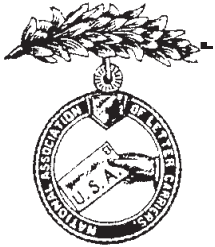


# National Association of Letter Carriers

## Branch 782

# E.A. Baker Union Update



ARVIN  
CALIFORNIA CITY  
McFARLAND  
TAFT

AVENAL  
DELANO  
MOJAVE  
TEHACHAPI

BAKERSFIELD  
EDWARDS AFB  
RIDGECREST  
TRONA

BORON  
LAMONT  
SHAFTER  
WASCO

**CHARTERED FEBRUARY 25, 1901**



**SPECIAL EDITION**

**APRIL 2018**

Memoria in  
aeterna

# Frank John Martinez

**March 30, 1958 – March 17, 2018**

It is right – and it is proper – that we remember and honor those who have gone before us.

Frank was an NALC member for almost forty years!

This tribute is to help YOU know better how he fit into the history of our NALC Branch 782 and to also share some things that maybe we didn't know about him and the life that he lived.



Frank Martinez pictured with his four year old nephew, Josh, at Brundage Station in 1991

It is also a chance for his family to see Frank through the eyes and memories of others who knew and worked with him...

# Frank John Martinez, Jr. Eulogy

By Frank John Martinez III

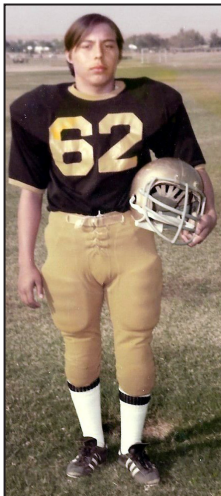


First Holy Communion

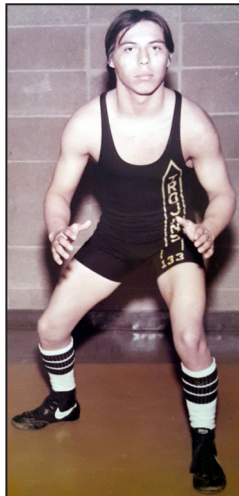
**M**y Dad was born March 30, 1958 in Corcoran, California to Frank and Alice Martinez and was the second of their five children. He was named after his father thus making him “Frank, Jr.”

When my Dad was about five years old, his family moved to Bakersfield because my Grandpa was working for the railroad. He attended school at Potomac, Our Lady of Guadalupe, Mt. Vernon, Sierra, Foothill High School, and California State University Bakersfield.

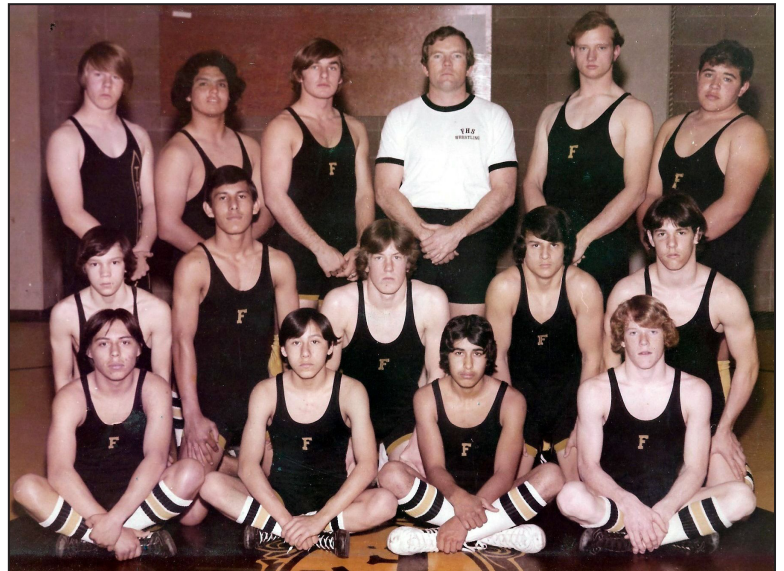
My Dad loved sports! He grew up playing football and basketball, and also wrestled. He even played tennis and ping-pong. He loved to tell the stories about



High School Football



High School Wrestling



**Bakersfield Foothill High School Wrestling Team**

My Dad is in sitting in the front row on the far left side of the picture. He worked hard to drop the weight to wrestle as a 133 pounder! He told me that “cutting weight” was what he had to do to be successful.

when he played running back at Mt. Vernon and how fast he was! He shared about playing basketball when the rules were “No Blood No Foul”.

He was a very good basketball player. I used to play with him in our backyard when I was growing up. Now, mind you, we didn't have a nice paved court. **WE. HAD. DIRT.** And — if you could dribble with all those holes in the ground, you were damn good. My Dad was! He was naturally left-handed and he learned to dribble and shoot with both hands. This made him difficult to guard.

I remember the first time that I realized my Dad was getting older was when I watched him play basketball against my younger brother, Nick...

Having played my Dad hundreds of times one-on-one in the backyard, I knew how good he was. I am twelve years older than my younger brother; and, one day, Nick tells my Dad that he can beat him in basketball. I'm listening to the conversation and at the time Nick is probably about 13 years old. I tell him, “There's no way you can beat Dad. I've seen you play.” *I knew that it just wasn't even a remote possibility!*

Well... They started playing one-on-one in the backyard as I watched. To my shock, somehow, my younger brother was winning... He was winning because he was basically running circles around my Dad. **WHAT???** Dad would try to move his feet to guard my brother driving to the basket, but Dad's feet just were not cooperating.

As I'm watching in amazement, I called out “DAD!! COME ON, MAN, YOU ARE NOT EVEN MOVING!”

*After that day I remember thinking, "Man, Dad is really getting old..."*

In high school, my Dad played football and he wrestled. He often talked about how he would have to gain weight to play football and then lose 30 pounds during wrestling season. I think part of the problem there was that he was a small guy playing lineman for football. He needed to bulk up to play lineman but then he needed to lose weight to wrestle.

That probably wasn't the smartest choice, but it sure did make him mentally tough. During wrestling season he would practice with guys that were a little heavier than him. He would always tell us about how he would have to carry Ernie Tagadar up and down the bleachers on his back. I later asked his friend Ernie about this. He confirmed that he was a lot bigger than my Dad and that he was scared to death that my Dad was going to drop him. Then, when it was Ernie's turn, he would put my Dad on his back and be like, "Man, *this* guy is light!"

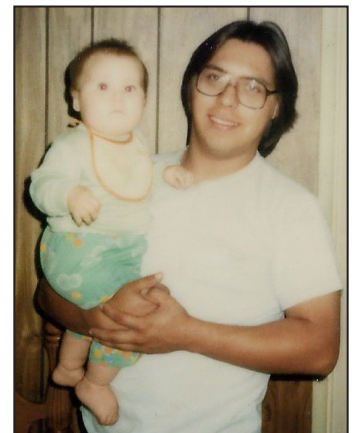
**The biggest love in my Dad's life was family. He *LOVED* my Mother!  
He *LOVED* all of his children! He *LOVED* his grandchildren!  
*HE LOVED EVERYONE IN HIS FAMILY!  
AND, IN TURN, THEY ALL LOVED HIM!!***



Martinez Big Family picture



Wedding Day! Frank and Rosalie with Frank's parents



A proud Dad and a natural!



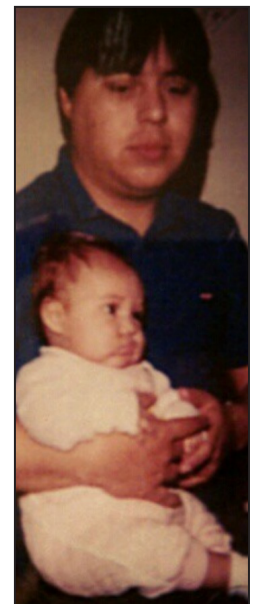
Happiest with kids crawling all over him



The family grows!



And, another sporting event...



Babes in arms was a definite and wonderful specialty!

***If you knew him, you just knew that my Dad loved sports!!!***

My Dad sure did have some good times in sports! And, he liked to share his memories. One story he would always tell us about was the time he was going to kill my "Nino Oz" over a ping-pong game...

For some reason, ping-pong was popular back in those days. My Dad was playing his younger brother Alex (who we all know as "Ozzie" or "Nino Oz" to me). I'm not sure how old they were. I think my Dad was about twenty years old so my Nino was about sixteen .

They were playing ping-pong in their parent's garage and my Nino Oz kept beating my Dad. **OF COURSE**, they were betting each game, and EVERY time my Dad would lose he would say, "Double or Nothing!"

Eventually, it got to the point where my Dad's whole work check was on the line. The check was set out on the table for another Double or Nothing match. My Nino Oz wins the match and snatches my Dad's check. My Dad said he grabbed my Nino Oz by the neck and had him held against the wall demanding he give the check back.

Word must have gotten back to my Grandma about what was going on so she comes out and finds my Uncle Oz being held up against the wall but he's holding onto that check for dear life! Of course, my Grandma made my Dad let Oz go and she made my Nino give back the check to my Dad.

## ***BUT, MY DAD NEVER LEARNED HIS LESSON.***

Later, when I was growing up, we would have the same betting matches playing Nintendo. I would beat him over and over and he would keep saying, "Double or Nothing!" He NEVER paid me. He just kept playing me Double or Nothing until he eventually got lucky and beat me in whatever game we were playing.

When I was growing up, my Dad was tough. He expected me to *always* do my best. Eventually, I started to wrestle when I was eight years old. Dad used to help coach the practices back then — but we didn't practice like we were eight years old. We practiced like we were in high school! Sometimes, we practiced so hard I thought maybe my Dad thought we were training for the Olympics or something.



Grandpa, 8 year old me, and my Dad



Dad — explaining the importance of Nintendo "Double or Nothing"



My Dad would have been at each and every one of my matches.



But, looking back on all that, it was good for me! It taught me that things are not always going to be easy. Sometimes, things are going to be hard. If you're not able to fight through things and persevere, well you aren't going to make it very far.



My Dad coaching me intently!

**H**e also loved to tell the story about how when I was eight years old some kid was choking me in a wrestling match. When the first period ended, I came to the corner crying and telling my Dad the kid was choking me and, "That's illegal." He responded, "Well if he's choking you, choke him back!" So, being a good son, I went back into the second period of the match and started choking the kid.

To my surprise, it worked! I ended up winning the match. Afterwards, my Dad told me, "*See!* I told you so!" (I still say that it was a really bad Ref letting eight year old kids choke each other.)

He taught me a valuable lesson that day: **“When something is happening to you that you don’t like, don’t cry about it. Don’t look for someone like the referee to help you. Don’t blame other people for what is happening. Go out there and make it happen for yourself.”** That was THE valuable life lesson he *always* emphasized. **“Don’t complain, it doesn’t get you anywhere. Go out and do it. If you want it bad enough, nothing can stop you.”** I believe that to be true with anything in life.

My Dad also lived out his belief that Family was something to be enjoyed and cherished!



There are an endless stories I can tell you about him. But the most important thing was what an incredible person he was! He did everything for other people. He would put his happiness aside to make other people happy. My brother, Nick, said he was the most unselfish person he ever met. My Dad believed in God and was a devout Catholic. He loved his family. And?

*HE LOVED MY MOM SO MUCH!!!*

We would often have conversations about God and religion and he firmly believed that the most important thing about life was living a life that would get you to your ultimate goal — Heaven. I know what kind of man he was so I’m confident that he is there now. Knowing that brings me peace. I know that Dad truly is in a better place. I’m nowhere near the man he was, but I am going to use those life lessons he taught me so that one day I can reach that ultimate goal, too.

***Thank you Dad! We love you!! Well miss you so much!!***

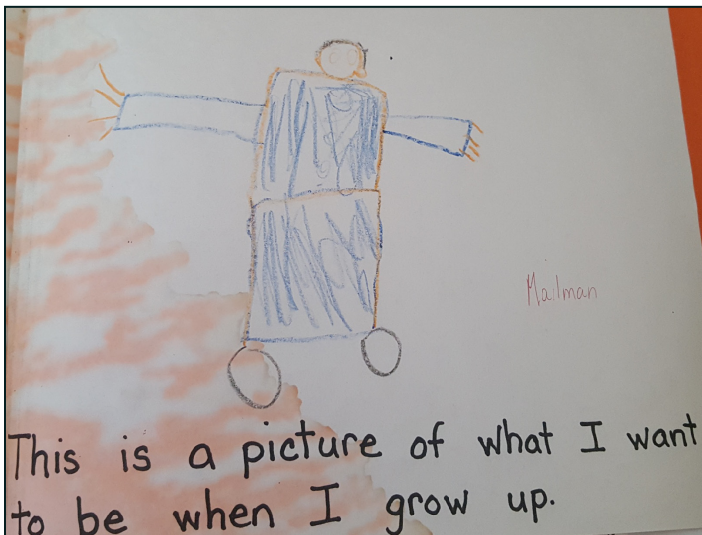
# Walking in the Footsteps of My Hero

*My name is Frank John Martinez III. Many postal workers in Bakersfield knew my dad. He worked for the Postal Service for thirty-eight years.*



*I want to share some basic facts about him that you may or may not know: Frank John Martinez, Jr. started with the USPS at the young age of 20 in 1978. He worked at Brundage station for over 25 years and he moved to EB station back around 2006. He retired in May of 2017 due to complications from heart failure. He was a Letter Carrier all of his adult life. He delivered to poor areas off Cottonwood. He delivered to nicer areas near Garces. He got up every morning and went to work to support his family. He made many friends, encountered many dogs over his career and most people remember him as “Franco” or “Frank the Mailman”. He died on March 17, 2018. For me, he was “Dad — My Hero”.*

**E**ver since I can remember, I wanted to be just like my dad. I idolized my father. I started kindergarten in 1987 at our lady of Guadalupe school. We were asked to write and draw a picture of what we wanted to be when we grew up. Of course, I drew a picture of a mailman and I wrote, “I want to be a mailman like my dad.” My mom still has that drawing at her house.



My dad was “The Dad” that every kid wanted to have! He was there all my childhood for every academic award and every sporting event. He would play outside in the backyard with me.

We would play basketball, football, baseball, and he taught me how to wrestle right on the carpet of the living room floor. He was also my coach in football, basketball, baseball, and wrestling. My childhood was great. I had the influence of a father that loved me. He taught me to always do my best in everything I did.

Growing up, I did very well in school. I was the most outstanding student every year of my class from kindergarten through eighth grade. My parents were always so proud of me and my dad would smile from ear to ear every year that I would win that award. I was a very dedicated student. I always received straight A's and I never failed a test. Even though I did take my academics seriously the big motivator that I had pushing me was my dad. I did not want to disappoint him.

He knew what I was capable of and there was no way I was going to let him down. I know that without him I would not have taken my academics as seriously as I did growing up.

My dad was a very old school hard-nosed person. I knew that growing up. It was just part of the culture that I grew up in. When I practiced a sport I always gave 100 percent. I didn't “take it easy.” That was the way he taught me to be: “Every time it's one-hundred percent! Push yourself to the limit!”

I remember when I was eight years old I started wrestling. My dad used to have me get in push-up position. He would tell me just stay there in push-up position as long as you can. I used to stay there for long periods of time. He was teaching me to be-

come mentally tough, “When you are getting tired and you want to give up, tell yourself that you can keep going.”

As I developed that mental toughness I learned that I could push myself even further when I felt like I was getting tired. I learned that your mind is the most important thing that you can train. I did all sorts of things growing up that I’m sure people would think are crazy. I used to run laps around my house to get in shape for wrestling when I was just eight years old. I would run one-hundred laps around my house. Of course, my house wasn’t

very big, but I remember counting the laps as I ran around the house. During wrestling matches I could always hear my dad yelling out instructions. HE HAD THE LOUDEST VOICE IN THE GYM. I could hear him yelling, “Snap him down!” “Put a half in and turn him!” Even in a gym full of screaming voices, the only voice I could ever hear was my dad’s. *The only voice I could ever hear was my dad’s.*

If you knew my Dad, you knew that he loved all kinds of sports. He *loved* his Dodgers and his Raiders. And, we all knew it!!!



When I got into high school I became a wrestler like my dad had been. He tried to convince me to play football, but I told him, “Remember how you used to gain weight for football and then lose weight for wrestling? I don’t want to do that, I just want to concentrate on wrestling.” (My dad used to gain thirty pounds to play football in the fall then lose that weight to wrestle in the winter. Didn’t sound like fun.)

I didn’t play football, I wrestled all four years of high school. Looking back, I wish I would have listened to him and played football. I was a pretty good football player and I know it would have been a lot of fun. He would have really loved watching me play.

When I was in high school I used to put on a plastic sweat suit for wrestling and run laps in the garage because it was hot in

there and I wanted to sweat out as much water weight as possible. I would go to “The Bluffs” and run with a plastic sweat suit and then sit in the car after I was done so I would sweat more in the hot car. I used to do this to lose weight for matches. So, even though I didn’t play football I still ended up doing what wrestlers call “cutting weight”. I would often cut ten pounds or more a week to wrestle. On Monday I would weigh 125 pounds. I knew by Friday I would need to weigh 112 pounds.

I didn’t really realize how crazy and “old school” my dad was until I got older and looked back on my senior year of high school.

During my senior year, I got hurt during a wrestling match. (My dad also got hurt his senior year, but he just taped up his ankle and wrestled hurt.) The previous year, as a junior, I had beaten the valley champion from Centennial High School in a dual match,

but I broke my ankle during practice the following week and I didn't get to wrestle the rest of my junior year.

Halfway through my senior year, I was doing well. In a match against Arvin I was throwing my opponent with a headlock and my foot got caught in the mat. I completed the throw and I felt a pop in my knee. We fell out of bounds and I was in a lot of pain. I limped back to the center of the mat and the match continued. Luckily, I was able to pin my opponent right away and got off the mat.

After the match was over, I told my dad my knee was hurting. He took me to the doctor the next day and they referred me to a specialist. The specialist told me I had a torn ACL and that I would need surgery. My dad and I didn't really know what that meant so I asked, "Can I still wrestle and have surgery after the season?" The doctor said I could, but I would be in pain. I talked it over with my dad; and, since I didn't get to wrestle my Junior year, we decided I would just tape it up and wrestle. I would get the surgery after wrestling season was over.

This was 2000. We couldn't just Google "torn ACL" and realize the severity. (Yea, "Crazy, right?" I didn't know any better.) So, I wrestled with a torn ACL. But, I didn't wrestle very well. Before the injury, I hadn't lost any matches that year. After the injury, I maybe won only half of my matches. I couldn't push off my right leg. It was very painful, and I was basically wrestling with one leg.

About ten years after that happened, I remember watching Sportscenter and they mentioned that a basketball player had torn his ACL and he would be out for the season... I remember thinking, "I tore my ACL and I wrestled like that for half a season!" Then I saw a few more reports like: "Athlete Tears ACL and He's Out for Months and Perhaps All Season." I remember thinking, "Man, I shouldn't have been wrestling like that..." I think growing up this way made me tough. But, I think it also had some drawbacks. I only knew one way to exercise, and that was one hundred percent, all out. As I have gotten older, it has

become harder for me to exercise because I have those thoughts in my head that if I'm going to work out I need to work out hard. It's a very extreme way of thinking. If I exercise and I don't sweat, I think to myself that I really didn't exercise and it was a waste of time. I know that I can't work out the way I used to, so I tend to just not work out at all. (Now, I am trying to convince myself that it's ok for me to start off slow and build up again to an intense workout. We'll see.)

Once I got to about third grade I changed from wanting to be a mailman because that's what my dad was. In school, my teachers were so awesome and they became a great influence! I decided that maybe I didn't want to be a mailman. I really enjoyed school and I wanted to also be a teacher some day. When I finished high school, I enrolled full time at Bakersfield college as a step toward my goal.

The summer before I was going to start college, my dad told me that the post office was hiring casuals for the plant. I talked to my Aunt Janice Montijo, dad's sister. She was also a Letter Carrier who worked at Bakersfield's Hillcrest Station. She encouraged me to apply.

I knew the post office was a good job. My dad, my aunt, my uncle, and my cousin all worked there, and they made good money. So, I applied for the casual position and I was hired as a clerk in the automation section of the plant in August before the fall semester at BC started.

As a casual I worked a lot of hours! I was working the evening shift and would go in at 4:30 pm and get off at 3am. I worked six days a week and ten hours a day. The money was good: I was bringing home about a thousand dollars every two weeks and I was only 18 years old!

The problem was that I still had my full load of classes. I had registered before getting the job, and had scheduled all my classes in the morning. I figured, "Hey, this is cool I get to finish school by noon every day!" As you can imagine, this didn't work out well. I was getting off work at 3a.m and going to class at 8 am. That lasted a few months and, slowly, I stopped going to class every day.

I'm a very numbers-oriented person. (In 8th grade, I and two classmates went to Garces for Geometry because we were too advanced for 8th grade math.) So, I started trying to calculate this from a mathematical perspective. I looked up how much money teachers made per year.

In 2000, the starting salary for a school teacher was around thirty-two thousand. I looked up the starting salary for a full-time postal employee. It was around forty thousand. I started thinking to myself, "Why am I killing myself going to class in the morning to make less money as a teacher?" I decided that I needed to do is work really hard and become a full time postal employee. "I'm already working here, and I know it is a good job with good benefits. I think that is what I am going to do."

So, I stopped going to school after about a year of working sixty hours a week then going to class on little sleep. I decided I was going to work really hard



Coach Frank with one group of the youth wrestlers he worked with through the years.



and convince my supervisor to allow me to take the postal test so I could be hired permanently. I worked very hard. I used to do whatever the supervisor told me, and if I finished early I would ask for more work. My supervisor's name was Dave Carnell. He was an older guy and he liked me. I would tell him, "I need to be permanent! I want to take the postal test!" He would nod and say ok but that was about it.

After about two years as a casual, they announced at work that some people would be allowed to take the postal test to be hired as a full-time employee. I told my supervisor I wanted to take the test and he said I would be one of those people taking the test. I passed and was soon hired as a PTF Carrier at Hillcrest station.

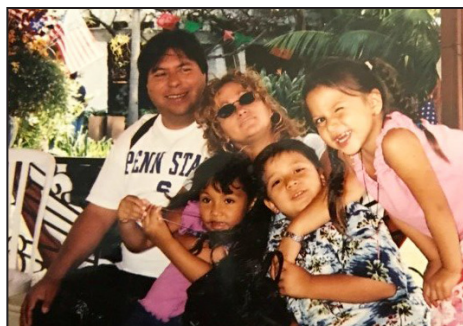
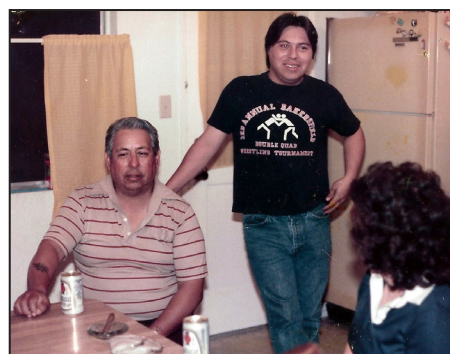
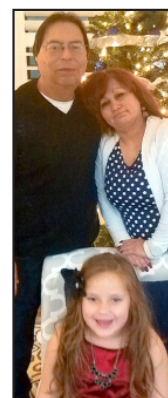
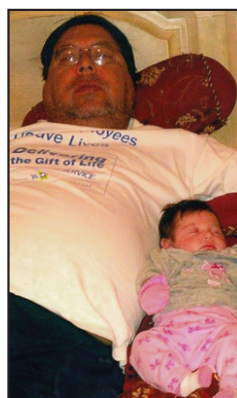
\*S.A.N.E.



**Fifteen years after drawing my dad's mailman picture I was a mailman, too — at the same age he started! I was twenty years old.**

Too soon, I learned what my dad's work world was all about. It made me appreciate so much more what he did. Standing in a line to clock on; dealing with the dogs and the supervisors; going to work when I'd rather be doing anything else, day after day...

And, to know that he had done this all for his family for so many years made me respect him even more! Through the years, trying to make sure that his family was taken care of and had a chance to succeed in their lives was a driving force for him.

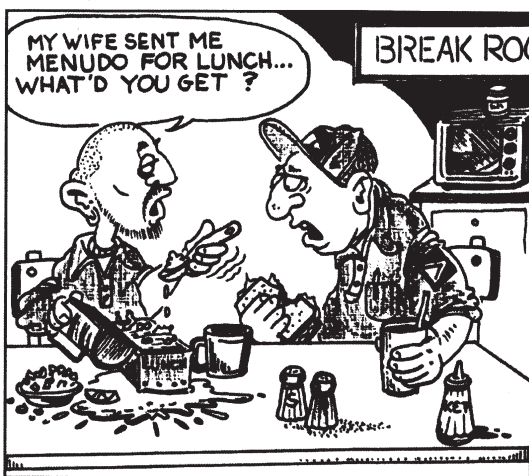


After about two years as a PTF Carrier at Hillcrest and Stockdale stations, I was assigned to a route in East Bakersfield (E.B. Station 93305) on Kentucky Ave. I was assigned Route 522. It was a walking route. I was young, only twenty-two years old and I enjoyed walking. I didn't mind it.

OUT THERE



OUT THERE



OUT THERE



These cartoons are courtesy of Fred Acedo, NALC Branch 782 S.A.N.E. (Special Assistant Newsletter Editor). Not meant to be disrespectful, they are something Frank would have enjoyed.

522 was a route right next to my uncle George Duarte on Route 523 which was a walking route, too. He had the streets west of Haley just north of Columbus and I had the neighborhood that contained streets like St. Mary's and Occidental near Bakersfield College.

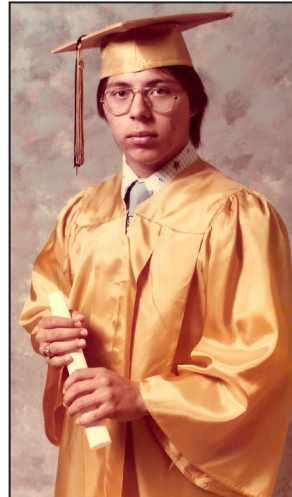
On the other side of me in the office was George Vaquera, route 521.

He was one of the funniest guys I ever met! I used to laugh all morning when I would case next to him. He used to call me, "The Youngest Man in the World."

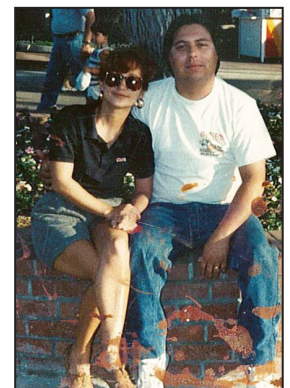
Meanwhile, my dad was still working in 93307 at Brundage station.

He delivered off Cottonwood and used to take his lunch at Casa Loma park.

## No idea what life would bring to him...



My Dad and my Mom at their first home on Lucky Street.





## Brundage Station (93307) in the Mid - Late 1980s

**Front Row (kneeling):** Emmitt Jennings, Beverly Moland, Billy McKenzie, Gloria Tabieros, Eliane Gifford (sitting), Carmen Castillo, Pattie Edwards

**Row 2:** Leonard King, Andy Gonczar, Marianne Gomez (Clerk), Greg Diaz, "Maw", Tom Hayden, Annette Montgomery, ??, Frank Martinez, Lonnie Neal, Ulysses "Mac" McKenny

**Row 3:** Alex Trujillo, "Pop" Wright, Charles Wheeler, Linda Breeding, Pat Farr, Judy Roberson, Rosie Padilla, Chris Shaw, Randy Sparks

I was a PTF at Stockdale station the year before I became Regular. That was when my dad suffered a heart attack.

My mom called me after work and said my dad wasn't feeling good. He was 45 years old at this time. I remember I came home and he was laying on the bed sort of grimacing and he said his chest kind of hurt.

My mom convinced him that he should go to the hospital. We went to Memorial Hospital and they performed an angiogram to check his arteries. After the angiogram, the Doctors took us in to a room to discuss the results. They said that three of his arteries were over ninety percent blocked, his heart was enlarged and severely damaged, and that they were too afraid to operate on him. They felt if they tried he wouldn't survive.

*We were also told that he would never work again, that he would probably need a heart transplant to survive, he would need to be placed on a list for a possible heart transplant, and that he might have to possibly wait years until one became available.*

***I was in total shock!***

My dad seemed healthy. He would still play sports with me and my younger siblings. He had never complained of any chest pain before.

The doctors said the plaque in his arteries must have been building up for years. I didn't know what to do, so I took a little walk around Memorial Hospital to compose myself.

When I went back up to my dad's room he said he had heard the doctors talking during the angiogram saying his arteries were ninety percent blocked. I knew he was worried. The next day the doctors told us that they would refer my dad to a heart specialist at UCLA to see if they could do anything but that it would take some time to see the specialist because my dad needed his insurance to approve it. In the meantime, he needed to go on a very strict healthy diet: No fried or unhealthy foods!

After waiting maybe a month for the insurance approval, my dad was able to see a heart specialist at UCLA. His name was Dr. Ardehali. He examined my dad's angiogram and performed his own series of tests. He told us he believed he could perform bypass surgery and that he believed my dad's heart was strong enough to function after the surgery.

We were excited and began to have some hope. My dad continued his healthy diet and was put off work on medical. Six months after his diagnosis he had triple bypass surgery at UCLA medical center. It took so long because it was a long drawn out process to wait for it to be approved by his medical insurance.

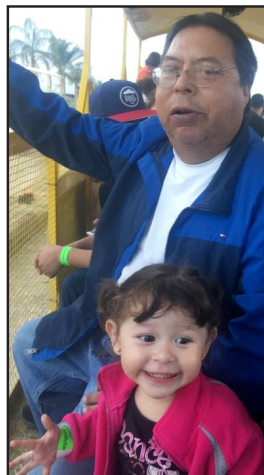
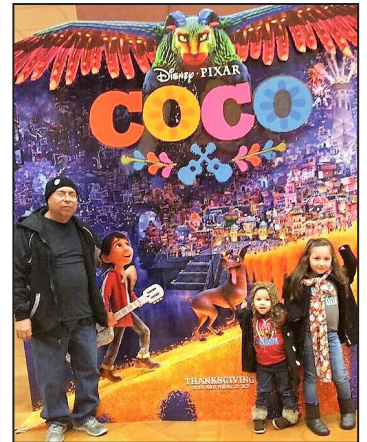
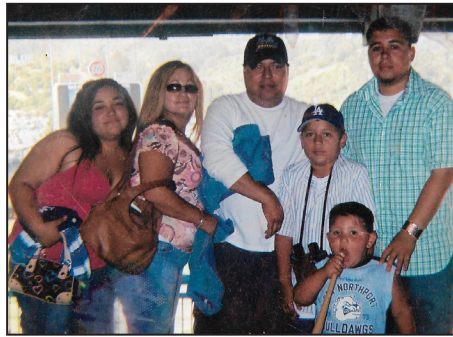
The surgery was a success and he stayed in the hospital for about three days. We brought him home and he began the recovery process.

He was worried about work and money because he was using up most of his sick leave. I was still living with my parents at the time and I told him, "Don't worry about it. I'll pay your house payment while you are out of work. Just save your money and when you go back to work you can pay the house payment again." My parents house payment back then was around \$700 dollars — a big difference from mortgages today. I wouldn't have been able to afford it if the mortgages were like they are now but it worked out.

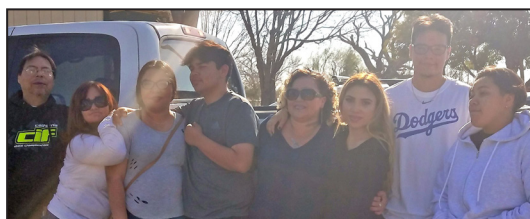
My dad stayed home about another six months recovering. After about a year out of work, he returned to his route at Brundage station.

***The man who was told he would never work again worked for another fourteen years channeling his iron will and determination!***

**Everything that my dad did was because he loved his family AND also because he loved to have fun!!!**



**Yes. My dad really enjoyed life! He really did!!**



After a few years working as a Carrier at EB, I noticed one of the Carriers there was going to retire. Lupe Arredondo had a really sweet route! My dad was still working at Brundage on his same assignment. His route was getting bigger. They were building apartment buildings off of Cottonwood and they kept adding to his route and he had over 800 deliveries. I told him, "Dad you should bid on Lupe's route. I heard it only has like 300 stops!" He said, "Ehhh I don't know...I'm used to my route." I responded, "Yeah, I know. But Lupe's route would be way better for you. It is in a way nicer area and it will be a lot easier." (It was located in northeast Bakersfield near Garces High School.)

After some convincing, my dad decided to bid on the route. At the time he had almost thirty years seniority, so we pretty much knew he would get it. He got the route and it was really cool. I was now working with my dad *and* my uncle in the same station! We had a lot of good times there casing mail in the mornings and meeting for lunch during the day.

As the years went on, I began thinking about how I had once wanted to be a teacher. I liked being a mailman. It was good pay, but I felt like it was kind of boring. I was delivering the mail everyday to the same people and I started thinking about my life and what I wanted to do with it. "Do I want to do this for the rest of my life?" The more I thought about it the more I thought the answer to that question was, "No." I wanted to do more with my time. I wanted to be a teacher. I wanted to help kids become successful. I wanted to make a difference in their lives.

This didn't mean that I thought negatively about mailmen; after all, dad — my Hero — was a mailman.

I just thought that it wasn't what I was supposed to do with my life. I talked to my dad about it and I told him, "I don't think I want to be a Letter Carrier any more. I should go back to school and become a teacher. *That* is what I really want to do with my life. This being a mailman just sort of happened because I got the job right out of high school."

He shared with me about how after high school he was going to Cal State Bakersfield. He was studying to be an engineer. He had completed about two years of college when he was hired by the Postal Service. His story was almost identical to mine.

He was planning on a different career and this good paying job came along. He couldn't pass up the money and stopped attending college. He told me that thinking back about it he should have stayed in college. He would have become an engineer and would have made more than being a mailman. He knew what I was experiencing.

After about a year of these thoughts, I decided to quit the postal service and enroll full-time back at Bakersfield College. I thought about keeping my job and going to college at the same time, but I knew (from my earlier experience) that I would not force myself to do the work necessary if I had kept my good paying job. I had to quit in order to force myself to complete my college degree. I had to leave myself no choice but to do well in school.

I finished Bakersfield College after about a year and transferred to Cal State Bakersfield. I majored in History and graduated with honors. I was a member of the History and Political Science Honors Society and was on the Deans List every semester of college. We had a dinner for our Honors Society to announce the new



officers and celebrate award winning papers that the students had written. I invited my parents. I didn't tell them that I was going to be the new President of the Honors Society.

When we got there, they had little pamphlets at the tables with the schedule for the dinner. On the back were the names of the new officers. My dad turned the pamphlet over and saw that I was going to be the new President and he smiled SO big. I could see by the look in his eyes that he was proud of me and he was delighted. I was so happy that he was proud of me that night! All I ever wanted to do was make him proud.

I enrolled in the teaching credential program and I was offered a scholarship. The scholarship was for the training and recruitment of teachers for high need areas and would ultimately pay for our teaching credential and our Master's degree. Seven students were chosen out of hundreds of applicants to be part of a this opportunity in 2014. My classmates and I were the first recipients. We were placed with a teacher in Lamont to perform a sort of residency training. We co-taught the class together with an experienced teacher, so we could gain valuable experience before being hired to work in our own classroom.

This was much different than a typical credential program.

Normally, students work a certain number of hours per semester in the classroom. They only teach for a few weeks when they complete their student teaching. We taught *every* day in the class. It was like having a full-time teaching job already.

In 2015, I received my Master's degree in Education with a concentration in curriculum and instruction. I was very lucky that the program came along. I was able to earn those degrees — fully paid for by the scholarship — and I gained great experience as well as six life-long friends who went through the program with me.



The day I received my Master's degree is forever engrained in my memory! I was standing in line waiting to receive my degree. The Icardo center at Cal State Bakersfield was full of people but I was able to locate my parents. As I walked up to the stage and they announced my name, I looked over and I could see my dad standing up in the bleachers clapping for me.

***He was the only person standing up and it was as if all I could see was him. THERE HE WAS AGAIN — CHEERING ME ON, JUST LIKE HE HAD ALL HIS LIFE.***

This last school year was one of the best! I coached football and basketball at my school. My dad came to help me coach now that he was retired. It was so awesome being able to coach with him. Every day, I would call him and talk to him about how the kids were doing. I would ask him about plays and strategy and he loved coaching the kids out there during games!

During one of our football games, one of my players was getting into it with someone on the other team who had pushed him in the face. He was angry about it. He wanted to fight because he is a very tough, fiery kid. My dad and I both loved his passion and attitude. My dad pulled him aside and calmed him down. My dad told him how the same thing had happened to him during a football game when he was growing up and how he had actually hit the other guy and was ejected from the game.

He explained to the young man that he understood why he was mad but that he couldn't just hit the guy. It wouldn't be right and my dad

reminded him that he was one of our best athletes and we needed him to stay in the game.

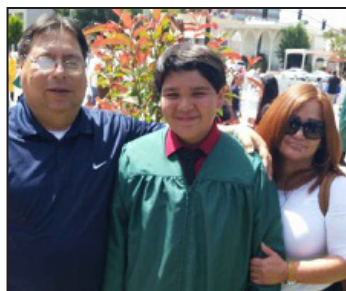
After football season ended, I talked to this student and told him that he was both mine and my dad's favorite player. I told him he was one of our team leaders and I wanted him to do well in school. I asked him to come play basketball because I was going to be coaching.



He is a very bright kid and he's in the GATE program, but he has a hard home life and he struggles to marshal his energy. Sports are a positive outlet for him.

After I talked to him, he said it was an honor to play for coaches that knew how to communicate with players. He also told me that he didn't know how to play basketball. He is a soccer player. But, he told me that he would think about it *IF* my dad and I were going to coach. Dad helped me coach the team and we finished the season undefeated in our district. The kid did play for us and he was our starting forward. My dad made a difference in that young man's life.

## And — of course — he made a difference in the lives of his family, too!!!



**1 Peter  
4:8**

**Ecclesiastes  
4:9**

### Matthew 7: 16-20

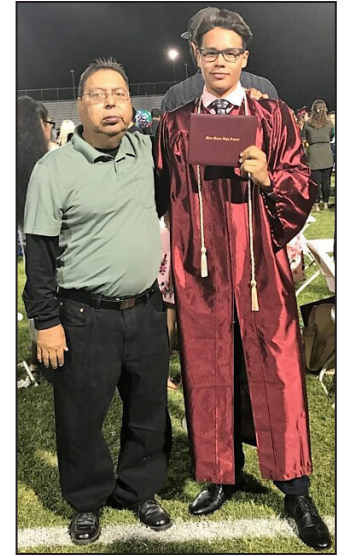
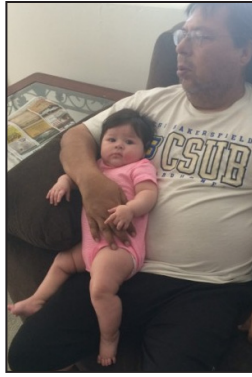


All I ever really wanted to do was be like my dad. I wanted to make him proud.

***My dad is my Hero.***

*Even though he can't be here with me physically anymore, I know he will be guiding me in spirit as I continue this journey of my life. I am walking in his footsteps and am striving to see him again one day.*

FRANK JOHN MARTINEZ III



**Frank also had another family. He had Brothers and Sisters at the Post Office who will miss him, too.**

*Every family accumulates pictures. And, it is always so much fun to look back and see how much the kids have grown, places we've been or events that we've participated in. It can be disheartening to see how much we've changed as we age; but, age we do. Old pictures can be a real treasure trove that captures slices of life we once inhabited. They chronicle and grab moments along the road that we've travelled. Pictures are way cool!*

*Anita Holderman is a Branch 782 member who is our official photographer. She has taken numerous pictures. Fellow NALC member Letter Carriers are often targets of her camera's lens.*

*Anita has graciously provided a number of photos of Frank. Many of them will have been unseen by any member of his family.*

*Moreover, a number of folks that Frank worked through the years have also taken the time to share some of their memories of times when they worked with him. Finally, (as you may have noticed) a variety of cartoons produced by Branch 782 cartoonist and S.A.N.E. (Special Assistant Newsletter Editor) Fred Acedo are also featured on some of these pages. They are a glimpse into the Letter Carrier world that Frank inhabited and worked in for so many years...*



Having a good time at the USPS Christmas Party on December 5, 2009

**Frank Martinez was an active member of NALC Branch 782. He served as a Shop Steward for the 93307 Carriers at Bakersfield's Brundage Station. He had also been a Trustee and was the current Sargeant-at-Arms when he passed away.**



Helping out with newsletter folding & stapling on January 20, 2010

**During his many years of involvement, Frank was a delegate to both NALC National and California State Association of Letter Carriers Conventions. As can be seen in the numerous photos, Frank was a fun-loving guy who linked his willingness to serve his fellow employees with an obvious gusto for life. We are grateful that he chose to invest time in his life on our behalf.**



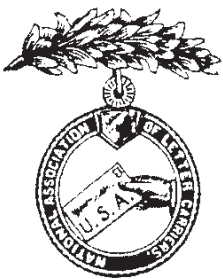
Serving as Trustee at a Branch 782 General Meeting on August 23, 2016



On February 19, 2014 Frank showed up for the newsletter folding and he brought help!



Helping to achieve success during the May 20, 2014 Letter Carrier Food Drive!!!



Participating in a General Meeting on October 26, 2010



Branch 782 Picnic on October 9, 2011

Frank was my mailman when I was in junior high. He was always a nice person and would give us the mail even though the mailbox had a lock on it.

I remember when I passed the test and got hired on to the Post Office. I seen him on Cottonwood delivering. I stopped him and

he had a supervisor in the truck with him counting him. And, he still was nice to me. The supervisor was upset, but "Franco" wasn't.

He always told me when it came to management, "'Vice Roy', you can show them better than you can tell them!" Another

thing he would say to me was, "Ain't Nothing to It But Do It."

Franco will be truly missed. Sorry and "So Long!"

**ELROY MILLER**  
93307 Letter Carrier



The postal career of Frank Martinez began on July 24, 1978 when he was hired as a Letter Carrier in Bakersfield, California. At that time, he was only twenty years old and had a vague idea of what his work life would be like. Many of the people who “showed him the ropes” — and who were part of that early experience — are pictured in the group picture on this page.



## Brundage Station (93307) in the Late 1970s

**Front Row (kneeling):** Robert Ober (Clerk), Frank Martinez, ??, Leonard King, King “Putt Putt” Putman

**Row 2:** Audrey Albitre, Ulysses “Mac” McKenny, Patty Edwards, Brenda Sessions, Billy McKenzie, Annette Montgomery, Joe Perish, Emmitt Jennings

**Row 3:** Randy Sparks, Beverly Moland, Linda Breeding, Lonnie Neal, “Pop” Wright, ??, Mary McKenzie Rural Carrier, Charles Wheeler, Andy Garcia, Modesto Flores

Those days at Brundage began what would turn out to be an almost forty year career! 2017 was the year that Frank retired. And, by then, he had an “up close and personal” experience of the world of USPS Letter Carriers!! Additionally, Frank became involved in local Branch 782 of the National Association of Letter Carriers and participated in meetings and many social gatherings.



Enjoying the Branch 782 Picnic on October 7, 2012.



September 28, 2014 at Jastro Park working out picnic details.

# Frank attended many Branch 782 General Meetings!



Frank looks pretty intent listening on February 22, 2011



Sargeant-at-Arms duty 2/28/2017



August 23, 2016 at another meeting



On March 22, 2016 Basil Zuniga rambles on while others listen



A presentation by CSALC District Officer Eric Ellis on October 25, 2016



2/28/2017 with Rick Plummer & Basil Zuniga



Kim Gerdes, John Ortega and Frank on 1/28/2014



December 15, 2015 General Meeting



Waiting for raffle ticket customers 9/22/2015



Captured by Anita Holdermans camera on October 26, 2010



An award on April 28, 2015



Part of the Executive Board on February 25, 2014: Mark Ramirez, Kim Gerdes, John Ortega, President Mike Towery, Molly Biggar and Frank



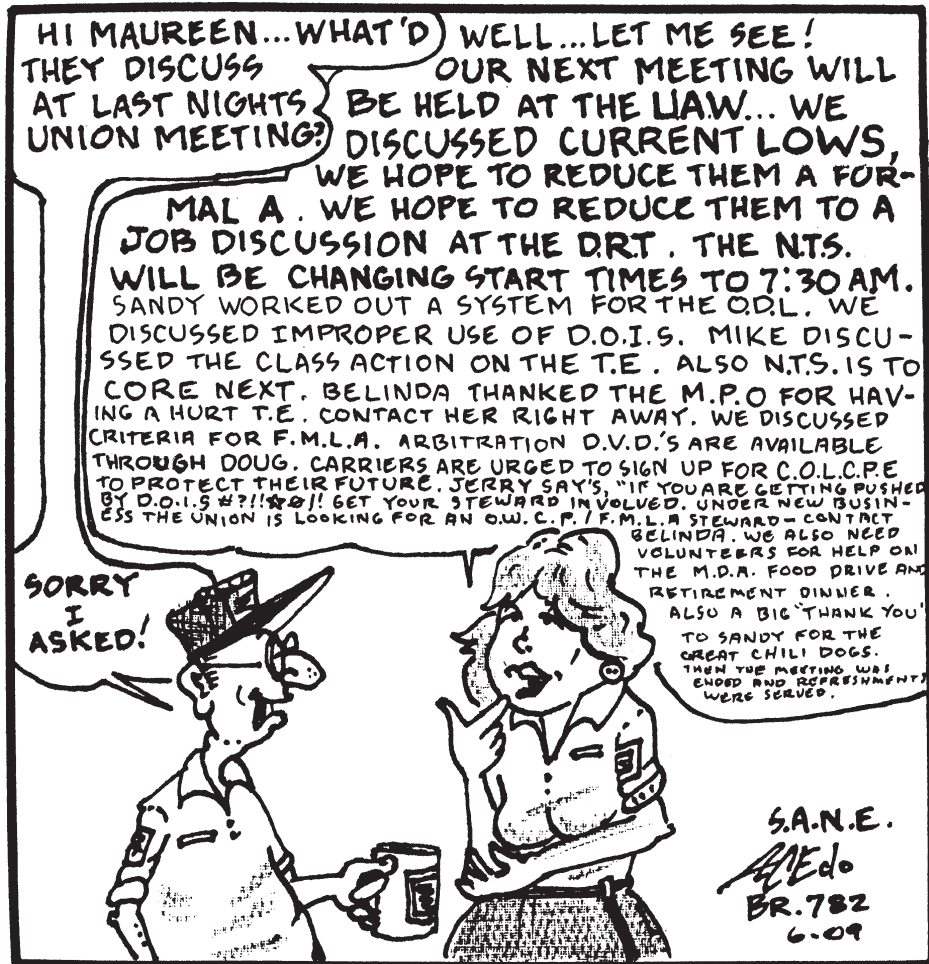
Somebody not happy on 1/27/2009



September 27, 2017 and Frank doing his duty



Executive Board meeting on 4/22/2014



January 24, 2017 ready to be sworn in



Signing in Connie Crimmins on July 26, 2017

**2 Timothy  
4:7**



Sargeant-At-Arms Frank Martinez at the March 22, 2016 Gen Meeting

*“I do solemnly promise on my honor that I will faithfully attend the meetings of the Branch, observe and faithfully execute the laws of the National Association of Letter Carriers and the By-Laws of this Branch. I will perform, to the best of my ability the duties of the office to which I have been elected, guard all property placed in my charge, and at the expiration of my term of office turn the same over to my successor. I will do everything in my power to promote the welfare of the National Association of Letter Carriers and its members.”*



On January 28, 2014 Frank Martinez and others take their oath of service



Frank, flanked by others, raises his arm as the new Branch 782 Officers are sworn in to begin their new term on January 24, 2017

## Frank's Selfless Service

The first time that I met Frank was in October of 2002 when I was a Casual Carrier.

One afternoon, I was sent to help Frank deliver mail on his route. The territory of his route was around the Bakersfield Air Park in the East Planz Road area. Some of the streets were closed for asphalt construction, so my task was to deliver the closed areas on foot since regular mounted delivery wasn't possible.

*Those streets were a lot longer on foot... LOL!*

I remember Frank being very appreciative of my help that day and I shared with him that I had worked with his son, Frank Jr.

Eventually, I made Regular in May of 2008 and I was assigned to the old Kentucky Street East Bakersfield station. I was Frank's T-6 (Relief Carrier) on his route (515).

It was a pleasure to work alongside Frank and he treated me like his route was just as much mine as it was his. His selfless attitude made my transition from PTF to regular seamless...and it was also nice to finally have scheduled days off. LOL!

Frank showed his love and gratitude for all of us through his years of service to our union. Frank served many years as a member of the Post Office Social/Rec committee. I was privileged to serve alongside him for about two years.

He was also a Branch 782 delegate to NALC National and State conventions. Most recently, Frank was the Sergeant-at-Arms for our local Branch.



With a glint in his eye, delegate Frank Martinez on July 25, 2014

One instance where Frank showed selfless service to our membership was in organizing the USPS summer Dodger family outing. The price of the baseball tickets had doubled because of a change of ownership with the team.

After our first correspondence with the Dodgers, we discovered that, under the new pricing structure, we could only afford half of what we needed (30 tickets). At that point we were losing our singleness of purpose which was to include as many people as possible. Providing only half of the tickets meant that we were excluding folks.

So, upon hearing Frank's news from the Dodgers, we said to ourselves, "I guess this isn't an event that we can afford to fund any longer".

Frank replied, "You know what, I'll give the ticket office another proposal and see if we can find a way to get sixty tickets within our budget". Frank was able to get sixty tickets at an increase of \$3 to \$5 more than the previous year, which was an understand-

able amount of inflation. This instance was a witness to Frank's selfless virtue that made him such an asset to our Union!

Frank, thank you for your friendship and dedicated service to our union! We are always going be stronger together!

I used to think that gratitude is emotion and I could go home and think about it long enough or make the right list and then I'd be thankful for things in my life. I learned by looking at it through the prism of the life of Frank Martinez, gratitude is an action.

He also showed me that spiritual life is not a theory and that faith without works is bare because there has to be some action behind good ideas. Frank's faith guided him through everything in good and bad times to serve all of us!

Rest in Peace My Friend.

PAUL GREENFIELD  
93305 Letter Carrier

## Frank was an elected delegate to State and National Conventions



State Convention on April 11, 2008



On July 12, 2012 at an NALC National Convention



In front of National Convention **Out tHeRe** sales booth on July 25, 2014



Another California State Association Convention on April 30, 2011

# Frank Martinez also knew how to have fun at the Conventions!!!



Of course, Branch 782 Convention Delegates had to eat on May 16, 2002



Ten years later, on July 23, 2012, still eating...



Frank, Judy Kyoshi and Randy Courson 7/23/2012



"Focused" on July 24, 2012



Frank welcomes a speaker on July 22, 2014



Do you see the picture of this rib?!!!!!! (7/23/2012)



Yes. The rib **REALLY** was this big on July 23, 2012!!!!



Going through Resolutions April 29, 2011



On April 28, 2011, Frank casts a teller vote



April 28, 2011 delegates "captured" prior to going out for dinner as a group



Frank and other delegates at a ball game on July 27, 2012



Frank and others on July 24, 2012 with another photo op



Breaking bread...or torillas at a meeting on December 18, 2012



Frank shows some patience on 12/18/2007



(12/15/2015) "Look! Smile!"



Frank and his bride, Rosalie, at the NALC Convention in Philadelphia in 2014



At a General Meeting on July 23, 2013, something appeared to be pretty riveting...

## A Special Moment on January 28, 2014



Anita Holderman "caught" something special with her camera. She was smiling as she looked in her viewfinder and knew that this was a moment which conveyed love in both directions!



Christmas 2016 General Meeting potluck

We go to work each day. Days turn into years, and the years pass. One day, I realized that all the Carriers that I had started with were gone. Frank Martinez was the last Carrier still at the Brundage post office from “the original crew”.

I met Frank when I began working in the 07s at the Brundage post office in 1984. Who doesn't remember their first day at a new job? (Frank was already there!)

In those early years we were allowed more chances to talk to each other. I remember Frank as funny and upbeat. I felt a kinship to Frank.

I worked with Frank for over thirty years. He was always consistent in his daily work habits. I never saw him angry or frustrated. He just came to work, did his job and went home.

Frank was a “constant” at Brundage. Although he left to work at the 05s at East Bakersfield, he came back when the two stations were combined. *He was back Home!*

*Rest in Peace, my friend. You worked hard in this life.  
May you find eternal rest.*

JESSIE C. SUBIA  
Retired Letter Carrier



## Brundage Station (93307) 1984

**Front Row (kneeling):** Emmitt Jennings, Annette Montgomery, Beverly Moland, Lonnie Neal, Frank Martinez, “Crazy Joe” Perish

**Row 2:** Audrey Albitre, Patty Edwards, Leonard King, Brenda Sessions, ??, King “Putt Putt” Putman, Robert Ober (Clerk), “Tom Cat” Riley, Curtis Jones

**Row 3:** Andy Garcia, “Pop” Wright, Randy Sparks, Mary McKenzie (Rural Carrier), John Trice, PTF Pat Farr, Charles Wheeler



After I carried my assignment (Route 705) when I was working at the Brundage Station in the early 80s, I used to have to carry swings on the routes next to me. Rarely did I ever have to carry swings to help Frank Martinez in any way with his route. But, on the one occasion that I did carry a swing for Frank, it was winter. It was 6:30 PM. *And, it was dark. DARK????* There were no street lights at all on Frank's route — and **OH MAN WAS IT DARK!!!** After I'd been on the swing for about 30 minutes, I made a right turn down a small street that had only a few houses on it. As I made the corner and straightened my vehicle out, I heard a loud **ROAR** and out of the corner of my eye, I saw a silhouette that looked like a **FREAKIN' LION!!!**

My common sense told me no dog could be that big, and have that much hair and my *BRAIN* registered it as a **FREAKIN' LION!** I was quite young then, and was able to react quick enough to slide the passenger window *UP* on my 1/4 ton...just as that "Lion" smashed into the door!

At that point, I decided I'd had enough. Between the darkness, inability to find or see any street numbers, *AND* the "Lion on the Loose", I decided to just take the mail back to the station!

When I pulled in, Frank was standing there, smiling, as he must have realized I'd encountered "The Lion". I asked him, "**WTF WAS THAT THING???**" Grinning, Frank replied, "Oh... You must have met [so and so]". He called it by name and said it was a dog... I blurted out, "**DOG MY ASS!**", and I told him it was a good thing he rarely needed help, because I wouldn't be going out on *HIS* route again in the dark!

To this day, I'll **NEVER** forget when that **LION** hit the side on my Jeep and made it shudder!

Frank was always a great man. Always compassionate and patient. He cared deeply about his family. It was a privilege to have known and worked with him.

**PAT FARR**

Retired Letter Carrier

January 23, 1984 - March 30, 2009

**OUT THERE**



I was Frank's T-6. (A T-6 is an individual who carries mail on the Regular's day off. Delivering to five routes on the T-6 "string" are the assignment which they undertake each week.)

I only have good things to say about Frank and I don't have any complaints about misdelivery or anything like that. He was one of the nicest persons I met in the post office. I missed his Dodgers stories when he retired!

**TONY DEL VALLE**

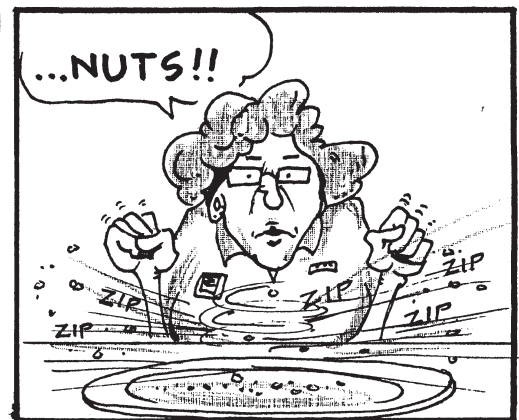


(l-r) "Cervando" Gonzalez, Frank Martinez, George Duarte, Steve Lubrecht, Yuri Garcia and Paul Salazar in 2017

**OUT THERE**



**OUT THERE**



I remember Frank, or Franco as I called him, ordering his food and walking towards my table to join me for lunch that day. This was at Farmer Boys on Haley St sometime in 2014.

I remember the highlight of our conversation. I had just been awarded a new T-6 assignment and Frank's route — 515 — was part of it. Since I had never delivered his route, I took the opportunity to ask Frank for some information and I clearly remember his response.

“Oh, I love my route”, he said. “Well, I love it all except three deliveries right in the middle.”



Frank out on the route on May 10, 2015

I remember Frank joking of how he needed to find a way to get those three deliveries assigned to a different route.

I even asked for the addresses, but he knew that I didn't know his route and I wouldn't remember. He simply replied, “You'll find out soon enough.”

For the next three year, I was Frank's sub until his retirement. Even though I never asked him again about the three deliveries,

## OUT THERE



I am very confident I figured out which three he talked about that day.

For those who don't know, Route 515 is a very nice route. Most deliveries are only a short distance from the vehicle, and the rest you don't exit the vehicle at all. But on North Inyo, there are three houses on an inclined hill with mail boxes by the door. These deliveries are, without a doubt, the most exhausting on the route.

To make matters worse, we usually get there right after lunch. I figured it out Franco. *I now know which three...*

Frank is in a better place now. Every time I deliver his route; every time I get off my vehicle and look up at 2931 N. Inyo, I remember our lunch conversation. Then I start to ascend for delivery and I always remember that I couldn't have agreed more with Frank. *These three gotta go!*

Rest In Peace, Frank Martinez.

## EDUARDO GONZALEZ ALDACO

Frank Martinez was a Letter Carrier on Route 515, a route located north of Columbus Street. The neighborhood is cleaner, more attractive and possibly more affluent, than my route which is located on the south side of Columbus in the La Loma area. 515 is a stop-and-hop route with a whole lot of parcel deliveries! Frank was fortunate to call 515 “home”, because it is the perfect, not-too-lengthy (yes!), end-of-career route!

Frank, a former wrestler and wrestling coach, was physically strong, with broad shoulders ideal for the upper body strength needed for carrying mail on a walking route. He delivered a large number of catalogs and magazines ordered by his customers.

(I have joked that on my route I deliver mostly jail mail and papers from the court.)

## FRANK WAS VERY WELL-LIKED BY HIS CUSTOMERS!!

I remember one incident when a woman that he delivered to stopped me on my route. She got out of her car, approached me and explained to me that Frank was her Carrier. She said that she had not seen him in a while. She inquired about his health and wanted to know when he would be returning to the route. She was genuinely concerned.

*That gave me an understanding of how well Frank took care of his customers!*

I always knew how I was doing on my route, by where I would see Frank at very various places on his route. I knew I was doing well and on time, if I saw him driving up Alta Vista when I was making a U-turn on Alta Vista

to get back onto Columbus Street. He knew the importance of being consistent! *The customers probably knew close to the exact time he would be passing by with their mail!*

When I would look up one of the side streets off of Columbus and see him on either side of Columbus Street Baptist Church, I would know that I was doing okay on my route. Frank was so dependable and right on target with his mail delivery schedule.

A couple of times Frank came to me on my route when he ran out of 3849's. (He used a lot of the forms for so many parcel and accountable mail deliveries.) I liked the idea that he was nearby enough to help me out if I needed something.

Great camaraderie amongst the 93305 Carriers is one of the best assets of the East Bakersfield station.

**OUT THERE**



I remember when Frank was running for an office in a union election. I can still "see" Frank going from case to case at work with instructions on how to vote for him by mail. (That is, if we were going to vote for him. Smile!) I

don't remember now what office or convention delegate position he ran for or what the election result was. But...I did vote for him! I hope he got the job. Yay, Frank!

Frank also served our station as the social recreation guy. He always let us know when events were coming up which we might wish to attend or be a part of. He did an excellent job of keeping us informed!

Frank inquired a few times about my brother, Larry. The two of them knew each other in their younger years. They were both associated in the sports world with wrestling. Larry was a wrestler and a wrestling coach, same as Frank.

Frank's son, Frank, Jr., had been a wrestler, too, at one time. He also carried mail a few years ago when the East Bakersfield station (which is now at the Brundage Station) was located on Kentucky Street. I remember him very well. Nice guy, just like his dad.

I sure miss Frank. He was dependably present. And then he was gone... Even though he did not generally talk a lot, I would certainly know it when he was absent for a few days. I felt, for quite sometime before he retired, that he did not feel well. He never complained, though. He just went about his work. I saw Frank as the "strong, silent type."

When Frank just quietly retired without the usual fanfare, I felt really sad. Due to his illness and unplanned early departure, our office did not get to officially, and personally, tell him goodbye. It would have been our chance to remind him that he was our friend, that he mattered a lot to us, and that we wished him well in his future.

In case Frank, Jr. and family members are reading this, we loved Frank very much! He was a superb Letter Carrier and a phenomenal friend. We can never forget him.

CHERILYN MORGAN  
Route 524



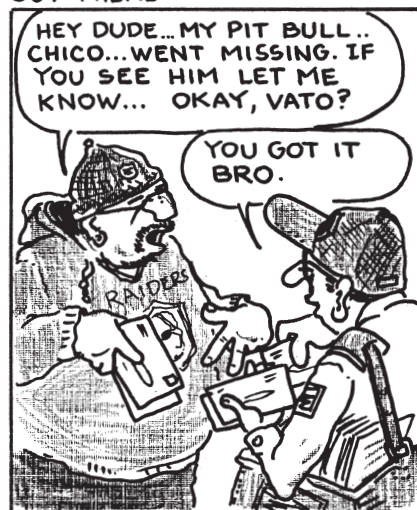
December 15, 2015 Branch potluck



Branch Christmas party December 21, 2010

## If you knew anything about Frank, one thing was certain. He appreciated a good meal!!!

**OUT THERE**



OUT THERE



OUT THERE



OUT THERE



## These cartoons are also glimpses into Frank's world...

Over a period of ten years in my career, I had the pleasure of working with Frank Martinez at both East Bakersfield and Brundage Stations.

Although I didn't talk to him daily, I could usually hear his deep baritone voice and laugh even way out by the end wall of the "cul-de-sac" where my case were.

Frank was always an optimistic and down to earth guy — easy to engage in many subjects, especially when it came to his family. I was not privy to a everything he shared, but I couldn't help but overhear when he spoke. His baritone voice was easy on the ears and was hard to ignore.

Without a doubt, Frank's favorite topics of conversation were his family, sports and his family.

He took his son under his wing during the time when Frank Jr. was a Carrier. He was proud of his son, Nick, who was excelling in baseball and moving up into the minor leagues. *I could hear his pride when he talked about each member of his entire family.*

He was a man who always shared his stories with humility and a sense of humor. And, he repeatedly interjected that hearty laugh!

Frank was worthy of respect for being a great worker for thirty-eight years,

married for thirty-seven years and a devout Catholic man of faith!

Steadfast and true to his nature, dependable, honest and always approachable was what Frank was about. You could always talk to him and he would take the time to listen.

He could always be counted on as a friend and devoted employee of the USPS. Frank was active in our Union and active in the Social & Recreation Committee.



Frank and others gather for Brian Shellcross's last USPS lunch at Rusty's Pizza...

Frank would never be harsh or crude and I enjoyed having him share in our lunch group from time to time. I really appreciated him taking the time to be at my last retirement lunch with many of my other co-workers.

In Frank's last working years, he had some health concerns; however, you never heard

him complain. We never really knew how serious his condition was.

Life is not always fair.

It's hard to understand why such a good man had to leave this world so soon. The fact that he is in a better place does not make it easier for those who miss him.

I'm so sorry that he didn't get to enjoy the many years of retirement that he so surely deserved.

But, he lives in our memories as a good example of a life well lived!

My deepest condolences to all his friends and family and may God keep us all in His good graces.

BRIAN SHELLCROSS  
Retired Letter Carrier

*Once you were the rookie. You slowly become a Veteran, and then you become an Old Timer. As you go deeper into your postal career, the Old Timers before you soon leave for retirement. Too soon, they leave this earth.*



Frank and 05ers take a picture on Brian Shellcross's last day at work.

I spent thirteen years of my nineteen year career at the 93305 station. For ten of those years, I was on Route 514. Frank Martinez bid over to the Kentucky station around mid-2006 and took over route 515. That is where he remained until he retired last year in 2017.

As an older rookie with about eight years, I had the privilege to work in between Frank (the Old Timer) and Joy Cordova (the Veteran) for many years. Frank was a past Shop Steward from Brundage before he came to Kentucky Street, so he was a great reference to turn to as a growing Carrier.

His son, Frank Jr., for a while worked for the Postal Service at Kentucky Street as well. To separate the two, I started calling Frank "Papa Frank" and Frank Jr. "Frankie." Even after Frankie left the Postal Service, I still kept calling his dad "Papa Frank".

There are many things that made me like Frank. One of the special things I loved about him was the nonchalant attitude he had at work. He had a soft gentle monotone voice that just relaxed you when talking to him. He seemed to be able to take everything in stride.

When I supervised back in 2011, I would go out for street observations. For people who don't know about Route 515, let me explain. It is twisty, turny, curvy, and hilly. Basically, I could never find Frank. Even with RIMS, it was hard to locate him.

But when I did get lucky enough to find him, there would be "Papa Frank" nonchalantly walking up to a house or mailbox.

Every time Frank and I would talk about something in regards to the PO, he would always have the same reply, "Oh Well." Or he would say, "It is what it is".

*I think to myself, "Am I making an impression on the young rookies like "Papa Frank" did with me?"*

In 2014, I accidentally bid on Route 708. (That's another story.) Frank lived on 708 and I found when I delivered his mail that there was always a car parked in front of his mailbox.

I told him, "Frank, I have to get out and walk back to the house!" He told me his kids park there all the time and he then said "Oh Well, it will just take you longer".

**And I wasn't gonna dare tell an Old Timer to move his car! LOL!**

He had a true passion for the game of baseball and loved going to his son Nick's games. When he got on the Social Recreation Committee, everyone always waited each year for him to get approval for Dodger tickets.

Frank was a true professional and he always had a really positive outlook on things. When talking to him he always had a warm smile that I will always remember. Truly (believe it or not) I can't even think of one moment where Frank complained to me about the Post Office.



Lake Ming USPS Picnic

As I find myself deeper into my own career, a certain reality seems to be sinking in: **Too soon, I will be "The Old Timer"...**



Enjoying a USPS softball game with family

I think to myself, "Am I making an impression on the young rookies like 'Papa Frank' did with me?"

*May you rest in peace my old friend.*

JEFF HARRINGTON

## Retiree Lupe Arredondo received an e-mail which was sent at 04:39 on March 12, 2018

Hi Lupe,

On March 7th , Frank went to have a simple in & out procedure at a surgery center. At the very end his blood pressure dropped very low and was rushed to ER. In ER he had a heart attack the next day had 2 more. Doctors feel he may have brain damage. He doesn't respond when they call his name or when they ask him to do other things he is unresponsive. Today they will give him tests to determine how much. I don't know time or when I will get results. Please let his friends from work know. I know some do, but I don't know if the retired ones do.

I ask for your prayers and theirs for Frank and my family. God bless, Rosalie

## Lupe Arredondo's response to Rosalie, Frank's wife

Just opened my email sorry to hear about Frank. Called Basil who does the newsletter and he will get the word out. Please keep me updated on his condition and what hospital he is at.

## Basil Zuniga's message to Rosalie

My prayers are with Frank. I have been letting folks know as much as I know about his condition. Info that Lupe Arredondo shared with me is what I have passed on. Not trying to get in your business, just want to encourage others to pray, too.

## Rosalie's reply to Basil

Thank you Basil , I would never think that. I will keep Lupe posted and he will pass it on. Thank you for your prayers.  
Mrs. Frank Martinez (Rosalie)

# Please Pray for Branch 782 Sargeant-at-Arms Frank Martinez

This information was originally published in the March 2018 newsletter, the *NALC BRANCH 782 E.A. BAKER UNION UPDATE*.



This is a "view" of Frank Martinez, up in heaven, making his deliveries. Thank You to Juan Rivera, 93305 Letter Carrier!

As the March 2018 newsletter was on its way to the printer, we were made aware that a serious situation was developing. Too soon, we heard from the family that the word from the doctors was not encouraging. The suddenness of Frank's passing left the family reeling and trying to cope with his loss.

Friends and co-workers were just as stunned. Frank had been retired for such a short time and was only 59 years old!

This memorial keepsake is an attempt to compile what is only a sliver of the accomplishments in Frank's life. Obviously, no amount of words or pictures can be a comprehensive look at the entirety of his existence. The hope is that young grandchildren or other family members, friends and Branch 782 members can gain a better appreciation for his life.

A gift was provided by Frank John Martinez III — Frank's son. His remembrances served as the cornerstone upon which everything else was built. He also provided the many, many family pictures which made their way onto these pages. They help those of us who were not family know Frank a little better...

Anita Holderman also deserves a special Thank You. Her photos were unknown to the family. Those pictures can now be added to his legacy. Also, it was so special that Letter Carrier friends and co-workers did contribute to this effort. Their words merit a special debt of gratitude!

And Thank You, Fred Acedo! Your work would've gotten Frank to grin.

*Add stories, attach names and dates to pictures, or just record some comments...*

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*Memories – in images and words – keep loved ones alive in the process of the sharing.....*



## Brundage Station (93307) on June 23, 1993

**Front Row (sitting):** Tracy Hilo, Larry "Kool-Aid" Thompson, Sandy Hanson, Rick Campbell (Rural Carrier), Rupinder Singh, Art Ornelas (Postmaster), Mike Freeman, Richard Sanders, Frank Thomasy (Branch 782 President) Elroy Miller

**Row 2:** Judy Roberson, Lonnie Neal, Beverly Hill, Steve Nieto, Vicki Lewis, Carmen Castillo, Billy McKenzie, Frank Martinez, Frank De La Huerta, Deanna Black

**Row 3:** Eliani Giford, Vincent Gonzalez, Beverly Moland, Rosa Padilla, Patty Edwards, Mary McKenzie (Rural Carrier), Dennis Uarte, David Bonilla (Clerk), Sandra Mays Billingsley (Clerk)



*Frank Martinez had some company with him on January 28, 2014 at the Branch 782 General Meeting.*

*He will be missed by so many people!!!*



Frank Martinez and Frank John Martinez III at a past Post Office Picnic when they were the Winners of the Horseshoe Contest



Frank Martinez participating during the Letter Carrier Food Drive on May 12, 2012. This was the year that he joined with other postal employees all over the country to gather more than 70 million pounds of food!