

DEAR DAKC COMMISSIONER, L

I WASTED FOR DV E-SPAN NEW LONDON SUB BASE. I APPRE YOUR THCT AND STATURE, YOU MAKE MAD DECISIONS TO MAKE. YOU'NS, GOOD LUCK AND

GOOD BLESS YOU IN WHATEVER YOU DO AND GOD BLESS AMBACH.

Yours Truly
Shepherd

WHEN I WAS POSITIVE SIXTY I RECITE A PATRIOTIC SONG AND GOET NOW PUSUIT SEVENTY THREE, SLOWLY DOWN SORRENTY ARE AND HEALTH PROBLEMS CHECK UP TO YOU OBE UR ORT ME OTHER. ENCLOSED MR WORKS FOR YOU, MR BOOK, BOOKS AND LETTERS FROM ALL WILKS OF WIFE THEY PUMP ME UP AND KEEP ME GOING. YOU MAY MAKE COPIES FOR OTHERS. ALSO ENCLOSED MR POEM AND OTHER ITEMS RELAT NG TO THAT POEM CONCERNING THE

**IN MEMORY OF CORPORAL PAT TILLMAN
75TH U.S. ARMY RANGER REGIMENT**

**He was a football star at Arizona State
and Arizona Cardinals in the N.F.L.**

As the years went by

he was riding high

living a godly life as he saw fit.

**Liked by all, always standing tall,
honor, loyalty, integrity were his call.**

When 9/11 came he entered a different game.

Leaving fame and fortune

an Army Ranger he became.

A star he is more ways than one.

As we look at the Red, White and Blue

he's there too, he gave his life

paying the supreme sacrifice

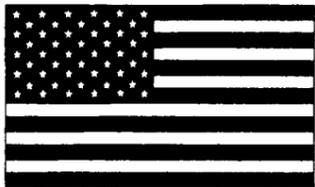
protecting you and me from our enemy.

He's in heavenly repose

with those who fell giving up

their todays for our tomorrows.

God Bless them all.



God Bless America

George Shea

George Shea

Jacques Chirac - The Jackal

Jacques Chirac loved Iraq,
having wheeled and dealed
with Hussein and his flock.
Secret pacts were made
that kept us in the shade.
Our initiatives were thwarted
in the United Nations
by this man who would
cause harm to our land.
He forgot Normandy, Chateau-Thierry,
Belieau Wood where Americans
fought and died so
his country would survive.
Time and again you
gave us the shaft with your gaff.
You better hope and pray
another war doesn't come your way.
Then we'll see what
your reaction will be
when your back is
against the wall and
you're ready to fall.
Who will you call?



Sorry Wrong Number.



The Jackal

God Bless America

George Shea

*Dedicated to S.F.C. Jack Wilder
and those who serve with him.*

**United States Third Infantry Division
*Operation Iraqi Freedom***

The other night as I
was watching Fox T.V.
what I beheld will
always remain with me.
A soldier was wounded
and fell to the ground.
On a stretcher he held
his weapon firing at his foe.
Another soldier wounded in the leg
leaned against a vehicle
taking on his enemy
while a medic was
treating his injury.
What more can I say.
Their valor and courage tells us all
Old Glory will never fall.
We thank the One above
for these Dog Face Soldiers
with a rifle on their shoulder
who protect our nation
from any confrontation.



Rock of the Marne - 1918

God Bless America

George Shea

George Shea

September 11th - 2001

Hijacked planes plunged from the sky,
causing thousands to die.

September eleventh is the day
that will never go away.

A dastardly act was done
by barbaric terrorists,
who will get retribution
when we find the solution.

We pray for those who passed away,
beseeching the One above
to care for them and
comfort their kin as they
grieve for loved ones
whose yesterdays are gone
and whose tomorrows will never come.

Our country will rise to the call.

Old Glory will never fall.

We owe it to those
who paid the supreme price.

Their lives are gone,
but never forgotten on this day
when we were taken aghast
by this atrocious act.



God Bless America

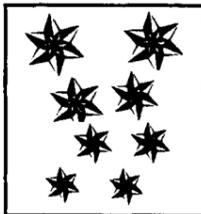
George Shea

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The Fallen Stars

Those certain ones
in their ivory tower
moan and groan and wish
to disrupt the plans
of the man who leads our land.
This they never did
but just hid
having nothing to say
when Bill Clinton bombed Belgrade.
Is this an act of fate
I'll bring you up to date.
These far left wingers
from the land of make believe
when expounding sound
drive us through the ground.
All we hear is cluck, cluck, cluck.
Nothing is uttered
that makes any sense.
They laid an egg
let them go back
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President George W. Bush
will do the rest
having passed the test.

We're Falling



God Bless America

George Shea
George Shea

The Buffalo Soldiers

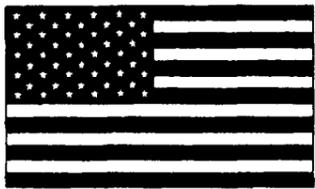
In 1866, The Buffalo Soldiers came into being. Black regiments of cavalry and infantry blazed a trail of Heroism, Honor and Glory across the great western plains. Their name would be their claim to fame. From their foes, the Indians it came. Complimentary it was, as they rode though the dust. Medals of Honor were won by them, unsung heroes they seemed to be. I deal with the truth, these are the facts. From them we saw the fighting spirit that comes from within, it's still there. It never died, now we know why. They still ride on, in a different way. It's here today and will always stay. They fought gallantly at San Juan Hill, turning the tide as our enemy was put to flight. The heroic Tuskegee Pilots cleared the air of those who would cause much despair. The Red Ball Express drove through a burning inferno, risking there lives, with much needed supplies, saving many who would have died. The Buffalo Solders still live on. General Colin L. Powell is proof of that. He attained the highest rank of honor from the seed created years ago. It's been a long time coming, their heroic and noble feats are known to us. Our Country says Thank You and God Bless
You for defending our beautiful Red, White and Blue.

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Bill Clinton

***Our parties may be different
but that matters naught.
Respect was there,
being elected by the masses
I wished you the best
as the man for
eight years would lead
our land as President.
The stress and strain
and decision making when
you held the reins
may take its toll
at a later day
it's not for us to say.
I pray to Him
as I pray for you.
I had two heart attacks.
He pulled me through,
he'll see to your needs
for his deeds are beyond you and me.
Your family and country
share my same view.
God Bless You***



God Bless America



George Shea

Megalomania Michael Moore

*He should have been a contortionist,
all he does is twist the facts
lacking tact what a dumb act.
We're wise to his lying and spinning
he's like a glass house
transparent as the eye can see,
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His ego and he
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Ranting, raving, spouting
and pouting exude from him.
What can the reason be?
Diarrhea of the mouth
occurs to me
Lomotil will take care of that
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What treat for all,
his gaff and gas
will end at last.*

What Happened ?



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The Unsung Heroes

September eleventh was the day
when the twin towers
were blown away.

Firemen, policemen, rescue workers
answered the call,
many were to fall.

Because of their valor
many were saved
to live another day.

Death and destruction
filled the air.

Danger didn't faze them at all
into the fiery towers they went.

The rest we know
as their heroics unfold.

Everyday their lives
are on the line protecting
you and me from catastrophe.

Their families mourn for those
who are in heavenly repose.

We honor them all
as He brings us together
on the eleventh of September.



God Bless America

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Mayor Rudolph Giuliani

He shines like a star from afar.

His leadership, compassion
and love for his city
are without ambiguity.

I don't know when he slept
being here, there and everywhere
in time of despair.

His tireless endurance and perseverance
are beyond compare.

He cared for the injured
and controlled a city
as best he could
by this ordeal

that didn't seem to heal.

We praise him much
as he kept his cool
under dire situations
which shook our nation.

New York City will stand tall

Mayor Rudolph Giuliani
will answer the call.

He'll do what he must
as he has God's trust.



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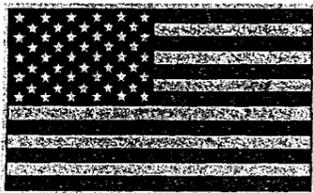
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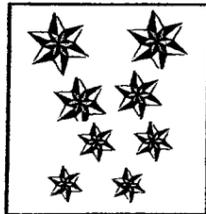
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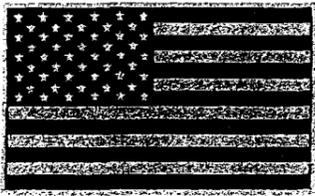


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he's like a glass house
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he's phony as can be.
His ego and he
speak for themselves
as you can easily conceive.
Ranting, raving, spouting
and pouting exude from him.
What can the reason be?
Diarrhea of the mouth
occurs to me
Lomotil will take care of that
it's a known fact.
What treat for all,
his gaff and gas
will end at last.*

What Happened ?



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OUR BEAUTIFUL RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

As the Red, White, and Blue hovers above
We look in awe at that which we love.
She started off small
And grew through the years.
She now has fifty stars.
They didn't come without scars.
There were those who tried to tear her down
And let her fall to the ground.
Not only from our enemies across the sea
But those from within who did everything
They could to express their idiotic whims.
But that didn't work, for she's still here
And will be long after they're in eternity.
When she feels she's going to be hurt
She cries out to us,
Knowing very well we'll do that which we must.
We won't let her get tattered and torn
And thrown to the ground.
Answering her call we'll give our all,
So she'll never fall.
When our task is completed
We'll look toward the sky.
Our Red, White, and Blue
Will be fluttering on high
As proud as can be.
Somewhere from above He seems to say
There can be no other way.



George Shea

THE BRAVE WHO SERVE

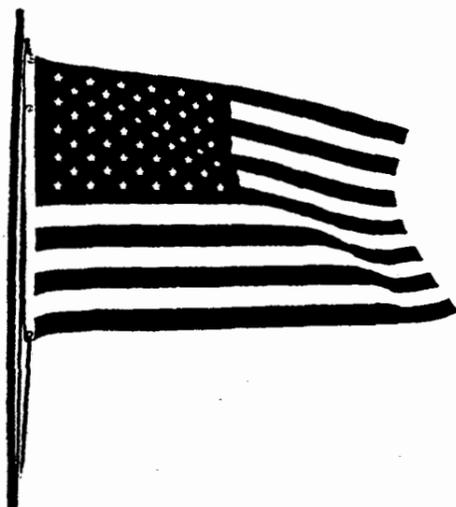
We shall always honor you.
You who represent the red, white, and blue,
We are proud of what you do.
Our hearts are full of joy
When the Stars and Stripes go flying by.
For what we see brings us to bended knee.
It is you who are the stars
Fighting to keep our country free,
So never in bondage we'd be.
There are a very few
Who don't like what you do.
They say that it is their right not to fight,
They burn the flag
But they shall learn,
If no flag there be
They would be the ones
Burning like a tree.
So you see, you brave who answered the call
You are right after all.
May the good Lord bring you safely home to us,
That will be the final plus.



George Shea

OUR FLAG

Our beautiful flag flies above
Fluttering in the breeze.
Chills go up and down my spine
When I realize what it means to me.
She's saying care for me
And you shall always be free.
I'll never let you down,
As long as you don't let me
Fall to the ground.
Love me as I love you,
Then one we shall be
United forever as family.
I was torn, worn,
And bent, but never broke.
From 1777 when I was born
To the Persian Gulf in 1991,
The good Lord watched over me.
Because of this, I still fly high.
I look and smile with great pride
Upon you all.
Many thanks come from me.
You remained as one,
That is why I'm still here and
Endured through the years.

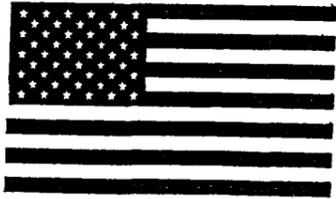


George Shea

TROOPERS IN THE SUN

The troopers are there far across the sea.
They left their land to protect you and me
So We'd always be free.
They shall stop those who oppose the rights of all.
Causing them to fall where they stand,
Never to reach our land.
Their despotic control will never hold.
The day will come when the sun looks down.
They won't be seen,
For buried deep they will be.
An early grave, as you see.
It had to be, they will never torment the free.
The troopers have much to endure
The days being hot and long.
The sand too blows through the air
Causing much despair.
But they shall hold their own
For all will come to pass
For tyrants never last.
Hitler and others bit the dust,
Hussein will go in a land full of sand.
We are proud of our troopers across the sea.
Our prayers are with them constantly.
May the good Lord hold out his hand
And bring them back safely to our land.

Like the song says
God Bless Them All



George Shea
by George Shea



I LOVE MY TROOPERS



I love my troopers for I am the Red, White, and Blue.
I sent you away to a far away land
To protect our rights and those of every free man.
All nationalities and races
Comprised this gallant band.
From all walks of life you came.
You answered my call and gave your all,
The days were hot and the sun beat down upon you.
The nights were cold.
The sand would blow in your face,
Making you wish you were never in this place.
When the battle came
You moved forward at a fast pace,
Attack you did with such devastation
The enemy was routed.
Victory was yours in no time at all.
History will say the battle here
Will have no peers.
There were fallen heroes
As in every war.
My heart cries out for them
And their families too.
Remember one thing I'm here because of them.
They are the stars on my Red, White, and Blue.
Without them I fall,
No longer standing tall.
I say thank you and God Bless You
To all my troopers for what you had to do.

George Shea

By George Shea



OUR BEAUTIFUL OLD GLORY

The flag burners think they have won. The Supreme Court of the United States seems to agree with them. Even members of the Congress of the United States go along with them also. They too went against the flag burning amendment. Senator Dole was correct when he stated that there are too many lawyers in Congress and not enough Americans.

Let's see if we can put the priorities where they belong and see who is right and who is wrong. On July Fourth 1776 we broke away from England. From 1776 to 1781 American blood was spilled and on June 14th 1777 the American flag was born because of the American blood that was spilled. The country and the flag held on. Because of this in 1789 the Articles of the Confederation were created - "The Constitution of the United States."

The point is if the American flag doesn't make it and the spilled blood was in vain, there is no Constitution. The flag and the spilled blood made the Constitution possible. The Constitution never made the flag -- without the flag there is no Constitution. I have never seen the Constitution being waved or carried into combat when the enemy is being attacked. All I see is our beautiful "Old Glory" standing tall as can be and saying I'm here as I was there way back when, because you cared for me.

Yours truly,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "George Shea". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the typed name.

George Shea
Flag Lover



THEY BELONG TO THE RED, WHITE, AND BLUE

We were in a war some years back.
It was sad, tragic, and unpopular as can be,
The reason being it was run
By the media and politicians.
That alone will cause much despair.
Our military had little to say.
The troopers fought and died.
You can't blame them
For the blunders of the other two.
Our country was torn apart.
When they came home
No heroes welcome did they get.
Now we realize what they did.
We should always honor them.
They never turned their backs
On the Red, White, and Blue.
When our troopers come home
From across the sea,
Many parades there will be.
It would fill me with great pride
If our heroes back then
Would march with them side by side.
Whatever the case may be
Honor is due all
When they answer our country's call.
Their blood is the same,
That will never change.
It was spilled to keep our great land
Free from tyranny.

God Bless Them All

George Shea

by George Shea

Dedicated to Captain John Roper and
Those Who Serve With Him

THE UNITED STATES FIRST CAVALRY

Where does it begin.
Does the origin have no end.
We can't say this.
Because many years ago, they were there.
They fought and fought and stood tall.
They would fight to the last.
To insure that no one
Would ever be on bended knee
And die needlessly.
Yes, they are now across the sea.
The cavalry that was here years ago
is over there protecting you and me.
The horses may not be there
But what occurred long ago, soars above all.
General Custer gave himself up.
400 of General Terry's own would live
because of what he did.
They ride today, maybe in a different way.
The cavalry is here to stay.
They are second to none.
As the brave get the call
They do honor to us all.
Because of them, we shall never fall.
God Bless the United States First Cavalry.



by George Shea



THE U.S. 7TH RIDES ON



On a Sunday years ago
The U.S. 7th Cavalry
Under the command of Colonel Custer
Engaged the Sioux and Cheyenne in Montana,
The Battle of the Little Big Horn.
He was bold, daring, and cocky as can be.
Many have said that caused his defeat.
Don't believe that at all.
This didn't cause him to fall.
He had to attack and gave himself up
Saving General Terry's 400 from biting the dust.
This I have proven and will challenge
Anyone that can say, it didn't happen that way.
Years ago there were writers, historians and
So-called experts that put Custer down.
You have the same people today.
You saw this on T.V.
President Bush was called a wimp.
He was also the head of the C.I.A.
50,000 troopers or more were to die
If they attacked on the ground.
The Marines were to attack from the sea.
How wrong can these people be.
So you see what was said falsely about Custer,
The same was said about the battle across the sea.
As it was true then, it is true now.
These so-called experts should throw in the towel.
The 7th is over there
Fighting for you and me
So that we will always be free.
They will hold their own and let it be known
They will bring honor and glory
To the same colors long ago.
When General Custer fought and died
To save those who would have never survived that Sunday.
The choice was his.
There was no other way.
Terry's command was saved to fight another day.
Troopers when your colors go passing by,
Hold your heads up high.

George Shea

by George Shea

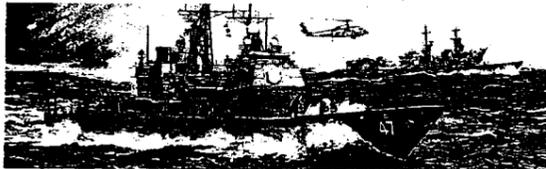


THE UNITED STATES NAVY

Their ships roam the seven seas
Every day constantly protecting you and me
From our enemies.
Their jobs are many to say the least,
Transporting our troops and supplies
To lands where the fighting be.
When a landing is to be made
From the sea they shell enemy positions
Night and day paving the way
For those that land to have a
Better chance to walk away
And live another day.
The aircraft carriers are a sight to see,
Big as can be they carry the planes
That bring destruction upon the enemy.
The sailors are the ones we seldom see
Being far away from the naked eye.
They're in the turrets or down below
And many places that we don't know.
Yes, they are there in that mass of steel
That floats upon the sea.
The ships go because of them.
The skills and knowledge that
They have learned makes them
The best of the rest
When upon the brine they sail.
May his hand hold them above
And never under let them go.
Without them this Country
Would have a tough road to hoe.
Bless them all.

George Shea

by George Shea



THEY SOARED ABOVE ALL

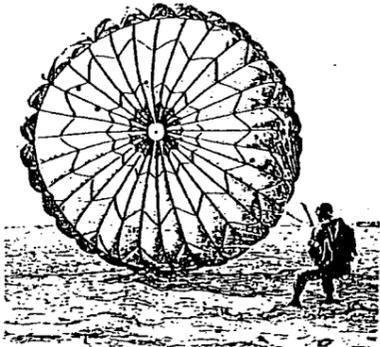
They fly high into the sky.
A bird could never do this with its best try.
They fly so fast it's hard to see
Where they will finally be.
They maneuver about with such ease
You'd think they're playing hide and seek
With the clouds as they go in and out.
But don't be fooled when the time is right,
They will be there to answer our plight.
The time did come we need say no more.
The enemy ended up on the floor.
The pilots of these planes of ours
Displayed courage that will carry them far.
We saw on T.V. what they did.
It shall never be hid.
They were called to fight and did it right
and put that mad man Hussein's army to flight,
Causing disorder among them all
So they would fall.
They bombed the enemy night and day
Making it safer for our ground forces
To live another day.
Many will say I'm here today
Because those in the air
Answered our prayer.
These are the heroic pilots
Who are where they should be,
High in the sky close to He
Who made it possible for them
To soar above all
So they would always stand tall.

George Shea
by George Shea



THE UNITED STATES ARMY AIRBORNE

Their basic training is rough and tough.
The art of killing is a must.
This they do or don't survive.
They are highly trained in what they do.
If that's not the case, a difficult task it would be
To protect you and me.
They're a special breed,
Not many are able to cope with their feats.
Into planes they go soaring in the sky.
Behind enemy lines they jump
Taking a chance where they land, in a stream or tree.
This is dangerous as can be.
They have no fear and do what they must.
When they hit the ground they engage the enemy,
Blow up bridges, infiltrate or
Whatever the plan may be.
Their job is always well done
Bringing honor and glory to our free land.
Our country thanks these gallant, brave,
Heroic ones who seem to jump out of the sun.
I especially thank the good Lord for them.
If that were me ready to jump out the door
Looking down at the ground,
I'd end up passing out lying on the floor.



George Shea
by George Shea

**SANDS OF IWO JIMA
TO THE SANDS OF KUWAIT**

The call is made again
By our President
For these gallant men to protect our land.
At the given time they will shine.
There's a tyrant across the sea.
Hussein is his name,
And he's crazy as can be.
He's threatening all those
Who believe in democracy.
He cares for no one, not even his own.
He wants to bring us down.
But this will never happen,
Because we have a great fighting machine
Called the United States Marines.
As they have done before
When we were first born,
They put the enemy to flight
When our nation was engaged
By those who tried to take away our rights.
They fought with all their might, and
To this day their honor, glory, and
Bravery can never be denied.
They are one of a kind,
Very hard to find.
As the good Lord gave them to us,
They are proud as can be,
As they should be,
For they are the United States Marines.



George Shea

Dedicated to:
Marine Lance Corporal, DANIEL BYRON WALKER,
Who Gave his Life for HIS COUNTRY
In the Persian Gulf War

THE GALLANT MARINE

When his mother watched him grow
As a child she held him close.
His hurts and cares were hers to bear.
As mothers often do
They give and never take,
For deep down there is something
They seem to grasp.
It's a strong Godly force
Full of love that will always last.
This young man joined the corp,
Young at heart, in prime of life.
He had to do what he thought right.
He went across the sea
To fight for you and me.
His country called and he gave his all
He paid the supreme price
In battle he fell with no more life.
Because of him our flag
Will always stand tall and never fall.
The Gallant Marine from Texas
The Lone Star State is that star.
As he too and other fallen heroes
Are the stars in the Red, White, and Blue.
In my heart he will never die.
As his mother holds the flag
Where he is laid to rest
She cries for him
As I did too.
But from above Dear Mother of Him
Do not despair.
Your son will be honored by He,
The maker of you and me.



by George Shea

A handwritten signature in cursive script, which appears to read "George Shea".

Our Fallen Heroes

*14th. Quartermaster Detachment
U.S. Army Reserve
Greensburg, P.A.*

*They came from all walks of life.
It was here they frolicked, played, attended school.
Lived their lives day to day.
The years passed quickly by.
Becoming of age they joined the service
protecting you and me from tyranny.
Our country called, loved ones they left
to fight in a far away land.
On that fateful day
they were taken away.
We miss them dearly and always will.
Love comes from within
and never dies.
We look toward the sky
asking the reason why.
He alone knows that.
They're in his care.
We mustn't despair.
In them our strength will lie.
They paid the supreme price
so we'd always be free.
On bended knee we say to them
our love for you and yours
will eternally be
like the stars in the sky.
God Bless You as you are
the Stars in the Red, White, and Blue.*



George Shea
George Shea

The Buffalo Soldiers

In 1866, The Buffalo Soldiers came into being. Black regiments of cavalry and infantry blazed a trail of Heroism, Honor and Glory across the great western plains. Their name would be their claim to fame. From their foes, the Indians it came. Complimentary it was, as they rode though the dust. Medals of Honor were won by them, unsung heroes they seemed to be. I deal with the truth, these are the facts. From them we saw the fighting spirit that comes from within, it's still there. It never died, now we know why. They still ride on, in a different way. It's here today and will always stay. They fought gallantly at San Juan Hill, turning the tide as our enemy was put to flight. The heroic Tuskegee Pilots cleared the air of those who would cause much despair. The Red Ball Express drove through a burning inferno, risking there lives, with much needed supplies, saving many who would have died. The Buffalo Solders still live on. General Colin L. Powell is proof of that. He attained the highest rank of honor from the seed created years ago. It's been a long time coming, their heroic and noble feats are known to us. Our Country says Thank You and God Bless You for defending our beautiful Red, White and Blue.

George Shea
George Shea



HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY

Your childrens' cares were yours to bear.
You loved them very much
As they were growing up.
You fed and clothed them,
A roof over their head
There always was.
When they were sick,
You were there to nurse them back
To health with loving care.
When they are fully grown,
Parents they will become.
The Godly love you gave will in theirs be.
Like a ray of light from above
It shines upon them.
There it will stay,
Being no other way.
It all came from a beautiful mother
Who shines like a star from afar.
She stands alone full of grace,
No one can ever take her place.
Our noble mothers, we thank and honor you
On this day especially and all days.
Some of you aren't here, we shed a tear.
We know that which comes from Him stays within,
In our hearts you shall always be,
For the love you gave shall always stay
And never go away.



George Her

CHELSEA

You are a young girl,
thirteen years of age.
The stage is set.
Residing in a place of honor,
you will learn about life
at a very fast pace.
The race is on, don't hesitate.
Do what you must
when those out there
fill you with despair.
Talk is cheap,
They're full of hot air.
Be proud of who you are
and what you are.
He made it that way,
what more can I say.
I write as a person
not in a political sense.
Your father and mother
love you so much.
Being as such
you will see that the Country
and I share that love,
which comes from above.
God Bless You eloquacious young girl.

George Shea
By George Shea



The Uconn Husky Lassies 1994-1995

As they go dashing down the court,
Their blazing speed and quickness
Bring us to our feet.
The Uconn Husky Lassies are who they be.
A basketball team, this state has never seen.
Team work is the name of their game.
Their bench is so deep,
Other teams they could beat.
Dribbling, passing, blocking and
Stealing the ball is their work of art.
Setting them apart from those
Who would like to see them disposed.
Their awesome shooting from outside,
Inside and underneath add up the points
So the opposition can't compete.
Their coach and his staff
Have guided them well.
The crest they have reached
Has never been attained.
We share their pride
As they ride on high.
No matter what the outcome,
Number one they shall always be.



George Shea
George Shea

D - Day June 6th, 1944
116th Infantry Regiment - 29th Division
Bedford, Virginia

35 KILLED FROM
THIS TOWN OF 3000
PEOPLE NONE KILLED
FROM ANY TOWN ON
CITY POPULATION WISE.

George Shea

They gave up their mornings
for our tonights.
Their tomorrows for our todays.
They lie in deep repose
on a far away shore,
never to hear that bugle call.
It was hell on earth
for the brave who fell.
They paid the supreme price
protecting our rights.
From far across the sea,
their voices cry out, don't despair.
We fought and died for democracy.
Enslaved we shall never be.
To those we love and left behind,
do what you must, in God We Trust.
The link that binds us
shall never break.
The blood we spilled
will attest to that.
As Old Glory hovers above
we are the seven you see,
guaranteeing our democracy.



George Shea
George Shea

D - Day June 6th, 1944

Fifty years ago this June
on a beach called Normandy,
our brave fought and died.
Prime of life belonged to them.
Averaging twenty-one years of age,
it would be their last
facing this crucial task.
Many fell before they reached the shore.
Their bones are lying on the ocean floor.
Forward into battle they went.
Death and cries of the wounded filled the air.
They fought with all their might,
putting the enemy to flight.
Old Glory was raised on high,
she looked upon those who fell,
knowing full well the blood
they shed was not in vain.
I still hover in the breeze.
Because of you, I didn't go down.
We are still The Land of the Free.
Forgotten you will never be.
I'm the legacy to that
as sure as the One
who made the sun.



George Shea
George Shea



May 24, 1994

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06129

Dear Mr. Shea,

Thank you for your note and copies of your latest work on Normandy, which obviously comes at a most opportune time.

I appreciate your thinking of me and want you to know how much I respect your expressions honoring service to country. Naturally, that touches a special cord with me.

Again, I appreciate your thoughtfulness. My very best wishes to you.

Sincerely,

COLIN L. POWELL
General, U.S. Army (Ret)



A Private Non-profit Organization
Established 1932

201 East Main Street • Bedford, Virginia 24523 • 703-586-4520

July 2, 1994

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Ave.
Wethersfield, CT 06109-2108

Dear Mr. Shea,

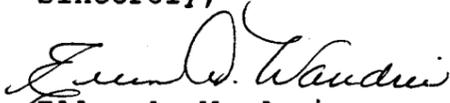
Thank you so very much for the poem written for the people of Bedford. I know the survivors of those killed in Normandy will truly appreciate this poem. I am including your America's Patriotic Poems and Prose in the museum while our exhibit on World War II is in place. Thank you for thinking of the museum.

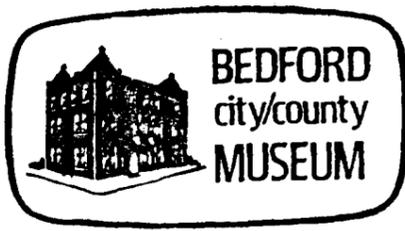
Thank you so much for the ear rings, bracelet, and necklace. I know I will enjoy wearing them.

A member of the museum's Board of Directors has borrowed your book on Custer and I know he will find it very informative.

Please come visit the Bedford City/County Museum. Our special exhibit on World War II will be in place until the end of December.

Sincerely,


Ellen A. Wandrei
Managing Director



201 East Main Street • Bedford, Virginia 24523 • 703-586-4520

October 4, 1994

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Ave.
Wethersfield, CT 06109-2108

Dear Mr. Shea,

The lovely plaque and copies of your poem arrived today. Thank you so much for sending these to the museum. I will be happy to sent the copies to the individuals who are survivors of D-Day and also family members who are still in Bedford.

Sincerely,

Ellen A. Wandrei
Managing Director

The Battle of Normandy Foundation

1730 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20036
Phone: (202) 728-0672

June 27, 1994

George Shea
PO BOX 290221
Wethersfield, CT 06129

Dear Mr. Shea,

We received the package containing the plaque with the poem. It will be sent to the U.S. campus-Abbaye d'Ardennes in Normandy with the next shipment. Thank you for this generous and meaningful gift to the Foundation.

I would also like to thank you for the jewelry. What a nice early birthday present! I am a big fan of earrings and am looking forward to wearing them. Thank you for your thoughtfulness.

Please keep in touch.

Sincerely,



Elizabeth Groover
Director, Membership

*The round Willie Pep won
without throwing a punch*
Don Reily's

EYE OPENER

He was a shadow, dancing, weaving bobbing, like a cork in a typhoon. There was lightning in his hands. And when you tried to corner him, it was like trying to capture moonbeams in a fruit jar. Willie Pep was there and then he wasn't; a demon, a resin spirit who etched the canvas of the battle pits with the same genius Van Gogh put on the canvas of art. He carried boxing beyond the course, vulgar displays of human carnage. His were classic victories, rarely bloody; more the incredible, skilled surgeon, operating on his foe with the cool, dispassionate dispatch of the antiseptic clinic.

The greatest athlete in his particular specialty I have ever seen arrives at Hilton today at 2:30 p.m. Lest I'm engulfed in arguments, let me point out my definition of

"greatest": It is the performance by an athlete which can not be copied, indulged in or even approached by his peers. In boxing, Will O' the Wisp Willie Pep did things in the ring no man has tried or experienced. William Guiglermo Papeo was a craftsman so masterful, so motivated, so brilliant that the original Phantom of the ropes, Mike Gibbons, turned to me while watching him work out and whispered, "I'd pay anything to watch that boy box." Pep, who'll entertain us on the podium in the Hilton's Golden Glove dinner Saturday night, had 241 professional fights. The amazing featherweight won 229, lost 11 and had one draw. His career was interrupted by an airplane crash that ripped his tiny body to shreds. He went through \$1.8 million in playgirls, wives, slow ponies and fast dice. Never bitter, always cheerful, Willie says today he's got things completely under control. "I've got a wife a brother in law and a TV set, and they're all working."

Anyway, this is the story of one round out of his 1,987 rounds; three minutes no man can forget; a story I first wrote for Ring Magazine eight years ago, which has been copied many times since, just for months ago in the New York Times. It was a warm afternoon in "46" and Willie was sitting in the old Nicollet Park boxes me watching preliminary boys work out. In two days he'd fight southpaw slugger Jackie Graves in the over the weight match in The Mill City auditorium. It was already a record setting gate and Willie was at his cherry best. He turned to me and said, "Let's have some fun, Don.

Tell you what I wont throw a punch in the third round. See how I come out." Not throw a punch against a TNT hitter like Graves! Incredible! Impossible! It was electric at ringside. I was announcing the fight for WMIN. And I could wait for round three. There was Graves, the Austin assassin, square-jawed and dangerous. there was the slender Pep, on his toes, ever punching, jabbing into the bewildered Graves face to face for two rounds, a steady tattoo almost like a machine. Graves had never seen such blinding speed. Oh, he knew Pep was good. He had told me, "To beat Pep you must be lucky. He's so quick-does so many things." He had no idea how many.

Now the third round. In moved Graves still stalking like me the tiger. Now-Pep feinted jabs but none landed. Now he switched to southpaw, mimicking Graves, but his right jabs fell short. Pep danced, and weaved. Jacki tried to rush him in a corner and Pep spun him around and was free again, almost laughing. Befuddled, frustrated Graves again moved -in Pep wasn't there. He left his calling card heads feints, shoulder feints shuffles that make Ali Clod look like a stationary hydrant. For three moved, taunted, twirled, tied up Graves but never threw a punch! It was an amazing display of defensive skill so adroit, so cunning, so subtle the 8,000 roaring fans did not notice Peps tactics were completely without offense. He made Jim Cobett's agility look like a broken seen locomotive. He made even Sugar Ray Robinson's fluidity. look like cement hardening. Never has boxing seen such perfection.

Later, Pep ripped Graves strong body with withering combinations his hands so fast he led many assaults with right hand leads. The end came in the eighth round and left Graves muttering, "He was so fast I couldn't even see the unches coming. They came from everywhere." Later, I checked the judges score cards. All of them had Pep the winner of the third round. It wasn't close. Yet he hadn't thrown a punch. No man in ring history could have equalled that display. It was A.J. Foyt winning the Indy 500 without a carburetor. It was Jesse Owens winning the Olympics with a broken ankle. It was DiMaggio going 4-for-4 with a broom handle.

That was greatness. Willie Pep was the greatest.

WILLIE (THE WISP) PEP

He fought as a featherweight a few years back,
From Hartford, Connecticut he came.
He held the reins from forty-two to fifty-one.
His feats shall never be beat.
Pound for pound he was the best of the rest.
Two hundred twenty-nine victories were his,
Losing only eleven.
As long as boxing remains,
This record will always be his to claim.
He won his first sixty-two in a row.
After losing one,
Seventy-three were his back to back.
He went down several times,
But never for the count.
Lightning fast and quick on his feet,
He danced around with the grace of a gazelle,
Jabbing his foes many times before they
Could raise their arms and do any harm.
As great as he was, there's one thing he did
That will always cling to me.
During a round he bobbed and weaved
With electrifying speed,
A glove on him was never laid.
Willie took that one, but never threw a punch.
Conceited he never was,
A boxer he never knocked.
What more can I say, he stands alone
And shall never be dethroned.



George Sheer

**President George W. Bush
Commander in Chief**

You must pave the way
to prevent foul play.
The New London Sub Base must stay.
If not there it may cost
our nation great despair.
Norfolk Naval base must always be.
Logistics have the say, one
must compensate the other
as you readily perceive
if our foes attempt their evil woes.
Which one will react
to prevent their nefarious acts.
We know not what the future brings.
One base must be there to
retaliate if the other
in dire straits be.
Time is of the essence
we already learned that lesson.
Putting all our eggs in
one basket will never do.
My final statement will prove me true.
Fourteen years ago I stated we must
always be prepared, keep our guard up.
“We remember Pearl Harbor
we don’t need another one.”
Nine Eleven came it was the same.
God Bless our Military.

Never Again?



Twin Towers 9/11/01

God Bless America

George Shea

George Shea

Never Again?



Pearl Harbor 7/12/41

Fourteen years ago the Department of Defense asked me if I would write a poem on the 50th Anniverisay of Pearl Harbor, enclosed is that poem. The last sentence correlates with the poem I have addressed to President George W. Bush. It is what I honestly believe.

Thank God those three carriers were out to sea when Pearl Harbor was bombed, otherwise they go down too. There would be no Battle of Midway as we know it. Midway and Hawaii would've fallen and the Japanese would have a cake-walk to our west coast thus changing the complex of the war in the Pacific and European theaters. The pendulum swinging in favor of our enemies. I could write a chapter on what may have occurred.

By the grace of God you could say in a way all our eggs were'nt in one basket when these three carriers were out to sea and separated from the rest of the fleet. They saved the day, did they ever.

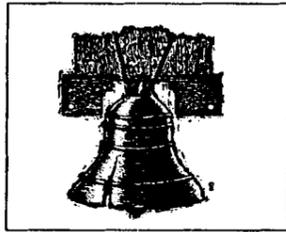
God Bless America

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "George Shea".

George Shea

DECEMBER 7th - 1941

It was fifty years ago.
It doesn't seem that long.
I was a little boy
playing with my toys.
My mother told me
we were being bombed
in a far away land.
Hawaii was its name.
A sneak attack had occurred
while people were in church.
Many were to die,
we didn't know why.
Stunned and dismayed were we.
Always seeking peace, it wasn't meant to be.
Our enemy tried to pound us
through the ground.
Death and destruction were everywhere.
We prayed to the one above.
A voice suddenly echoed
through the air, it gave us strength
as these words were heard.
Remember Pearl Harbor.
A famous battle cry was born.
From that day on to this very day
these words must never be forgotten.
If they are we shall no longer be free.
Our Flag still flies high
because of those who fought and died.
Our Military might must be second to none.
We remember Pearl Harbor
we don't need another one.



George Shea
George Shea

The Hartford Courant.



THE OLDEST CONTINUOUSLY
PUBLISHED NEWSPAPER IN AMERICA

JACK W. DAVIS JR.
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PETER B. PACH
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CAROLYN LUMSDEN
Commentary Editor

TOM CONDON
Place Editor

LEW BRESEE
Letters Editor

EDITORIALS

Success, One Child At A Time

Hail the wisdom of anthropologist Margaret Mead, who famously said, "A small group of thoughtful people could change the world. Indeed, it's the only thing that ever has."

Hail Hartford businessman George Weiss for putting his money behind that wisdom and being one of those people. In 1990, Mr. Weiss and four other sponsors made a promise to a group of Hartford fifth-graders at the Annie Fisher School: Make it to college, and we'll pay your way.

It's a gift whose benefits continue to multiply. Last week, Mr. Weiss' proteges returned to thank him. Of the 76 pupils originally part of the Say Yes To Education scholarship program, 30 graduates showed up to thank their benefactor. They were among 42 of the Hartford group who have earned two- and four-year degrees or trade certificates. Some have since gone on to graduate schools.

In all, 80 percent of the Hartford Say Yes kids graduated from high school. In contrast, fifth-graders not enrolled in the program had a 50 percent graduation rate. The Say Yes students far exceeded national statistics for success in college among low-income students, with 30 percent earning bachelor's degrees, some from Ivy League institutions. As Mr. Weiss noted, that's a solid payoff on his investment. With

luck, it will be contagious.

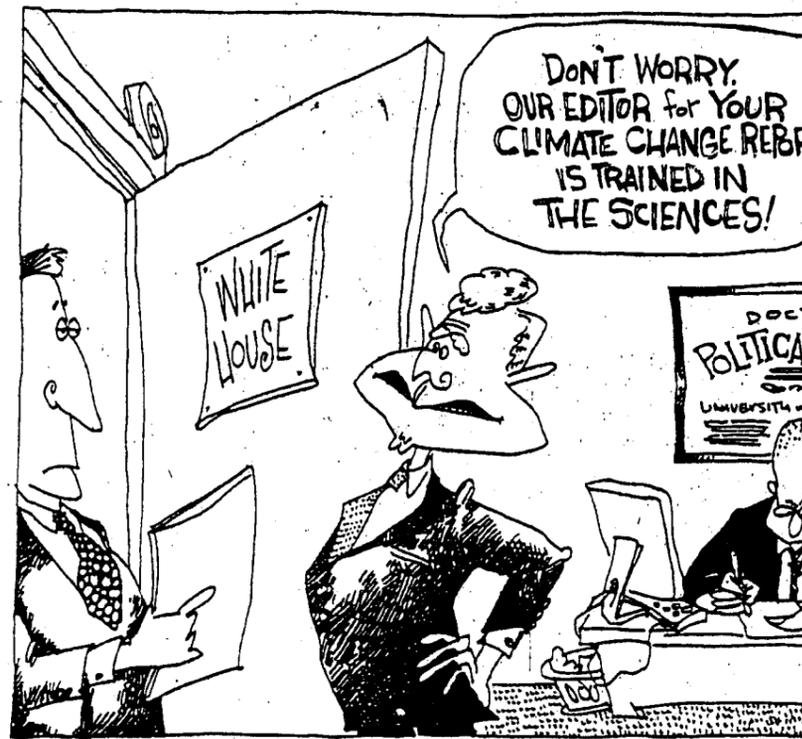
The Say Yes program, run out of the University of Hartford, didn't throw money at the students and drop out of their lives. They were followed as they moved through Annie Fisher to Fox Middle to Weaver High School. Some moved to other states and even countries, but continued to keep in touch, knowing their gift of a college education would be waiting for them when they qualified.

Say Yes director Connie Coles said the staff didn't do anything for the students that most parents wouldn't do for their own children. But that is a lot, and more than many children can count on.

The Say Yes staff made sure the students had mentors and tutors, went on college visits, prepared them for the SATs and put forth the consistent effort necessary to succeed in college. The staff engaged parents in the process. Most of all, they cared.

Mr. Weiss has contributed \$37 million to these students and others in Philadelphia and Cambridge, Mass. He soon will pledge a college education to 425 kindergartners in Harlem. Many of Hartford's Say Yes graduates plan to remain involved, spreading the network of confidence as mentors and to their own children as parents.

SIGNE'S VIEW



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Creating Fewer Targets

Move the planes and submarines out of Connecticut so they will not be spread around. Don't forget to put all the planes in the middle of the field.

Have people forgotten Pearl Harbor, or do they think it cannot happen again?

PETER E. SNYDER
Clinton

**He's Right I Said This
Fourteen Years Ago**
GEORGE SHEA

Differing Views Of Junk Food

I am concerned about the recent controversy over the so-called junk food bill [Page 1, June 15, "Reil Vetoes Junk Food Bill"].

The discussion seems to have missed a primary issue that should be considered. It's been said that local school boards should have full control of what is made available to students in our schools. But they have failed

I applaud Reil's veto of the bill and expect the right to make decisions about children's health and nutrition.

Although Nolan and I believe that Connecticut school boards should have full control of what is made available to students in our schools. But they have failed



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

September 15, 2004

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, Connecticut 06109-2108

Dear Mr. Shea:

Thank you for your kind words of support.

I am honored to lead our country during this historic time. Our Nation has confronted great challenges, and we are meeting the tests of our time with courage, clarity, and resolve.

My Administration has taken important steps to secure our homeland, respond to the threats of terrorism, and extend peace and freedom around the world. We are also working to strengthen our economy and to ensure that all our citizens can realize the promise of America.

I am grateful for your support as my Administration continues to address these critical issues. Laura joins me in sending our best wishes.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "GWB", written over the printed name "George W. Bush".

George W. Bush



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY

1st SQUADRON, 7th U.S. CAVALRY
1st CAVALRY DIVISION
FORT HOOD, TEXAS 76544

REPLY TO

8 April 2003

Squadron Commander

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wetherfield, CT 06109

Dear Mr. Shea,

On the eve of our imminent deployment, I would like to extend the heartfelt gratitude of every GARRYOWEN Trooper in the Squadron. Your generous gift to the Unit Historical File serves to remind all Troopers of our proud legacy. In these turbulent times, it is important for every soldier to understand and embrace the heritage that helped shape the Squadron. All soldiers will find both comfort and confidence from the experiences of our forbearers. By providing such a rich history, you have given the Troopers a truly invaluable gift.

We have been overwhelmed by the support and generosity of friends and strangers alike. You have been an unwavering and dedicated supporter of our Squadron for many years. All the Troopers of GARRYOWEN look forward to our continued relationship. Thank you, and as always, "GARRYOWEN, SEVENTH FIRST!"


WILLIAM R. SALTER
Lieutenant Colonel, Armor
Commanding

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS, FORT STEWART
42 WAYNE PLACE, SUITE 204
FORT STEWART, GEORGIA 31314-5048

APR 29 2003



REPLY TO
ATTENTION OF

Office of the Installation Commander

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, Connecticut 06109-2108

Dear Mr. Shea:

On behalf of the soldiers and families of the 3d Infantry Division (Mechanized), I would like to thank you for your very generous donation. Community involvement with soldiers and families is critical to support during deployments. Your gift has enhanced the quality of life and well being of the Fort Stewart and Hunter Army Airfield communities.

Once again, thank you for supporting our soldiers and their families. You are a true military partner and we salute you.

Sincerely,


Gerald J. Poltorak
Colonel, U.S. Army
Commanding



American Red Cross

Walter Reed Army Medical Center
6900 Georgia Ave. N.W.
Bldg. 2 Rm. 3E05
Washington DC 20307

23 November 2004

On behalf of the American Red Cross, at Walter Reed Army Medical Center I would like to take this opportunity to thank you for your very generous donation to the Wounded Soldiers from Operation Iraqi Freedom, Operation Enduring Freedom, and Noble Eagle. It is so gratifying to see the outpouring of affection for these men and women who serve our country so bravely. It is you, the American people, who make this country what it is and makes us all proud to be *Americans*.

Again, thank you for your generosity.

Very Respectfully;

Aster Black
Aster Black
Station Manager
American Red Cross

AMERICAN RED CROSS RECEIPT

DONOR NAME:

Mr George Shea

DONOR STREET ADDRESS:

15 Morrism Ave
Wethersfield CT 06109-2108

DONATION DESCRIPTION	QUANTITY	\$ VALUE
Books - poems + prose		

BILL COSBY

August 4, 2004

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06109

Dear Mr. Shea:

Just a few brief words to thank you for your recent note and the packet of your writing. Although Mr. Cosby does not answer any correspondence personally, he is gratified that you took the time to think of him.

Best wishes to you and your family.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Louise Wise".

Louise Wise
Clerical Assistant

Office of the Chancellor

November 2, 2004

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06109-2108

Dear Mr. Shea:

Dr. Falwell asked me to thank you for the packet of information you sent him a couple months ago. Please accept our sincere apologies for the long delay in sending this letter to you.

He wanted you to know that he appreciated your thoughtfulness in sending him the historic information as well as your book on *America's Patriotic Poems and Prose*. It was very thoughtful of you to share it with him.

Once again, we appreciate you taking the time to write. He truly has been blessed over the years by the support and prayers of many people such as you.

Sincerely,



Kathy Rusk
Assistant to Dr. Falwell



SYMPHONY HALL
301 MASSACHUSETTS AVENUE
BOSTON, MA 02115-4511
WWW.BSO.ORG

Keith Lockhart
CONDUCTOR
TEL: (617) 266-1492

August 2, 2002

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06109

Dear George,

Thank you so much for the book of poetry you sent me. It is very appreciated.

I hope you enjoyed our Fourth of July celebration.

Wishing you all the best,

Sincerely,

Keith Lockhart



THE POLICE COMMISSIONER
CITY OF NEW YORK

George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06109-2108

Dear Mr. Shea:

On the morning of September 11th 2001 New York City, the tri-state area and our nation experienced a great loss when terrorists thundered two hijacked airplanes into the World Trade Center's Twin Towers, resulting in a terrible loss of human life.

In an era of instant communication and mass media coverage, the events of that morning were captured on television news. Those watching were transfixed, seemingly mesmerized in place, unable to grasp the reality or enormity of the tragedy they were witnessing.

While thousands were fleeing for their lives, twenty-three New York City police officers disregarded the debris cascading down around them and proceeded against a flowing and pressing tide of humanity to render first aid and help guide others to safety. The courage, fidelity and actions of these twenty-three officers are the embodiment of heroism. These heroes leave an important legacy, one that makes America and New York great, strong and resilient. Each and every officer knowingly and unselfishly entered into harm's way and made the supreme sacrifice to save others.

On behalf of all members of the New York City Police Department I want to thank you for your kind, heartfelt words. While the days ahead will be painful and difficult, an almost unbearable burden is lightened because it is shared by so many caring others.

Please continue to keep the men and women of the New York Police Department, as well as all emergency workers, in your thoughts and prayers.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Bernard B. Kerik".

BERNARD B. KERIK

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 20, 1991

Dear Mr. Shea:

Thank you for your message about the United States efforts in the Persian Gulf region. This was not a war we wanted, but there are times in the life of our country when we confront principles worth fighting for; this was one such time.

The cooperation of the community of nations in stopping Saddam Hussein's ruthless aggression and in liberating Kuwait is unprecedented. Certainly I am pleased that the ground war ended in one hundred hours and that there were far fewer casualties than had been widely predicted. Operation Desert Storm's success belongs to our courageous troops. We are all tremendously proud of them, and I am delighted that they are coming home to the hero's welcome that they deserve.

As we assume our responsibility as a catalyst for peace and stability in the Middle East region, we will not forget those who gave their lives for this just cause, those who lost loved ones, or those innocent people who have suffered as a result of this conflict. I ask for your prayers for all those thus affected and for continued blessings on our great Nation.

Sincerely,



Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, Connecticut 06109



You were kind to remember us in such a special way. We sincerely appreciate your thoughtfulness, and we send you our best wishes.

Barbara Bush

Georgie Bush



CHAIRMAN OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20318-0001

3 February 1992

Colonel George Shea, USA (Ret)
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06109

Dear Colonel Shea, *AKA COLONEL BENTEEW
EUSTEN AC-ERACTON*

Thank you for your recent letter, copies of the poems,
and the plaque. Our victory in the Persian Gulf was due to
the bravery and courage of our fine troops. I know their
spirits were lifted whenever they received letters from
home, and I appreciate your taking the time to write to
them.

With best wishes,

Sincerely,

COLIN L. POWELL
Chairman
Joint Chiefs of Staff



May 24, 1994

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06129

Dear Mr. Shea,

Thank you for your note and copies of your latest work on Normandy, which obviously comes at a most opportune time.

I appreciate your thinking of me and want you to know how much I respect your expressions honoring service to country. Naturally, that touches a special cord with me.

Again, I appreciate your thoughtfulness. My very best wishes to you.

Sincerely,

COLIN L. POWELL
General, U.S. Army (Ret)



THE JOINT STAFF
WASHINGTON, DC

28 February 1992

Mr. George Shea
Post Office Box 290221
Wethersfield, CT 06129

Dear Mr. Shea,

Thank you for your recent letter. General Powell has asked me to respond on his behalf. We appreciate your tape entitled "Battle Plans" and are glad you took the time to write and share it with us.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "H. L. Sheffield", is written above the typed name.

H. L. SHEFFIELD
Captain, USN
Deputy Secretary, Joint Staff



600 North Westshore Boulevard
Suite 1202
Tampa, Florida 33609

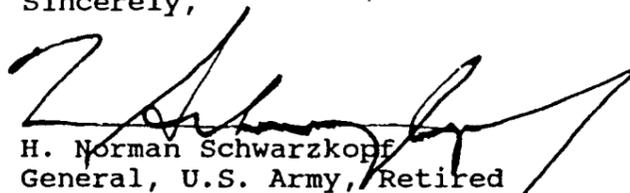
March 28, 1992

Dear Mr. Shea,

Thank you for sending Mrs. Schwarzkopf and me the personally inscribed copies of your book, *America's Patriotic Poems and Prose*. We are most appreciative of your kind words and, more importantly, the tremendous support you provided the service men and women and their families during Operations Desert Shield and Desert Storm. Your book is a fitting tribute to the men and women who proudly served this great nation to preserve freedom.

Again, thank you for the book, and best wishes for continued success.

Sincerely,



H. Norman Schwarzkopf
General, U.S. Army, Retired

Mr. George Shea
P.O. Box 290221
Wethersfield, Connecticut 06129



HEADQUARTERS U.S. MARINE CORPS
COMMANDANT'S OFFICE
WASHINGTON

4 December 1991

Dear Mr. Shea,

On behalf of the Commandant, thanks for your book and collection of poems. It's great that this Nation of ours has true patriots such as yourself.

As the Commandant is currently traveling, I have taken the liberty of sending your collection to the Commandant's home so that he will be able to read them in his leisure.

Once again, thanks for your thoughtfulness and concern.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "R. E. Parker, Jr.".

R. E. PARKER, JR.
LtCol USMC

Senior Aide to the Commandant

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06109



17 December 1991

Dear Mr. Shea,

Thank you for your kind thoughts and the literature. Your collection of poems and prose are truly inspirational and your gift to the families who paid the ultimate sacrifice commendable.

Continued success into your research of the Civil War, and best wishes for good health and happiness.

Sincerely,

W. E. BOOMER

Lieutenant General, U.S. Marine Corps

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Ave.
Wethersfield, CT 06109



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HQ, 1ST SQUADRON, 7TH CAVALRY, 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION
FORT HOOD, TEXAS 76545-5113

REPLY TO
ATTENTION OF

February 25, 1992

Squadron Commander

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wetherfield, CT 06109

Dear Mr. Shea:

I would like to extend a personal thank you from every Garryowen Trooper in the Squadron. The Troopers would like to thank you for the many letters of support you so graciously sent them while they were serving in the desert. These letters coupled with your expertly constructed rebuttal concerning Colonel Custers battlefield decisions were great morale boosters. While we were battling the enemy in Southwest Asia you were defending our honor in the United States. It's comforting to know that the Seventh Cavalry has friends like you.

I would also like to congratulate you for the accomplishment of your book. You display a sincere love for soldiering and country that is extremely rare in todays society. The Garryowen Troopers look forward to hearing from you again, "Seventh First".


WALTER L. SHARP
Lieutenant Colonel, U.S. Army
Commanding



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
3D US INFANTRY (THE OLD GUARD)
FORT MYER, VIRGINIA 22211-5020
June 16, 1992



REPLY TO
ATTENTION OF

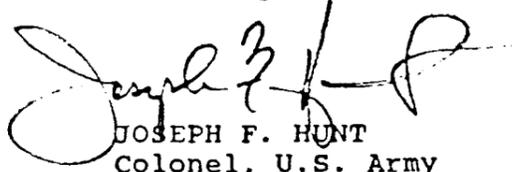
Office of the Commander

Mr. George Shea
P.O. Box 290221
Wethersfield, Connecticut 06129

Dear Mr. Shea:

Thank you for the wonderful and touching book, America's Patriotic Poems and Prose. I am delighted to see one of our former Old Guard soldiers is still serving the country and the military by writing such inspirational thoughts.

Sincerely,


JOSEPH F. HUNT
Colonel, U.S. Army
Commanding



Headquarters
United States Army Military
District of Washington
Fort Lesley J. McNair
Washington, DC 20319-5000
June 19, 1992

Colonel George Shea, Retired
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06109

Dear Colonel Shea: *AKA COLONEL BENTEN
COSTER RE-EMALTON*

Thank you very much for my autographed copy of
"America's Patriotic Poems and Prose."

I leafed through it today and found it heartwarming --
I'm sure I won't be able to put it down when I get home.
It will be a welcome edition to my library.

Best of luck for continued success.

Sincerely,

William F. Streeter
Major General, U.S. Army
Commanding



WHITEHOUSE ISD

March 6, 1991

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Ave
Wetherfield, CT 06109

Dear Mr. Shea:

We received the package containing the plaque honoring Lance Corporal Daniel Walker and the poems honoring President Bush and Captain John Roper. Mr. Jimmy Jennings, our high school principal brought the package to me.

I contacted Bruce Walker, Daniel's father. Bruce came by office today and viewed the plaque. He asked that we display it in our high school library. I assured him that it would have a permanent place in our library. I gave Bruce copies of all three poems. He asked that I enclose a card from his family.

I wish to thank you for remembering the Walker family in this manner. One life lost in battle is too many, but I am thankful that the number lost in Operation Desert Storm was as small. The plaque will remind us of those who have given their lives so we can enjoy the freedom that we have in America.

Sincerely,

Marshall Neill
Superintendent

MN:sm

Enclosure
letter.698



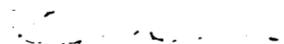
United States
Military Academy
Library

West Point, NY March 8, 1994

The Library has received from Mr. George Shea

*Shea Collection of Custer articles
and
other writings*

for which I have, on behalf of the Superintendent, the honor
to return the Academy's grateful acknowledgements.


KENNETH W. HEDMAN

Librarian, U. S. M. A.



Homer Babbidge Library
Administrative Offices
Box U-5A, Room 132
369 Fairfield Road
Storrs, CT 06269-1005

April 9, 1992

Mr. George Shea
P.O. Box 290221
Wethersfield, CT 06129

Dear George:

Thanks very much for the recent material including the interesting text on General Custer. You certainly have turned into a prolific writer and we are pleased to be of what assistance we can. Congratulations on your big win. I know from personal experience that self-publishing activities can quickly become very expensive.

Sincerely yours,

Norman D. Stevens
Director of University Libraries



An Equal Opportunity Employer



DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
U.S. ARMY MILITARY HISTORY INSTITUTE
CARLISLE BARRACKS
CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA 17013-5008



December 18, 1991

REPLY TO
ATTENTION OF

Library Services Division

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, Connecticut 06109

Dear Mr. Shea:

Many thanks for the copy of your recent book, America's Patriotic Poems and Prose, which we are adding to the library collection at the U.S. Army Military History Institute. Thank you also for the articles and poems which you enclosed with your book.

As the central repository for materials relating to the U.S. Army, we add your work as an example of an individual citizen's patriotism and how you used that to the advantage of the military. We appreciate receiving a copy, and wish you well as you return to your Custer research.

Sincerely,

Nancy D. Gilbert
Assistant Director for
Library Services



REPLY TO
ATTENTION OF

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
U.S. ARMY MILITARY HISTORY INSTITUTE
CARLISLE BARRACKS
CARLISLE, PENNSYLVANIA 17013-5008



May 27, 1993

Library Services Division

Mr. George Shea
Post Office Box 290221
Wethersfield, Connecticut 06129

Dear Mr. Shea:

On behalf of the U.S. Army Military History Institute, thank you for your recent donation of the video recording of "The American Hour," as well as copies of your recent poetry and correspondence. We also appreciated receiving the poster and brochures on the 1993 Custer's Last Stand Re-Enactment in Hardin, Montana. Hopefully, you can attend this event, and we trust that your writing is progressing to your satisfaction.

Again, we thank you for your generosity and thoughtfulness.

Sincerely,

Nancy L. Gilbert
Assistant Director for
Library Services



REPLY TO
ATTENTION OF:

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
14TH QUARTERMASTER DETACHMENT (WATER PURIFICATION)
900 ARMORY DRIVE
GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA 15601-5297

26 FEB 92

Dear Mr. Shay,

I'm writing in reference to our phone conversation, 26 Feb 92, concerning your book of poems for which you would like to make distribution to the family members of those who lost loved ones in the Persian Gulf War.

Unfortunately I had trouble contacting you by phone following our initial conversation. I'm enclosing a copy of the memorial program held here in Greensburg, 25 February. The program lists the 28 soldiers killed in the scud attack a year ago yesterday.

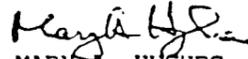
Also for your reading is a copy of the 99th ARCOM's publication, The Checkerboard, which contains the pictures and names of the 13 soldiers of the 14th Quartermaster who lost their lives.

For distribution of your books to the family members, you will need to speak with Janet Glasser of our family support group. She has addresses for the next of kin for all 28 soldiers. I am positive that all of the current unit members of the 14th would enjoy a copy of your book of poetry. If you could mail the 14th a copy or two of your book, it would be most appreciated. I then can ensure that these soldiers are afforded the opportunity to read and make copies of your poetry for their own files.

The 14th QM Det Memorial program enclosed has a poem that was written by Margaret Walls, a local resident of Greensburg. I thought that you would enjoy it. If you are interested in writing a poem for the 14th, it would be, I'm sure, appreciated by all of the members of the 14th and their families. If so, and you need more specifics on the unit, you can call me at (412) 834-1235/6910/ or 4229. Janet Glasser's work phone is (412) 777-1147. Additionally, our public affairs office (publisher of The Checkerboard) phone is (412) 777-1310. The point of contact there is Mr. Jack Gordon.

Thank you so much for your kind thoughts.

Sincerely,


MARY A. HUGHES
Unit Administrator



PUBLIC AFFAIRS

OFFICE OF THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENSE
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20301-1400

Mr. George Shea
P.O. Box 152
Wethersfield, CT 06109

16 DEC 1991

Dear Mr. Shea:

This is in acknowledge receiving a copy of your book, AMERICA'S Patriotic Poems and Prose sent to Assistant Secretary of Defense for Public Affairs, Pete Williams.

The outpouring of support from the American people for the troops that served in the Persian Gulf War has been overwhelming and has been manifested in many ways. Your book of poetry honoring the troops of all wars is one of the more unique and entertaining ones received by the Secretary.

Thank you for sending a copy of your book.

Sincerely,

Harold Heilspis
Director for Public Communication

CHARLTON HESTON

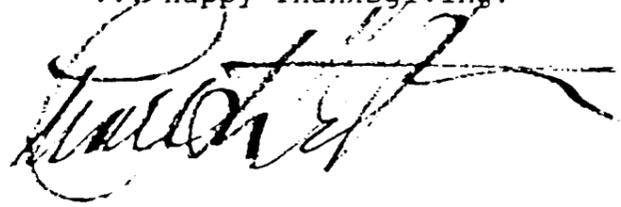
November 10, 1992

Dear Mr. Shea:

Thanks once again for sending me your latest works: it was good of you to think of me.

My best wishes to you, good luck with your writing and ...

... Happy Thanksgiving!

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Charlton Heston", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

Mighty Wind Productions

January 29, 1992

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Ave.
Wethersfield, CT. 06109

Dear Mr. Shea,

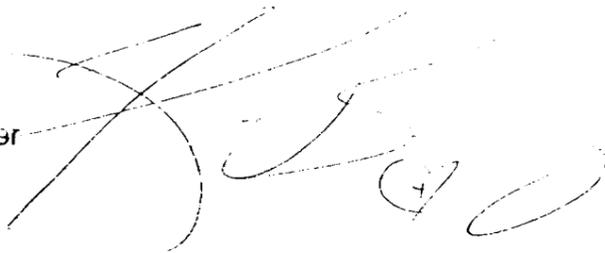
I wanted to thank you for sending me the package of all of your writings. The book, poems and Custer information were wonderful and fascinating.

Most of all I want to thank you for my very special poem. It was beautiful.

Thank you for sharing your art with me.

Sincerely,

Kim Basinger
KB/th

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Kim Basinger', written over a large, faint, circular scribble or watermark.

Thomas M. Veilleux
104 Fairway Dr.
Wethersfield CT. 06109
U.S.A.!!!

Dear Mr. Shea,

I just read a copy of your great new book "America's Patriotic Poems and Prose", book number 541. I have to say that your poems have really affected me in a great way. I think that you are a real genius when it comes to poetry and patriotic writing. All the opinions you write about are ones I believe in too, and how!

I have sent you with this letter a few of my own works, dedicated to you, in the hopes that you will read them and give me some suggestions. Please write me back if you have time, considering all the important projects that you are working on. I think that I would really like to try to write a book like yours, but I'm not sure that I have what it takes to be a really great writer like you. Where do you get your ideas? I got a lot of inspiration from reading your work, and I can't believe how many great ideas come from you.

I would really like to read any more of your writing that you may have. Please send me anything that you can, because I believe that a writer's biggest and most important influences come from other writers. Any help or inspiration you can give me would be very helpful. Once again, I believe that you are one of our great nation's best writers. You say what needs to be said, and how!

Thanks so much,
God Bless America

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Thomas Veilleux". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned above the printed name.

Thomas M. Veilleux

A Poem for George Shea

What can I say,
About that man George Shea.
He's a man who can
Show us the plan,
That God and America,
Have in mind for all mankind.
When our troopers went away,
He knew he had to say
Their cause is right,
They had to fight,
Because might is right,
For the Kuwaiti's plight.
We owe him a debt,
That hasn't been recognized yet.
We just have to say,
That this man George Shea,
Is the perfect man who will stand,
For what is right,
He will stand holding a lantern,
Guiding us through the night.

An Unmarked Grave in the Sand

He died far away,
So others could say,
"He freed us today,
From an evil man who wouldn't obey
What the U.N. had to say."
He's buried in the sands
Far from his native lands,
Will we ever know what he had to do,
To save me and you,
From a terrible death too.
His Humvee was hit,
But he stayed with it.
Like our hero John Wayne,
He ignored the pain,
And kept up the fight,
All through the night.
With true Army pride,
He fought and he died.
And then beneath the sand he lied.
In a grave unknown,
The H(uman) R(emains) P(ouch) was thrown.
But the poems of George Shea,
Keep honoring him to this day.
We will not forget,
What Shea has done,
Bringing patriotic feelings to everyone.

William C. Lynch

16 Knollwood Drive
Branford, Connecticut 06405

August 19, 1992

Mr. George Shea
15 Morrison Avenue
Wethersfield, CT 06109

Dear Mr. Shea:

I want to thank you for the material you sent me following my letter to the *Hartford Courant*. I was impressed with the quality and quantity of your patriotic outpouring.

I was particularly impressed that one of your favorite subjects is General George Custer's Seventh Cavalry Regiment. I read the extensive analysis of the *Battle of Little Big Horn* with interest.

In early 1943, I participated in an amphibious operation north of New Guinea designed to capture the Admiralty Islands which possessed a first-rate Japanese airdrome. That operation was conducted by the First Cavalry Division and the Seventh Regiment came in with a second echelon. You can appreciate that the First Cavalry Division was dismounted and participated as a landing force operating off U.S. Navy destroyers.

The First Cavalry Division captured the Admiralty Islands and after a few months of rest and reformation there proceeded to lead the assault on the Philippines including a spearheading into Manila.

As a radio operator for a Navy communications unit, I viewed the cavalry operations from a distance. I was well aware of the competence of the units and their sacrifices.

Incidentally, the first time I ever saw the First Cavalry Division Coat of Arms (shoulder patch design) was a sign-board on a jungle cemetery site where the division lost heavily in a pitched battle.

As a history buff, you should read Volume VI of the *History of the United States Naval Operations in World War II* written by Samuel Elliot Morison.

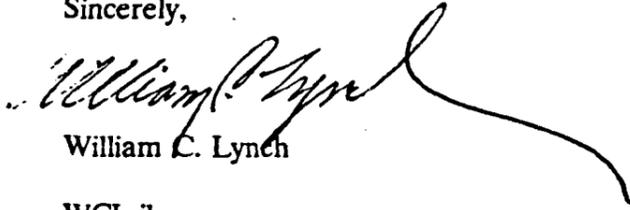
August 19, 1992
Mr. George Shea
Page 2

It describes in detail the action capturing the Admiralties and very definitively spells out the role of the Seventh Cavalry Regiment. It was odd at the time having soldiers identified as cavalry fighting as infantry. However, they preserved the concept of troops, squadrons, and I saw quite a few riding boots under jungle ponchos.

I thought I would tout you onto this little known, little recognized, little appreciated activity of the Seventh in the islands north of New Guinea.

Again, thank you for the material. Best regards.

Sincerely,



William C. Lynch

WCL:ib
