



Lewis Beeson

July 1, 1914 - November 25, 2007

No obituary found for this tribute.

Tribute Wall

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“ In my tribute to my Dad, I had referenced some questions about the Christmas of 1945. My Aunt Carol did add in some additional interesting detail, when we asked her about it...Linda and I did chat briefly with my Aunt Carol about Christmas in 1945. Carol had briefly attended Olivet Navarene College in Kankakee, Il and was there in December of 45. The day that she took the train back home for Christmas she ran into a problem in Indianapolis as the Station was flooded with Soldiers. In my Aunt Carol's words the Army had just "turned 'em loose". So she called home and her father and her brother Carl drove out to pick her up. When they got back home she said "I heard a familar voice". My Dad had been one of the soldiers "turned loose". Carol and my Dad without either one knowing the other's plans arrived back home for Christmas on the same night back in 1945.,

Anthony Beeson - April 14, 2015 at 12:00 AM

“My Hero, My Dad I remember seeing a poster once. It showed a burly farmer in his overalls holding a baby chick in his massive hands. The caption said something like, *True Strength is Gentle, and true Gentleness is Strong*. It instantly made me think of my Dad, and it does still to this day. Though he had a large frame, he was the most Gentle Man I ever knew. I appreciate his humility and humbleness. It is a character trait sorely lacking in our world today. Lewis Aaron Beeson was born on July 1, 1914. He was the oldest of four children his siblings being Carl, Wilbur and his younger sister Carol. His parents were Harley and Edith (Woolard) Beeson of Dalton, IN. My dad was born on a farm known as *the Nickum Place* not far from Dalton, or what used to be known as Franklin, IN. The Beesons were so populous in and around Franklin that it was also known as *Beeson Town*. The family alternated back and forth between the Nickum farm and another, smaller 40-acre farm east of Dalton that my Dad's father called *Rabbit Ridge*. Dad received his early school education in the little two room school house in Dalton, and went to High School in Hagerstown where he graduated in 1932. As he progressed in his Alzheimer Disease these last few years, he seemed to zero in more on early Dalton memories as opposed to anything more recent. He often asked me if I went to school there, which unfortunately I did not. We made several trips back to Dalton over the past several years, insisting each time that he hadn't been back in years. He always seemed shocked that things had changed *There used to be an Apple Orchard right there*, but I was pleased that at least those kinds of memories remained sharp. Two years out of High School and in the heart of the Depression, my Dad took a job with Perfect Circle Piston Ring Company where he worked for the next 44 years. The Teetor ownership considered the 4 years he spent in the Army as part of his years of service calculation. He retired in 1979. My Dad got nearly 30 years of retirement in. I think he got his money's worth out of the Dana Retirement Plan! If maybe he helped contribute to their bankruptcy. Uncle Sam did interrupt my father's career at *the factory*. Dad was inducted into the Army on April 15, 1942. During World War II my Dad served in the

Army Air Corp as an aircraft inspector. When I was a boy, he would buy me model airplane kits of the B-17, B-24, B-25, P-38 planes that he worked on. I crawled all over every inch of those planes he used to say. He was stationed in Great Falls, Mt; Edmonton, Alberta and Fort Nelson, B.C. All places I've never been. If I have one regret, it is that we never took a trip to see these places. If I ever do go to Fort Nelson, British Columbia, I'll take my overcoat. My Dad said that he saw a thermometer reading of 55 below zero. So cold that rubber hoses become brittle as glass, gasoline becomes like jelly, and any exposed skin instantly gets frostbite. I have a precious shoebox full of letters that my dad wrote to his family during the War. Here is an excerpt of one that I find especially poignant: Mon Eve Aug 13 (1945), Dear Folks, Well I am still waiting to hear some news but it seems that you can't even hear rumors anymore. I am beginning to think maybe the War isn't over after all. Last night we got word the War was over which was soon denied but in the meantime the boys had started celebrating and didn't stop, so they had quite a time last night. The Japanese had indeed surrendered, but the Northwest Air Route needed to remain in service to bring the boys in the Pacific Theater back home. My Dad stayed on in Canada until Christmas time, when he was allowed to come back home for good. I can only imagine what a special Christmas 1945 must have been. Maybe sister Carol can tell us, as she would be the only one left with the direct memory. When he was discharged in Janua

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Culberson Funeral Home - April 14, 2015 at 12:00 AM