



## To Bob and Scott: Thanks

**O**ne of the great things about being active in the NALC and going to conventions and training events is all the wonderful people you meet. My first contact with union activists beyond those in the Goleta-Santa Barbara station where I worked occurred when I went to a route inspection training seminar in March 1979, barely four months into my postal career. Those who have been around a while will remember the old slide show that drearily took you step-by-step through the process of completing a Form 1838 as the presenters read from a canned script.

As a PTF, route inspection training had little immediate relevance to me, but I enjoyed the education and the camaraderie of the event, especially when I periodically snuck out to the hotel bar with my shop steward, Bob Marcin, to watch when Magic Johnson led the Michigan State Spartans to defeat Notre Dame in the NCAA tournament. Those from my old station will remember Bob's fervent love of all things Notre Dame, which he proclaimed to anyone who would listen, and they will appreciate the silent joy I took in the Irish defeat.

I got to know Bob a little bit that day. I was able to see him as more than the guy in our office who seemed to take pleasure in confronting the bozos who called themselves managers. I also had my first taste of what NALC training was all about: education, getting to know great people, watching sports and hoisting a few beers.

As I got more involved, my circle of friends expanded from folks outside my station to those outside of my branch, outside of my state and eventually outside my region. In those days before cell phones, Twitter and Facebook, staying in touch was difficult, so I looked forward to reconnecting at the next event. These fellow activists were my source of inspiration, encouragement and support. They were the ones who helped make the training we'd received practical. They were also the ones who welcomed my children at conventions and picnics. And when it seemed like nothing ever changed, they were the ones who pointed out what we'd accomplished

and reminded me that it was all worth it.

But sometimes, no matter how much we wish it not to be, one of our comrades is taken away from us far too soon. Bob Marcin passed away just a few years after I got to know him at the route inspection training—and there have been too many others since.

**I recently learned of the passing of Scott Badgley, a tried and true unionist and good friend of mine from Edmonds, WA.**

Scott was one of those guys whom everyone loved, respected and admired. He was the kind of guy who would take all of the jobs that nobody else wanted to do or felt qualified to do. He always said "Yes," no matter what was asked of him. He served his branch and state association with dignity, honor and with a lot of humor. He was the kind of guy who made you feel immediately at home at any function and was always there with a joke or a story; the kind of guy you sought out at a party, not the one you hoped to avoid. If you went to a banquet, you hoped Scott was at your table.

I last saw Scott this past January at the secretary-treasurer workshop in San Diego. The cancer he had been fighting for several years had returned with a vengeance. He was wearing a knit cap over his chemo-induced baldness so he would not (in his own words) "frighten small children." Although the prognosis was not good, his smile was still there, as were his positive attitude and humor. He asked about my family. We talked about old times. It was really good to see him.

Thinking of him reminds me of the speech given by Rueben Warshowsky, the union organizer in the movie "Norma Rae": "They fought battles together and bound the wounds of battle together. They earned bread together and broke bread together. When they spoke, they spoke with one voice...and they were heard."

This past weekend, a memorial service was held for Scott at the Diamond Knot Brewery and Tap Room. Perfect. ☒