















# BUGLER'S POST

Official Newsletter of Bugles Across America



VOLUME 1, ISSUE 1

2011 VETERANS DAY SPECIAL EDITION

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**Happy Birthday  
U.S. Marines!  
236 Years!!!**

## Message from the Founder...



David Mudd - Photo used with permission - American Public Magazine

*~HappyVeteransDay...ThankYou for Your Service!~*

*There is no way we can thank Veterans enough. Men and Women enlist and serve with Pride. They think, Duty, Honor, Country. Millions have died to keep us free. I ask all of our BAA players to find a place in your town to sound Taps to remember those that cannot be with us on this 11-11-11. God Bless our Veterans and their Families.*

*Tom Day Founder*

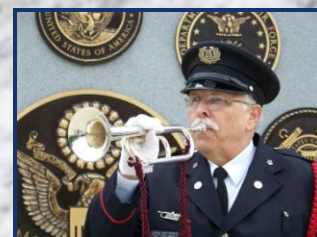
## National Cemeteries

Many of our buglers have the distinct honor and privilege of sounding Taps on a regular basis at several National Cemeteries across the nation.



Whether a member of an Honor Guard or a Bugler Team, they are on a regular rotation every week, sounding for Veterans who have passed away, or Heroes who have been killed in action. The Department of Veterans Affairs' (VA) National Cemetery Administration maintains 120 national cemeteries in 39 states (and Puerto Rico) as well as 33 soldier's lots and monument sites.

In future issues of Bugler's Post, we will show images of these dedicated volunteers from the various cemeteries across the nation. Below, Ms. Donna Butler, Asst. State Director, Tennessee at the Nashville National Cemetery.



National Coordinator, Larry Wiseman



National Cemetery of the Pacific, Honolulu



# **BAA Buglers in the Field, Tell Their Stories**

WE'VE ASKED OUR VOLUNTEERS TO SHARE SOME OF THEIR EXPERIENCES, AS THEY HAVE ANSWERED THE CALLING TO HONOR THE FALLEN BRAVE...MANY OF US TRULY UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS A CALLING TO SERVE THOSE WHO HAVE SERVED AND SACRIFICED SO MUCH FOR ALL OF US.



Their dad had died and they told me of his war heroism in four campaigns over a forty- year career. He was Army all the way, a Master Sergeant, and a master of a man. It was a chilly February day when I met everyone including his wife, who was grandmother to the all of their kids. I met his brothers, one a Marine the other Navy. They assured me that they always checked their competitive natures when they got together for the holidays. Then, there were the wives, cousins, and a throng of friends.

At the Santa Fe Veterans Cemetery they bury soldiers every day, but every ceremony is just right, just as this detachment was dignified and proper. I decided to use my flugelhorn. The tone is somber yet hopeful and the day was cold, easier to hit the notes. I practiced and worked on the notes, thinking about how I'd gotten there. I had been a sixties hippy, but over the decades, had come to realize how valuable our military is to this nation.

The detachment snapped the flag over the coffin, folded it and then Taps. I sounded for this deceased soldier who died in his sleep a few nights before at eighty-three, and I played for all soldiers everywhere who gave their lives so that we could remember them in a safe nation. Following my twenty-four notes, his wife thanked me. "It's good to know you cared. He was present and accounted for every day. A recording would not have been enough!"

"Neath the sky as we go, this we know. God is nigh," I replied with the last words from Taps. "It was my honor. The fallen were here with you."

Elliott B. Oppenheim Lolo, MT.



## PLAYING FOR GRANDFATHER

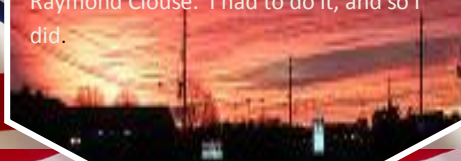


THE MINISTER HAD JUST FINISHED SAYING A PRAYER. COMPLETE SILENCE. I STARTED. DAY IS DONE. (GO SLOW, DON'T RUSH) "GONE THE SUN." HANDS START TO TREMBLE, CHEATINGLY CREATING A LITTLE VIBRATO. "FROM THE HILLS, FROM THE LAKE, FROM THE SKY." NOW FOR THE CLIMAX OF THE SONG. WILL THE HIGH NOTE SPARKLE? "ALL IS WELL, SAFELY REST." HARDEST PART BEHIND ME. DELIBERATE. LARGAMENTE. BROADLY. "GOD IS NIGH." PLAYING "TAPS" AT MY GRANDFATHER'S FUNERAL GAVE ME THE REALIZATION THAT MUSIC IS MORE SIGNIFICANT THAN JUST PLAYING AN ORCHESTRAL WORK IN A CONCERT HALL, THAN PLAYING A LIVELY DANCE TUNE, OR HUSHING A BABY TO SLEEP AT NIGHT. I WAS PLAYING IN HONOR OF SOMEONE'S LIFE. GRANDFATHER WAS A WORLD WAR II VETERAN, SOMEONE MY FAMILY LOVED AND CARED ABOUT, AND SOMEONE THAT I HOPE TO REMEMBER FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. THIS GAVE ME THE MISSION TO STRIVE TO BE THE BEST AND I WANT TO PLAY MY TRUMPET FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. NOT SO THAT I CAN PLAY AS PRINCIPAL TRUMPET IN THE METROPOLITAN OPERA BUT SO THAT I CAN BE READY



Venkat Ganesan, California BAA

I usually play "Taps" within a reasonable drive of my home due to expensive gas and even more expensive time away from my family. But back in August, I accepted a mission that was a 100 mile round trip. Seems a Melvin Raymond Clouse only had a recording at the time of his passing in 1987, so the family wanted to have a memorial at the cemetery with "Taps" being played properly. My name is Raymond Clouse. I had to do it, and so I did.



VENKAT GANESAN JOINED BAA THIS YEAR. READING IN THE NEWS ABOUT THE NEED FOR REAL BUGLERS, HE DISCOVERED BAA AND SIGNED UP INSTANTLY.

HE STARTED PLAYING THE TRUMPET AND CORNET IN HIS HIGH SCHOOL MARCHING BAND IN INDIA. VENKAT CAME TO THE US IN 1988 FOR HIS GRADUATE STUDIES AND LIVES IN SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA SINCE 1990. IN THE PAST, HE HAS PLAYED WITH THE VETERANS AIR FORCE BAND IN HAYWARD, CALIFORNIA, EVEN ALONG WITH SOME WWII VETERANS. PRESENTLY BESIDES IN HAYWARD, SOUNDING TAPS WITH HONOR GUARD, VENKAT PLAYS SOUTH INDIAN RAAGA BASED IMPROVISED MUSIC. HE CAN OFTEN BE FOUND BUSTING SOLOS WITH OTHER MUSICIANS AT PARKS AND TRAIN STATIONS IN NEW YORK CITY AND THE SAN FRANCISCO BAY AREA.





*I am a bugler from WWII  
and still playing.. I  
played taps in Korea and  
Butte, Montana and  
sometimes in snow storms  
and -20 degrees.  
Harold P. Godtland*



**Alaska's Drew Herman**

Eight miles by road from the only traffic light in downtown Kodiak, Alaska, lies the U.S. Coast Guard's largest base. The base is home to three large cutters and an air station with four C-130 Hercules airplanes and eight helicopters, plus eight other support units. The daily duty of raising and lowering the national flag with proper ceremony falls to three active duty Coast Guardsmen selected by rotation for the colors detail.

Coast Guardsmen carries out an astonishing variety of missions, including search and rescue, law enforcement, environmental response and maintaining aids to navigation, so you won't find a more professional or adaptable bunch of people in the military. They would probably add bugling to their job list if they could, but usually they make do with recorded music for the flag ceremonies.

My work schedule allows me to join the color detail occasionally and supply live music. As a civilian volunteer member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary, I can match the uniform, if not the drill precision, of the active duty people. They always make me welcome and seem to find that a real bugle helps to refresh what could get a little routine.

I make an extra effort to be available for special occasions. This morning, Oct. 28, 18 chief petty officers formed up and paraded at morning colors as part of the ceremonies marking their advancement in rank this year. It was dark but surprisingly mild and clear at 8 a.m. as observers at the salute lined the administration building steps and passing cars stopped for the duration as the flag was raised. In August I played morning colors for a special memorial observation with Adm. Bob Papp, commandant of the Coast Guard, attending. He particularly thanked the color detail and me afterward.

Like other BAA members, I play taps at veterans' funerals when asked, although the opportunity is thankfully rare in our tiny town. I am proud to be able to associate with members of the Coast Guard, who certainly deserve better than canned bugling every day, and who appreciate the real thing.



**Honoring Soldiers—From the Civil War  
By Ardythe Kolb**

Every veteran deserves a tribute. On October 15, at Olathe Memorial Cemetery in Olathe, Kansas, ten Civil War veterans who never had tombstones were honored in a memorial ceremony. Their graves are now marked with gleaming white stones. To begin the service, a group of Buffalo Soldiers marched into the veterans' area of the cemetery, bearing a flag studded with thirty-four stars—the number of states from 1861-1863. The audience was reminded that Kansas was a border state at that time, with some of its citizens pro-slavery and others violently opposed. After several speakers talked about major events in the history of that era, Tom Burgess from the American Legion highlighted significant facts from each soldier's life. Only one of these ten men actually died during the war. He was eighteen years old and served less than a month when he was killed during Quantrill's raid of Olathe in 1862. Another was an African American, who enlisted when he was just thirteen. He fought for the South, survived the conflict, and lived until 1933. At the end of the ceremony an old cannon boomed out a thunderous report that shook the ground. In the silence that followed, Jerry Kolb (pictured above), with Bugles Across America, sounded the clear, mournful notes of Taps.





*"Taps" for a Fallen Warrior*  
by Bob Russell, BAA Member

It was a slightly breezy, but very temperate Texas day as I prepared to play "Taps" for another fallen warrior. In the two years since joining *Bugles Across America (BAA)*, I had made many trips from Fort Worth to the DFW National Cemetery, near Dallas. Some days, I would only play once or twice for Navy, Marine, or Air Force services; at other times, I might blow as many as 9-10 times, since there were usually services at two pavilions every 30 minutes for most of the day at the cemetery. Thousands of WWII vets were passing and services were plentiful.

At parade rest, my horn at my side, I remembered the first time I introduced myself to the National Cemetery staff. I had just retired from my second full-time career and had only been a BAA member a short time. When I offered to come to the cemetery regularly and play "Taps" for services during a day, the staff was elated. "Our taped system sucks, to put it mildly," one complained. "It isn't loud enough, sounds tinny, and—on one of the pavilions—the recording doesn't even play all the time." He noted that a real bugler was so much more preferred to recordings. "The families deserve the best for their loved one," another staff member offered. I couldn't have agreed more.

As a retired military officer, I usually played my horn in full uniform, which was also very much appreciated by the staff and the families for whom "Taps" was to be played. Additionally, on rare occasions, there would be another bugler come to the cemetery and, if we could time it right, we would do "Echo Taps" for a family, a special salute to a fallen veteran. I also very much enjoyed and appreciated a special ad hoc rifle team, made up of former service vets, who would work with me to conduct a rifle volley prior to my blowing "Taps," adding to the occasion.

Back to this special day. This was to be the 80<sup>th</sup> time I was privileged to play the simple 24-note melody that is probably the most well-known tune in all of music, but I knew I would soon have to stop coming to the cemetery, as my wife and I were due to move out of state. I felt a hint of pride as I realized that I had played for many other families, yet sad that I would not be able to in the coming weeks. I was glad I decided to spend a whole day whenever I came to the cemetery, allowing me to do a number of services. Some days were "long," based on the fickle Texas weather, but all were very rewarding. I would miss this greatly.

The member I was honoring today was a Navy enlisted man and maybe 20-25 family members and friends were gathering to hear remarks by their pastor and watch a sharp cadre of military members (some Air Force, some Army—all part of nearby unit honor guards) fold the American flag to be presented to the widow of the man who had died in service of his country. One could sense the emotion, even from the 20 yards or so that I was separated from the family. None of these events were happy occasions and I felt the sadness even where I stood.

I felt great pride being part of the BAA family—sometimes, I would respond to private requests for "Taps," but with the national cemetery, I volunteered my services. I was happy to "advertise" for BAA and the staff was also pleased to hear of the organization. It was easy for me to support one of the best organizations in America!

BAA Bugler Dennis E. Swanson writes:

I attended the memorial service for a WW2 Veteran; A good friend, a self made man, a friend I greatly admired. The service went well until "Taps" was to be played. A sharp young man in full uniform put a bugle to his lips and no sound emerged. He brought it down looked at the tape deck installed in the bell of the bugle, shook it several times, and tried again. At mid point it quit playing again, we went through the shaking act again with marginal results. The bugle was finally just placed on the ground and the "bugler" returned to his position with the color guard. "Taps" was never completed.--It was terrible. My horn was in the trunk of my car--I waited until everyone had departed, went back to the grave site and played "Taps". Just myself and the grounds keepers. At least he was given a proper and honorable "good by". I did not want this to happen again--at least if I could reasonable help it. Through different inquiries The Bugles Across America site was found. Thank you for organizing/operating this If you wish to use this feel free to edit as you wish--I would like to remain anonymous.





## PLAY ON

By: JAMES MCCARRON

My name is James, I am sixteen, and I am a volunteer bugler for Bugles Across America. The missions that I am able to accept are limited because weekdays, I attend Council Rock High School North, where I am currently in my junior year.

None-the-less, I felt very strongly about joining the organization. Aside from the more obvious reasons of patriotism, duty, honor, and to show respect for our veterans, I had a very personal reason for wanting to join. Here is my story:

There had been a death in the family. It was sudden, unexpected and upsetting. It was my cousin's grandfather and we had just seen him at a family birthday party. He had been his usual jovial self, telling jokes and making people smile. He was always ready to entertain and had all kinds of unusual stories, which were very popular, amongst both the old and the young. Suffice it to say, Mr. Mullen was a popular, heartfelt, genuine kind of guy, who always stood ready to assist anyone in any way he could. Mr. Mullen was also a veteran of the U.S. Navy.

Little did we know that a heart attack was preparing to strike.

At his funeral, as is the custom for veterans, there was a Naval officer and a sailor in attendance to fold and present the family with the United States of America flag that draped his coffin, and to play Taps at the appropriate moment to symbolism the final 'end of the day' for Mr. Mullen. It was a very poignant moment and I know it meant a lot to all those in attendance, especially given that Mr. Mullen always spoke with such high praises about his time served in the military.

I had played Taps at my grandfather's funeral, the year before and so anticipated the song to go according to plan. However, there was a heart wrenching moment, a mere 15 or so notes into the piece, when the bugle squealed out of tune, the volume dropped and then there was silence. Little did I know at the time, that it was a ceremonial bugle and that Taps was a taped version which was played on cue at the push of a "play" button. The non-musician sailor was totally and completely helpless. He just stood there, stunned, that such a dreadful thing could happen right in the middle of saying goodbye to a fallen comrade.

I swore at that very moment to never attend another funeral without bringing my own trumpet or bugle to have ready to honor the fallen in the event that there was ever a repeat non-performance of a failed mechanical bugle. It is hard to describe how that horn's battery failure affected all those in attendance. It created such an overwhelming sense of incompleteness. Instead of serving as a comfort to the already heartbroken, it actually added to our grief. It was unthinkable that such a thing could have happened, at such a crucial moment, to such a wonderful person as Mr. Mullen. He deserved better.

I did eventually return to Mr. Mullen's graveside, with my family and my bugle to properly play Taps for him. It wasn't quite the same, but at least I felt that it did bring some closure, even if it was just for me.

Things changed for me at that moment and I became extremely interested in everything about Taps. I researched its history, its use, even its words. I never knew what the words to the song were, but I know now. They are:

Day is done ... Gone the sun...  
From the lakes From the hills...  
From the sky ... All is well .  
Safely rest ... God is nigh.

Fading light .. Dims the sight .  
And a star ... Gems the sky gleaming bright  
From afar . Drawing nigh . Falls the night.  
Thanks and praise . For our days ..  
Neath the sun ... Neath the stars... Neath the sky .  
As we go . This we know . God is nigh.

It was through this research that led me to the discovery of the existence of Bugles Across America. I immediately knew that I had to join.

I now have a much deeper respect for Taps than ever before. I feel the chills each time I listen to or play this musical piece. It makes me tingle and feel the emotion.

Let us remember all those who have been lost or harmed while serving their country and also those presently serving in the Armed Forces. God bless America!

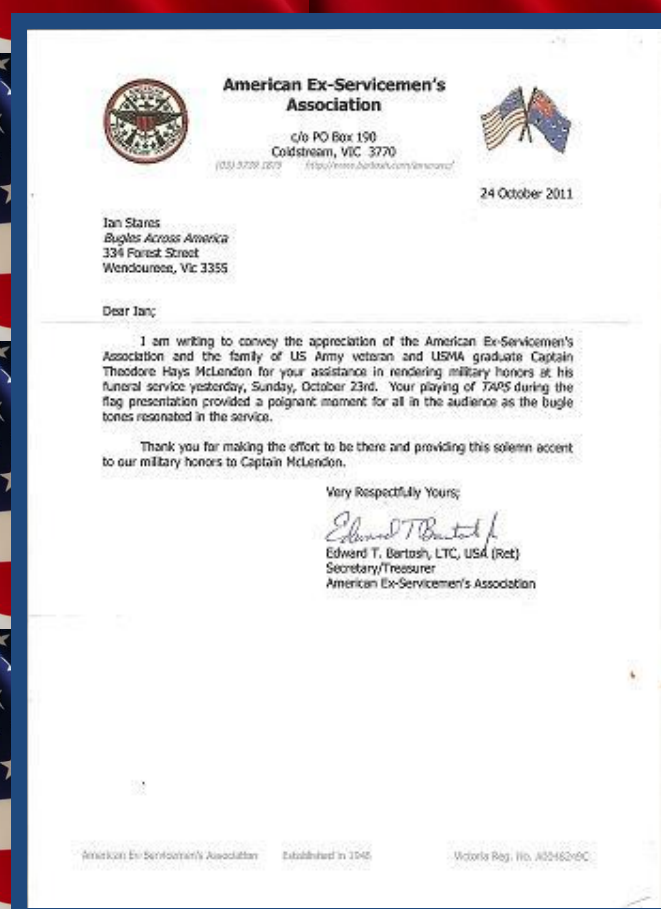
We are Grateful to All  
Veterans!!!







Australia's BAA Rep., Ian Stares



Our Man in Germany, BAA Representative  
Hartmut Hausser





### From Our Chaplain

With Veterans Day upon us how do we reflect on the freedoms we hold so dear? How do we embrace the loved ones left behind from the war and what cause do we join to give back to the hero who gave his left arm or leg overseas in battle?

When was the last time you knelt down, put your hands together and simply prayed for our troops? Remember that God listens to those who call upon him and pray (Jeremiah 29:12). Humbly pray before your God. Thank Him for giving us men and women who take on the call to protect this great land we call America. Don't forget to send petitions up on behalf of the children left behind and the spouse trying to keep the family together. Pray from your heart, no words are too simple or insignificant for our God. He will listen. He will answer.

You may not hear a thank you for this effort. No one will praise you for taking your time to give in this simple way. There won't be an announcement made on the public address system proclaiming your sacrifice. But...Did the soldier hear a thank you when he liberated the oppressed? Did the sailor get a hug for protecting the shores of a foreign land to safeguard one of our allies? Did the marine hear applause after dropping from exhaustion from a patrol in the dessert heat with 100 pounds of gear attached to his back? Did the airman receive a smile when his aircraft was shot down behind enemy lines?

It's time to humbly seek God's will for the lives of our heroes and those families we hold so dear. Thank you for being a part of Bugles Across America and our efforts to thank our veterans through the 24 notes of Taps. Now, this Veterans Day let God do the work of answering our prayers as we remember our honored dead, the men and women who continue to serve today and the families who support our heroes. It's time to give back America! It's time to get those knees dirty!

Humbly,

Ron Glazer  
BAA Chaplain



Ron is stationed with the 167th Communications Flight, in the WV Air National Guard as an active guard member in Martinsburg, WV. , and has served in the active duty army as well and have a combined 25 years of military service. On 2 November 2<sup>nd</sup>, he was promoted to Chief Master Sergeant (E9) CM Sgt.

Congratulations Ron!





## *"Birth of an American Tradition"*

**June 22 – 24, 2012**

Berkeley Plantation, Charles City, Virginia

### **THE 150<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY COMMEMORATION OF TAPS**

#### **A MUSICAL AND HISTORICAL CELEBRATION**

This three-day event will celebrate the birth of America's national song of remembrance with Civil War re-enactors depicting the Union Army at rest at Harrison's Landing (on the grounds of the plantation) following the Seven Days Battles in late June 1862. Living history programs will feature the music of fifes, drums, and bugles, including the commemorative sounding of Taps on Saturday night. Concerts by military bands on Friday night and the Federal City Brass Band on Saturday night will add to the musical flavor of the event. Presentations on Taps, the 83<sup>rd</sup> Pennsylvania and a recreation of the birth of call will be given throughout the weekend.

The focal point of the three-day event will be the re-dedication of the Taps Monument on Saturday, June 23, at 11 AM. The original monument was erected in 1969 by the Virginia chapter of the American Legion. This ceremony will also feature Civil War bugler re-enactors as well as members of Bugles Across America, an organization that provides live buglers for funerals of veterans. All buglers and trumpeters are invited to take part in the historic celebration commemorating our national song of remembrance.

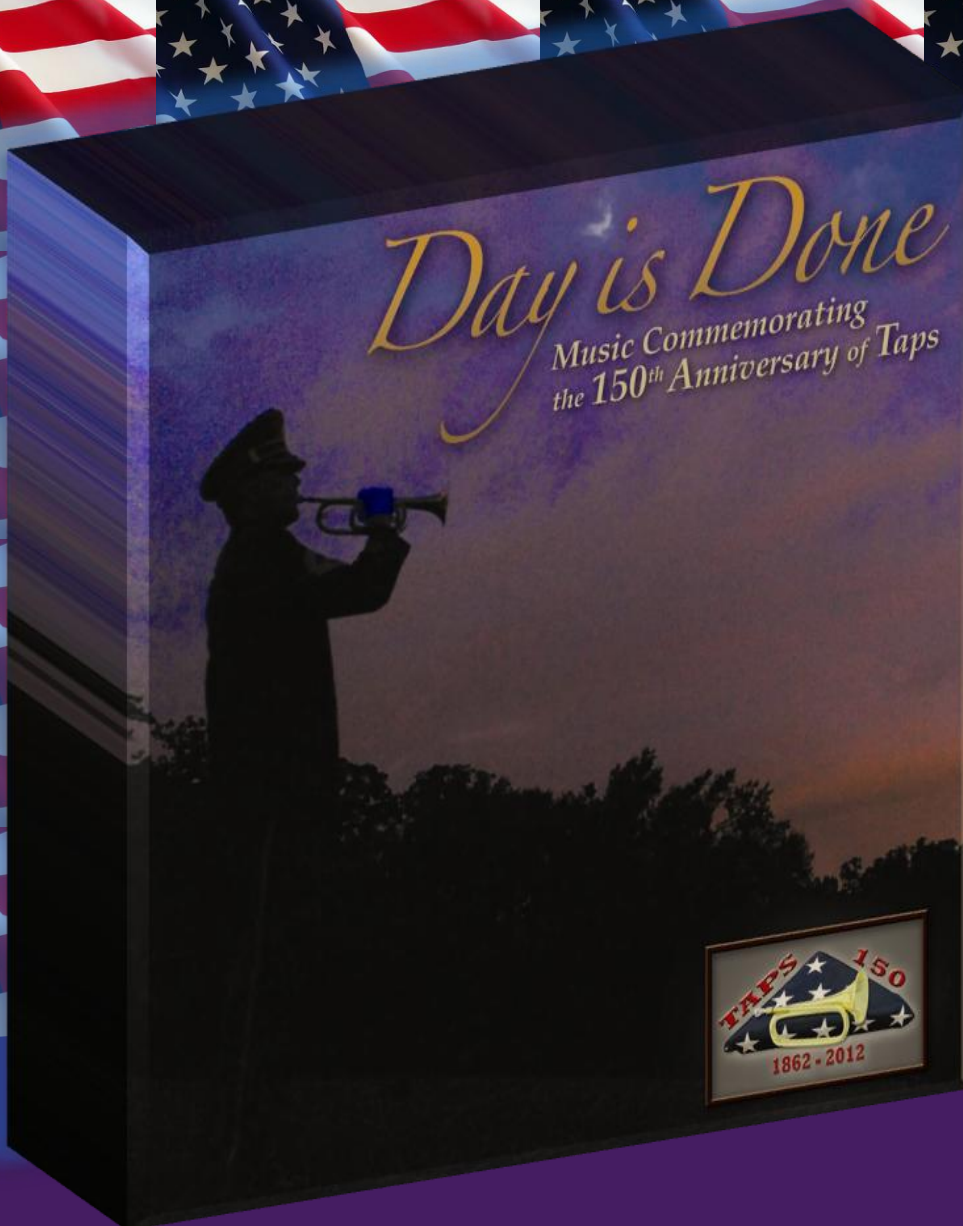
In the summer of 1862, the Army of the Potomac found itself at rest along the James River following the Seven Days Battles. These engagements were part of the Peninsular Campaign intended to take the Confederate capital of Richmond by force. The Confederate Army, under the leadership of the newly appointed commander Robert E. Lee, repulsed the Union Army in a series of battles, known as the Seven Days, which took place around Richmond in late June 1862. Following the retreat of the Union Army, Headquarters was set up at Berkeley Plantation with the Fifth Corps occupying the area surrounding Harrison's Landing. It was there at the headquarters for the 3<sup>rd</sup> Brigade, 1<sup>st</sup> Division, 5<sup>th</sup> Corps, Major General Daniel Butterfield commanding, that "Taps" was born. General Butterfield summoned his brigade bugler, Oliver Willcox Norton of the 83<sup>rd</sup> PA, and together they reworked an old bugle call that had fallen into disuse before the war into the twenty-four notes we know today as "Taps." The new signal originally meant to replace the call "Extinguish Lights" but was soon to be used as the final call at military funerals. The call soon spread to other units and by the end of the war was used in place of the old "Extinguish Lights".

Berkeley Plantation is located at 12602 Harrison Landing Road, Charles City, VA 23030.

**For more information on visiting or performing visit:**

[www.taps150.org](http://www.taps150.org)  
[www.berkeleyplantation.com](http://www.berkeleyplantation.com)





*Taps 150  
Album has  
Arrived!!!*

*The CD has 33 tracks of Taps and Taps related music including calls and settings of our National song of Remembrance.*

*The CD features trumpet artists Woody English, George Rabbai, Wayne Naus, Walter White, Mike Bogart, Kevin Burns and Jari Villanueva plus buglers from The Maryland National Guard and Bugles Across America. The CD will also come with a booklet full of information.*

*All proceeds go toward the 150th commemoration of Taps which takes place in 2012 Available now for \$18.00*

*At [www.taps150.org](http://www.taps150.org)*





Stay Tuned for  
Volume 2