



Buddy Poppy Days

2018



WHEREAS, American Legions and VFW's throughout the United States of American will be celebrating the annual "Buddy Poppy" salute to Veterans; and

WHEREAS, American Legions and VFW's will conduct their annual sale of "Buddy Poppies" in May on Memorial Day weekend; and

WHEREAS, the annual sale of "**BUDDY POPPIES**" by the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States has been officially recognized and endorsed by governmental leaders since 1922; and

WHEREAS, VFW "**BUDDY POPPIES**" are assembled by disabled veterans, and the proceeds of this fundraising campaign are used exclusively for the benefit of disabled and needy veterans, and the widows and orphans of deceased veterans; and

WHEREAS, the basic purpose of the annual sale of "**BUDDY POPPIES**" by the Veterans of Foreign Wars is eloquently reflected in the desire to "Honor the Dead by Helping the Living".

THEREFORE, I, P. Sean Michels, President of the Village of Sugar Grove hereby proclaim May 26th thru May 26th, 2018 as "**BUDDY POPPIES DAYS**," in the Village of Sugar Grove and do hereby urge the citizens of this community to recognize the merits of this cause by contributing generously to its support through the purchase of "**BUDDY POPPIES**" on the days set aside for the distribution of these symbols of appreciation for the sacrifices of our honored dead.

P. Sean Michels, President

Trustee Heidi Lendi
Trustee Mari Johnson

Trustee Ted Koch
Trustee Rick Montalto

Trustee Sean Herron
Trustee David Paluch

Attest: Cynthia L. Galbreath, Village Clerk

Buddy Poppy – The History

Among all the flowers that evoke the memories and emotions of war is the red poppy, which became associated with war after the publication of a poem written by Col. John McCrae of Canada. The poem, "In Flander's Field", describes blowing red fields among the battleground of the fallen.

The Buddy Poppy program has raised millions of dollars in support of veterans' welfare and the well being of their dependents.

The VFW conducted its first poppy distribution before Memorial Day in 1922, becoming the first veterans' organization to organize a nationwide distribution. The poppy soon was adopted as the official memorial flower of the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the United States.

It was during the 1923 encampment that the VFW decided that VFW Buddy Poppies be assembled by disabled and needy veterans who would be paid for their work to provide them with some form of financial assistance. The plan was formally adopted during the VFW's 1923 encampment. The next year, disabled veterans at the Buddy Poppy factory in Pittsburgh assembled VFW Buddy Poppies. The designation "Buddy Poppy" was adopted at that time.

In February 1924, the VFW registered the name "Buddy Poppy" with the U.S. Patent Office. A certificate was issued on May 20, 1924, granting the VFW all trademark rights in the name of Buddy under the classification of artificial flowers. The VFW has made that trademark a guarantee that all poppies bearing that name and the VFW label are genuine products of the work of disabled and needy veterans. No other organization, firm or individual can legally use the name "Buddy" Poppy.

Today, VFW Buddy Poppies are still assembled by disabled and needy veterans in VA Hospitals.

The minimal assessment (cost of Buddy Poppies) to VFW units provides compensation to the veterans who assemble the poppies, provides financial assistance in maintaining state and national veterans' rehabilitation and service programs, and partially supports the VFW National Home for orphans and widows of our nation's veterans.

In Flander's Field

by John McCrae

In Flanders Fields the poppies blow,
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky,
The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead.
Short days ago,
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved and now we lie,
In Flanders Fields.
Take up our quarrel with the foe
To you, from failing hands, we throw,
The torch, be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us, who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow,
In Flanders Fields.