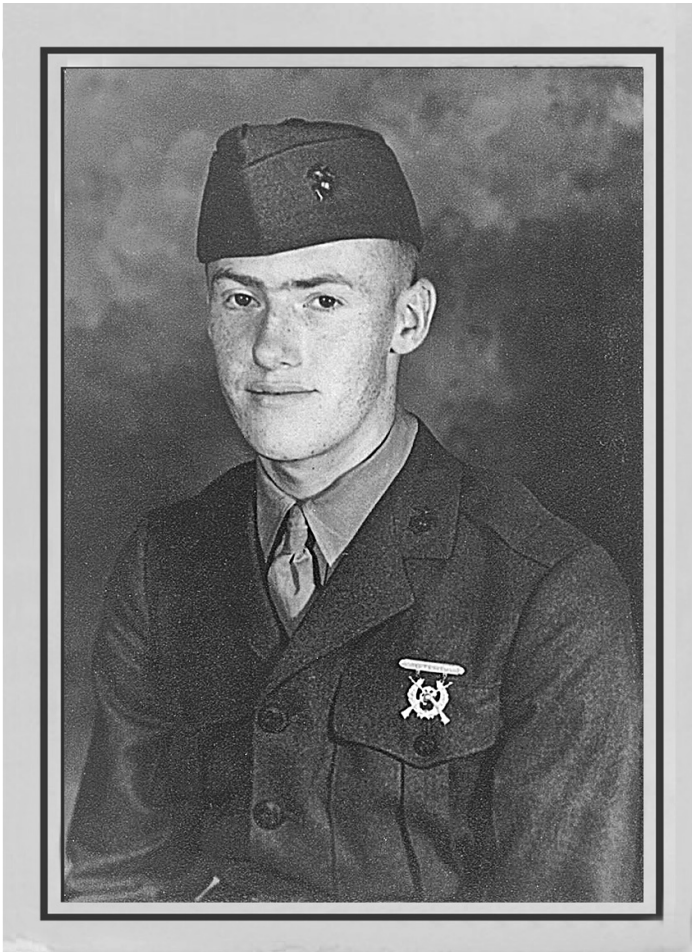


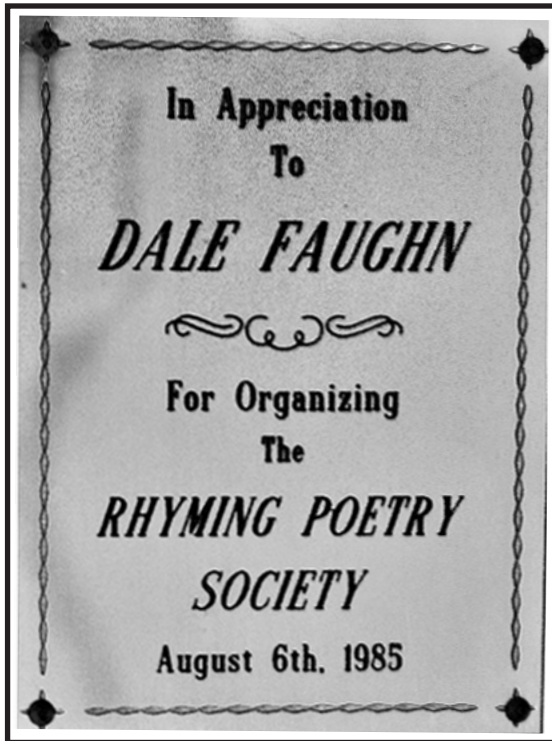
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# **Dale Faughn Goes to War**



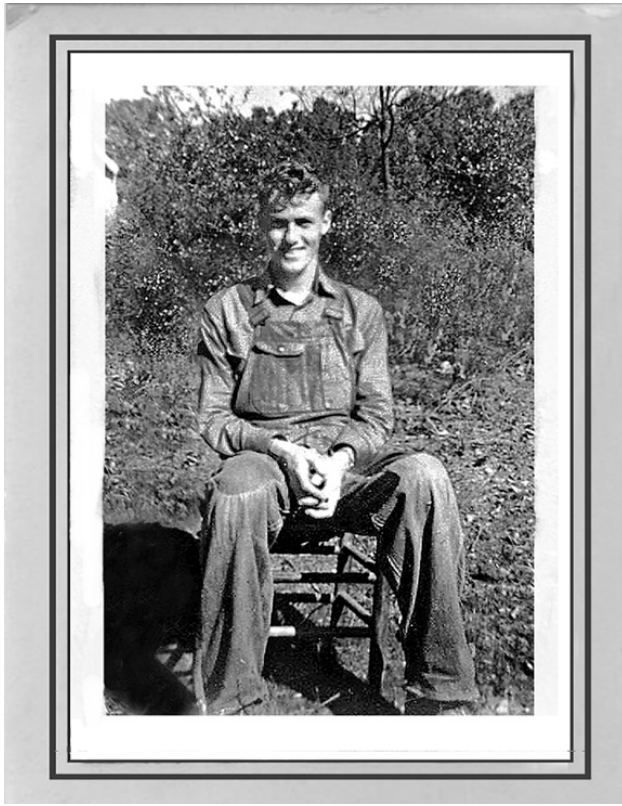
by **Sylvia Ives**

# Dale Faughn Goes to War



by Sylvia Ives

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This is the true story of a young man who knew what he wanted in life. His mind was made up. He had many hard times while he was growing up, but nothing could stand in his way. He worked hard to get what he wanted. He wanted to become a teacher. The young man's name was Dale Faughn, and he came from Kentucky. This is about how he had to go to war.



Young men that turned 18 years old had to go to war. Dale turned 18 in November of 1943. He was not yet finished with high school. The United States War Department would wait for him to finish. But they were in a big hurry.



Dale was sworn into the Marine Corps one week after graduation. He looked forward to his new adventure. He would go overseas. He would see sights he had never seen before. And he would be serving the country that he loved.





Dale went to San Diego, California to be trained. The training the Marine Corps gives is very rough. It is called "boot camp". The marines had to march to wherever they went.



The marines had to spring out of bed in the morning when they heard the bugle blow. They had to come out of their tents fully dressed and shaven. Then they had to “fall in”. That means they had to line up for roll call. This practice was called “reveille”.



The sergeants treated the marines harshly. They believed their mean treatment would get the men ready to fight. If a man was not able to stand up to the harshness of war, it was better to find out in boot camp.





Dale learned everything that was needed to become a successful marine. But he had his eye on a different goal. Dale believed that the training in boot camp would help him become a better man, a better teacher.



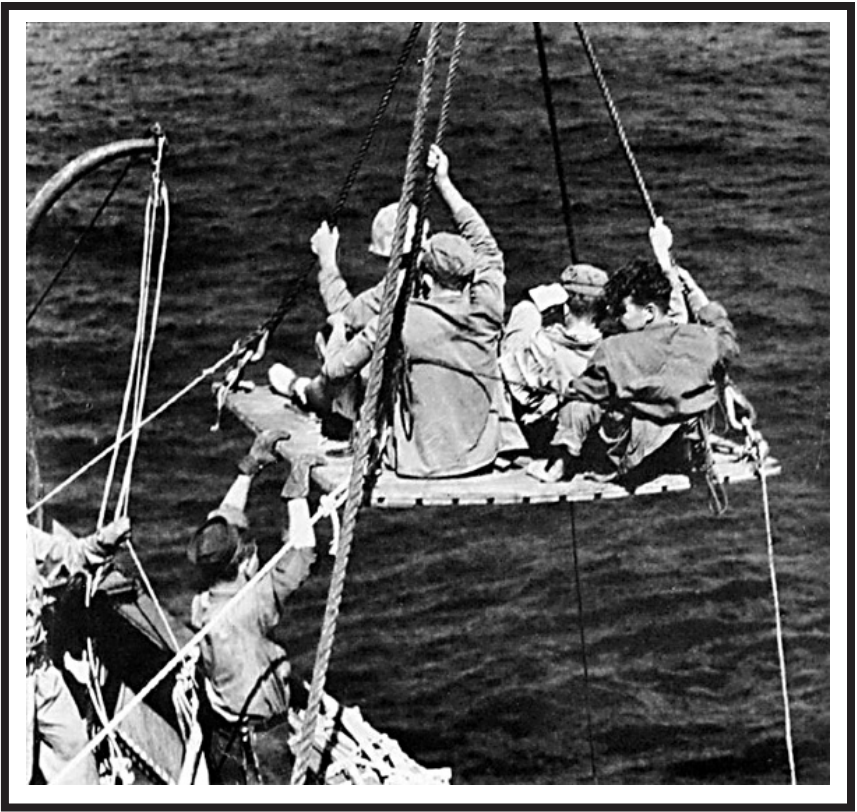
US troops on the beach of Iwo Jima

After seven months of living in a tent with seven other men, Dale went overseas to fight in World War II. He went to an island called Iwo Jima to fight against America's enemies.



Raising the flag on Iwo Jima. Two of these men died there.

Dale was amazed by what he saw on Iwo Jima. He saw brave men dying for what they believed in. Many men gave their lives for freedom and democracy.

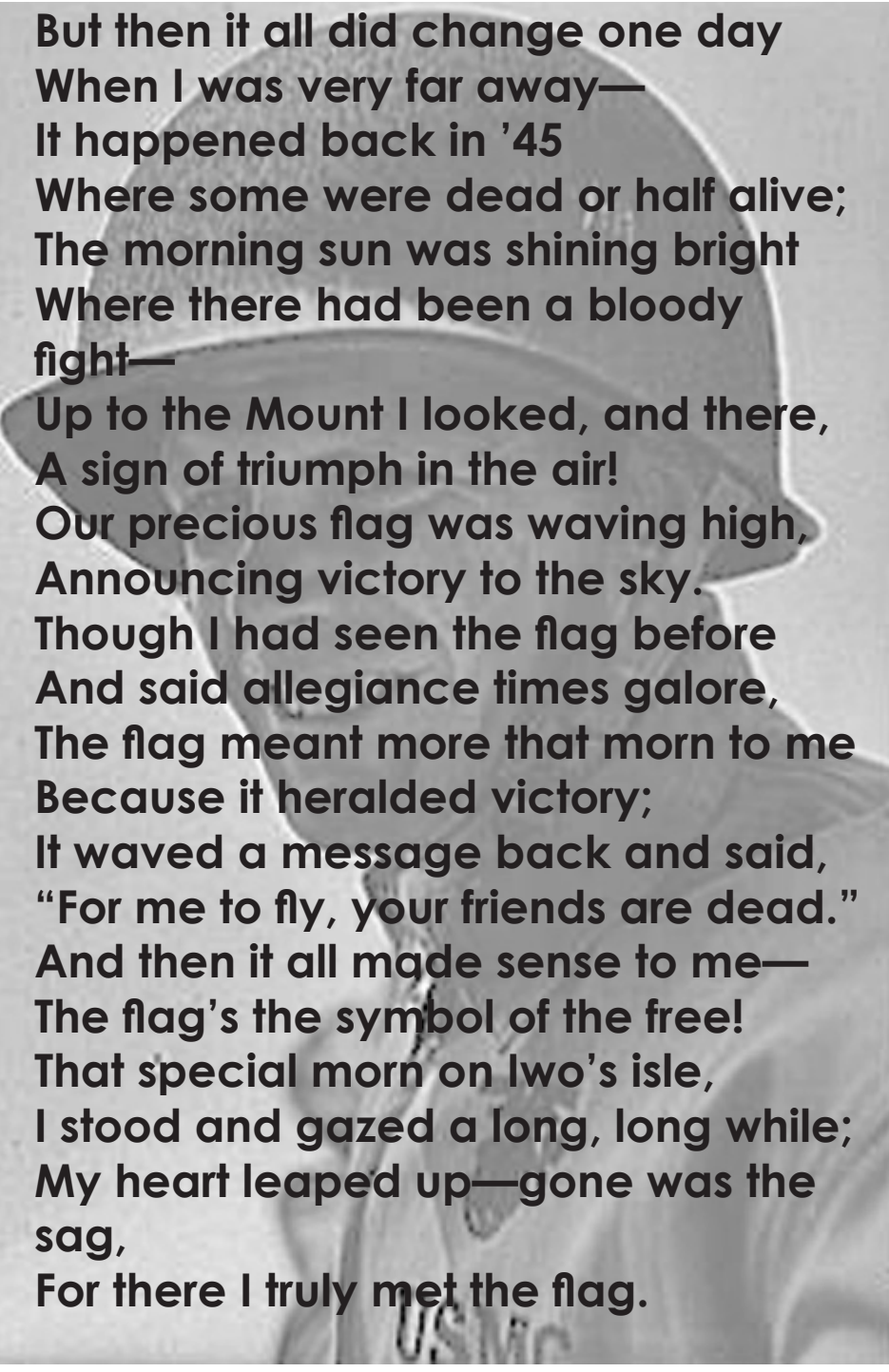


As Dale's ship sailed away from Iwo Jima, a new chapter in his life began. Some words came into his mind about what he had seen there. Dale wrote them down. Since that time Dale has published seven books of poetry. His best known poem was written about Iwo Jima. It is called "I met the flag at Iwo Jima." Turn the page and you will see it.

## I Met the Flag At Iwo Jima

When I was just a lad in school,  
I never disobeyed the rule—  
To burn the flag  
And treat it as a common rag;  
I never would have torn it down  
Or mocked its meaning over town,  
Or spat upon the stripes there  
Or wiped my feet on stars fair;  
In no way now that I recall  
Would I have damaged it at all,  
But on the other hand you see—  
It meant not very much to me.  
I pledged allegiance as the rest  
Just idle words from out my chest;  
I sang about the “Banner”, too,  
But never felt constrained to do  
A deed to honor those who gave  
Their lives the flag to bravely save;  
And though its history oft I’d heard,  
Yet still my heart was not much stirred.  
My training all had hit a snag;  
I’d never really met the flag;





But then it all did change one day  
When I was very far away—  
It happened back in '45  
Where some were dead or half alive;  
The morning sun was shining bright  
Where there had been a bloody  
fight—  
Up to the Mount I looked, and there,  
A sign of triumph in the air!  
Our precious flag was waving high,  
Announcing victory to the sky.  
Though I had seen the flag before  
And said allegiance times galore,  
The flag meant more that morn to me  
Because it heralded victory;  
It waved a message back and said,  
“For me to fly, your friends are dead.”  
And then it all made sense to me—  
The flag's the symbol of the free!  
That special morn on Iwo's isle,  
I stood and gazed a long, long while;  
My heart leaped up—gone was the  
sag,  
For there I truly met the flag.

by Dale Faughn

