

"The Rest of the Story"¹

in his own words by Lloyd D. Cubalo (written November 2006)

November brings the urge for me to be a mighty hunter of whitetail bucks, with the camp camaraderie and visiting those acquaintances from other camps in the area that I've been greeting annually for more than 50 years. It is a cherished time of reminiscing and updating health, camp activities and family events for the past year.

November also brings back the memories of this month in 1933. Now four years old in October, my Mother, my Dad, my Sister, and I were living in a house owned by Dad's Mother, my Grandmother. This morning in deer season, late November, I was looking out the window when I noticed my Uncle Joe's car skidding around the corner of the lane from the main road to our house. It seemed when he came in the house that everyone started to cry and were very emotional. Uncle Joe was bringing news that my Dad had been accidentally shot by another hunter and was being rushed to Alpena Hospital. Uncle Joe took Mother to Alpena to be with Dad.

He died the following day and the next I remember was the casket at the end of the living room with my Dad lying in it. The lights were dim with a rose backdrop. Many people came and looked at him there and I did, too. I can't recall being too sad but more excited because of all the visitors coming to our house with food, hugs and kisses and flowers.

Neither was I bothered at the time that a youth eighteen years old had aimed a rifle and fired a bullet that missed two of Dad's friends by inches and struck my father in the back of the head. I did not know until later that his name was E.J. LaRose and that he was the son of a well-to-do owner of the LaRose Meat Markets in northeast Detroit. I did know that, from this year of the Great Depression 1933 and several years that followed, many life changes came to me, my sister Ruth and my Mother, but life still went on!

As in Paul Harvey's radio episodes he brings "The Rest of the Story," and I have one also. It was an evening after work in 1977 or 1978. I was with a dispatcher from the Detroit truck terminal that I managed. We were having a boss- employee discussion over a beer at a local bar when I became distracted or attracted. At the other end of the bar was a man that for whatever reason took my attention until he departed. I called the barmaid and asked her if she knew the man who had been sitting at the far end of the bar? She said, "yes, he is the salesman from the distributor we buy our wines from. His name is E.J. LaRose, his family owned LaRose Markets and they sold to Great Scott Markets" (food chain stores in the Detroit area during this time). She also said he had incurable cancer. At 48 or 49 years old I saw the man who fired the fatal shot that killed the father. Neither he nor I had the chance to know.
(Contributed by Lloyd's daughter, Lynn Vanderlinde,)

Lloyd D. Cubalo died at age 82 on April 24, 2012. For many years he was a member of the Board of Directors of the Alcona Historical Society. He was a thoughtful man who gave careful consideration to issues that came before the Board. He asked the tough questions that led to clarification. His was often in the minority, sometimes the only "No" vote. In the British House of Commons he would have been considered to be a member "of the loyal opposition."
Lloyd D. Cubalo (1929-2012)

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