INTERIOR OF BARRACKS AT NUERNBERG
COOK STOVES IN BARACKS 120 STALAG XIII-D NUERNBERG
A Pilots' Poem

I've flown on high on silvery wings,
Far far above all earthly things,
Beyond the reach of the storm-swept earth,
Above all clouds of sadness whorls,
Up where I'm free of all bonding shrouds
High above over the billowing clouds.
I've played with the dancing sunbeams there
And lived through the dazzling moonlit air,
Thus I've flown through the peaceful sky
So near to "God" and His throne on high,
And 'ere I take my friends adieu —
I was the pilot of the plane I flew.
But the sky is distant, as the earth below,
One day red with blood to flow,
So instead of the peaceful wild blue space
It became an aerial warrior's place.
The silver wings flit above no more,
But painted for battle, have gone to war.
Now the heavens are ripped asunder,
Torn and roiled by battle's thunder.
Of vast armadas of warring wings,
Where oft "death" in triumph sings.
Where once the cool breezes stole my face
The tracer's flame now takes its place.
But still I fly to heights unknown
Ever nearer to God on His heavenly throne,
For as I fly through this treacherous sky,
He is the Pilot of the plane — not I.
HIGH FLIGHT

BY JOHN T. McGEE (KILLED IN ACTION)

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of Earth
And danced the skies on laughter silvered wings.
Skyward I climbed, and joined
The tumbling mirth of sun-split clouds
And danced a hundred things you have not dreamed of
Twisted, snaked and swung high in sunset silence
Hov'ring there—
I've chased the shouting wind along,
And flung my eager craft through footless hills of air
Up, up the delirious burning blue
I've topped the wind swept heights with grace
Where never lark nor even eagle flew
And while with silent lifting mind
I've trod the high untrampled sanctity of space
Put out my hand and touched the face of God—
I suppose most people think of war as an unending angry conflict between two armies. One made up of soldiers nobly fighting for the "Right," the other of brutal, inhuman, deliberately battling for something they know to be wrong. In reality, war is mostly waste, futility, despair, suffering, dislocation, destruction, pain and uncertainty, and will exact a price on both sides, regardless of how it is fought, with all the heart or hell one can put into it. It comes to know that the war that has him by the heels can accomplish nothing that could not be equally well accomplished by honest discussion between reasonable men, accomplished without loss of freedom, loss of life, loss of property, loss of all things men value. It forgets, if it so knew, the principles for which he is fighting, and they seldom enter his mind when he hears them mouthed by politicians who have never under any known conditions faced enemy bullets and would never endure the daily discomforts of a soldier.
CERTAL TRIBUNAL

As to every man is given, so he must account.
The deeds he does in life, must tally in amount.
To prove his stewardship worthy, if indeed it be.
His life an open book, for God, his Judge, to see.
He stood in silent reverence before the judgment seat.
Awaiting the Justice, his creator was to mete,
His demeanor was not proud, nor haughty, instead.
This was the tribunal seen only by the dead,
Tell me, son, thy story, tell me of thy life,
Recounting every moment of happiness and strife,
Tell me of thy childhood, and of thy after days,
Tell of thy wanderings, among the变更 ways.
Dare thus his maker, and hearing this declare—
He told of every moment; he'd ever lived to see.
His story was not long, for he was not yet old.
Though it was full and rich, for he was brave and bold.
When he was finished, he bowed his head and stood;
Th' the Lord had weighed the evil and the good.
He knw his fate was hung upon the balance there.
So to himself he murmured a little silent prayer.
Spare again the maker, pardoning every word.
To him who stood so silent, this is what he heard:
"I have heard thy story, though I knew it all, and more.
I desired thou should tell all that went before!"
"Many men of late have stood before this bar.
Men who put as their; have died in fields afar.
Some and true they argued in their countries cause,
Defending their faith with neither stint nor pause.
Great has been their sacrifice, for truly they did give
Of all that they possessed, that other men might live.
Theirs has been a labor fully fraught with love,
That has not gone unnoticed, in heaven up above.
Men may forget what thou hast bravely done,
Or glory, kings, not when victory has been won,
But I who hold the balance of justice in my hand
Will keep thy name enscribed within the promised land.
The labor thou hast done, has measured to the test,
Lay down thy load, and know now eternal rest.
Thou hast scaled the heights every man must try
To reach; the goal that lies beyond the evening sky."
AMERICAN RED CROSS

EVERY 2 WEEKS

PRUNES - 16 oz  PATE - 1 can  CORNED BEEF - 1 can  BREAD - 1 can
SPAM - 12 oz  CHEESE - 8 oz  JAM - 5 oz  MEAT - 1 lb
COFFEE - 4 oz  BAR - 8 oz  CIGARETTES - 5 pk  BUTTER - 1/2 lb
OLIVE - 16 oz  SUGAR - 8 oz  CRACKERS - 11/2 pk  POTATOES - 4 lb
SALMON - 1 can  KLIM - 1 lb  SOUP - 2

AMERICAN RED CROSS FLOOR PLAN

RM13  20'X15'

FITZ     DE WAARD     DENTZ
KIRBY    CANUP    CAREY
MATSSEL  SMITH    LOWELL
BELLEWH  KITCHEN CABINET
MELITO  MUGGE

FELT

BENCH  DINING TABLE  BENCH

STOOL

PITCHER

PIE TIN (FROM TIN CAN)

CRACKER GRINDER

BOWL

SALMON CAN
RIBBONS WE WILL WEAR

The sun, though mindful of the cloud,
Whose shade earth had recogmit-
And lent to view of their delight - Were planted in the Park.
And many deck their songs, bright or sun-
Underneath the clouded cloud.
This one salute, then, the day of war - off the Alpaca coast
A burning freighter, a burning freighter,
Into a wind suited - Tale.
A scream of screaming scavengers
For only sundown,
I saw the boosted gangle shell
Like steel in the sky,
I saw the Mercury scented
Of the street, being steady
And as marked the blackness.
The feud, trail of smoke.
I followed that too near the end
By two guns still spoke -
Toward the ships - they had no chance.
Some we know - I know,
Not left enough - time left to ditch
Brief seconds left to go.
Settlers left to set.
To break above the getting dark.
They get their life, start to clear.
And yet those long of turret guns
In thought of their own will
Not painting into the evidence.
The block against shell
The angry, keen, green, tentacles.
And the ship: under sick -
And built a shift of snowy foam
To covered catch to shield.
And then again they reappeared.
I had one backward glance
Of smoke, ringy tides streaking up
From where the white caps danced.
Of white caps, dancing, crept and cold.
Upon an empty sky.
Of tiny specks dissolving cast.
Into the healing sandery.
Now all we have ribbons bright
To pin beneath our wings.
And fellow men, will know that we
We in the thick of things.
He who shall all proud to wear
But others are most urged.
But in our hearts they're worn for one,
Our weak and neighbor -

1. "... I will fear no evil: for thou art with me. Thou preparest a table for me in the presence of mine enemies..."

2. "... Hell is that state of mind where one has ceased to hope..."

3. "... I had no shoes and I murmured, until I saw a man who had no feet..."

4. "... It's easy enough to titter when de stew is smokin' hot..."

5. "... but it's mighty hard t'梗le when deys nuffin in de pot..."

6. "... When a man walks on thin ice without any shore he can't take much comfort because it holds him for the moment..."

7. "... and people... securely hidden in those secret chambers of the heart..."

8. "... which twilight and music serve best to open..."

9. "... To live: from day to day, making the best of it..."

10. "... there's nothing either good or bad, it's just thinking that makes it so..."

11. "... We only beg to be left in peace, to get a simple living, to live in our homes quietly..."

12. "... with our families... for years we have been oppressed by one tyrant, now because another appears on the scene, guns are being thrust into our hands..."

13. "... war has been waged, the usual cries are already raised: freedom and liberty..."
NAPLES ARE BEING WORKED UP. THEN BECAUSE TWO DICTIONARIES WISH IT, WE POOR CREATURES WILL FALL UPON ONE ANOTHER, AND TO WHAT PURPOSE? AFTER THE SAVAGE, WHEN THE SMOKE AND SHOOTING HAVE CLEARED AWAY, THERE WILL BE MORE TAXATION, MORE OPPRESSION, A HUNGER YORE THAN BEFORE. CAN ONE HELP FEELING SAD FOR POOR MAN KIND?

FOR IT SO FALLS OUT THAT WHAT WE HAVE WE PRIZE NOT TO THE WORTH WHILST WE ENJOY IT, BUT WHEN LACKED AND LOST, WHY, THEN WE RACK THE VALUE, THEN WE FIND THE VIRTUE THAT POSSESSION WOULD NOT SHOW US, WHILE IT WAS OURS.

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BELONG TO THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD, BUT IT'S HELD TO VIEW OUR COUNTRY'S GREATNESS FROM THE ENEMY'S PRISON CAMP.

THOUGHT DURING AIR RAID "SUNNY"

WHEN THE WORLD IS FILLED WITH SUNSET, AND DARK SHADOWS MAKE A HUE OVER EVERYTHING IN VIEW — I GET BLUE 'CAUSE IT'S DREAM TIME AND MY DREAMS ARE ALL OF YOU.

SAFETY FIRST IS A VICE MOTTO. MEN SHOULD RULE THEMSELVES AND NOT BE CAUGHT BY CATCHWORDS. "SAFETY FIRST" IS SOUL DESTROYING. APPEALMENT. HERESY WHICH WILL RAGE THE RACE OF MAN OF ALL INCENTIVE AND SPELL DOOM. IT IS INDEED REALY AN EXCUSE FOR NOT FACEING FACTS, FOR LACK OF CONFIDENCE IN ONESELF. YOUR PRINCIPLE TEACHING FAMOUS MEN OF HISTORY FATTENED BY THAT DOCTRINE RETURNING TO THEIR SUNNY GARDENS AND SAFETY FIRST.

I SEE NOW SOME OF THE BETTER THINGS IN LIFE-GOOD GRANT ME THE CHANCE TO FOLLOW THEM.

BUILD FOR YOURSELF A STRONG BOX, FASHION EACH PART WITH CARE FIT IT WITH CHAIN AND PADLOCK, PACK ALL YOU WORRIES THERE HIDE THEM IN ALL YOUR TROUBLES, AS EACH BITTER CUP YOU SWALLOW, PACK ALL YOUR FAILURES WITHIN IT, THEN SIT ON THE LID AND LAUGH.

FOR I DIP INTO THE FUTURE, FAR AS HUMAN EYE COULD SEE,

SAW THE VISION OF THE WORLD, AND ALL THE WONDERS THAT WOULD BE,

TILL THE WAR-DRUM THROBBED NO LONGER, AND THE BATTLE FLAGS WERE FURLED.

IN THE PARLIAMENT OF MAN, THE FEDERATION OF THE WORLD,

THEN THE COMMON SEUL OF MOST SHALL HOLD A PASTORAL REEL IN AWE,

AND THE KINDLY EARTH SHALL SLUMBER, LAPT IN UNIVERSAL LAW.

FOR I DOUNT NOT THROUGH THE AGES, OUR INCREASING PURPOSE RUNS

AND THE THOUGHTS OF MEN ARE WIDENED, WITH THE PROGRESS OF THE SUN

LOOKING BACKWARD.

OVER THE UNBORN OUR POWER IS THAT OF GOD, AND OUR RESPONSIBILITY LIKE HIS,

TOWARD US, AS WE REVEAL OURSELVES TOWARD THEM, SO LET HIM DEAL WITH US.

CONCERNING LOVE AND PASSION DON'T MISTAKE THE THRUDGING OF AN ABSCESS FOR THE BEATING OF THE HEART.
ON LOAD - LET ME LEARN SOMETHING FROM EVERY MAN EVERY DAY.

\[
\begin{align*}
18^\circ F + 88^\circ F + FW 190 &= 194^\circ F \\
18^\circ F + 5^\circ F + P51 + 50^\circ F &= 1P 55^\circ F
\end{align*}
\]

MY DREAMS ARE OFTEN BOISTEROUS THINGS
RESPECT FROM MY PRESENT PAINT
BUT WHOSE EYES ARE THOSE - WHOSE LUSCIOUS LIPS
THAT KEEP ME COMPANY EVERY NIGHT?

DEAR SON - FLY LOW AND SLOW AND DON'T TILT IN THE TURNS.

I'VE GRADUATED FROM THAT STUFF - IT'S THE BUNK! IT'S TOO DEPRESSING -
EVERYBODY PRETENDING - LITTLE CHAP AT THE NEXT TABLE POKING HIS
FOR OCCASIONALLY INTO A COLD DINNER THAT COBES HIM 75 FOR THE GIN
THEN - HALP HIS WEEKS WAGES: HOPPING UP AGAIN TO PUSH MARIE AROUND
AGAIN THROUGH THE WIGGLING PACK - MAGNIFICENT OBSESSION -

REGARDLESS OF POVERTY OR RICHNESS, SICKNESS OR HEALTH, REGARDLESS OF
ANY AND ALL CIRCUMSTANCES, WHERE THE WOMAN IS FAITHFUL
NO EVIL CAN FALL - THE WOMAN IS THE RIOT AND MAN THE TREE.
THE TREE GROWS ONLY AS HIGH AS THE RIOT IS STRONG. DRAGON SEED.

AS EVERY MAN DIES SAD, SO SHALL WE FIND RETURN -- NAUGHT CAN BE
ACOMPLISHED BY THEM WHO ONLY YEARN!

WANTING, UNPROACHED, AND FOR A WHILE BETWEEN THINGS ENDED AND THINGS YET TO COME.
This is the story of "Willie Green" who invented a "Kriegie" flying machine.

"Willie Green" was as queer a tale as you've ever heard, yet I'll swear by the truth of every word.

The man who first heard it, suspicions as I,

Taste by his chocolate, was all a great ill.

But imagine his surprise, the chagrin in his eye

When Willie's machine was seen to fly.

The parties were gathered, it's no secret now,

But Willie alone knew the secret of how.

They were hidden away in corners and places

While it carried away on spars and braces.

The tin can miles were few indeed

When "Willie Green" performed his great deed.

They still is talk of the famous day

As the last "Kriegie" was hidden away.

The ingenue was part of the plan to be made

With brass shaft of "Kriegie" flying speed.

While in them last cylinders with mighty sound

The "Kriegie" piston went up and down.

The flashy propeller, so aerodynamic

Was cased from a star in the barracks' attic.

While the slender strand that made the ignition

Was a length of "Barbed Wire" from "Kriegie's Tradition."

The fuel was no problem for a man with a head

And Willie got gas from "Chophage and Bread."

In case of emergency, Willie held

The thing could I'll buy, "Rocket Propelled."

The side of a "Kriegie" fuselage made

The stick was the handle of the mentioned spade.
The instruments, it could be seen at a glance, were only the seat of Willie's pants.

Two locker doors, the wings did make. With the right angle and negative rake, and a "Red Cross Tip" from a rocket's source, served as a "Tail" for this iron horse.

The question of wheels was a matter of art. Willie remembered the "Communal Pot." And while they wondered where it had disappeared, Willie's machine became fragile, geared.

There were no guns on Willie's seat. No deflers, yes, it shows speed. The stone polished, paint, with lustre supreme, made it a friction part of an engineer's dream.

And when it was done, our Willie cried, Enough, enough, I'm satisfied. And that dark night when conditions were best, Willie's machine was put to test.

The prop turned over, the engine caught. The "Red Willie," he sat on the night. The plane jumpered forward, it started to fly. And was not in the fence in the wind of an eye.

The guards yelled, "Halt!" and started to shoot. But all the bullets were only "Halt!", Willie's machine into the dark towards Ellis Island and Battery Park.

The plane flew on till Willie, speed, The looking that mark the other side. He felt so good and oh, so free. The Red Cross Tip went into the sea.

A crowd was there, as he stepped his craft. "What am I?" he asked, "It sure looks great." "Why do you think I saved you?" "This my boy in "Malag -"
S² is an amazing story about the work of German soldiers who protect fighters from enemy aircraft.

S² is so experienced. They seem to have a knack of avoiding all the victories shot down by guns or jack.

S² is so efficient. It is their fleet, known to get you quickly right to where you'll get yourself shot down.

S² is so unperturbed. They never flinch nor know. They'll outfight any German ace in any battle in town.

S² is so complete. They always take their flak and fly all day for extra pay but not even 1/2 of it. Negative.

S² is so valiant. They'll gladly take the air and fly all day for extra pay but not even 1/2 of it. Negative.

S² is so impression. They'll gladly take the air and fly all day for extra pay but not even 1/2 of it. Negative.

S² is so effective. They can make such big commotions that they get our promotions.

Take the second flight out of your window: mother, your son is an S² officer.
FROM A GERMAN NEWS PAPER-JUNE-44

ROOSEVELT'S TIERFLIEGER GAGEN FRAUEN UND KINDER

NORD AMERIKANER? MORD-AMERIKANER!

A KRIEG SURE LIVES A LIFE OF FASSE
JUST SITS AROUND AND SHOOTS THE BREEZE
HE NEVER WORKS AND YET HE BITCHES
MUST BE THE REVERSE OF "RAGS TO RICHES,"
FLAK HAPPY SON OF A GUN
HOLLER BANG AND WATCH HIM RUN
SLOW ROLLS UP AND SPINS ON IN-
THEN WONDERS WHERE THE HELL HIS BERN
PRESENT SMILING HOUR

HAPPY THE MAN, AND HAPPY HE ALONE—
WHO CAN CALL TODAY HIS OWN
HE WHO, SECURE WITHIN, CAN SAY
TOMORROW, O THY WORST, FOR I HAVE LIVED TODAY
BE FAIR OR FOUL, RAIN OR SHINE
THE JOYS I HAVE POSSESSED IN SPITE OF FATE ARE MINE
NOT HEAVEN ITSELF UPON THE PAST HAS POWER
BUT WHAT HAS BEEN HAS BEEN, AND I HAVE HAD MY HOUR

TOUCH OF STALAG

GOT A TOUCH OF STALAG IN MY TALK
GOT TOO MUCH OF STALAG IN MY WALK
OH, THE SPAM AND KIM AND SELLY
ARE A WRECK IN MY POOR BELLY
TAKE ME BACK TO NEW YORK

GOT A TOUCH OF STALAG IN MY HAIR
SO I CUT IT OFF, AND NOW I'M BARE
JUST A BLONDE, BRUNETTE OR RED HEAD
AND A FLUFFY SOFT HOTEL BED
WHEN I GET BACK TO TIMES SQUARE

BUBBLE, BUBBLE, TOIL, AND TROUBLE
ON MY CHIN I HAVE SOME STUBBLE
MY FEET ARE DARE, I'VE GOT NO HAIR
WHO'S BUYING DRINKS? I'LL TAKE A DOUBLE
YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK

Tell you fellows young and fair
Who have been smitten by the war
Here's the airman's tale that's oft been told
That you should hear before you get too old.

Chorus -
You'll never get back, you'll never get back
The fliers will get you or the god damned flak.
So have your fling and rant and rave
You're sure as hell headed for an early grave.

Become a cadet and you'll pick later
Pilot, bombardier or navigator
Makes no difference what you choose
The odds are two to one you lose.

Chorus -
You finish your course and your reward brings
A shining pair of silver wings
But all their worth in a Kriegie camp
Is 100 bars and a postage stamp.

Chorus -
You find your training and before you breeze
On that ocean hop across the seas
You rush right home to the girl you've left
To find her married to some '4F'.

Chorus -
You're a '4 and spive and think it's rough
A silver bar takes much less guff
The Pacific theater or F-10.

Whenever they send you it's a damned good show.

Chorus -
You arrive at your base and dig a ditch
You piss and moan and scrape and bitch
But take it easy, don't getager
Your now a full fledged terror fighter.

Chorus -
Your combat missions have begun
You think your hot after number one
Don't flatter yourself if your alive
To take off on mission number five.

Chorus -
Before I finish my little song
Here's a little advice that's far from wrong
When there's another war, and one there'll be
You better do your fighting in the infantry.

Chorus -
TRIED TO MAKE IT ON ONE ENGINE,

BUT I RAN OUT OF GAS.

YOU'VE HAD IT.

WHEN YOU'VE FEATHERED YOUR THIRD PROP.
AND THERE ARE FOXE WULPS STILL ON TOP.
THEN IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO DROP.
CAUSE FRIEND "YOU'VE HAD IT".
IF YOU LAND IN SIGHT OF DOVER.
AND SOME NORDIC TYPE SEA ROVER.
SAYS "FOR YOU DE VAR. INT. OPER.".
THEN FRIEND, "YOU'VE HAD IT".
WHEN HALIFRATIONS ARE THE THING.
AND THERE WILL BE NO MAIL TILL SPRING.
IF IT'S VERBOTEN YET TO SING.
MY SYMPATHY "YOU'VE HAD IT".
WHEN THE BELLS RING OUT THE CHEER.
IF THE BOAT JUST LEFT THE PIER.
AND YOUR STILL LOOKING FOR A SOUVENIR.
THEN CHUM "YOU'VE REALLY HAD IT".
THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

OF KLANCANS ON PARADE,
OF TRINKETS THAT WE'VE MADE,
OF THE LACK OF GOSES
OF CORNY JOKES,
AND TUNES THE BAND HAS PLAYED
HOW LOVELY IT WAS

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
OF A SOLITARY CELL
OF EVENINGS AT APPEL
OF WASHING CLOTHES AND KRIEGIE SHOWS
AND BUNKS AS HARD AS—
OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH!

WE KEPT MUM AT THE INTERROGATION
WHILE WE SMOOKED CIGARETTES WITH A PASSION
PROTECTING THE RIGHTS OF OUR NATION
BUT WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF DULAG LUF!

SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
OF A SING SONG KRIEGIE TUNE
OF GENERAL IKE IN JUNE
OF FIGHTIN' YANKS - OF ROARIN' TANKS
I HOPE THEY GET HERE SOON
OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH.

WE PULL STUMPS TILL OUR BUCKS ARE ALL BREAKING
AND WE YELL WHAT A BEATING. WE'RE TAKING
BUT WHEN WE THINK OF THE DOUGH THAT WE'RE MAKING
THEN THE PAIN SUBSIDES AND OUR SPIRITS RISE

SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
OF STALAG NUMBER THREE
THE HOME OF YOU AND ME
WHERE YOUNG SOULS BURN
AND KRIEGIES YEARN
TO ONCE AGAIN BE FREE
OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH.
Now I lay me down to slumber
On a bunk as hard as lumber
The guy above me starts to snore
The guy beside me starts to roar
They breathe refrains so very pleasing
I wish they'd both refrain from breathing -

KRIEGIE STEW

I've been around the world from Iceland to Peru,
I've seen a thousand wonders, some old and others new,
But nowhere in the world have I seen an equal to
That gastronomic marvel, a dish of kriegie stew,
Singing a song - chips, dish-rags, sea lion wax and glue
You can find them all in a dish of kriegie stew.
Books I've Read as a P.O.W.

Title | Author
--- | ---
War Horse | Michael Morpurgo
The Scout | Jack London
The Hunter | C.S. Forester
The Man Who Died | J. B. Priestley
The Invisible Man | Ralph Ellison
The Old Man and the Sea | Ernest Hemingway
A Farewell to Arms | Ernest Hemingway
The Catcher in the Rye | J.D. Salinger
To Kill a Mockingbird | Harper Lee
The Great Gatsby | F. Scott Fitzgerald
The Grapes of Wrath | John Steinbeck
One Hundred Years of Solitude | Gabriel Garcia Marquez
The Lord of the Rings | J.R.R. Tolkien
The Hunger Games | Suzanne Collins
1984 | George Orwell
 lol. | john"
Abiding Love

What man hath lived who hath not known
A moment of despair
But put again you oft were shown
That all should find repair
So I must confess
That I have tasted just such sorrow
And bowed my head and prayed to die
I feared to face tomorrow

O heart so weak! O spirit dead
To bow down in defeat
They yet remained when all else fled
A love, as never sweet
A secret, true, but when she spoke
I list to every word
And with a sigh my soul awoke
And thus it was I heard

Be strong, my love and do not fear.
For I sit at thy side
Though seas of part, as I am near.
For here I will abide

With hope anew and courage fresh
I sure I would not die
For spirit conquered over flesh
O! God, again to try

Now as then, when as a pall
Bloom enwraps me,
I hear that voice that clear recall
And once again I'm fell

Of love of mine I long for thee
When yet we are apart
But now I know thou art with me
Forever in my heart.
Down a lonely road on a cold bleak night,
A miserable beggar trudged into sight.
And the good folk whispered over their beer:
"Where goes the last of the bombardiers?"
What is a bombardier? - no reply.
But men grow silent and women sigh.
And a deathlike silence fills the place.

For it's the gaunt grey ghost of a long lost place -
With a furtive glance from ceiling to floor,
Some one - or something opened the door.
The bravest of hearts turned cold with fear.
For the thing in the door was a bombardier.
His hands were boney, and his hair was thin.
His back was curved like an old bent pin.
His eyes were two red-rimmed rings of black.
And he vaguely murmured "shack, shack, shack!"

This ancient relic of the Second World War
Crept across the room and slouched at the bar.
And in hollow tones from his sunken chest
Demanded a drink - and only the best.
The people said nothing but watched in the glass.
As the creature produced his bombsight pass-
Raised the glass to his lips - and they heard him say:
"Bombs away!"

Then, speaking not a word, he slouched thru the door.
And the last of the bombardiers was seen no more.
But down through the ages the phrase has stuck:
"When you say bombardier you add 'hard luck'"
Come on and Join the Air Corps

Come on and join the Air Corps, it's a great place to stay. You don't do any work at all, just fly around all day.
While others work and study hard and to your old and blind
You'll take the air without a care, and you will never mind.

Choos -
You'll never mind, you'll never mind
Come on and join the Air Corps, and you will never mind.

Your flying is the ocean, your engines give aquit
Your shell, your people come to a stop, the god damn engines quit.
Your ship won't float, you can not swim, the shot smuggled behind
Shout a wish for old ships and fish, but you will never mind.

Choos -
And then you'll meet an MF, he'll shoot you down in flames.
Don't waste your time, a bellyacher or sailor, the bastard's name.
Don't chose your stick into the ground and pretty soon you'll find
That isn't no hell and all is well and you will never mind.

Choos -
For then you'll loop and spin his end with an awful tear.
You'll find yourself without your wings but you will never care.
In about a minute more, another pair you'll find.
You'll fly with Pete and his angelsweet and you will never mind.

Choos -
Come on and get promoted as high as you desire.
You're riding on a gravy train, if your an army flier.
But just when your about to be a general you'll fluff down.
Your engine cough, you wings fell off, but you will never mind.

Choos -
What's left is a bunch of flies and we don't give a damn.
About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of thing.
We want a hundred thousand ships of every kind and kind.
And then of course our own Air Force and We will never mind.

Ingrid Bergman - Klem Kan Queen
Olivia De Havilland - Second
Lana Turner - Third
THUNDER
ZBOLTS

Many a pilot who flew the pursuits
Was winged his way into heaven.
But I know the boy who was needing the flight was a kid in a P-47.
We point to the Mustang and light with pride.
And the Hellcat's may well claim her vists.
But I'll take the ship I know turned the tide
That dreaded and feared thunderbolt.

As the missions grew longer thru death loaded skies
Our bombers had little to fear.
We had the best escort, acclaimed by all.
I was a squadron of Thunderbolts near.

How well I remember that beautiful sight
Whising contrails high in the Heaven.
And how we all welcomed the tails gunners words
Here come the P-47's.

Many a fighter that shot thru our flight
We knew his doom, he had sealed.
For a white noise came thru with his guns blazing too.
Close on an enemy's heels.

It soon will be over, but we'll never forget
The wonderful job you have done.
And how you fought against terrible odds.
And of all the battles you've done.

Long after the din of battle has ceased
The world no your deeds shall go.
So onward you heroes, there's more glory ahead.
For you lad's in your great Thunderbolts.
Back in the days of the 2nd Great War
Navy of Uncle Sam's sons
Began to write Air Corps History anew
With God and the P51

The Bombers went out on their everyday tasks
The Sergeants were fondling their guns
And high up above, churning "contrails," so clear
Were the boys in the P51's.

Soon they were over the enemy's lair
And up came the terrible flak
A hit - An explosion - Down went a ship
With 10 boys who will never go back.

Then in adored the enemy fighters from high in the blue
And the casing of our top turret guns
We will surely need help, ah! It's already here
Look at those P51's -

Downward they dive, like great birds of prey
The shrill whine of engines we hear!
The flight is all over ere its hardly begun
With our protection still hovering near.

The targets destroyed, we're back at our field
And the sun slowly sinks in the west
The boys trudge off like ten weary old men
To seek a much needed rest.

As we sit by the fire and think of those days
We tell these old tales to our sons
And pray for the American Eagles who flew
With God and the P51's.
Oh! Keely Lamarr is a beautiful gal
And Madeline Carroll is too
But you'll find if you query a different theory
Amongst any bomber crew.
For the partiest thing of which one can sing
This side of those heavenly skies
Is my blonde, or brunette of Hollywood set,
But an escort of P-38's.

It's quite true, in the past, when the tables were massed
With glasses of Scotch and champagne,
That the thing was a thing of delight
As intent on feeling no pain
Now not the same, now a days in this game.
When we hear in real from the Messina Straits,
Take your 2 sparkling wine—every time make mine
An escort of P-38's.

Now Byron, Shelly, and Keets ran a dozen dead, deads
Describing the views from the hills
Of the daffodils in May, when the winds gently sway
An array of white daffodils
Take the daffodils, Byron, and the wild flowers, Shelly
Yours is a Mirth, friend Keets
Just reserve of the cuties, American beauties
An escort of P-38's.

Sure, we're barver than hell, on the ground all is well
But in the air it's a different story
As we sweat out our track through both fighters and flak
We're willing to split up the glory.

Well they wouldn't arrest us, so heaven protect us
Until all this shooting abates
Give us the courage to fight em - and one other small item
An escort of P-38's.
I'd like to tell a story
Of a plane you all should know,
And how it flew to glory
Braving the night and the dark jet.

I first heard of the B-25
In famous AVG's.
And did a great work in bowling
Down the forces of Japan.

The night fight in the sky
Was my home and my calling.
To stand and face the test, was hard;
But we did our duty, clear.

Things piles up in the night,
And all that I can remember.

In the desert, sand and dust,
It proved itself a fighter.

Then, it matched the Germans best
In day fights or in the night.

It took the "Forties" flat,
The odds were overwhelming.
But they always fought on through;
Now, detailed by others.

That can fly at greater speed.
And did much wonders.
We will long recall their deeds.

Among the fighting planes that fly
Throughout our wide land, the B-25.

I will tell some deeds to tell.
Some of the many jobs they've done.

Since they appeared in Italy,
B-25s have done so well.

Now, they bubble the seas at long
By flying Mitchell to war. 

They fly a carrier deck, they fly,
And the same we see, the rest we see.

They've hit the goals on land and sea.
And done it, over, over, over.

In Africa, again, we know
Of how they bombed the German jet.
THE B-26

How the war came, in fact before
The Army needed, many needed
A megaton bomber, right and fast
And so the B-26 was sent.

The puzzle was it wouldn't fly
And when she did they wondered why.

The wings too small, gave her "capsite".
They needed her "Flying Parachute".

(mot. no. stable means of support)
So hard to handle, feared by all
War she a failure doomed to fail?
Of those who flew her, many died.
Until a new design was tried.
With longer wings and engines too,
"Dr. Hitler's day!" at last came true.

Now over the world, the "greatest air force" came,
And blazed the fiery, red shoe.

At medium altitude, she flew,
And never seem the black filled skies.
When "she" felt out a jet, to she
Her speed supplanted, blast "the route joins".
To you may call 26 "left" a green.

With other luck the balloon
The boys took, fly the smaller jet.
And "26" thin not for every page.
I'd rather have God than the P51

We read about God, and the P51.
It's a great little ship no denying.
It's had the famed Luftwaffe well on the run
And you can't come close to its flying.
But I always said when the going got rough
And past me burning Fortresses spin,
I sure hope that God is riding with me,
Cause I'd rather have God than the P51.

Cause there were times when Jerry would come
And 20's would burst, pretty near
Sure then it was good to see P51's
Help make the Folke Wolfes disappear.
But when near the target, while on the bomb run-
And Flak, would blacken the sky
It wasn't so portant we saw P51's
As long as we knew God stood by.

And on my last raid, the one I went down
I'll remember the rest of my days
How enemy fighters were thick all around
Bearing down from out of the haze.
The P51's couldn't keep them away
Nor could we, with bursts from our guns
And the only reason we're here today
Is because of God, not the P51's.
Until now, her name has barely been mentioned. Still, I've heard all the others before.

But to detail her is not my intention.

Though her merits are more than a score.

She has needed and been for a reason.

And she has every right to be proud

To stand her good name aloud.

It's a virile fact she's no beauty.

And her licks are no work of art.

But she's up there doing her duty

A patriot right to the heart.

She's a queen in the sky and she knows it.

She's ignored all redoubled nit.

She was named for a queen and she knows it.

That's why they christened her "Lib".

She goes where the going is toughest.

To Berlin, Fleurst, or folk.

And she fights where the fighting is roughest.

That's as kind as truth I render, Bel!

When the load is too long for the others.

On her back is too heavy to hack.

She's out there ahead of her brothers.

Braving both fliers and flak.

On a thin shell as smooth and as steady.

As the Pillar of old Hercules,

If the bombing you want then she's ready.

But a few of the merits are these.

She could hunt at least two or three dozen.

Of the pilots that she knows and seen.

By the flights along side her first cousin.

The commendable, B-17.

It's said that even live and die proudly

For freedom, for country, for more.

But none fights for the things more proudly.

Than our "Liberator". The B-24.
STAMMENLAGERLUFT

NO. 3

SAGAN - GERMAN

WE WHO ABIDE IN IT - "HAVE HAD IT"

STALAG LUFT 3

A.P.U.
A thought to those who reap the spoils,
From those who die and sweat and toil.
Above the clouds up in the blue,
Who do the jobs set down by you.
One, fly still and yield to none,
There's never, but us - we're done.
Because we're here and here we'll be
Till the end and peace we see.
Some are gone, expendable true,
But liked by me and loved by you.
They've had it as we say.
And a prayer in order if you may.
And here we are, we who once flew
Forgotten now and known by few.
But live we must, the Lord hath said.
That's why we're not among the dead.
All have tales both wild and wierd.
And how it happened - the worst they feared.
One, wreath falling to give a yank.
They didn't know in snow they sank.
Live we are and live we must.
To make a better world we trust.
Is hard to do when prison bound.
But there are ways if only found.
The days are long and all the same.
With time to curse and time to blame.
But life is what you make it here.
Good, bad or existence, make.
Go to ourselves we often say.
Stick it out - it will come the day.
Then homeward bound we'll show shall be.
To live after both man and free.
THE 'B17'

You can talk of your aeroplanes, and talk of them long,
Discuss all their points, both the weak and the strong,
You can argue with passion or calmly assess,
Demerits and merits each plane may possess.
But figures on facts and statistics relate,
Or a personal preference impressively state.
But when it's all over this plain to be seen,
There's none that quite touches the B17.

First of the four motored bombers she came,
First to the stratosphere, first to the fame
Of bombing by daylight in enemy skies
And first to invite the Luftwaffe to risk.
She made the long hauls at whatever the cost,
And many came back and many were lost.
Formations were lashed by the fighters and flak
And battles took place that were bloody and black.
But through them she rode triumphantly strong
To deliver the goods where we knew, they belong.
So thanks to the escort, for helping us through,
And thanks to the B17's gallant and true.
A toast to them all let every man raise,
But this to the fortress deserving our praise.
She's a symbol of all that freedom can mean when angered to fight—THE 'B17'.
Further down the road, the smell of the morning
flowers lingered in the air. The sun, already high in the
to a pleasant summer day, cast its warmth on the
small village and its inhabitants. Life moved at a
calming rhythm, and the sounds of daily activities
intermingled with the distant chimes of the
church bell. Children played in the fields, their
laughing voices carried on the breeze. The
village square bustled with activity, people
engaged in various tasks, some tending to their
plots of land, while others gathered to
chat and enjoy the

The day was perfect for a walk, the paths
lined with flowers and the"
"I WANTED WINGS"

NEVER THE LESS

I'VE GOT MY MOVIES, PARCELS, AND CIGARETTES,
I'VE GOT MY CLASSES TOO,
I'VE GOT MY TATERS, BREAD AND SPREAD,
I'VE EVEN GOT MY BREW.
I'VE GOT MY "SACK" AND ALSO BOOKS
THAT'S QUITE A LOT I'D SAY.
I SIT AROUND AND PLAY AT BRIDGE;
FROM FOURTEEN BUCKS A DAY.
I LIKE THIS LIFE, I THINK IT'S GREAT.
I HOPE THAT'S UNDERSTOOD.
DO YOU THINK I GO BACK TO WAR??
YOUR G--- D--- RIGHT I WOULD!!
I F.fire the thought that I go down,
Many fail—many die—but not My Mother's Son.

A mission has begun, and even as we cross the
channel a plane crashes down. A freak accident,
but the damage done. How cruel an ending for these men—
men like me. Yet not My Mother's Son.

They the coast and over enemy land,
And someone calls out "Bandits."

And heart I become—tho' nothing more,
For am I not My Mother's Son?

The flight begins, the sky is full,
My heart goes out to those ahead
At our stations we wait for planes
That do not come. They do not come
For am I not My Mother's Son?

The battle subsides—onward we go less those few who have
flown their last. I think a bit and shake my head
Then shrug it off. The targets near, and in the distance
A black cloud, the enemy's flank appears.  
I recall the missions that were before.
And of hits. hits there were, but misses too—Am I really abit
They'll miss again, for I am My Mother's Son?

Now the fresh bursts seem close.
And the bombardier's voice—"Bombs away!—Fare at one." 
Top turret cries—"Too late a hit!" and still another.
Yet no panic, it's still the same old thing—
For am I not "My Mother's Son?"

But do my ears deceive me? "Hit the silk"
Yes, you're—"Your Mother's Son."—But so were they all.

Those who lie in a watery grave. Those who didn't escape the
fighter's fire, and the many who were here before you,
They were all their mothers sons.

And here in Kriegie land
I think of those not here and offer a silent prayer:
For, somewhere "Those sons' mothers—like mine—
Are waiting for their home coming.
But some will never come—
Those Mother's Sons—
COURAGE

It's easy to be brave boys when everything's O.K.
It's easy to be cheerful when your having things your way
But can you hold your head up and take it on the chin
When your heart is nearly breaking and you feel like giving in
It was easy back in England among friends and folks
But now you miss friendly hands, the toys, the songs, the jokes
The road ahead is stony and, unless you're strong in mind
You'll find it won't be long before you're lagging far behind
You've got to climb the hills boys, it's no use turning back
There's only one way home and that's off the beaten track
Remember you're American and when you reach the crest
You'll see a really cool and green—Dear America at its best
You know there's a saying that sunshine follows rain
And bright enough you'll realize that joy will follow pain.
Let courage be your password, make fortitude your guide.
And then instead of grieving remember those who died.

LOW-FLIGHT

Leading all heroes for valor
And others who courted great flight
Stand the men like ghosts who suffered most
Yes, the men who flew in "Low Flight"
Great are the terrors of Burma
Or an island in jungle night
But the airmen's dread isn't fear of lead
It's flying in any "Low Flight"
As the group approaches the target
They are met with that "Hellish" sight
And as if on a track, into the path of fire
Rear the ships of brave "Low Flight"
You fellows that finished your missions
And flew in lead or high flight
Remember always for the boys over there
Who still sweat out "Low Flight"
PARADY ON STORMY WEATHER

I KNOW WHY THERE'S NO SUGAR IN MY PIE,
KRIGEL RATIONS -
MY LOVE IS NOW REPLACED BY PASSION,
I'M HUNGRY ALL THE TIME.
OUR TABLES BARE, HUNGRY KRIGELS EVERYWHERE.
IT'S STARVATION -
MY STOMACHS REACHED THE DEPTHS OF DEGRADATION.
I'M HUNGRY ALL THE TIME -
I DREAM OF EGGS AND HAM TILL MY CONDITION IS PATHETIC.
AND AWAKE TO BREAD AND JAM THAT I UNDERSTAND IS ALL SYNTHETIC.
DELIRIOUS AS I AM, I'LL PROBABLY END UP DIABETIC.
AND THAT'S WHEN I'LL BLOW MY TOP -
I CAN'T GO ON, ALL MY ENERGY IS GONE.
IT'S MALNUTRITION -
A MAN JUST CAN'T LIVE IN MY CONDITION.
I'M HUNGRY ALL THE TIME -

Aw gee mister, don't you think I miss you standing near?
Don't you believe my promised "wait for you" at all sincere?
You know darn well that your "the one" that shouldn't need debating
So hurry up and get back home -
Gosh darn it, I'm a waitin' -

GOD GAVE ME YOU

GOD GAVE THE WISE MEN THEIR WISDOM,
AND TO THE POETS THEIR DREAMS;
OUR FATHERS AND MOTHERS
THEIR LOVE FOR EACH OTHER.
THEY ALL HAD A SHARE IT SEEMS -

NOW I THOUGHT THAT I'D BEEN FORGOTTEN,
THAT LIFE WAS AN EMPTY AFFAIR;
BUT MY DREAMS CAME TRUE
WHEN GOD GAVE ME YOU
NOW I KNOW I'VE GOTTEN MORE THAN MY SHARE.