Alone and without Patricia I was picked up at the airport in Madison Wisconsin on Thursday, August 2nd, by Kenneth Kozubeck, Joe Ternes, and Aide de Camp Georgia’s Larry Butts. We drove for twenty minutes directly to The American Legion Post 67 in Lake Mills to register for the Grande Promenade. Post 67 is the home of the world famous “American Legion Hamburger Stand”. At the Post joyful Voyageurs and Dames warmly greeted us. Included in that joyful group was our almost most famous Voyageur, the editor of the 40 & 8er, Thomas Orval.

Next stop was Americas Best Value Inn for a greeting by the wives Betty Kozubeck and Carol Ternes. Notably absent was Larry Butt’s almost constant companion Beaulah Thigpen. Shortly after our arrival in came the ever pleasant couple National Presidente Joyce Robberstad and Sous Chef de Chemin de Fer Michael.

We went out to dinner at a restaurant serving truly fine Mexican food. The Chimichangas fully matched the quality of those provided by Chef de Chemin de Fer Passé Bob Molina and lovely wife Becky in their home state of Arizona.

Next morning it was breakfast at the “Breakfast Café” with very good pancakes and a very efficient no-nonsense Viking waitress. Through the generosity of Post 67 Commander, Jamie Zins, the 1st Session of the Grande Promenade was held at his post. The presiding Officer was Grand Chef de Gare Doug Schaller.

We enjoyed lunch at “The American Legion Hamburger Stand” established in 1925. The hamburger stand is located one block from the Post. Next to the hamburgers is the reputedly World Famous and excellent micro-brewed Tyranena beer available on tap. Tyranena is the only brewery in Lake Mills.

Immediately following the Friday afternoon events the Chef de Gare Passé Club meeting convened. Officers were elected and installed. The lengthy installation ceremony for Chef de Gare Passé Officers, published in only some copies the new blue book Manual, had been slightly shortened by Orval Thomas. He provided that shortened copy to me for the installation.

After a brief break we were off to “Harry’s Highway Restaurant” for dinner and conversation. There we celebrated Patricia’s 55th anniversary of our marriage. We joyfully sang Happy Anniversary to Patricia over the phone. Among the revelers present were Joe and Carroll Ternes, Ken and Betty Kozubeck, Don and Faye Emley, Larry Butts, and Steve Brady. Regrettably Jack Eaton was not present. We enjoyed a good meal in a great setting and promptly returned to the motel for raisin-oatmeal cookies.

At the Grande Promenade Saturday morning voyageurs elected and installed new Grande officers. At the Post Saturday evening we enjoyed a well-attended and very pleasant banquet held in a festive atmosphere. Proceedings included an excellent speech by Presidente Joyce Robberstad and a short one by me.

After the banquet we stopped for a turtle ice cream Sunday on the way to the hospitality room at the motel. At the hospitality room we enjoyed more food, drink, camaraderie, and laughter. I retired early for an early Sunday-morning departure to the airport in Madison. There I was dropped off by the same three Voyageurs that picked me up on Thursday.

On August 9th Grand Chef de Gare Jim Coe and Aide de Camp Larry Butts greeted Patricia and me at the Lansing Michigan airport. They welcomed us to the Grand Voiture du Michigan’s Grand
Promenade. At the hotel Joe and Cheryl Jannick, Jim’s wife Loriena, and the leading candidate for 2019 Chef de Chemin de Fer Rick Williams greeted us immediately upon our arrival. A little later Sous Chef de Chemin de Fer Mike Robberstad and National Presidente Joyce Robberstad arrived. We went up to the fifth-floor hospitality room where we did not run out of peeled shrimp. Not running out of peeled shrimp is the very definition of a really good party. We then had dinner at Applebee’s where the quesadilla hamburgers looked particularly enticing. We returned to the hotel where the old people promptly went to bed and the young ones played Dominos until all hours of the night.

Friday was the day for Committee meetings and leisure get-acquainted time.

Saturday was the day for our Memorial Service, Promenade, Cheminot, District Caucuses, Grand Chef Passé Lunch, and Banquet. The Grand Voiture du Michigan elected Robert Bialecki as their new, fun-loving, and excellent Grand Chef de Gare.

Sunday morning Jim Coe drove us to the Lansing airport for our departure homeward.


The deadliest weapon in the world is a MARINE and his rifle!
A competent leader can get efficient service from poor troops, while on the contrary an incapable leader can demoralize the best of troops.

The point I wish to make is that those things cause the soldier to remember that the people at home are behind him. You do not know how much that is going to mean to us who are going abroad. You do not know how much that means to any soldier who is over there carrying the flag for his country. That is the point which should be uppermost in the minds of those who are working for the soldier.

If you know how to shoot, and are quite ready to shoot, the chances are that you won’t have to shoot.

Infantry, Artillery, Aviation—all that we have—are yours to dispose of as you will. . . . I have come to say to you that the American people would be proud to be engaged in the greatest battle in history.

The World War demonstrated the importance of Field Artillery. The majority of casualties were inflicted by the arm.

Emblem Sales Highlight of the Month

This month’s highlight features the 40&8 Horse’s Ass pin. Enjoy giving this “fun” pin to your favorite deserving Voyageur. The part number for this item is 02HASS. The price for this item is $5.25. This item can be ordered at our emblem sales store online at -- http://store.fortyandeight.org/ or contact Landry Foley, E-mail: lfoley@fortyandeight.org Ph. (317) 634-1804 Fax. (317) 632-9365 Voiture Nationale Emblem Sales 250 E 38th Street Indianapolis, IN 46205
“Those three hallowed words reverently dictate what you ought to be, what you can be, what you will be. They are your rallying points: to build courage when courage seems to fail; to regain faith when there seems to be little cause for faith; to create hope when hope becomes forlorn.” This quote is from General Douglas MacArthur’s farewell address to the Corps of Cadets at West Point on May 12, 1962.

I can tell by the look on your face you are wondering what does this quote have to do with the Forty and Eight. Let’s examine those three words: DUTY HONOR COUNTRY

DUTY: Webster’s dictionary defines duty as “conduct or action required by one’s occupation or position.” So what is our duty as 40 and 8ers?
The action that is required by our membership in La Societe des Quarante Hommes et Huit Chevaux is to promote the programs of La Societe to our communities. The programs we need to promote are:

Americanism - Box Car - Carville Star - Child Welfare - Nurses Training
POW/MIA - Veterans Administration Volunteer Services - Youth Sports

Now I know that these are not all of the programs of the 40 and 8. I am asking all of the Grande Directeurs of these programs to help me prepare a flyer outlining the purpose of these programs. The Directeur of Public Relations and I will be working together to develop press releases to promote these programs.

HONOR: Webster’s dictionary defines honor as “an exclusive right, power or privilege; a person of superior standing used especially as a title.

We ARE the honor society of American Veterans….or are we?? Some Voiture Locale Chef de Gares that I have spoken with over the last several years have no idea what the programs of the Forty and Eight are. I and I hope you do also, find that unacceptable. We must start working and promoting the programs of the 40 and 8.

COUNTRY: Webster’s dictionary defines Country as “the land of a person’s birth, residence, or citizenship.”

We have all served in the Armed Forces of our Country. Every one of the programs that we should be putting 120% effort into must be for the benefit of the residents our community.

Therefore, it is our DUTY to work and promote our programs with HONOR for the benefit of the residents of our COUNTRY.

Now the question is “Where do we find the veterans to work these programs?” My standard answer is they are everywhere! What we must do as Voyageurs is to INVITE them to become members. There are Voiture Locales in this Grande that spend more time figuring out how to eliminate someone from membership in the 40 and 8, that is constitutionally qualified for membership, than they do in trying to figure how to invite a veteran to become a member. VOYAGEURS THAT MUST STOP! There are over 60,000 eligible veterans in this state and Grande de Wisconsin has just lost another 100 members because we don’t ask or we place unrealistic requirements upon the potential new members.

The Constitution of La Societe des Quarante Hommes et Huit Chevaux defines membership eligibility as an Honorably Discharged Veteran or an Active Duty service member. Section 4 of Article Five is where the membership problem begins. Some Voitures add unrealistic requirements to the new membership applicant. I am asking each Voiture Locale to look at their additional requirements to see if they meet the constitutional requirements of the La Societe.

In closing I want you to know that I am humbled by the fact that I will be representing each of you at events that are geared toward veterans. We have many challenges facing us in the upcoming months and by putting aside our differences, and working together for the benefit of La Societe Wisconsin WILL become the best Grande in the nation.

Thank you and remember DUTY HONOR COUNTRY

Joe Story - Directeur Membership
George Bush brought to the White House a dedication to traditional American values and a determination to direct them toward making the United States “a kinder and gentler nation.” In his inaugural Address he pledged in “a moment rich with promise” to use American strength as “a force for good.”

Coming from a family with a tradition of public service, George Herbert Walker Bush felt the responsibility to make his contribution both in time of war and in peace. Born in Milton, Massachusetts, on June 12, 1924, he became a student leader at Phillips Academy in Andover. On his 18th birthday he enlisted in the armed forces. The youngest pilot in the Navy when he received his wings, he flew 58 combat missions during World War II. On one mission over the Pacific as a torpedo bomber pilot he was shot down by Japanese antiaircraft fire and was rescued from the water by a U. S. submarine. He was awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross for bravery in action.

Bush next turned his energies toward completing his education and raising a family. In January 1945 he married Barbara Pierce. They had six children—George, Robin (who died as a child), John (known as Jeb), Neil, Marvin, and Dorothy.

At Yale University he excelled both in sports and in his studies; he was captain of the baseball team and a member of Phi Beta Kappa. After graduation Bush embarked on a career in the oil industry of West Texas.

Like his father, Prescott Bush, who was elected a Senator from Connecticut in 1952, George became interested in public service and politics. He served two terms as a Representative to Congress from Texas. Twice he ran unsuccessfully for the Senate. Then he was appointed to a series of high-level positions: Ambassador to the United Nations, Chairman of the Republican National Committee, Chief of the U. S. Liaison Office in the People’s Republic of China, and Director of the Central Intelligence Agency.

In 1980 Bush campaigned for the Republican nomination for President. He lost, but was chosen as a running mate by Ronald Reagan. As Vice President, Bush had responsibility in several domestic areas, including Federal deregulation and anti-drug programs, and visited scores of foreign countries. In 1988 Bush won the Republican nomination for President and, with Senator Dan Quayle of Indiana as his running mate, he defeated Massachusetts Governor Michael Dukakis in the general election.

Bush faced a dramatically changing world, as the Cold War ended after 40 bitter years, the Communist empire broke up, and the Berlin Wall fell. The Soviet Union ceased to exist; and reformist President Mikhail Gorbachev, whom Bush had supported, resigned. While Bush hailed the march of democracy, he insisted on restraint in U. S. policy toward the group of new nations.

In other areas of foreign policy, President Bush sent American troops into Panama to overthrow the corrupt regime of General Manuel Noriega, who was threatening the security of the canal and the Americans living there. Noriega was brought to the United States for trial as a drug trafficker.

Bush’s greatest test came when Iraqi President Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait, then threatened to move into Saudi Arabia. Vowing to free Kuwait, Bush rallied the United Nations, the U. S. people, and Congress and sent 425,000 American troops. They were joined by 118,000 troops from allied nations. After weeks of air and missile bombardment, the 100-hour land battle dubbed Desert Storm routed Iraq’s million-man army.

Despite unprecedented popularity from this military and diplomatic triumph, Bush was unable to withstand discontent at home from a faltering economy, rising violence in inner cities, and continued high deficit spending. In 1992 he lost his bid for reelection to Democrat William Clinton.
Charlie Ardery is dead.

We buried him on July 2 in a little cemetery near his farm home in Indiana. Voyageurs were there from many parts of the country-friends-family.

The longest of days must reach evening at last. Charlie Ardery’s days had been long and full of achievement in the vital field of leadership -- crowded with deeds of kindness for his fellow man. All of us knew that we were laying to rest a truly great man. All of us were grateful that we had been privileged to know him, to have him as a friend.

Memory flew back over the years as we sat in his church, looking to where he lay amid mountains of farewell flowers. Some of us could remember back to when he first came to Indianapolis to begin his work in the newly established headquarters of Voiture Nationale. That was in 1924. He looked like a boy then, but he was not so young as he looked. Behind him already were years of rugged work in the building of the Pacific Northwest--driving railroads through the mountains--of war service and of organizing the veterans of that war. He was, in fact, in his middle thirties.

The office of Correspondant National was entrusted to him that year of 1924. And for 39 years he was Correspondant National-the National Executive Officer of the Forty and Eight. Also during many of these years he contributed much to the national leadership of the America Legion, his counsel helping guide the Legion along the course which made it such a powerful force for the good of the war veteran and the good of America.

Although he was 76 years of age and had been on sick leave much of the time since last fall, we were not prepared for the departure of Charlie W. Ardery. It happened suddenly on Sunday morning, June 30, as he was getting ready to go to church. His call came and in thirty minutes he was gone.

Telephones carried the news to close friends over the country. Airplanes brought them swiftly, sorrowfully, to say a last good bye. Among the first arrivals was the Chef de Chemin de Fer, J. Frank Graham, Jr., from Texas.

Following the Chef de Chemin de Fer came Voyageurs from all over the nation--Chefs de Chemin de Fer Passé, officers of Voiture Nationale and Grandes Voitures--friends of forty years, friends of a few years. From those who could not come there came messages and flowers. All La Société paid a heartfelt tribute to its greatest Voyageur.

Memorial Service was conducted in the Mortuary in Westfield the night of July 1, led by Voyageurs from many parts of the United States.

Funeral Service was held the afternoon of July 2 at First Baptist Church of Indianapolis. Service at the grave was conducted by the Masonic Lodge of Westfield.

As we left the cemetery, we found ourselves wondering what made Charlie Ardery the man he was--what rare ingredients went into his life.

Charles Walker Ardery was born in Savannah, Missouri, on November 27, 1886. His boyhood was spent in Montana when life there was frontier living, and boys had adventure and worked hard. He lived in Virginia City, gold mining town famous for its vigilantes, and his life there must have been strenuous and exciting. He handled horses, dug gold, hunted over the sweeping hills of southwestern Montana, and did the heavy chores that came to boys of that place in those days.

Although he never grew very tall, not more than five-foot-six, he developed a pair of shoulders and a set of legs that were adequate for any situation, even in frontier Montana. He could run like an Indian, was as quick as a mountain lion and just about as hard to handle. When he went to the University of Montana, they found the little guy useful as a ball carrier in the battering-ram type of football played in those days. If they couldn’t blast a hole in the line, they just picked him up and threw him over it. He also ran on the Uni-
Ardery was a good soldier recruiting station. Private He ran directly to an Army about a war being declared. Charlie happened to be in Seattle when he heard something about a war being declared. One day in the spring of 1917, the civilized just about wrecked town, their enthusiasm for road builders finally did get to when a roaring gang of railroad for coming out of the wilderness the West had to offer, and Charlie was naturally attracted to the tough job of railroad construction.

A railroad construction camp in the mountains in those days was a rugged place for a rugged man. It took a quick mind and hard fists to handle a crew of the robust characters which the railroads assembled to hew out road beds and lay steel through the mountains of the north-west. This life must have hammered strength and toughness into Charlie.

Sometimes he would be in the mountains for six months before coming out of the wilderness to visit a town. And when a roaring gang of railroad builders finally did get to town, their enthusiasm for civilization just about wrecked the place.

One day in the spring of 1917, Charlie happened to be in Seattle when he heard something about a war being declared. He ran directly to an Army recruiting station. Private Ardery was a good soldier from the start. Soon he was recommended for promotion to Private First Class but his promotion was turned down because there were no vacancies in that grade.

In the confusion of these early days of World War I, when green, inexperienced officers were trying frantically to whip together a fighting army out of a herd of eager but militarily ignorant men, finding a man like Charlie Ardery was like finding a five-dollar gold piece in a pile of pennies. Before he had picked up many cigarette butts at Fort Lawton, he was sitting at a desk in his Major’s office with sergeant’s stripes on his sleeves. He didn’t know much about the Army but he did know how to handle men and get things done. He also knew when to throw the book of regulations out of the window and use common sense.

All of this ability didn’t help Charlie in his desire to get to France where the fighting was going on. No Commanding Officer in his right mind would have approved the transfer of a sergeant like Charlie. He was too valuable right where he was. It was only by putting through his own application for officers’ training camp that he got away from his administrative job at Fort Lawton.

With the gold bars of a new Second Lieutenant on his shoulders, Charlie went to San Antonio, Texas, under what he thought were orders assigning him to an outfit ready to start overseas. Things turned out otherwise. He found himself attached to a supply company of some 500 men, and before long he was in command of this company.

The end of the war found Charlie still in San Antonio, where he stayed during the demobilization period. When Alamo Post No. 2 of The American Legion was organized in San Antonio in 1919, he became a charter member, beginning his long career of American Legion service.

After separation from the service, he returned to Seattle and transferred his American Legion membership to Seattle Post No. 18. Before long he was Post Adjutant.

Now being Adjutant of a big American Legion Post in those early days was a full-time, night and day job with no pay. There was no Veteran Administration, no organized system for taking care of the sick, disabled or jobless veterans, so the burden fell on the American Legion. In addition to handling all the problems of the newly returned veterans, the young Seattle Post undertook several big projects. Charlie put in a couple of busy years as Post Adjutant.

Meanwhile, an inner-Legion society known as the Forty and Eight had sprung up and was sweeping the country, Charlie Ardery was one of its first west coast members. Then, in 1921, when Howard E. MacDonald of Seattle was appointed Correspondent National and moved Voiture Nationale headquarters to Seattle, Charlie went to work as MacDonald’s assistant.

After serving a couple of years as Sous Correspondant National, Charlie was appointed Auditeur National at the Fourth Promenade Nationale in San Francisco in 1923, at which Lyle D. Tabor of Michigan was names Correspondant National. In January, 1924 Voiture Nationale Headquarters were moved from Seattle to Indianapolis, Charlie coming along. In May of that year he took over the job of Correspondant Welfare Committee. After George Dobson was elected Chef de Chemin de Fer in August, 1924, he appointed Charlie as Correspondant National.

At that time the Forty and Eight had about 25,000 Voyageurs and was just beginning to feel its way into the big service programs through which it contributed so much to the growth and achievement of the American Legion.

When Charlie Ardery took over at Voiture Nationale a steady, sound build of strength and activities began. This continued, interrupted only by the worst of the depression years, until Voyageur strength doubled and redoubled, reaching a peak of more than 100,000 with a
corresponding increase in accomplishments.

All through the years between the wars, Charlie had been an officer in the Army Reserves and when the bombs fell on Pearl Harbor he was a Major. Called to active duty in the summer of 1942, his age and organizational experience dictated an administrative assignment for him.

During his three years of service in World War II, he had various assignments in the Adjutant General’s Department, in Selective Service, and in WAC Recruiting. His ability to cut through red tape and things done kept his part of the Washington operation moving forward efficiently. He won promotion to Lieutenant Colonel and the Legion of Merit decoration.

As soon as the war was over and he was out of uniform, Charlie was back in his office at Voiture Nationale in Indianapolis. The happiest man to see him come was N. Carl Nielsen, Commissaire Intendant National, who at severe personal sacrifice filled the office of Correspondant National while Charlie was away. Carl Nielsen, along with Joel Bunch, Sous Correspondant National, who took over during Charlie’s illness, are probably the only two Voyageurs who have a realistic conception of how much work of how many different types Charlie turned out from the Correspondant National’s office.

When he moved back to Indianapolis from Washington with his wife and son at the end of World War II, Charlie bought a farm north of the city with perhaps some idea of rural relaxation. As it happened, his wife, Jane, had to take charge of the farm operations. His son, Charles, Jr., was a six-foot college senior at this time. For Charlie, Sr., there was the Forty and Eight, growing bigger and demanding almost every minute of his time. Days, nights and weekends he gave to the affairs of La Société, working countless hours with untiring devotion.

When he was 65 years old in November on 1951, Charlie tried to comply with the compulsory retirement mandate of American Legion National Headquarters, but it didn’t work. The Executive Committee of the Cheminaux Nationaux accepted his retirement with the provision that he continue to serve in an advisory capacity. A new Correspondant National was named but it was soon apparent that the highly complex job of La Société’s Executive Secretary could not be mastered by a new man overnight, so Charlie had to stay at his desk. And when the new man didn’t work out, Charlie took up the whole load again.

So it went on through the years, with Charlie working practically night and day-no vacations, few holidays-for the Forty and Eight. Then one day last September while in Washington, D.C., on Forty and Eight duty, Charlie Ardery at last felt the weight of his years and his hard work. He suffered a sudden stroke from which he never fully recovered.

Friends in every part of the country were united in grief at the passing of Charlie Ardery. He was known everywhere there is a Voiture of the Forty and Eight or a Post of the American Legion. And wherever he was known, he was admired as a man, and loved as a friend. Expressions of sympathy and grief came in hundreds of letters received by Jane Ardery, his wife, who with his son, Charles, Jr., Judge of the Hamilton County, Indiana, Circuit Court; two grand-daughters, and a sister survived.

When we left Charlie there beneath the maples, all of us felt that we had been highly privileged to have known him, to have worked with him, to have been associated with his full and purposeful life. We knew that we had said a last good-bye to a great Voyageur and Legionnaire, and to a great American.