

Nuggets of Fun and Nostalgia for Treasure Valley Golden-Agers



Paul Revere's Ride

By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow



Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-Five:
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry-arch
Of the North-Church-tower, as a signal-light,
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said "Good night!"
and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay
The Somerset, British man-of-war:

A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison-bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend,
through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the sombre rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour,
and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;

For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

(Continued on Page 2)

July 4th and Our Presidents



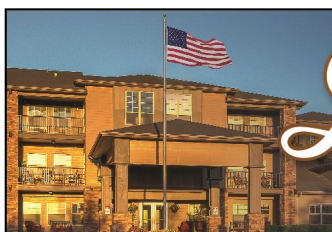
John Adams, the second president of the United States, and Thomas Jefferson, the third president, were old rivals who had their share of political disagreements on the nature of the new American democracy.

In fact, Jefferson had defeated Adams in the election of 1800. But their friendship had mellowed in their golden years.

On his deathbed, John Adams spoke of his old friend and rival, noting that "Thomas Jefferson still survives."

But ironically and unbeknownst to Adams—Jefferson had died five hours earlier on the same day, July 4, 1826, exactly fifty years after they had ratified the passage of the Declaration of Independence.

James Monroe, the fifth president of the United States, also died on July 4—in 1831, five years later.



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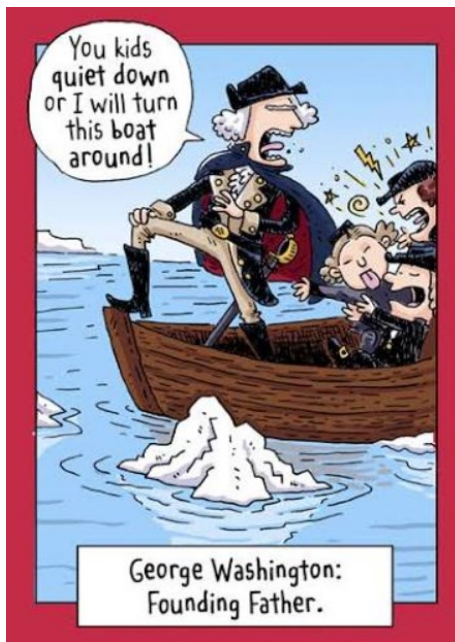
4th of July Dad Jokes

What kind of tea did the American colonists really want? Liber-tea!

What dance did the colonists do in 1776?
The Indepen-dance!

Why are there no knock-knock jokes about America?
Because freedom rings!

What did the ghost say on the Fourth of July?
Red, white, and boo!



(Paul Revere's Ride—Continued from Page 1)

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed on the landscape far and near,
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.

And lo! as he looks,
on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle,
the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes,
till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village-street,
A shape in the moonlight,
a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles,
in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed that flies
fearless and fleet:

That was all! And yet,
through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding
that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed,
in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame
with its heat.

He has left the village
and mounted the steep,
And beneath him,
tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand,
now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of his steed
as he rides.



It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into
Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog,
That rises when the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock,
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows,
blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look
upon.

(Continued on page 9)



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Alone Didn't Last

Paul Callahan was 82, and for the first time in his life he was completely alone.

His wife had passed away just months earlier. He was the last of his siblings still living. The house that had once been full of people was quiet now, and the days stretched out long and empty.

Then a new family moved in nearby.

When Wilson and Sharaine Caraballo arrived with their five kids, Paul did what good neighbors do. He came over with a ladder and offered to help the couple fix up their new place. Soon he was bringing screwdrivers, teaching Wilson how to patch up the garage, turning up with little trinkets and bubbles for the children.

It did not take long for the kids to start running to the door every time he appeared. To them he was not the man from down the street. He was Grandpa.

Now Paul is at nearly every cookout, every holiday, every ordinary afternoon. The children climb all over him and beg for his stories, and he has stories for days.

He once thought the rest of his life would be lived out in a silent house. Instead, he found five kids, two parents, and a home that is never quiet anymore.



"Nothing but harmony, honesty, industry, and frugality are necessary to make us a great and happy people."

— George Washington

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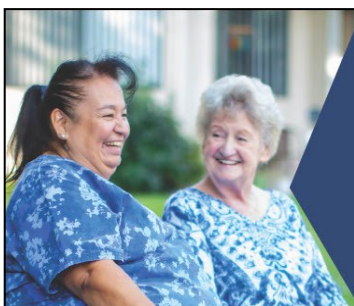
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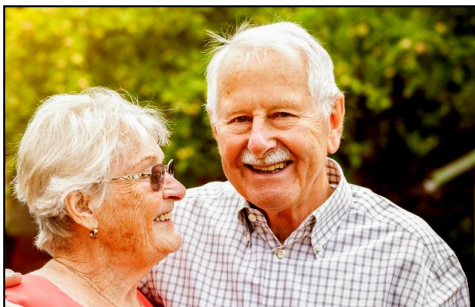
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THE EXTRA TICKET

I had two tickets for the World Cup match: USA vs Australia. One for me. One for my dad.

Dad died a week before the game. A sudden shock.

Everyone said sell it. "That's ticket's worth \$3,000!" Couldn't do it.

I went to the stadium with both tickets and a cardboard sign that said: "Free Ticket. Must sit with me and tell Dad jokes."

People walked past. Thought I was crazy.

Then he walked up. Older guy. Faded USA t-shirt. Kind eyes. Looked just like my dad.

"I don't have a ticket," he said. "I just came to listen to the crowd. My son loved soccer—I mean football. He died in a car wreck last year."

I handed him the ticket. "Section H, Row K, Seat 101. It's yours."

We sat together. Stood together for the national anthem. Ate hot dogs. Traded bad jokes. Cried a little when no one was looking. Screamed our heads off when USA scored.

For three hours I had a dad. He had a son. Hated to hear the final whistle sound. Best match of my life.



Word Play

If "tomb" is pronounced "toom," and "womb" is pronounced "woom," why isn't "bomb" pronounced "boom?"

"Almost" is the longest common English word with all the letters in alphabetical order.

"Strengths" is one of the longest words with only one vowel.

"Pronunciation" is often misspelled—and "misspelled" is often misspelled.



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A farmer was retiring and planning to sell off his land. But first he needed to get rid of all his farm animals.

So he decided to visit all the surrounding farms to give away his livestock. At the farms where the man was the boss, he gave a horse. Where the woman was in charge, he gave a cow.



Approaching one farmhouse, he saw a couple gardening. He called out, "Who's the boss around here?"

"I am," said the man.

The farmer said, "I have a black horse and a brown horse. Which one would you like?"

The man thought for a minute and said, "I'll take the black one."

"No, no, get the brown one," said his wife.

"OK, I'll guess I'll take the brown one."

The farmer replied, "Here's your cow."



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"The tree of liberty must be
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My Favorite Color

By Linda A. Rothschiller

In the early 1940's I started
first grade in a small one room
school out of Carrywood, Idaho.
My parents raised four of us - two
girls and two boys - on a dairy/
beef cattle ranch.

I loved going to school and one
day the teacher asked us to name
our favorite color and write about
it. I immediately wrote down Red,
White and Blue. She advised me I
had to pick just one. I refused to
do so.

When I left school that
afternoon, I carried home a note to
my parents. In it the teacher
stated the problem and indicated
she would like to speak to them.

Since my Mother didn't drive
that meant my Father would have
to take time out in his busy day to
drive to the school. Both parents
did attend . . . and I do believe it
was one of the shortest Parent/
Teacher conferences ever.

I can remember listening to
them talk. Dad never said much,
but had served his time in the
Navy and asked just one question:
"Do you have anything against
being Patriotic?"

I still refused to choose just
one color . . . and to this very day,
if someone asks me what my
favorite color is I will say Red,
White and Blue.

I love our flag and what it
stands for. This is the greatest
country on the face of this earth.

That Fateful Fourth

By Roger Robicheau



Our will was strong,
our want was great
Let freedom reign,
what better fate

We journeyed long
from Plymouth Rock
The time was clear
to end all talk

That fateful fourth
our courage showed
Americans -
and how we glowed

We won the right
to be self known
Our independence,
clearly shown

The test of time
has stood us tall
Through bravest hearts,
some forced to fall

We'll always cherish
those we've lost
Their gift to us,
their total cost

Today we face
another foe
And stand together,
all do know

Please often pray
to God above
He's seen our hearts,
He knows our love.



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American Success Story

There once was a small boy named Bruce.

None of his classmates liked him, he was the slowest in his class, and he frustrated his teacher, who was always telling him, "You're driving me mad, Bruce."

One day Bruce's mother came to school to check on how he was doing. The teacher told her that, honestly, her son was simply a disaster, getting very low marks, and never had she seen such a slow boy in her entire teaching career. She had done everything she could, but admitted she had given up hope for Bruce.

The mother was shocked at such negative feedback, and was so furious with the teacher that she withdrew her son from school and moved away to the next county.

Twenty-five years later, the same teacher was diagnosed with acute heart disease. All the doctors strongly advised her to have heart surgery, which only one surgeon in the next county could perform.

Left with no other options, the teacher decided to have the difficult operation, which fortunately was successful. When she opened her eyes after the surgery she saw a handsome doctor smiling down at her.

She wanted to thank him but couldn't talk. Her face started to turn blue, she raised her hand, trying to tell him something, but passed out. The surgeon acted quickly and was able to revive her. He had saved her life twice in the same day!

The doctor was shocked and was trying to figure out what went wrong. He turned around and saw our friend Bruce, working as a janitor in the hospital. He had unplugged the lady's oxygen equipment in order to connect his vacuum cleaner!

Don't tell me you thought Bruce became a heart-surgeon?



Independence Day

In the year of 1776

That paper was decreed -

They were tired of oppression

And wanted to be freed

They wrote a Declaration

So the whole world would see -

This was, "the home of the brave

And the land of the free"

They signed that piece of parchment

The leaders of this land -

Knowing, divided they would fall

But, together they could stand

A new world lay before them

Untamed from shore to shore -

They swore they would protect it

If it meant going to war

Battles have been fought -

And many lives have been lost -

So sad something so basic

Has such a high, high cost

'Seems freedom is a luxury

There's some would bind us all -

Like then, together, we can stand

But divided, we will fall

More than two hundred years

Have past by since that day

That each of us celebrate

In our own different way

We should be proud and thankful

Pay our share of the cost -

Not take freedom for granted

For it easily could be lost

- Author Unknown



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Amazing Facts!

- ◆ Australia is wider than the moon—by about 600 kilometers.
- ◆ There's a town in Alaska where everyone lives in one building.
- ◆ Vatican City is the smallest country in the world.
- ◆ Sudan has more pyramids than Egypt - nearly double.
- ◆ China has only one time zone—even though it should have five.
- ◆ The biggest desert in the world is Antarctica—not the Sahara
- ◆ The Philippines has over 7,000 island, and many disappear at high tide.
- ◆ In Indonesia there is an island where only women can live.
- ◆ Canada has the largest coastline in the world.

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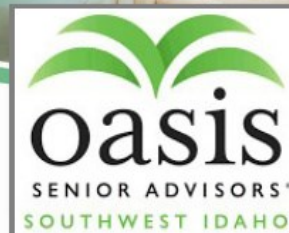
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(Paul Revere's Ride—Cont from Page 2)

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge
in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.

And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest.
In the books you have read,
How the British Regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence
and farmyard-wall,
Chasing the red-coats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night
went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness,
a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!

For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness
and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message
of Paul Revere.

Our 50-Star Flag

In 1958, a high school history teacher in Ohio gave his class an assignment: with two new states joining the country, they needed to design a new American flag.

Seventeen-year-old Robert Heft took the project seriously. He spent 12 1/2 hours hand-sewing his 50-star flag. Bob created the 50-star flag by cutting up a 48-star flag his parents had received as a wedding present. "I'd watch my mom sew, but I had never sewn... and since making the flag of our country, I've never sewn again."

But his teacher was unimpressed and gave him a B-minus. Normally a quiet student, Heft said he had to confront the teacher.

"I approached him thinking, 'Are you kidding me?'" Heft recalled years later.

After their discussion, Heft's teacher told him that IF he got the flag accepted nationally — THEN would give him an A.

So Heft sent the flag to a state representative, and in 1960, his design became the country's official symbol.

That's right: President Dwight D. Eisenhower chose HIS design from more than 1,500 submissions...and Heft's teacher promptly bumped up his grade.

Heft's prestigious status resulted in 14 trips to the White House. He met every commander-in-chief from Eisenhower to Obama.

Heft died in 2009, but his flag will forever fly on.



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Mouth Watering

A couple country boys were sitting on the porch of a general store. A man came by with a huge watermelon.

He laid the melon down and said "I'll bet one of you boys twenty dollars you can't eat the entire watermelon in one sitting."

One of the boys said, "Hold on a few minutes. I have to run down to the house. I'll be right back."

He came back with twenty dollars and said the bet is on. He ate the entire watermelon in just a few minutes. The other boy asked why he had to go home first. The boy said there was a melon at home just about that size. "I knew if I could eat that one I could eat this one."



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Jane Gunter

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Kathie & Richard Bicknell

July 26, 1957—69 years
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For advertising info or to submit milestones, email terry@seniorgoldmine.com or call (208) 615-1948