

Hi my name is Bob Trierweiler, Postmaster, Westphalia, Michigan. Has a nice ring to it don't you think? It almost didn't happen. Let me tell you my story...

I was the first son born to Herman and Caroline Platte Trierweiler on April 17, 1923. Raised on the farm on Pratt Road. Mike and Karen Pung live there now. Upon graduation from high school, I went to work for the Ford Motor Company in Dearborn, Michigan until I got my Uncle Sam wants you letter.

On January 26, 1943, I along with 43 young men, were sworn into the United States Armed Forces. We were only allowed to come home once and only for a week after our induction to finalize all our affairs because we were sworn in to serve and I quote, "for the duration of the War plus 6 months." It seemed like an eternity. For some it was.

On February 3, 1943, we all boarded the train to St. Johns for the trip to Fort Custer, also known as the Induction Center. The next three days we were given our uniforms, physicals, shots, learned Army language and Army habits. Because I was taller, I was detained at Fort Custer for almost a month. During this time I was taught to be a fireman. Not to put out fires, but to keep fires burning in boilers, barracks and toilets. You can imagine this kept me busy in winter in Michigan.

Once my basic training was completed and my assignment was given, I served time as a truck driver with the 3816 Quartermaster Gasoline Supply Company. I was fortunate in a way to become a truck driver because it got me a chance to see a lot of the countries, but it also came with many risks. On October 28, 1944, the good Lord was with me on my journey. My truck, which usually carried gallons and gallons of gasoline, was supplied with oil. I was the 12in truck in a convoy, coming down a steep hill in Maastricht, Holland when two bikers came off a side road at the bottom of this hill. I swerved to avoid them. My truck skid on this muddy road and rolled several times. If I would have had gasoline I would have burned to death. I had 4 shattered ribs on my left side, a hole in my left leg, a left shoulder injury, a broken jaw and any skin that wasn't covered with clothing was torn and scratched. From October 29 until the day after Thanksgiving I was in the

Dangerously Ill room. I had several surgeries and by the grace of God started for home early March of 1945 for a 30 day recuperation.

I was welcomed home by a brass band on my front porch playing Marching Music. I think that is what may have got me to join the Westphalia Band. I played the tuba with this harmonious group of people, along with my brother Don. My youngest brother Gerry played the trombone. After many years my daughter Cindy joined playing her clarinet. Not many father daughter teams got that honor.

Now back home I needed to find a job. The Westphalia Post Office originated in 1850 with Reverend Father Godez handing out the mail. Augusta Martin was the Postmistress in 19--, getting along in years she was looking for someone to take her place. Since I was kinda liking this hometown of mine, I decided this was the job for me. Back then, you had to live in the Village limits, so I took up residence with Mary and John Bengel. I became acting Postmaster on June 30, 1946 and became Postmaster on June 2, 1949.

The Post Office was located in Augusta Martin's home and since she was retiring, her husband Anthony thought it would be nice if I relocated the Post Office. I bought property at 114 Main Street and build the Westphalia Post Office. Now, Albin Hengesbach's family owns the building. Life was pretty darn good but I decided to make it better...I married the love of my life, Eileen Wieber, on August 10, 1949. We had three great children, (just ask them) Daniel Robert, Cynthia Louse and Patricia Ann.

(LOOKING OVER THE COUNTER LIKE TO HELP SOMEONE) What you say little guy...you can't remember your combination. Well, lets see...that's B to the left...then go around twice and end at the H...now go back to the left and go right between the EF. Just remember...**Boy How Everything Flies**. Got it? I knew you could do it.

(BACK TO PUTTING MAIL IN THE BOXES) Oh, this ones for me....from the Government...hmmm (OPEN ENVELOPE) Dear Robert Trierweiler, The US Postal System would like to offer you a position....Oh heavens... I might as well throw this right in the garbage... My wife Eileen will NEVER move out of Westphalia.

(THROW LETTER AWAY) You know the old saying Happy wife, Happy life!!

Westphalia was booming and things were busy at the Post Office. In 1946 there were 123 boxholders and it increased to 280 in 1975. Today I hear it has 541 AND we have rural routes. While I was the Post Master I had the joy of working with a wonderful gal named Rita Freund. She worked from 4-6 Monday through Friday and Saturday Mornings. Not many people know this, but there was a time when I had 3 "penny saver" newspapers to put in those darn mailboxes before the 1st class mail was distributed. I had my high school aged children come in before school to help put those news papers in the boxes. I followed with the 1st class mail...that was something the children were not allowed to touch. My claim to fame...all 1st class mail in those mailboxes by the time that front door was opened! Oh how I loved my job...but I also loved deer hunting and gardening.

I had my deer hunting buddies Herm Geller, Fred Barker, Francis Platte and Julius Pohl. Later after the passing of several of these deer guys John Lehman, Jerry Wirth, Larry T Schaefer and Allan Smith joined us. Oh, the stories I could tell... but they only gave me 10 minutes to do this life of mine.

Well, I retired in 1980....but not for long. I worked alongside Marvin Platte putting in drain fields...And I thought the Armed Forces was bad. That went on for a few years until my wife and son *encouraged me* to quit. Now I had some time to travel and see this good ole US of A with my wife. After a battle with colon cancer and lung cancer I gave my last salute on December 9, 1993.