

## THAT RAGGED OLD FLAG

I walked thru a County Courthouse Square  
On the Park bench an Old man was sitting there.  
I said, "Your old courthouse is kinda run down".  
He said, "No, it'll do for our little Town."  
I said, "Your old flag pole is leaned a little bit,  
and that's a ragged old flag you got hanging on it."  
He said, "Have a seat", and I sat down.  
"Is this the first time you've been to our little town?"  
I said, "I think it is", and he said, "I don't like to brag,  
But we're kinda proud of that Ragged Old Flag."  
You see we got a little hole in that flag there,  
When Washington took it across the Delaware.  
And It got powder burns the night Francis Scott Key  
Sat watching it writing 'O Say Can You See!!  
And got a bad rip in New Orleans  
With Packinham and Jackson tugged at it's seams.  
And it almost fell at the Alamo  
Beside the Texas flag, but she waved on tho.  
She got cut with a sword at Chancellorsville,  
And she got cut again at Shilo Hill.  
There was Robert E. Lee, Bouregard and Bragg  
And the south wind blew hard on that Ragged Old Flag.  
On Flanders Field in World-War One,  
She got a big hole from a Bertha gun.  
She turned blood red in World War Two.  
She's hung limp and low a time or two  
She was in Korea, Vietnam,  
She went where she was sent by her Uncle Sam.  
She waved from our ships upon the briney foam.  
Now they've about quit waving her, back here at home.  
In our own good land she's been abused,  
She's been burned, dishonored, denied, refused.  
And the government for which she stands  
Is scandalized throughout the land.  
She's getting thread bare and she's wearing thin,  
But she's in good shape for the shape she's in.  
Cause she's been through the fire before  
And I believe she can take a whole lot more.  
So we raise her up every morning, take her down every night.  
We don't let her touch the ground and we fold her up right.  
On second thought, I do like to brag,  
Cause I'm mighty proud of that

RAGGED OLD FLAG!!!!

### THE MAN IN THE ARENA

"It is not the critic who counts, nor the one who points out how the strong man stumbled or how the doer of deeds might have done better.

"The credit belongs to the man who is actually in the arena, whose face is marred with dust and sweat and blood; who strives valiantly; who errs and comes short again and again; who knows the great enthusiasms, the great devotions, and spends himself in a worthy cause; who, if he wins, knows the triumph of high achievement; and who, if he fails, at least fails while daring greatly, so that his place shall never be with those cold and timid souls who know neither victory nor defeat"

Theodore Roosevelt  
22nd President of the  
United States

## SOLDIER

I was that which others did not want to be.

I went where others feared to go, and did what others failed to do.

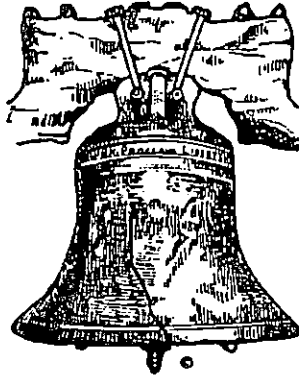
I asked nothing from those who gave nothing, and reluctantly accepted the thought of eternal loneliness... should I fail.

I have seen the face of terror; felt the stinging cold of fear; and enjoyed the sweet taste of a moments love. I have cried, pained, and hoped...but most of all, I have lived times others would say were best forgotten.

At least someday I will be able to say that I was proud of what I was....a SOLDIER.



**JULY 4**



**1776**

**On July 4, 1776, Fifty-Six Men Signed The Declaration Of Independence  
That Gave Birth To The American Nation. Below Is The Story Of**

# **The Price They Paid**

By Thomas J. Anderson

Have you ever wondered what happened to the 56 men who signed the Declaration of Independence? Or what kind of men they were, these members of the Continental Congress? Twenty-four were lawyers and jurists. Eleven were merchants, nine were farmers and large plantation owners, men of means, well educated. But they signed the Declaration of Independence knowing full well that the penalty would be death if they were captured by the British.

Five were captured. They were swiftly convicted of treason, tortured and killed. Twelve had their homes ransacked and burned. All, of course, were affected by the war that was already more than a year old. Two lost their sons in the Revolutionary Army, another had two sons captured. Nine fought and died from wounds or the hardships of the Revolutionary War. Carter Braxton of Virginia, a wealthy planter and trader, saw his ships swept from the seas by the British navy. He sold his home and properties to pay his debts and died in rags.

Thomas McKean was so hounded by the British that he was forced to move his family almost constantly. He served in the Congress without pay while his family was kept in hiding. His possessions were taken from him and poverty was his reward.

Vandals or soldiers, or both, looted the properties of Ellery, Clymer, Hall, Walton, Gwinnett, Heyward, Rutledge and Middleton.

At the Battle of Yorktown, Thomas Nelson, Jr. noted that British General Cornwallis had taken over the Nelson home for headquarters. The owner quietly urged General George Washington to open fire, which was done. The home was destroyed and Nelson died a bankrupt.

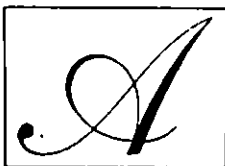
Francis Lewis had his home and properties destroyed. The enemy jailed his wife and she died within a few months.

John Hart was driven from his wife's bedside as she lay ill. Their 13 children fled for their lives. His fields and his grist mill were laid waste. For more than a year he lived in forests and caves returning home after the war to find that his wife was dead, his children vanished. A few weeks later John Hart died from extreme physical exhaustion and a broken heart.

Norris and Livingston suffered similar fates.

Such were the stories and sacrifices of the American Revolution. These were not wild-eyed, rabble-rousing ruffians. They were soft-spoken men of means and education. They had security but they valued liberty more. Standing tall, straight and unwavering, they pledged: "For the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of the Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

# "A Veteran Is"



AMERICA'S war veterans come in a wide variety of sizes, shapes and ages. Their collective experience spans two world wars and several foreign conflicts. They have followed war mules through Flanders Field, dropped from landing barges onto the beaches of Normandy, faced the icy cold of Porkchop Hill and trudged the rice paddies of the Mekong Delta.

But, regardless of differences in makeup and experience, all veterans share a common bond—a brotherhood of memory and hard-won wisdom that helps define their character.

A veteran is the first man up as the flag passes by on the 4th of July, and the last one down, for he has been a witness to the blood and tears that make this and all other parades possible.

A veteran is a man of peace, soft spoken, slow to anger, quick to realize that those who talk most about the glory of war are those who know least about its horror. He never jokes about war; he's been there, and still sees on memory's vivid screen the wounded and the dying, the widows and orphans; he knows first-hand that no war is good and that the only thing worse than war is slavery.

He is friend to all races of man, begrudging none; he carries with him the knowledge that it is not the man who is the enemy but enslavement and false ideologies. Those whom he once faced across the hostile battle lines, he now esteems as his brothers.

A veteran is at once proud and humble: proud of the fact that in 200 years no foreign enemy has set foot on American soil; and humble in the realization that many of his comrades who helped him make this lofty aim a reality, never returned.

More than anything else, a veteran loves freedom. He can spend a whole afternoon doing nothing—just because it suits him, and just because he has paid the price to do what he wants with his time. He also takes a personal pride in the freedom of others—in men and women attending the church of their choice; in friends voting how they choose; and in children sleeping quietly, without fear to interrupt their slumber.

A veteran is every man grown up a little taller—a person who understands the awesome price of life's intangibles of freedom, justice and democracy. His motto is to live and let live. But, if he had to, if he had to choose between servitude and conflict, the veteran would once again answer a call to duty.

Because, above all—above all else—a veteran is an American.

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