

A SCOUT FOR LIFE

About Morris "Bud" Martin

Editors: A year ago Bud was honored by the Tecumseh Council of The Boy Scouts of America for his service to scouting for over 60 years. Most of what follows is paraphrased from the booklet issued by the Council on the occasion of this event. Bud was a graduate of the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, became a flight surgeon for the Army Air Corps in early 1942, retiring with the rank of major in 1946, and returned to his home town of Springfield, Ohio where he practiced medicine for the next 40 years, then retiring, as he says, because of failing eyesight.

In June of 1997 the Tecumseh Council of the Boy Scouts met to honor one of their founding fathers, one whose leadership was so exceptional that the Council never wants to forget the contribution he brought to scouting with his mind, body and spirit. They were, of course, speaking of their own Morris "Bud" Martin.

"Dr. Martin has been a member of the Tecumseh Council Executive Board for 55 years. You name it and Dr. Martin has done it for the Tecumseh Council, including serving as Council President... Today, as well as over the past 60 years, if the need arose, and you needed one special person to help you succeed in the mission of scouting, you could always count on " Doc" Martin.

"He was Chairman of the Capital Campaign which raised over \$1 million for Camp Birch in the late 60's and early 70's, and he was always working behind the scenes in securing financial resources for the Council.

"Over the years the Council has recognized its key Scouting volunteers for their contributions. In 1960, Dr. Martin received the Silver Beaver Award; in 1971 the Area 4 Board awarded him its highest honor, The Silver Antelope Award; in 1977 he was recognized by the council as its First Distinguished Citizen and in December of 1993 he was named a Legend of the Tecumseh Council.

"Amazingly, there almost wasn't a Capital Fund Drive in 1969 because Dr. Martin was almost killed in a serious car accident. However, holding to his true love for the Scouting program, he told the Executive Board that he wanted to remain as the Chairman of the Drive. He recovered and went on to raise the necessary funds for the camp.

"Dr. Martin's success in life is partly due to his commitment to the ideals of scouting. It enabled him to graduate from Princeton University and the medical school at the University of Pennsylvania; to achieve the rank of major as a flight surgeon in the Army Air Force; to serve as President of the Community Hospital staff

and later as Chairman of the Mercy Hospital Internal Medical Service; to serve the Springfield Rotary Club for 51 years and as a Board member for nine; plus a host of other community projects.

"Many stories can't be told because Dr. Martin will be the first to tell you that he didn't do it for the recognition, he did it to get it done. Tonight we want to honor him again by naming the lake at Camp Birch after him. It will be known as the *Morris 'Bud' Martin Lake*. It's a good thing he didn't know about this beforehand, because he has told us he would have put a stop to it.

"The last thing we will tell you about Dr. Martin is that although it is politically correct to call him Dr. Martin, he wants to be called 'Bud'. So tonight we continue to honor the man who has done it all, and isn't finished: BUD MARTIN!"

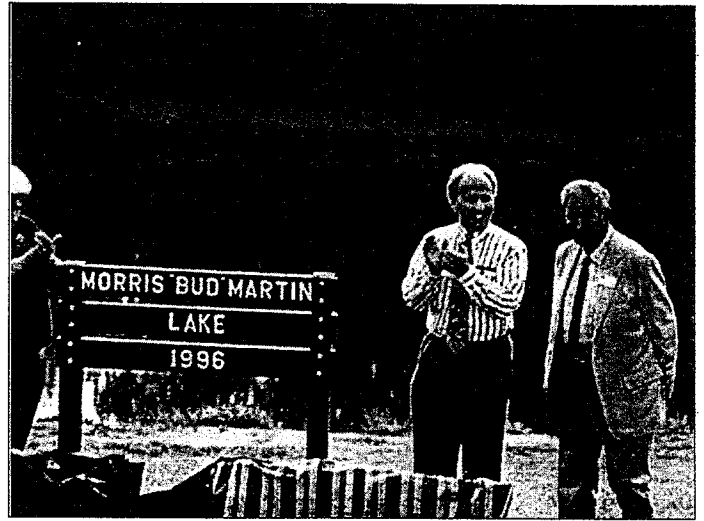
In his letter to Curly, Bud tells us that he was a Star Scout (no Eagle) in the 1920's; became active again in scouting in 1947, was Vice-Chairman of Region 4 and Finance Chairman of Area 6, and served as a medical person at every National Jamboree from 1950 to 1973.

He reports that he is in good health at 87, except for eyesight. He and Rose "spend six months of the year at our home in Harbour Island, Bahamas and the other six in Springfield or traveling to somewhere in the world. I keep busy making mobiles (Calder influence) mostly with sea shells, though Christmas mobiles and 'This is your Life' mobiles are also great fun. Fly fishing is still a big part of my life and we have a great trout club nearby. I have fished yearly, since 1948, over most of north Canada with a group of eight—all from Springfield. Keeps me healthy! Also did a lot of ocean sailboat racing with John Archbold, Sam Loveland and Bill Mitchell, which I enjoyed very much."

On a closing note, we have come into possession of a poem, author unknown, dedicated to:

BUD—A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS

Son and husband, Pop and gramps
Making Boy Scouts out of scamps,
Rods and reels, rods and reels—
Mighty fisherman loads his creels.
Dub and divot, slice and clout,
Sporting golfer putts it out.
Army flyer, death defier.
Master chef at outdoor fire.
Needles and pills, needles and pills,
That's the way he cures our ills.
So—for these and far more reasons
Let him stab our flesh and draw our blood—
Where there's life—There's BUD!



At the dedication of Bud Martin Lake, a tribute to our classmate from the Tecumseh Council of the Boy Scouts of America.

WRITTEN FOR THE MEMORIAL SERVICE

by Rudy Roell

The following is an address prepared by Rudy Roell when he was hoping to be able to officiate at our reunion Memorial Service. As many of you know, Rudy is Rector Emeritus of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in Dedham, Mass., but health and eyesight prevented him from attending the 65th. From his letter to Ernie Chamberlin: "I've had my 90th birthday and am among the oldest members of our Class. I know what the advancing years are like and am aware of the anxiety men and women have when they start thinking about their mortality. The message I have written could be a comfort to people like that. You may want to distribute it to the group at reunion. Please use your own judgment. If you decide to do nothing with it, it won't hurt my feelings because I've had the fun of writing it and it has helped to strengthen my own faith".

Rudy has given us a beautiful message which we think should be shared with the entire class.

When we were here for our 60th reunion, I remember how shocked I was to learn that 95 of our Classmates had died in the 5-year period since our 55th. Now the names to be read at this service are equally disturbing.

Our residence on this planet is something that, in our adult life, we have always known to be temporary. But, as we grow older, it may be that we are beginning to think of this situation in a more serious way.

How shall we face it? With fear? With indifference? With faith? Is there a future life after death? This is the subject about which I would like to share a few thoughts with you this morning.

Let me say at once, I believe in an after life because we are essentially spiritual beings. I think most of us have the feeling that our real selves are not merely the physical bodies we inhabit so briefly on this earth. In fact, long, long ago human beings came to the conclusion that there had to be some form of immortality because it is just unbelievable that something so wonderful as a human life has so little value that our Creator would let it end up in nothing but the grave.

On this question of our value in the sight of God, the Bible gives us some help because it assures us that there is something special about human beings. In the earliest chapters of Genesis, we are told that men and women have been made in the image and likeness of God. That is not said about any other form of life on earth. It goes on to say that we have been given domination "over the fish of the sea, over the fowls of the air, and over everything that creepeth on the face of the earth."

Though our natural body is not much different from the rest of the animal kingdom, that part of us which reflects divine spirit has made it possible for men and