

# MY GRANDPA CUBALO

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4th Hour

### My Grandpa Cubalo

Despite a 52-year difference in our ages, my Grandfather and I have similar personalities and interests. We are both very outgoing and usually have a happy attitude toward life. I found out during the interview that he and I both prefer outdoor activities to school. My Grandfather had a bumpy childhood, but always kept a happy and carefree attitude. He had lots of friends and relatives who helped him conquer major problems in his life.

My Grandfather, Lloyd Dale Cubalo, was born October 4, 1929 in Oscoda, Michigan at the home of his Grandma and Grandpa Gallagher. His parents were Bessie Mae Gallagher Cubalo and Michael Cubalo. He had an older sister, Ruth, who was born in Detroit in 1923, when his father worked at the Ford Motor Company in Highland Park, Michigan. When Michael Cubalo's father died in 1924, they moved to the Cubalo family farm in Hawes Township in Alcona County, Michigan to live with Michael's mother, Josephine Cubalo (L. VanderLinde interview).

When my Grandfather was four years old, his father, two uncles and two friends were hunting in the swamp near their home when a reckless young hunter only 18 years old mistook the hunting party for a deer. The bullet whizzed by two of his uncles and hit his father in the back of the head. An ambulance from the nearby town of Lincoln took him to the hospital in Alpena. My great-grandma rushed to the hospital to see her husband. He was in a coma, but as she held his hand, he was somehow able to spin her wedding ring. My great-grandma asked the doctor, "Oh, doctor, can he survive?" The doctor replied, "Lady, he had a cup of brains in his cap." My great-grandpa only lived for 60 hours after the accident. My Grandfather remembers the funeral,

even though he was only four. He remembers the casket being at the end of the house with his Pa laying in it, and two lamps at both ends of the casket (Cubalo interview).

Since he had no father, he had many adult men in his life. He had uncles and other adult acquaintances who looked after him. One of his favorite memories as a small child was ice fishing in a shanty on Hubbard Lake with his uncle and watching the fish swim by the hole in the ice. It reminded him of looking at fish in an aquarium (Cubalo interview).

My Grandpa grew up during the years of the Great Depression. "During a depression, prices and wages fall. People have less money, so they buy fewer things. Because fewer things are sold, there are fewer jobs" (Stapler 195). It was especially hard on farmers. Because of drought and undercut prices for farm crops in the 1930's, many farm families had little or no money (Watkins 189). As he was growing up, life during the depression was very rough. They were extremely poor. When his father died, his mother, sister and he moved from the Cubalo farm to a tarpaper shack on the Gallagher farm. His mother received five dollars a month from the Detroit man who accidentally shot her husband, and also got two dollars a month as a widow's pension from the county. To pay the bills, they bartered cattle, cream, butter and eggs. His mother also sold the automobile to help with family funds. In 1937, his mother started working at the Lincoln Post Office to support her family and she worked there for 33 years (Cubalo interview).

My grandfather contributed to the family welfare by doing various chores, such as going to the woods and collecting pine knots for fuel. Sometimes he put the pine knots in a wagon or sometimes he just carried them in a pail. He also fed the cows and chickens and worked in the garden. He and his friends went up and down the abandoned railroad tracks, pulling out the

spikes to sell for scrap metal. It was a period of time when the poor were poor and everyone he knew was poor. He didn't miss having money because no one had any money (Cubalo interview).

He did miss having a bicycle. He always wished he had a bike, but never could afford it. He always wished that his rich relatives in the city would send him a bike for Christmas, but they always sent him warm undergarments. One year, he was dismayed to receive a pair of red and green argyle socks from his aunt. He hated them and wouldn't wear them. One day there were no clean pairs of socks except for the argyles. His mother made him wear them to school, so he put his buckle boots over top of them. When he got to school, he took off his coat, but not his boots. When he went to sit down, the buckles jingled and jangled. The teacher heard the noise, and asked, "Lloyd, please take off your boots!" My Grandpa refused, because he was embarrassed of his socks. The teacher said angrily, "Lloyd, take off your boots, or I'll paddle you!" but he still refused. The teacher took him in the back room and paddled him. After the paddling, he still wouldn't take them off, so he was sent home from school in disgrace. His mother never made him wear that pair of socks again (Cubalo interview).

During his school years, my Grandfather did not have a hard time with his school work. He told me he was "brilliant." During his teen-age years, he was an obnoxious ham and he wanted attention, so he didn't pay as much attention to his school work as he should have. He graduated from Oscoda High School in 1948 with good, but not superb, grades. Too bad there was no money for higher education (Cubalo interview).

One time my Grandfather was in trouble with the law. It all started one day when he and his friend went to the swimming hole and a thunderstorm came up. They were running towards

shelter and he and his friend knew of an unoccupied cottage by the lake. The door was open and they went inside to weather the storm. While there, they noticed paint, rags, and linoleum apparently left behind. Several days later, an acquaintance of theirs was rowing a boat and asked them if they wanted a ride. He was lamenting that his boat was in dilapidated condition, so they quickly volunteered the information that they knew of some paint, rags, and linoleum. They went back to the cottage and quickly procured those essentials and refurbished the boat. A few days later, they were rowing their prize boat around the lake and a woman came out and she asked, "Who owns this boat?" They proudly announced the owner and she quickly advised them that her paint and linoleum beautified their vessel. Grandpa and his friends quickly anchored the boat at shore and disappeared to his farm home. Shortly thereafter, the county sheriff entered the barn where he and his friends were feeding the cattle and advised them that they were being charged with theft and destruction of property. The paint and linoleum were to be used by the new owners to refurbish the cottage. It turned out that the lady was not interested in the used paint, but the fact that someone had ruined all the wallpaper in the house, which my Grandfather did not do. The charges against him and his friends were dropped (Cubalo interview).

After high school, my Grandfather many different jobs. The first one was in construction because that was a very local job and he didn't have to move away from home. Construction was the main business in the area during the season of April through October. On the off-season, he worked in the woods cutting Christmas trees and cedar posts. Both of these jobs were backbreaking labor and did not coincide with his "brilliance." He had to leave his secure childhood environment to make money in order to get married and start a family. He moved to the Detroit area and got a job in truck transportation. Because of his strong knowledge of

accounting and arithmetic, he was able to get a job without a college degree. He started working at Great American Trucking Company as an accounting clerk and over seven years, he worked his way up to vice president. For many years, he was the Terminal Manager. "The position requiring the greatest versatility and offering perhaps the greatest source of satisfaction in the trucking industry is that of terminal manager, particularly in a multi-terminal system" (Eskow 49). He stayed in truck transportation in a management capacity until he retired, but he worked for many other companies. Truck transportation was much more challenging and profitable than cutting cedar posts (Cubalo interview).

While at home, my Grandpa met my Grandma, Kathryn Olson Cubalo, from the nearby town of Spruce. Eventually they got married and had four children, the eldest being my mother Lynn, then Sonja, Mary Kay and Lloyd Michael. My Grandma and Grandpa lived in the Detroit area until he retired in the mid 1980's and built a house across the street from his mother's house in Lincoln, Michigan. The house is in the woods where he used to play when he was a boy. When I visit him, I like to do lots of things with him. We both like to snowmobile and drive the tractor around. We both like to go hunting and tromp around in the woods. Even though he's 67 years old, he is still very active. He chops his own wood, goes cross-country skiing in the winter, and plows the fields in the summer to plant sunflowers, corn and rye.

My Grandpa is a big man and very strong. He can split gigantic pieces of wood with one swing of the maul. He has a big, thick neck and broad shoulders. He wears glasses and has a deep voice. He has a grin that crosses both sides of his face. He laughs a lot and usually is in an all-around good mood.

I can see that my Grandpa and I have similar likes and dislikes. I'm glad I get to see him so often, even though he lives far away. It was fun to learn about his life story and find out more about my family history. I hope my Grandfather and I will be able to do many more things together in the future.

1. When I grew up we had to contribute to the family welfare by doing various chores, such as going to the woods and collecting pine knots for fuel in a wagon or with a pole.
2. No because it was a period of time when the poor were poor and everyone I knew was poor. If you don't have it you don't miss it.
3. Going ice fishing with my uncle in a shanty on Hubbard Lake and watching the fish swim by the hole in the ice like an aquarium.
4. I was an obnoxious ham and I wanted attention.
5. Easy, I was very brilliant.
6. I was a woodsman, a construction worker, and truck transportation. Construction was the main activity locally in the season April-October. You worked in the woods cutting cedar post and Christmas trees and timber both of these were backbreaking and did not coincide with my brilliance. Truck transportation was much more challenging and profitable work. I was from an accounting clerk to the vice president.
7. I had lots of important people in my life. My father was killed in hunting season when I was 4. Since I had no father I had lots of uncles and adult men acquaintances, older adopted brothers, and friends. The casket was at the end of the house and there was two lams lots of things happened at the age of 4 we left my home and move into a tar paper shack in 1933. That was because my dad had been killed in a hunting so called accident.
8. One of the troubles that we had been to the swimming hole and a thunderstorm came up and we were running towards shelter and a friend and I had known that a cottage was unoccupied by a lake the door was open and we went inside to weather the storm. While there we noticed paint, rags, and lanolin apparently left behind. Several days later an acquaintance of ours was rowing a boat and asked us if we wanted a ride. He was lamenting that his boat was in deplorable condition we quickly volunteered information that we knew of some paint and rags and some lanolin. We quickly procured those essentials and refurbished the boat. A few days later we were rowing our prize boat around the lake and a woman came out and she asked who owned the boat and we proudly announced the owner and she quickly advised that this was her paint and lanolin that butified the vessel my friend and I quickly anchored the boat at shore and disappeared to my farm home. Shortly there after the county sheriff entered the barn where my friend and I were feeding the cattle and advised that we were being charged with theft and destruction of property which later proved that we used many of the items inside the home that was there to refurbish by the new owners.
9. Problems were being very self conscious because as I grew older I realized that I was very poor and not very handsome and the combination to a child was devastating.
10. I grew up in the depression years in 1929. All through the thirties was very difficult because there was no money for the poor. We bartered cattle, cream milk, and butter so even in our rural



community even when the city folks were earning many dollars producing munitions the rural area did not benefit quickly from the war material inflation. There was no money for advanced education until the fiftys. So because I had a strong knowledge of accounting figures arithmetic I was able to work in the trucking industry without formal education. I had to leave my secure childhood enviromet and go to a big city in order to make a living, raise a family and return to the secure enviroment

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