



**WALTER T. ROACH AMERICAN LEGION POST 182
165 WEST LINCOLN STREET - HUBBARDSTON, MICHIGAN. 48845
NEWSLETTER NUMBER TWENTY TWO, APRIL - MAY, 2005**

Legion Officers

Commander - William Kruger
 Adjutant - Dan Heckman
 Vice Comdr. - Terry Fletcher
 2nd Vice Comdr., Newsletter - Bud Howard
 Sgt.-At-Arms - Leo McMillan
 Finance Officer - James Barker
 Service Officer - Murdo Wood
 Chaplain - James R. McGinn
 Historian - John Stoddard
 Trustees -Terry Fletcher, Bud Howard, Leo McMillan

Auxiliary Officers

President - Kelly Melton
 1st Vice - Tracey Ewalt
 2nd Vice - Membership - Lezlie Hauck
 Sec.-Treasurer -Tanya Mills
 Chaplain - Agnes Bradbury
 Historian - Joanne Howard
 Sgt.-At-Arms - Kim Brown
 Poppy Chairman - Carolyn Cunningham
 Girl's State Chairman - Sheila Thurston
 Sunshine Chairman - Carol Fitzpatrick

Sons of the American Legion Officers

Comdr. - Kurt White
 Adjutant - Bobby Ward
 1st Vice Comdr. - Neil Speckin
 2nd Vice Comdr. - Brian Stouff
 Finance Officer - Dave Oistad
 Chaplain - Bill Cunningham
 Historian -Pat White
 Sgt. at Arms - Dale Richards

I Am Our Flag

I was born June 14, 1777. I am more than a cloth shaped into a design. I am the refuge of the World's oppressed people. I am the silent sentinel of freedom. I am the emblem of the greatest sovereign nation on earth. I am the inspiration for which American Patriots gave their lives and fortunes. I have led your sons into battle from Valley Forge to the bloody swamps of Vietnam. I walk in silence with each of your Honored Dead, to their final resting place beneath the silent White Crosses, row upon row. I have flown through Peace and War, Strife and Prosperity, and amidst it all I have been respected. My Red Stripes ...symbolize the blood spilled in defense of this glorious nation. My White Stripes...signify the burning tears shed by Americans who lost their sons. My Blue Field...is indicative of God's heaven under which I fly. My Stars...clustered together, unify 50 States as one, for God and Country. "Old Glory" is my nickname, and proudly I wave on high. Honor me, respect me, defend me with your lives and your fortunes. Never let my enemies tear me down from my lofty position, lest I never return. Keep alight the fires of patriotism, strive earnestly for the spirit of democracy. Worship Eternal God and keep his commandments, and I shall remain the bulwark of peace and freedom for all mankind. I am your flag! (Leo McMillan)

Calendar of Coming Events

May 8	Mother's Day Breakfast	8:30-11:30 am
May 26-30	Carnival-Five Days-Downtown	
May 28	Softball Tournament	all day
	Historical Society Annual Social- Open to Public	
	St. John the Baptist Parish Hall-	12:00-4:00 p.m.
	Hubbardston Irish Dancers	12:00 Noon
	Irish Stew Dinner-Donation only	12:45-2:30 p.m.
	Auxiliary Scavenger Hunt	5:00 p.m.
May 29	Salute the Veteran's Graves	10:00 am
	Softball Tournament	all day
May 30	Memorial Day Celebration	
	5Krace	9:00am
	Chicken Dinner Tuscan Lodge	11:00 am
	Hot Grilled Sandwiches at Post 182	12:00 noon
	East Plains Cemetery Salute	12:00 noon
	Naval Salute at Bridge	12:30 pm
	Memorial 'Grand Parade'	1:30 pm
	Tractor Pull and Tug of War	after parade

Take every birthday with a grain of salt. This works much better if the salt accompanies a large 'margarita! (Maxine)

The Fish Fry Crew in Our Beautiful New Kitchen



McMillan, Gary Fletcher, Steve Schrauben, Dan Heckman and Pat Klein, the 'master fish fry chiefs' in action.

"SCOTT FEDEWA, COME ON DOWN!"

Hubbardston Marine wins Showcase Showdown on "The Price is Right!" Whenever Doug Schafer would watch the TV game show, "The Price Is Right" with his stepson, Schafer would scoff at Scott Fedewa's criticism of the contestants on TV. "I'd always say, 'Like you could do any better,'" Schafer said. Now he's had to eat humble pie. Fedewa, a 26 year old Marine from Hubbardston, and a group of Marine friends were in the audience for a Dec. 9, 2004 taping of the program in Los Angeles when he heard the announcer proclaim, "Scott Fedewa come on down."

Although Fedewa's family describes him as a quiet man, he really got caught up in the excitement of the game...His total prizes were \$22,979 with 10% going to taxes. Students at the Hubbardston Elementary School were allowed to watch the broadcast at school. "Scott has always loved that show," Scott's mother said. "I felt this lump in my throat, it was so emotional. just to see him on a show that he has always liked. I think he was so deserving...Stationed at Camp Pendleton, California, Fedewa served seven months in Iraq with the First Marine Division, beginning in March, 2003. Emotionally drained he came to California only to return to Kuwait this week for another two months. He finishes his stint in November, 2005, after which he hopes to settle down in Michigan. Scott graduated from Carson City Crystal High School in 1997, has a brother and five sisters. "I remember the day he told me he had joined the Marine Corp. He said, 'I just want you to be proud of me.' I said, 'I am proud of you. I'm very proud of him,'" said his step-father, Mr. Schafer. (Carson City Gazette, 3/7/05)

HOW TO IDENTIFY A STROKE

- Ask the individual to smile.
- Ask him/her to raise both arms.
- Ask the person to speak a simple sentence.
- If the person has trouble with any of these, call 911 and describe the symptoms to the dispatcher.

While making her rounds to the homebound, Sister Margaret Mary ran out of gas. Fortunately there was a gas station just down the block. She walked to the station, asked to borrow a can for some gas, only to be told that they were all out on loan. She walked back to the car to find that the only container available was a bedpan which she was taking to a patient. Being resourceful, she carried it to the station, filled it with gasoline and carried it back to her car. As she was pouring the gas into the tank, two men were watching from across the street. One turned to the other and said, "If that car starts, I'll become a Catholic." (Pat Klein)

FROM THE ADJUTANT:

This year there have been several glitches in the mailing of membership notices and the National American Legion seems to send a few of you dues notices that shouldn't have been sent. As great as technology is, it isn't perfect, so please disregard when you know you have already paid your dues. On the other side of the coin, I recently mailed 20 members postcards to pay their 2005 dues and hope they respond before the end of the Legion fiscal year in June. Post 182 is currently at 89% paid membership having added another 7 members this Legion year, 2 transfers to our post and 2 deaths. All in all this was a very successful year for our post membership and in the activities we host. Thanks for your help in everything you do for our post. (Dan Heckman, Adjutant)

One day I had to be the bearer of bad news when I told a wife that her husband had died of a massive myocardial infarct. Not more than five minutes later, I heard her reporting to the rest of the family that he had died of a "massive internal fart."



Bernie and Mary Fletcher, Cindy Howard, Pat and Kay Klein, Russ Howard and Rosie Herald Howard cut cakes, while the guys fry fish.

TERRIFIC FISH DINNERS AGAIN IN 2005

The 2005 Fish Fry Dinners are now history. They started out on a bumpy road trying to get the new kitchen in shape to meet expectations. But everything got smoothed out and we were able to serve the second week in Lent. Once again we had record-breaking crowds turn out for the Friday night feast, and the compliments were many.

There were many people involved to make this success happen. There are those who organize, write press releases, do inventories, order supplies, clean and ready the kitchen and serving area, pick up supplies at Gordon's Food and Fred's Food Center, bake desserts, thaw fish, batter fish, cook, pack take out, serve food to the hundreds, take the money, clear and clean tables, keep track of salads and condiments at the salad bar, do dishes, and do clean-up chores. The success of the Fish Fry Dinners happens because everyone works together for one common goal, Post 182.

Our workers were: Leo McMillan, Mark and Delores Schmitt, Terry and Mary Fletcher, Gary and Bernie Fletcher, Tom and Sally Strachan, Pat and Kay Klein, Russ and Cindy Howard, Lezlie Hauck, Bud and Joanne Howard, Chris and Tammy Cusack, John Fitzpatrick, Dan Heckman, Louis Smith, Bill and Jody Kruger, Steve Schrauben, Doug Cusack, Dave Oisted, Bob and Lyn Ward, Bud and Joan McKenna, Brenda and Daryl Dalton, Russell Fletcher, Kurt Hiner, Cindy Vance, Jim Barker and if you do not see your name here, you know who you are and you know we appreciate you.

Ladies who baked the desserts were: our own dear Ella Robinson who had surgery and still managed to send special creations every week, Janie Dailey, Sheila Thurston, Katie Cashen, Julie Heckman, Ginny Beardslee, Cindy Howard, Brenda Dalton, Kay Klein, Delores Schmitt, Yvonne Boomer, Charlene Ward, Dorothy Fletcher, Sally Strachan, Bernie Fletcher, Mary Fletcher, Carol Fitzpatrick, Jody Kruger, Judy Osborne, Susie Barker, Joanne Howard, Tammy Cusack, Joan McKenna and Diane McMillan. (Committee)

Check this out!

111,111,111 x 111,111,111=12,345,678,987,654,321

A new young resident in my hospital would get quite embarrassed performing female pelvic exams. To cover his embarrassment, he formed a habit of whistling softly. A middle aged woman upon whom he was performing this exam suddenly burst out laughing and further embarrassed him. He looked up from his work and said, "I'm sorry. Was I tickling you?" She replied, "No, doctor, but the song you were whistling was 'I wish I was an Oscar Meyer Wiener.'"

Taps

James Edgar Martin, a long and faithful member of Post 182, died September 5, 2004 in Las Vegas, Nevada of Leukemia. He was born October 1, 1924 in Pompeii, Mi. the son of Edgar and Marjorie McGinn Martin. Jim resided in Las Vegas having left Bostwick Lake and Ionia, Mi. in 1985. He is survived by his daughter Nancy Sue Martin; two grandchildren, Mary Faith and John James Martin-Karg; his wife of 33 years, Marilyn L. Hayden of Grand Rapids, Mi. and Las Vegas, Nevada; her children, Jody and Richard Horton; a sister Lois of Washington, D.C., and a brother Carl in Jupiter, Florida. His extended family includes Amy Horton Sebestyen, Sarah Horton Bobo; Nicholas, Andrea, Alexandra and Andrew Horton. Jim was preceded in death by his son Thomas James in 1986 and his sister Jeanette in 1992. Jim enlisted in the US Army Air Force in October of 1942 and was discharged in 1946. He attended Michigan State College and graduated in June, 1952 with a degree in Economics. In 1956 he started Thrifty Auto Wash and Auto Plating of Grand Rapids, Mi. and Columbus, Ohio. He enjoyed his family, traveling, and investing. He remained active and independent until his death. Cremation was at Palm Mortuary in Las Vegas, Nevada and final internment will be in Fritz Cemetery in Ithaca, Mi. (Grand Rapids Press, 1/12/05-Marion McGinn)

Happenings at Post 182

January 15, 2005 The Chili Challenge was held at Post 182 with 15 entries. The judges were: Charlie Cunningham, Bob Cashen, Barney Dailey, Delores Schmitt, Diane McMillan and Katie Cashen. A total of 60 points could be awarded, 10 being the best and 1 being the worst. We had a total of 15 entries.

Prizes were awarded to: Jim Ward – First place with 44 points, Ella Barry Robinson – Second place with 43 points. We had a tie for third between Schafer's Tavern and Cindy Howard. The taste off between them resulted in Schafer's Tavern taking third and Cindy taking fourth.

February 12 – Daytona 500 Race Day at Post 182 was highlighted by the SALS raffle which proved financially successful. Five hundred \$20 tickets were printed for the drawing of three fabulous prizes. The "Big Screen" TV was won by Norm Smith of Westphalia., the DVD Player went to Agnes Cusack of Muir and a TV-DVD combination was won by Janet Dailey of Hubbardston.

March 5, 2005

The Jack Spencer "Par 99 One Hole Golf Tournament" contenders registered at Post 182 beginning at 9:00am and t-off was at Tim Chartrand's Farm on Maple Rapids Road. There were 36 people involved. Lunch was provided when the talented and brave golfers returned to Post 182 where the winners were determined. In the men's class, Kevin Ludwig took first with 105 strokes. Jim Ludwig took second with 107 strokes.

Women's class: Leslie Hauck took first with 100 strokes. Carol McQueen took second with 144 strokes. The highest score turned in was 250 strokes by Kari Allen who received a prize made by Bob Cashen. There were over 60 door prizes. Everyone had a good time and the Legion cleared several hundred dollars. A fantastic and enjoyable accomplishment!

March 12, 2005

The first annual **"Tug-of-War"** was held at Post 182. It was hosted by the Lyons Riverbend Haulers Tractor Club. Teams of participants were determined by weighing in at 1300 pounds of muscle power for each contending team. We had 6 paid teams entered but only three showed up. It was double elimination.

1st place was Freaks of Nature, Department of Corrections from Carson City.

2nd place was Cusack Masonry out of Hubbardston.

3rd place was Crippled C Ranch out of Hubbardston.

I cannot tell you how much excitement this generated. People were screaming inside the Legion as well as outside. We had nearly 100 spectators and it lasted about an hour. The Tractor Club, along with Tammy Cusack are going to hold another one on Memorial weekend. (Tim Chartrand)

March 25-Good Friday, Last Fish Fry

For the seven weeks of Lent the Auxiliary sold raffle tickets on "Cash" to be given away at 8:00 p.m. after the last Fish Fry Dinner. That was a great night as close to 700 people enjoyed the fantastic dinner and desserts, a result of so many cooperative and ambitious people. Tracy Ewalt, Katie Cashen, Tonya Mills, Charlene Ward and Yvonne Boomer hit the jackpot as they sat at the bar and smiled their way through hundreds of ticket sales. Every Auxiliary member was given a book of tickets to sell and some sold dozens of books. It was a very profitable raffle for the girls who have a major project in mind to continue the renovation process.

First place of \$500 went to **George Bradbury** of Hubbardston.

Second place-\$200 went to **Mr. Schuler** of Westphalia.

Third place prize of \$100 went to local teacher, **T. Ann Cunningham**. Congratulations to all and thank you ladies for a super job. (Ed.)

Real women don't have hot flashes, they have 'power surges.' Maxine

May 26-30 Memorial Weekend in Hubbardston

This is the weekend to be in Hubbardston. There is something for everyone. Softball tournaments start on Saturday, the Historical Society has the Irish Dancers and an Irish Stew Dinner by donation only, and you can wander around beautiful Hubbardston, thanks to the Garden Club's work with plantings. On Sunday the

veteran's graves will be decorated, softball continues and our beautiful club is open for you to enjoy. On Monday, the big day, everything happens. You can shop the Celtic Path, buy plants from the Garden Club, visit our historic buildings and cemeteries, enjoy a chicken dinner at the Tuscan Lodge, or a grilled favorite from the SALS at Post 182. The Irish Dancers will dance, the Cloggers from Lansing will perform, the Legion will salute the Eastside Cemetery and Naval veterans at the bridge. There will be horse-shoe tournaments, Tug-of-War feats, arts and crafts, Flea Market and the Carnival. Then the parade, which draws thousands, will proceed through the village. Tractor Pulls will complete the afternoon. Then you can sit up on the hill overlooking Fish Creek and tell your self how lucky you are to live in a little 'berg' like this where people can forget their differences, and work so well together that everyone can enjoy a special holiday. *See the Memorial Day Flyer for exact days and times!*

June 25, 2005

The SALS Golf outing will be held at Huckleberry Golf Course in Pewamo with a 9:00a.m. 'Shotgun Start.' For more information, you can contact Curt Hiner at the Hubbardston Hardware @989-981-6666

Maxine on the "Perfect Man" -"All I'm looking for is a guy who'll do what I want, when I want, for as long as I want, and then go away. Or wait nearby, like a Dust Buster, charged up and ready when needed."

A little boy wanted \$100 very badly and prayed for weeks, but nothing happened. Then he decided to write God a letter requesting \$100. When the postal authorities got it they decided to send it on to the president. The president was so amused he had his secretary send the little boy \$5. The little boy was delighted with his \$5 and sat down to write a thank you note to God, which read: Dear God: Thank you very much for sending the money. However, I noticed that for some reason you sent it through Washington, D.C. and, as usual, those assholes deducted \$95 in taxes.

Did You Know?

Whenever you play cards, you are experiencing a history lesson. Each king in a deck of playing cards represents a great king from history: Spades-King David, Clubs-Alexander the Great, Hearts- Charlemagne, Diamonds-Julius Caesar. And the King of Hearts is the only one without a mustache.

Letter to the Editor:

Only a quick line to check you guys out. Really just want to ascertain that you folks are still standing up to the harsh Michigan winter. Seems that every time Barb and I start to think about selling out down here, Michigan has a hard winter with lots of snow and ice. So we will wait for a few more years if our health holds out.

Bud, I am enclosing a check for Post 182 to be used wherever you guys feel it would be to the best advantage. I understand that the kitchen may be in some need. However, feel free to use it anywhere you think it may be needed. I would send more but Barb keeps cutting my allowance and I am once again operating on a shoestring. Ha! We both feel we would like to help the club in some way and since we are seldom around to give a helping hand, perhaps this will show that we do care and appreciate all that you people are doing for the community and old beat up vets. Hope you have a good one and we will be seeing you in the spring. (Jack and Barbara Billings, Ruskin, Florida) *Enclosed was a very generous check from Jack and Barb. Believe me, it will be put to very good use as we complete the renovations on our beautiful club. Thanks loads, folks. You are our strength. Ed.*

If you must burn our flag, please wrap yourself in it first. (Maxine)

Hubbardston, Proud Irish Town

O come ye all to Hubbardston
 Where white pines near Fish Creek abound
 Good friends you'll find are all around
 In Hubbardston, Proud Irish Town!
 Where pride in ancient glory stayed
 And where our ancestors are laid.
 They lived and loved and had strong faith
 In Hubbardston, Proud Irish Town!
 Long years this green and lovely vale
 Has celebrated "Heritage!"
 Great Irish families still prevail
 In Hubbardston, Proud Irish Town!
 (Avondale, lyrics by J. Howard)

Three Irishmen, Paddy, Sean and Seamus were stumbling home from the pub late one night and found themselves on the road past the old graveyard. "Come have a look at this," says Paddy. "It's Michael O'Grady and God bless his soul, he lived to be 87. "That's nothing," says Sean. "Here's one named Patrick O'Toole and he was 95 when he died. Just then Seamus yells out, "Good God, here's a fella that got to be 145!" "What was his name?" asks Paddy. Seamus stumbles about, lights a match to see what is on the stone marker and exclaims, "Miles, from Dublin."

Ed McMahan-World War II- and Memories

He has appeared in films and on Broadway. He's sold barrels of beer and mountains of dog food as a front man for Budweiser and Alpo. He has raised millions of dollars to fight muscular dystrophy, joining Jerry Lewis on stage every year for his famous Labor Day Telethon. And what red-blooded American wouldn't fantasize about seeing Ed McMahan pull up to the house with a \$10 million check from Publisher's Clearing House?

But a not-so-well-know-fact is that Ed McMahan spent 23 years in the Martine Corp. A company commander as a teenager, he trained pilots to land on aircraft carriers during WW II. He flew 85 combat missions over the front lines in Korea, spotting enemy artillery. He stayed in the Marine Reserves as his show business career blossomed.

As a young man, the posters of the young guy looking up in the sky with that beautiful Corsair, the hot airplane of World War II, had him hooked....He went from student to instructor in one minute, when being tallest in his class, they chose him. He spent the night reading and the next day he was instructor to 32 cadets, a test pilot teaching carrier landings and he was only 19 years old.

What's it like to take off from an aircraft carrier? You look over your shoulder and see that postage stamp floating in the water and you say, "Holy God, I've got to get back onto that." You come all the way around, and land just about two knots above stalling speed. You're just hanging at the propeller and the guy gives you the cut and you drop in, six tons! You never forget your first landing....

After being a Marine, you have all that background, all that how-to-do-it-by-the-numbers. Two ways the Marines helped me: It taught me to be on time and it taught me that when I got there to have everything I needed to do the job I was called upon to do....It's hard to explain World War II to my children. Everybody was involved. My grandmother was saving bacon grease in a coffee can on the windowsill because it was used in making munitions. My dad was saving string. He had a ball of string. My uncle was a smoker. They used to wrap the cigarettes in silver foil. He had a big giant ball of it and he would turn it in at the reclaiming center, not for money – just turned it in. They made uniforms out of string. They made munitions out of bacon grease. Cigarette and gum wrappers were used against enemy flak by pilots in battle. Everyone was involved in that war. Today at 81, he puts it this way, "I'm one of the very fortunate people who grew up to do exactly what I spent my whole childhood dreaming of doing, even if no one is quite sure exactly what it is that I do."(American Legion Magazine, 1/05)

This June will mark the anniversary of the largest battle in the history of the world– the June 6 D-Day landing at Normandy. The Allies used 5300 ships and landing

craft, 1500 tanks, and 12,000 airplanes. But in the end it all came down to 150,000 scared kids, most of them not yet 20 years old, who entered a nightmare so they could save the world...Sadly today, many young people are never taught about the brave deeds of our boys on D-Day...I want the children to know that 55,000 ordinary Americans changed the world forever by acting against all human instinct to charge ashore that beach on D-Day. I want them to know of the Japanese surprise attack on Pearl Harbor and how with our backs to the wall waited in fear for the Japanese to attack Hawaii or the West Coast of the USA... For four years our veterans drove the Nazi's back to Berlin and defeat and pushed the Japanese from every Pacific island...We also lost a lot of men in small towns across Europe and on faraway islands, who liberated innocent prisoners in the Nazi's horrifying concentration camps, who defeated Imperial Japan. These men were heroes then and they are heroes still today. Our boys' courage and defiance of Nazi Germany at D-Day began the liberation of Europe and inspired this nation. And all of these years later, it needs to continue to inspire us to respect and venerate these 'gentle giants' who gave so much so that we could maintain our freedom to live and dream as we please.(Pres. James Roberts, American Studies 3/05)

Did You Know?

Whenever you play cards, you are experiencing a history lesson. Each king in a deck of playing cards represents a great king from history: Spades-King David, Clubs-Alexander the Great, Hearts- Charlemagne, Diamonds-Julius Caesar. And the King of Hearts is the only one without a mustache.

The key to a nice-looking lawn is a good mower. I recommend one who is muscular and shirtless. (Maxine)

Non-Biblical Proverbs

Three men died and now stood in front of God.

"Have you been faithful to your wife?" God asked the first man. He admitted to two affairs. God gave him a compact car to drive in heaven.

The second man admitted to only one affair and was given a mid-size car.

The third man said he had been faithful to his wife until the day he died. God praised him and gave him a big luxury car. A week later the guys met in a parking lot and the man with the luxury car began to cry.

"What's the matter?" they all asked.

"I just passed my wife and she was riding a bike!"

It was Palm Sunday and because of a sore throat 5 year old Johnny stayed home from church with his sitter. Everyone returned carrying palm branches and Johnny asked what they were for. "People held them over Jesus's head as he walked by," replied his brother. "Wouldn't you know it," fumed Johnny, "the one Sunday I don't go, He shows up."

Did You Know?

The term "the whole nine yards" came from WW II fighter pilots in the South Pacific. When arming their airplanes on the ground, the .50 caliber machine gun ammo belts measured exactly 27 feet, before being loaded into the fuselage. If the pilots fired all their ammo at a target, it got "the whole nine yards."

The owner of a golf course was confused about paying an invoice so he called in his secretary for some mathematical help "You graduated from the University of Tennessee and I need some help. If I were to give you \$20,000 minus 14%, how much would you take off?" The secretary thought for a minute and then replied, "Everything but my earrings."

The other night I was invited out for a night with "the girls." I told my husband that I would be home by midnight, "I promise!"

Well, the hours passed and the margaritas went down way too easy. Around 3 a. m., a bit loaded, I headed for home. Just as I got in the door, the cuckoo clock in the hall started up and cuckooed 3 times.

Quickly, realizing my husband would probably wake up, I cuckooed another 9 times. I was really proud of myself for coming up with such a quick-witted solution (even when totally smashed), in order to escape a possible conflict with him. The next morning my husband asked me what time I got in, and I told him

"Midnight". He didn't seem pissed off at all. Whew! Got away with that one!

Then he said, "We need a new cuckoo clock."

When I asked him why, he said, "Well, last night our clock cuckooed three times, then said, "Oh sh--.", cuckooed 4 more times, cleared it's throat, cuckooed another 3 times, giggled, cuckooed twice more, and then tripped over the coffee table and farted. (userv)

We Look Back – We Remember

How many of you remember that when didn't always have Bish McGinn and Jack Stoddard to conduct the 'chaplains' and 'historians' duties for Post 182 at the many veteran's funerals throughout the years. Even now, others fill in as the need arises and health situations determine an absence. For as many years as I can remember, it was Ed Bradbury who stood off on a hill and finalized the internment of a fellow veteran with his rendition of TAPS.

And we all know the story of how that music came to be when way back in the Civil War, a Union commanding officer had a wounded soldier brought through the enemy lines for treatment, only to discover that it was his own son in Confederate colors. (He had gone to a college in the south to study music and was

recruited to serve unbeknown to his father). In his son's pocket were these few notes and the verses to go with it scratched out on a scrap of paper. Because the commanding Union General would not allow special honors for a Confederate soldier, the Union officer hired a bugler to play the simple melody which was found in his son's uniform pocket.

We know that poignant melody today as "Taps." It never fails to give chills down the spine as we listen and remember. Not all veterans have a life that is easy, comfortable or exemplary after their years of heroism in wartime battle conditions. There are many factors affecting all of our lives which force all of us to remember that it isn't our job to judge the merit of any of our friends or neighbors who served as diligently as any one of us, when the situation called for it. After his bugling days were past, Ed Bradbury was a master at reminding us of the value of the individual whenever and wherever he spoke.

Years ago, in the spring of the year, we lost such a man and rummaging through some research papers, I found the following internment prayer, written by Ed Bradbury for his long time neighbor and fellow veteran. On Memorial Day it is appropriate that we reflect on Ed's message of being non-judgmental.

"As we walk the pathway of life, we reach out and touch the hearts of those we come into contact with in our daily lives. Let us, as we are gathered here, dwell for a few moments on how Elmer Rogers touched our hearts, even in some minute way. Let us remember the good deeds he has accomplished. We beseech Thee God, the Almighty Father, not to be harsh in his judgment, but bring him to Eternal Life. In this holy season of Lent let us pray for his past iniquities as well as ours and that the Risen Christ will take him into Paradise." Into Thy hands we commend his soul.

Bud Howard
Walter T. Roach Post 182
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