

# THE LAW OFFICE OF JACK W. BOLLING P.C.

For Advice and Counsel



The philosophy of the school room in one generation will be the philosophy of government in the next.

Abraham Lincoln

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## ► You 're An Old Detroiter If . . .

You took a “moonlight cruise” to Bob-lo with Captain Bob-lo or went to Edgewater amusement Park. You remember the big stove that was on Jefferson Ave. at the entrance to Belle Isle (before it was moved to the State Fair grounds at 8 & Woodward!)

You shopped at Hughes and Hatcher, B. Siegel, Peck and Peck, Himelhoch's, Robert Hall, Crowley's, Shoppers Fair, EJ Korvettes, Arlans, or Federals. You remember Winkleman's and at Sanders those white cone shaped paper cups for sundaes and cold water that they stuck into the steel holders as you sat at the counter and the counter ladies wore uniforms!

You rode the elevator at J. L. Hudson, which was “run” by an elevator operator with her white gloves on and you marveled at the Hudson's Christmas window displays each year!

You remember that Twin Pines Dairy delivered milk and juice to the chute on the side of your house and Milky the Clown performed magic with the magic Words, “Twin Pines”. The milkman used ice to cool the stuff in the truck and they would give you pieces on hot summer mornings.

You remember that Vernors Ginger Ale was made on Woodward Ave. and a bearded troll was on the bottle. You got groceries at Great Scott, Food Fair, Wrigley's, Chatham or A&P.

Your mom saved Holden Red Stamps, S&H Green Stamps, or Gold Bell Gift Stamps and you licked the stamps and put them in those little books. Kresge's and Woolworth's were “DIME STORES”.

You had an uncle in the furniture business (Joshua Doore). You know who Bill Kennedy is.

You remember this telephone number: Tyler 8-7-100 (Belvedere Construction) and the slogan “We do good work”. Your phone number may have started with Tyler, Vermont, Broadway, Kenwood, Diamond, Webster, Dunkirk, Warwick, Vinewood, Townsend, University or Trinity.

You remember Olympia Stadium. You saw both the Detroit Lions and Detroit Tigers play in Briggs or Tiger Stadium. You know where the Motown Museum is and have been there.

You remember Black Bart and the Faygo pop song. You watched Rita Bell's Prize Movie in the mornings. You know who Sonny Elliot, Jack LeGoff and Van Patrick are.

You remember Soupy Sales, White Fang and Black Tooth, Pookey, Johnny Ginger, Poopdeck Paul and Captain Jolly, and Fred Wolf. You visited the Wonder Bread Bakery and got to take home a mini loaf of bread. You had Towne Club or Atlas pop. Robin Seymour is . . .?

Your address had a two-digit “zone” before there were zip codes. Detroit19, Michigan. Your house had a laundry chute, a milk chute and a coal chute. You went to the Mercury or Redford Theaters. Your friends “cottage” was way out in Waterford. You hunted pheasants out in the country “Southfield.”

You begged the guys passing out handbills for a handful of rubber bands. You have a picture of yourself sitting on a pony. You know who Sir Graves Ghastly and Morgus are.

You remember going to Cunningham Drugs or Detroit Edison with your mom to exchange burned out light bulbs for free new ones! Or, to use their tube tester machine!

You played in the “ditch” when the Lodge or I-94 freeways were being built! You went to the Belle Isle Zoo. You went to the new malls at Northland/Eastland. You went to the Mump with friends! Bob Seger played at 14 and Southfield at the Hideaway – he was not yet known outside Detroit. You actually cruised (raced?) Woodward Ave. – Mavericks to Ted's & back.

You went to a wedding at Roma Hall. You ate at The Red Barn, Top Hat, Herc's, Powers, or Burger Chef. And, you know what the “big” tire is! *Life was easier folks.*

## ➤ To Juice Or Not To Juice

By Army veteran Jennifer Campbell - a certified personal trainer with a master's degree in nutrition education. She is commander of the California American Legion's 24th District.

Juice bars are popping up in small towns and large cities. Raw juice recipes are filtering through Instagram feeds.

It's common knowledge that daily servings of vegetables are good for us. But does it matter if you eat or drink them? In other words, should you be juicing?

First, let's break down daily servings of vegetables. The amount of vegetables your body requires to be healthy depends on your age, gender and level of physical activity. USDA recommendations call for two to three cups per day for adults. Portion sizes can be confusing, and many of us are unsure what actually constitutes a recommended serving of vegetables. Here are a few examples:

- 1 cup of raw leafy vegetables (*about the size of a small fist*)
- ½ cup of other vegetables
- ½ cup of vegetable juice

Based on their nutrient content, vegetables are organized into five subgroups: dark green vegetables, starchy vegetables, red and orange vegetables, beans and peas, and others.

Just because you had three cups of broccoli today doesn't mean you've met recommended servings for your daily or weekly vegetables. You need a variety from all the

subgroups to get the recommended nutrients, not just those found in broccoli.

Now, back to juicing. Not all juices are created equal. Look at the nutrition label. Is it 100% juice? If you're at a juice bar, how much of the juice is fruit? Often, to make vegetable juice palatable, a lot of fruit is added to sweeten it. Is that a good thing? Maybe, maybe not.

Think of it this way: if you were to have a snack like an orange, you would have just one orange. And you would reap all its nutritional benefits. However, if you were to juice the orange, you strip out a lot of the fiber and nutrients. Additionally, it takes about two to four oranges to make an 8-ounce cup of juice. That's almost two to four times the calories and sugar you're drinking versus just eating one orange.

Bottom line? It's better to eat fruits and vegetables than to drink them. That said, if juice is the only way you're going to consume a healthy amount of veggies and fruits, juicing is better than nothing.

Try blending whole fruits and vegetables as a smoothie with some low-fat yogurt or almond milk and ice. Cheers to good health, fiber and nutrients!

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## ➤ A Primer on Intermittent Fasting

By Army veteran Jennifer Campbell - a certified personal trainer with a master's degree in nutrition education. She is commander of the California American Legion's 24th District.

Intermittent fasting is growing in popularity. For those unfamiliar with the practice, intermittent fasting is when a person purposefully fasts for most of the day and takes in calories only within a specific block of time. Typically the fast lasts between 12 and 16 hours.

**The history** - Our hunter-gatherer ancestors didn't have the modern luxuries of grocery stores, refrigerators or easy access to food. As a result, humans have evolved to be able to function without food for extended periods of time. Fasting has also been practiced for centuries for religious or spiritual reasons.

**The benefits** - According to the National Institute on Aging, fasting improves biomarkers of disease, reduces oxidative stress, and preserves learning and memory functioning. High insulin levels are often the culprit for diabetes and obesity. Between meals, insulin levels will go down and fat cells can then release stored sugars to be used as energy. We lose weight and improve our health if insulin levels fall. The idea of intermittent fasting is to allow the levels to go down far and long enough that we begin to burn off our fat stores.

**The timing** - Our metabolisms have adapted to a daytime-food, nighttime-sleep schedule. Late-night eating is linked to a higher risk of obesity and diabetes. While studies show fasting to be effective, it's often hard for people to follow.

It's important to find a schedule that works with your lifestyle for it to be effective and sustainable, especially when combined with a plant-based diet. Many find eating between noon and 8 p.m. works best.

**The start** - If you usually eat breakfast, this may be a challenge for you. In time, your body will adapt and the feelings of hunger will subside. When fasting you can have caffeine, which acts as an appetite suppressant. Stay away from creamers, sugar or other calories in your coffee or tea; those calories will break your fast. Stick to an all-natural, zero-calorie sweetener like stevia or monk fruit.

**The secret** - Drink plenty of water. Often when we feel hungry, our body is confusing it with thirst. Consuming water first thing in the morning will help alleviate hunger pangs and flush out your system from overnight.

## The Battle of the Bulge – The Battle Remembered



Seventy years ago, Europe experienced its coldest winter in decades. Adolf Hitler decided the time was right to launch a final, desperate offensive to halt the Allies. U.S. troops battled subzero temperatures, blizzards and waist-deep snow while German warplanes buzzed overhead.

Many U.S. soldiers had only their summer uniforms to fend off the harsh winter conditions. Douglas Dillard and others traded German flags and other collectibles they had captured to U.S. tank crews for their warmer clothing. “Some people didn’t have that much,” remembers Dillard, a retired colonel and president of the Veterans of the Battle of the Bulge Ardennes. “None of us had snowshoes or anything like that.”

For Dillard, keeping the memories of those who did not come home from the battle is a personal mission. “My battalion was destroyed,” he says. “I was with those people from the beginning, the alpha and the omega of that battalion. The general public needs to know what the soldiers, paratroopers and others did when they were there, what they had to go through just to survive. I think the people who survived were just lucky. I really do.”

The Germans referred to it as Unternehmen Wacht am Rhein (Operation Watch on the Rhine), but it became better known as the Battle of the Bulge. It lasted from Dec. 16, 1944, to Jan. 25, 1945, and is known as the bloodiest battle fought by the United States during World War II. Of the more than 600,000 Americans involved in the fighting, 19,000 were killed and tens of thousands were wounded.

Dillard’s group convenes at least annually to share stories of honor, survival and bravery while remembering those who made the ultimate sacrifice. Over Labor Day weekend in Columbia, S.C., the veterans had such a reunion, sharing their stories, questions, passion and humor.

**THE FIELD NURSE** Katherine Nolan served as a nurse with the 53rd Field Hospital, which was attached to various infantry and armored units throughout the war. The field hospital team often had only four hours to find a new location, prepare medical tents and be ready to receive severely wounded patients. “Sometimes the incoming wounded arrived before we were ready, so you learned how to set up the hospital in the order they needed it. You improvised a lot,” she recalls.

The nurses’ primary mission was to keep the patients alive and warm. Two potbelly stoves generated minimal heat in the makeshift hospital. Nurses often swaddled patients like babies in whatever blankets they could find. It was hard work, especially given the severe winter. “I’ve been cold since the Bulge,” says Nolan, now 93.

Once a patient was stabilized, he would be evacuated to a full military hospital. “We never heard back about how they made out after they left us,” Nolan recalls. “We often wondered if they made it all the way home.”

Nearly 70 years later, she still wondered what happened to one patient in particular: Hamilton Greene, war correspondent for The American Legion Magazine. Nolan was mentioned in a story about Greene in the February 1945 issue. “There’s a nice girl nurse, Lt. Katherine Greene of Worcester (Mass.), in charge of his ward,” the article says, referring to Nolan by her maiden name.

Nolan says Greene was a model patient. “He was in a lot of pain, but you wouldn’t know it. He always had a smile on his face. He was always very upbeat and, as it mentions in the article, he really helped me with the other patients because he had such a great sense of humor. You would never believe anything was wrong with him. But his wounds were worse than some of the others.”

Unbeknownst to Nolan, after Greene left her field hospital, he recovered fully. He picked up his correspondent duties, and was aboard USS Missouri when Japan formally surrendered. Later, Greene returned home to his wife and two young children and continued to work as a freelance illustrator.

Upon learning, after all these years, that he had survived, Nolan smiled and beamed. “That’s the best news I’ve heard in a long time.”

**THE COLLECTOR** Irving Locker describes himself as a short, poor Jewish kid from New Jersey who grew up quickly during World War II. Promoted to staff sergeant at 19, Locker had 65 men under his command in the 116th AAA Gun Battalion in the 1st Army’s 7th Corps. “My promise to them was to bring them home alive.”

Locker and his AAA (Anti-tank, Anti-aircraft and Artillery) battalion fired 90 mm guns that weighed 9.5 tons each and fired shells that measured 3 feet in length, weighed 45 pounds and could hit a target 30,000 feet in the air. “It was the only ammunition that could go through the armor of a German tank,” Locker says.

The unit defended Utah Beach on D-Day and later served a pivotal role in winning the Battle of the Bulge. When the Germans tried to seal in the Allies, Locker’s unit was surrounded on three sides. “We didn’t have ammunition, food or anything,” he says. “We were going into the mortuary to take clothing and boots off our dead GIs to stay warm. We dug through the snow and ice, but the water from the snow and ice came into the hole where we slept. It was below-zero weather, and we lived through it. It was very difficult.”

As the war drew nearer to ending, Locker’s unit came across Nazi death camps. “Anybody who says the Holocaust never happened, better talk to me. ‘Cause I know what happened.”

Locker collected Nazi memorabilia and propaganda, which he still uses today to educate community groups, students and others about the atrocities he saw firsthand. At times, items in his collection serve as a link between families and their World War II ancestors.

A few years ago, Locker met a younger man where he lives in The Villages, Fla. The man’s father died in the war when the boy was only 18 months old. Prompted by the discovery of Locker’s name in one of his father’s Army books, the man visited him to view the artifacts.

“His father signed this flag that I took off a wall in Berlin,” Locker says. “He was in my outfit, but I didn’t know him real well because men routinely got transferred in and transferred out. Later, the young man came over to my house to see

the flag and held it to his cheek and cried. It was absolutely amazing.”

**THE LIQUIDATOR** Mike Levin was a field artillery observer during the Battle of the Bulge. The second lieutenant’s duty was to get as close to the Germans as possible, observe their movements and radio back firing instructions.

“I used to get as far forward as I could safely, which wasn’t too safe because I was the first one the Germans would see,” he recalls. “They looked for a guy with a bar on his helmet. So I used to take some mud and cover it up, and I used to cover the binoculars, too. Because the Germans knew what the guy with the binoculars was doing.”

Levin mourns the friends he lost but prefers to focus on stories that evoke humor in the darkness of a war zone. “You are bound on occasion to think of the guys you left over there, and I do that,” he says. “When I tell war stories, and I occasionally do, I don’t like to tell stories of the dead, dying and wounded. I like to tell lots of funny stories.”

One such story occurs after the Battle of the Bulge, when Levin was directed to head toward the town of Bad Godesberg along the Rhine. There, he found a giant hotel, the Rheinhotel Dreesen.

Levin says it had been evacuated except for “an old caretaker who had a big brass ring loaded with keys.” Levin ordered his men to set up radio communications while he checked out the entire hotel with the caretaker.

“We went to the basement where there was a long corridor with a heavy oak door at the end,” he says. “I thought, that looks interesting to me. I told the old man, ‘Öffnen Sie die Tür’ (open the door). He says, ‘Ich glaube nicht, einen Schlüssel für diese Tür haben (I don’t have a key for that door).’ I didn’t believe him. I reached for my .45 and pulled it out, and said, ‘Ich habe einen Schlüssel für diese Tür bekam’ (I’ve got a key for that door). He says, ‘Nein nein nein.’ He found a key.” Inside the room, Levin found one of the biggest wine cellars in western Germany. Hundreds of bottles had been looted from the French and stored there.

“There were not only wines but liquors and other stuff,” he says. “I put a few cases in my Jeep, but a Jeep can’t carry much. The halftrack carried some more cases. But I had hardly dented the stash, so I reluctantly called the division and told them to get the special service officer down here with some big trucks. They did, and they emptied out the wine cellar and distributed them throughout the 7th Armored Division.”

None of Levin’s stash made it home. “It was fantastic. I consumed the wine on the spot. It was good stuff.”

*By Henry Howard- a deputy director for The American Legion’s Media & Communications Division.*

## ➤ Sacred Duty: A Soldier's Tour at Arlington National Cemetery

*The following is adapted from a speech delivered on April 9, 2019, at Hillsdale College's Allan P. Kirby, Jr. Center for Constitutional Studies and Citizenship in Washington, D.C. by U.S. Senator Tom Cotton from Arkansas. Author, Sacred Duty: A Soldier's Tour at Arlington National Cemetery.*

Every headstone at Arlington tells a story. These are tales of heroes, I thought, as I placed the toe of my combat boot against the white marble. I pulled a miniature American flag out of my assault pack and pushed it three inches into the ground at my heel. I stepped aside to inspect it, making sure it met the standard that we had briefed to our troops: "vertical and perpendicular to the headstone." Satisfied, I moved to the next headstone to keep up with my soldiers. Having started this row, I had to complete it. One soldier per row was the rule; otherwise, different boot sizes might disrupt the perfect symmetry of the headstones and flags. I planted flag after flag, as did the soldiers on the rows around me.

Bending over to plant the flags brought me eye-level with the lettering on those marble stones. The stories continued with each one. Distinguished Service Cross. Silver Star. Bronze Star. Purple Heart. America's wars marched by. Iraq. Afghanistan. Vietnam. Korea. World War II. World War I. Some soldiers died in very old age; others were teenagers. Crosses, Stars of David, Crescents and Stars. Every religion, every race, every age, every region of America is represented in these fields of stone.

I came upon the gravesite of a Medal of Honor recipient. I paused, came to attention, and saluted. The Medal of Honor is the nation's highest decoration for battlefield valor. By military custom, all soldiers salute Medal of Honor recipients irrespective of their rank, in life and in death. We had reminded our soldiers of this courtesy; hundreds of grave sites would receive salutes that afternoon. I planted this hero's flag and kept moving.

On some headstones sat a small memento: a rank or unit patch, a military coin, a seashell, sometimes just a penny or a rock. Each was a sign that someone—maybe family or friends, or perhaps a battle buddy who lived because of his friend's ultimate sacrifice—had visited, honored, and mourned. For those of us who had been downrange, the sight was equally comforting and jarring—a sign that we would be remembered in death, but also a reminder of just how close some of us had come to resting here ourselves. We left those mementos undisturbed.

After a while, my hand began to hurt from pushing on the pointed, gold tips of the flags. There had been no rain that week, so the ground was hard. I asked my soldiers how they were moving so fast and seemingly pain-free. They asked if I was using a bottle cap, and I said no. Several shook their heads in disbelief; forgetting a bottle cap was apparently a mistake on par with forgetting one's rifle or night-vision goggles on patrol in Iraq. Those kinds of little tricks and techniques were not briefed in the day's written orders, but rather got passed down from seasoned soldiers. These details often make the difference between mission success or failure in the Army, whether in combat or stateside. After some good-natured ribbing at my expense, a young private squared me away with a spare cap.

We finished up our last section and got word over the radio to go place flags in the Columbarium, where open-air buildings contain thousands of urns. Walking down Arlington's leafy avenues, we passed Section 60, where soldiers killed in Iraq and Afghanistan were laid to rest if their families chose Arlington as their eternal home. Unlike in the sections we had just completed, several visitors and mourners were present. Some had settled in for a while on blankets or lawn chairs. Others walked among the headstones. Even from a respectful distance, we could see the sense of loss and grief on their faces.

Once we finished in the Columbarium, "mission complete" came over the radio and we began the long walk up Arlington's hills and back to Fort Myer. In just a few hours, we had placed a flag at every grave site in this sacred ground, more than two hundred thousand of them. From President John F. Kennedy to the Unknown Soldiers to the youngest privates from our oldest wars, every hero of Arlington had a few moments that day with a soldier who, in this simple act of remembrance, delivered a powerful message to the dead and the living alike: you are not forgotten.

The Thursday before Memorial Day at Arlington National Cemetery is known as "Flags In." The soldiers who place the flags belong to the 3rd United States Infantry Regiment, better known as The Old Guard. My turn at Flags In came in 2007, when I served with The Old Guard between my tours in Iraq and Afghanistan.

The Old Guard is literally the old guard, the oldest active-duty infantry regiment in the Army, dating back to 1784, three years older even than our Constitution. The regiment got its nickname in 1847 from Winfield Scott, the longest-serving general in American history. Scott gave the regiment the honor of leading the victory march into Mexico City, where he directed his staff to “take your hats off to The Old Guard of the Army.” Perhaps Scott felt an old kinship with the 3rd Infantry, because he had fought the British alongside them outside Niagara Falls during the War of 1812.

Among the few regiments to participate in both of the major campaigns of the Mexican War—Monterrey in 1846 and Mexico City in 1847—The Old Guard made history alongside American military legends. A young lieutenant later wrote that “the loss of the 3rd Infantry in commissioned officers was especially severe” in the brutal street-to-street fighting in Monterrey. That lieutenant’s name was Ulysses S. Grant.

The 3rd Infantry was part of the main effort again the next year at the Battle of Cerro Gordo, the last stand on the road to Mexico City by Mexican General Antonio López de Santa Anna. The Mexicans had a numerically superior force on the high ground on both sides of the only passable road to the capital. But Santa Anna underestimated the Americans’ ingenuity and audacity. With a young captain of engineers blazing the path, the 3rd Infantry hacked through the jungle and crossed ravines to attack the Mexicans from their rear, finishing them off with a bayonet charge. That captain’s name was Robert E. Lee. And to this day, The Old Guard remains the only unit in the Army authorized to march with bayonets fixed to their rifles in honor of their forerunners’ bravery at Cerro Gordo.

The Old Guard returned to the battlefield in the Civil War, fighting with other “regulars”—the career professional soldiers of the federal government, as opposed to the volunteer soldiers of the state regiments. The Old Guard fought in every major battle in the eastern theater from the First Battle of Bull Run to Gettysburg, where they helped hold off Confederate charges against the weakened salient in Union lines at the Wheatfield. Watching from the nearby Round Top Hills, a state militiaman later wrote, “For two years, the regulars taught us how to fight like soldiers. At the Wheatfield at Gettysburg, they taught us how to die like soldiers.”

Though out of the fight, the regiment later served in Grant’s headquarters at Appomattox Court House as he accepted the surrender of their old pathfinder from Cerro Gordo.

The Old Guard then went west following the American frontier, and ultimately to the Philippines at the turn of the century, fighting under General John “Black Jack” Pershing against Muslim radicals in Jolo and Mindanao—the very places where al Qaeda and the Islamic State have franchises today. They guarded our southern border with Mexico against Pancho Villa during World War I, and they trained the vast army of new recruits for World War II before deploying to Europe in the final months of the war.

It was after World War II that the Army assigned its oldest unit to its most sacred ground: Arlington National Cemetery, whose seal calls it “Our Nation’s Most Sacred Shrine,” and with good reason. To borrow from Tocqueville in a different context, those rolling hills seem “called by some secret design of Providence” to become our national cemetery.

George Washington’s adopted son—his wife Martha’s only surviving son—bought the land that became Arlington in 1778 to be closer to his mother and his stepfather at their beloved Mount Vernon. General Washington advised him on the purchase in correspondence from his winter camp at Valley Forge. But our national triumph three years later at Yorktown shattered the family’s dreams. Their son died of a fever contracted there, leaving behind a six-month-old son of his own. George and Martha raised the boy, who was named George Washington Parke Custis but was known as Wash. When Wash came of age and inherited the land, he initially christened it Mount Washington, in honor of his revered adoptive father. Though he later renamed it Arlington, Wash used the land as a kind of public memorial in his lifelong mission to honor the great man. From hosting celebrations on Washington’s Birthday to displaying artifacts and memorabilia to building the grand mansion still visible from the Lincoln Memorial today, Arlington got its start as a shrine to the father of our country.

A new resident arrived in 1831, when then-Lieutenant Robert E. Lee—himself the son of Washington’s trusted cavalry commander during the Revolutionary War—married Wash’s only surviving child, Mary. For 30 years, the Lees made Arlington their home and raised a family

there between his military assignments. Because of his ties to Washington and his own military genius, Lee was offered command of a Union army as the Civil War started. But he declined on the spot. His long-time mentor—none other than the 3rd Infantry's old commander, Winfield Scott, now the General-in-Chief of the Army—scolded him: "Lee, you have made the greatest mistake of your life, but I feared it would be so." Resigning his commission, Lee left Arlington for Richmond, never to return. The United States Army occupied Arlington on May 24, 1861—and it has held the ground ever since.

Arlington at first became a military post, key terrain for the defense of the capital. The Old Guard even camped there for a few days in the summer of 1861. But as the horrific war ground on, casualties mounted and Washington's cemeteries filled up. Montgomery Meigs, the Quartermaster General, and Edwin Stanton, the Secretary of War, detested Lee as a traitor and saw a double opportunity: by turning Arlington into a Union cemetery, they gained hundreds of acres in new land for graves, while also foreclosing Lee's return after the war. On May 13, 1864, Private William Christman was the first soldier interred at Arlington. Thousands more would soon join him, fixing Arlington as a new national cemetery.

Or so it was thought. Lee's son inherited the family's claim to their old farm. Himself a Confederate officer, his name nevertheless reflected the nation's deep roots at Arlington: George Washington Custis Lee. Known as Custis, he petitioned Congress to no avail, then sued in federal court to evict the Army as trespassers. *United States v. Lee* worked its way over the years to the Supreme Court, which upheld the Lee family's claim. Fortunately for the government, the nation, and the souls at rest in Arlington, Custis was magnanimous in victory, asking only for just compensation. In 1883, he deeded the land back to the government in return for \$150,000. The Secretary of War who accepted the deed was Robert Todd Lincoln, the son of Abraham Lincoln. After that final act of reconciliation between the firstborn sons of the great president and his famed rebel antagonist, Arlington's dead could rest in peace for eternity.

Since 1948, when The Old Guard became the Army's ceremonial unit and official escort to the president, it has marched in inaugural parades, performed ceremonies at the White House and the Pentagon, and provided color guards and a drill team for events around the capital, among other missions. But one mission takes priority

above all else: military-honor funerals in Arlington National Cemetery. In manning, in training, in operating, funerals always come first, and they are a no-fail, zero-defect mission. While we often performed more than 20 funerals a day, we knew that—for the fallen and the family—each funeral was a once-in-a-lifetime moment, a lifetime in the making.

No matter how often we conducted funerals—and most of us performed hundreds of them—the pressure to achieve perfection for the fallen and their families never relented. Lieutenant Colonel Allen Kehoe, the battalion commander in charge of Old Guard funerals, has served in the 75th Ranger Regiment and is a five-time combat veteran. Yet he told me, "I've never experienced pressure like this anywhere else in the Army." He paused and added, "I know that sounds crazy." Perhaps to some, but not to me, and not to his soldiers. We felt the same pressure every day in Arlington, the pressure to perform our sacred duty to honor America's heroes.

Nothing interferes with The Old Guard's mission in Arlington—and when I say nothing, I mean nothing, not even 9/11. On that beautiful morning, the 9 o'clock funerals were underway when American Airlines Flight 77 slammed into the Pentagon, blasting debris across Washington Boulevard into the cemetery's southeastern corner. The Old Guard's Medical Platoon rushed to the scene, becoming the first soldiers to deploy to a battlefield in the War on Terror. Yet those funerals continued. So did the 10 o'clock funerals. And the 11 o'clock funerals. Over the next month, even as hundreds of Old Guard soldiers pulled guard duty at the Pentagon and carried remains from the crash site, funerals never stopped in Arlington.

Last year was no different during the state funeral for President George H.W. Bush. As the nation awoke to news of his passing, The Old Guard had already assembled in the pre-dawn darkness of a Saturday morning. Over the next six days, hundreds of Old Guard soldiers would honor the old aviator in Texas and at Andrews Air Force Base, the Capitol, and the Washington National Cathedral. Yet far from the limelight, funerals in Arlington continued as planned. As one Old Guard soldier told me, "Our standards remain the same, whether it's President Bush or a private first class."



Old Guard companies have industrial-quality press machines in their barracks to achieve razor-sharp pant creases. We measured uniform insignia out to one-sixty-fourth of an inch. Sitting down in uniform between funerals was prohibited to avoid wrinkles. We prepared for funerals in sweltering summer heat, winter blizzards, and driving rain. Even when inclement weather shuts down the cemetery, it does not stop The Old Guard from performing funerals on time and to standard.

Each morning, casket teams practiced folding the flag, even though they had folded thousands of them. Firing parties practiced their three-volley salute, seven rifles cracking as one in the parking lot. In the cemetery, we talked through the key sequences and cues before each funeral, sometimes conducting the very same talk-through six times in a day. Nothing was taken for granted.

For rare or complex funerals, The Old Guard goes to even greater lengths. I participated once in a group burial for twelve soldiers killed in a helicopter crash in Iraq. We rehearsed it for several days. Last year, The Old Guard dedicated the newest 27 acres of the cemetery by laying to rest two unknown Civil War soldiers whose remains were recently discovered at the battlefield of the Second Battle of Bull Run. The soldiers involved rehearsed the mission six times. Researchers believe, incidentally, that the two soldiers may have died from wounds suffered during the Union's failed assault on the third and final day of the battle—an assault in which The Old Guard participated.

Arlington is not the only site of The Old Guard's mission to honor our fallen. Since the earliest days of the Iraq War, The Old Guard has performed the dignified transfer of remains at Dover Air Force Base in Delaware, where our nation's fallen soldiers return home for the last time. My tour with The Old Guard coincided with the Surge in Iraq, so sadly we had Dover missions almost every night—and they typically happened at night, given the flight times and time zone changes. Whatever the time and whatever the conditions, The Old Guard was there when the remains landed. My soldiers and I once drove to Dover two days early to get ahead of a potential blizzard. If a soldier was coming home, we would be there to honor him.

Most Americans have seen the iconic photographs of flag-draped cases at Dover; few have stood among them on that windy ramp. But Old Guard soldiers have. We've stood alone in the cargo hold, inspecting flags for

the slightest deficiencies. We've strained with a heavy case of a fallen soldier still in full combat gear, packed in ice. We've felt the lightweight cases of the dissociated remains of a soldier killed by an improvised bomb, the enemy's most deadly weapon in Iraq and Afghanistan. We've saluted from the airplane as the remains were driven away to be prepared for the return to their family.

These poignant moments at Dover, like The Old Guard's unflagging dedication to our fallen at Arlington, tell not only a story about our war dead and the soldiers who honor them, but also a story about the nation on whose behalf they serve. We go to great lengths to recover fallen comrades, we honor them in the most precise and exacting ceremonies, we set aside national holidays to remember and celebrate them. We do these things for them, of course, but also for us, the living. Their stories of heroism, of sacrifice, and of patriotism remind us of what is best in ourselves, and they teach our children what is best in America.

In doing so, we assure our fighting men and women around the world that they, too, will be remembered in death and their families will be cared for, a mutual pledge that shaped our identity as soldiers and our willingness to fight—and, if necessary, to die—for our country. "It is well that war is so terrible," observed Robert E. Lee as he watched his army slaughter Union troops at Fredericksburg, "or we should grow too fond of it." No one understands that lesson better than the soldiers who have fought our wars on the front lines and the soldiers who have honored the sacrifices of our fallen at places like Arlington and Dover. We know that sometimes our nation must wage war to defend all that we hold dear, but we also know the terrible costs inflicted by war.

No one summed up better what The Old Guard of Arlington means for our nation than Sergeant Major of the Army Dan Dailey. He shared a story with me about taking a foreign military leader through Arlington to lay a wreath at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier.

Sergeant Major Dailey said, "I was explaining what The Old Guard does and he was looking out the window at all those headstones. After a long pause, still looking at the headstones, he said, 'Now I know why your soldiers fight so hard. You take better care of your dead than we do our living.'"

## ➤ KATHY'S FUNDING FACTS –

### ***AN UNFUNDED TRUST IS NOT WORTH MUCH MORE THAN THE PAPER IT'S WRITTEN ON!***

*ALWAYS and ANYTIME is a great time to review your Asset Detail Report (ADR). It's important to review it carefully and return an amended copy to our office so we are able to address any changes you have made to your assets.*

***Remember, how your assets are titled will control everything that happens (during a disability or at death,) where it happens and will the resulting happenings agree with your wishes!!***

#### When reviewing the ADR ask yourself a few questions:

- Are the assets that are listed in my ADR correct? Do I still own them? Did I sell any?
- Have I added new accounts or closed accounts? Purchased or sold property?

*Confirming that your assets are funded will guarantee your revocable living trust is successful when needed. Funding takes effort and time, but hopefully I can help make it stress-free! Plus, we always do an asset audit for you when you update your estate plan each 3+/- years! We don't know what you have changed unless you tell us!*

As always, please call with any questions or comments! 248-684-9742. Thank you, Kathy.

## ➤ CLIENT APPRECIATION MEETING –

**TUESDAY, NOV. 29, 2022 – Due to not many significant changes in the law that will impact your estate planning, this will probably be a client appreciation night!**

We will meet at the new Milford Cinema and start promptly at 7PM that night. There will be a very good movie- admission and all refreshments will be provided to you at **no cost!** **More details will follow soon!**

As always, you will also receive a separate invitation.

**Quote:** A nation that is afraid to let its people judge the truth and falsehood in an open market is a nation that is afraid of its people. John F. Kennedy

## ➤ CLIENT REFERRAL PROGRAM – REMINDER!!

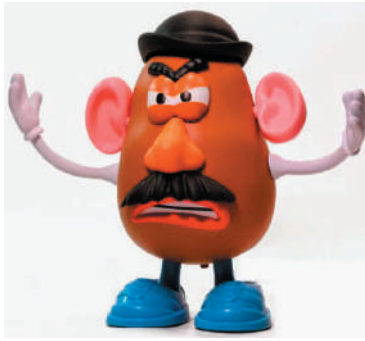
We know that you love us but, of course the very best compliment that you can pay to us is a referral to someone that you think would benefit from our services. The program began April 1, 2016 (no fooling!) offering a \$100.00 dinner gift certificate at the restaurant of your choice for a referral when that referral becomes a client for estate planning or in one of our other practice areas: Medicaid Planning, Veterans Benefits, Will/Trust estate settlement. **Be sure they tell us who referred them!** Remember, your referral must become a client. There have been quite a few “happy diners” so far! Be one of them!

➤ **2022 EDUCATIONAL EVENTS – WE NO LONGER OFFER OUR INFORMATIVE ESTATE PLANNING, ESTATE SETTLEMENT, AND MEDICAID WORKSHOPS FORMERLY CONDUCTED IN PARTNERSHIP WITH AND THROUGH THE HURON VALLEY SCHOOLS!** WE WILL CONTINUE TO PROVIDE THE SAME COMPREHENSIVE INFORMATION AT NO CHARGE TO INTERESTED PERSONS/FAMILIES BY APPOINTMENT HERE AT THE OFFICE.

➤ **REMINDER - FAMILY MEETINGS @ THE LAW OFFICE OF JACK W. BOLLING** – These meetings are **FREE** as an included benefit to our *Legacy LifeLines™* members and are **EXCLUSIVELY** for your family and your helpers (those you have named to succeed you in disability or death) to educate them about your estate plan and what to expect. Often those you have appointed agree to help but they have no idea or are unclear about what they will need to do. This will provide peace of mind to them and you!

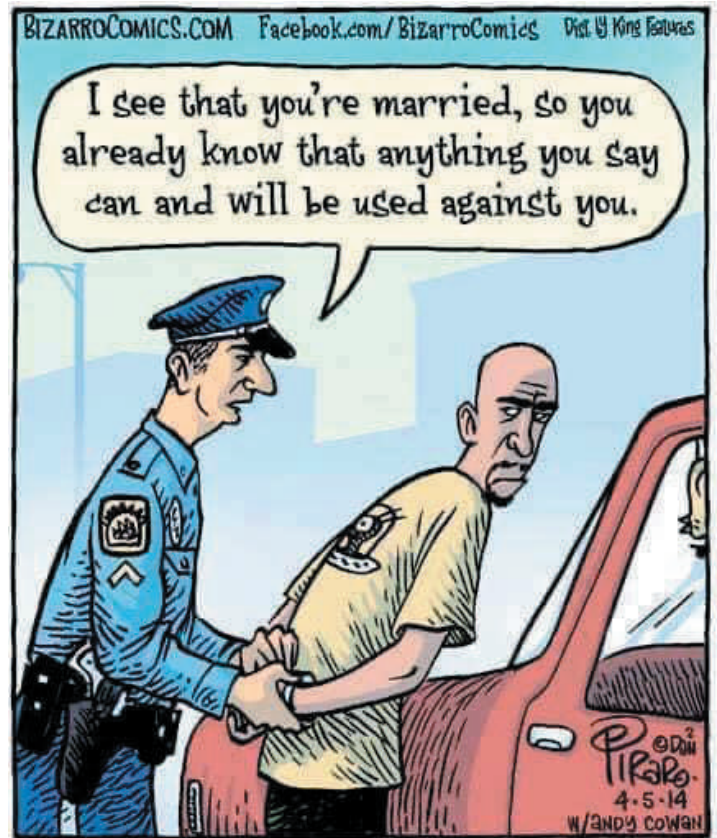
The Family Meetings last about 2 hours. They will be conducted at our 1550 N. Milford Road, Suite 204, conference room and refreshments will be served.

**PRE-REGISTRATION IS REQUIRED.** We are happy to schedule these entirely at your convenience as getting the family together is often in the evenings, weekends, or near a major holiday. Call the office at 248-684-9742 to set up your personal time slot.



I CAN'T BELIEVE WE DON'T HAVE WORLD PEACE AFTER CHANGING THE NAME ON PANCAKE BOXES AND SYRUP BOTTLES AND THE SEX OF A PLASTIC POTATO.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN



➤ **RECIPE! Elaine's Pasties.** Elaine is my wife of 52 years as many of you know. We have gotten pasties, even in the U.P. but, these are the best and they are delicious (passed down from her mother!) Even our kids ate them! Which of course, the kid test is the supreme test of any food that doesn't have a noodle! Enjoy!

**Pastie Pastry** – 4 cups flour; 2 tsp salt; 1 cup shortening (preferably lard) and enough cold water to hold the ingredients together. Combine flour and salt. Cut in shortening and add enough cold water until mixture forms a ball. Divide into 5 portions; pastry can be refrigerated until ready for filling.

**Pastie Filling** – 1 ¼ pounds ground or chopped beef or stew beef. \*5 medium potatoes, diced; 5 small onions, chopped; 5 small carrots, chopped; 5 tsp butter or suet; salt and pepper to taste. Mix meat, veggies, salt and pepper, and butter (or suet) together. Should be enough to fill 5 pastie crusts. Place mixture in center of pastry square and wrap tightly, sealing crust at ends and side. Bake in 350 degree oven for about 45 minutes or until golden brown.

**NOTE:** Finnish pastie lovers do not suggest gravy with the meat pie; they prefer butter or catsup. (Jack prefers gravy and Elaine likes 'em dry. Kathy (even though some Finn heritage) likes gravy!)

\*Note: Some use rutabaga instead of potatoes. We prefer potatoes. Excellent either way!

**LAW OFFICE OF  
JACK W. BOLLING**  
ESTATE PLANNING ATTORNEYS FOR ALL AGES



**FALL 2022 NEWSLETTER**

**OPEN IMMEDIATELY!**

**To:**

**STAY IN THE LEGACY LIFELINES™ CLIENT UPDATE PROGRAM FOR 2023!**  
1550 N. Milford Rd., Suite 204, Milford, MI 48381 248-684-9742