and cried in a loud voice: "Thou Shalt Not Kill."

Well, while on the subject--one of your co-editors, Rita Fierle really was mauled & mutilated. Her big feet got in the way of a bus. She thought she would trip it but it ran right over her "tootsie wootsiee". She'll be up and around soon although right now the Local is being written in a wheel-chair. To all of you who sent such nice get well cards---thanks.

No ice skating on the creek this year because of the excess snow, but here's a newie--the kids find as much pleasure skating in the road. More pants worn out than skates of course. Why? Don't ask. They're not the only ones. Some of the older folks are taking spills too. (Mimis skates)

Eleanor Argus and George Koester must be planning to middle-aisle it soon. Eleanor received her engagement ring for Christmas. Here's happiness and joy to both of you.