Transcriber Notes: The memoir is transcribed line by line so that the reader can follow the written document. The memoir is printed on graph paper and is written almost entirely in capital letters. Whenever possible, the detailed drawings are copied into the transcription to enhance the experience of the reader. Spelling, spacing and punctuation are transcribed as written unless the size of the drawing caused the text to spill onto the following page. The spelling of names is verified where possible.

Transcriber: Jerrie Hinchman
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 girth,
Up where I'm free of all binding shrouds
High above o'er 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 bade my friends adieu -
I was the pilot of the plane I flew.
But the sky as distant, as the earth below,
One day red with blood to flow,
So instead of the peaceful wild blue space
It became an aerial warriors place ·
The silver wings flit above no more,
But painted for battle, have gone to war.
Now the heavens are ripped asunder,
Torn and rocked by battle thunder.
Of vast armadas of warring wings,
Where often "Death" in triumph sings.
Where once the cool breezes smote my face
The tracer · 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 SURLEY [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 DONE A HUNDRED THINGS YOU HAVE NOT DREAMED OF
|TWISTED, SOARED AND SWUNG HIGH IN SUNLIT 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 EAGLES FLEW
|AND WHILE WITH SILENT LIFTING MIND
|I'VE TROD THE HIGH UNTRESSPASSED SANCTITY OF SPACE.
|PUT OUT MY W 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 venal wretches, deliberately battling for something they know to be wrong. In reality, war is mostly waste, idleness, dirt, discomfort, fright, blundering and uncertainty; and well nigh everyone on both sides spends his waking hours wishing with all his heart he had never let himself be drawn into it. He 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 prosperity, loss of all things men value. He forgets, if he even knew, the principles for which he's fighting, and they seldom enter his mind except when he hears them mouthed by politicians who have never under any circumstances faced enemy bullets and would never endure the daily discomforts of a soldier.
ETERNAL 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 JUDGEMENT SEAT,
|AWAITING THE JUSTICE HIS CREATOR WAS TO METE,
|HIS DEMEANOR WAS NOT PROUD, NAY, HUMBLE 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 LATER DAYS,
|TELL OF THY WENDINGS ALONG THE DEVIOUS WAYS."
|SPOKE THUS HIS MAKER, AND HEARING THIS DECREE
|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,
|'TIL THE LORD HAD WEIGHED THE EVIL AND THE GOOD.
|HE KNEW HIS FATE WAS HUNG UPON THE BALANCE THERE.
|SO TO HIMSELF HE MURMERED (MURMURED) A LITTLE SILENT PRAYER.
|SPOKE AGAIN THE MAKER, PONDERING 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 HA VE STOOD BEFORE THIS BAR.
|MEN WHO JUST AS THEE , HAVE DIED IN FIELDS AFAR.
|BRAVE AND TRUE THEY LABORED IN THEIR COUNTRIES' CAUSE,
|DEFENDING THEIR ALL WITH EITHER 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,
|FOR GLORY LINGERS NOT WHEN VICTORY HAS BEEN WON,
|BUT I WHO HOLD THE BALANCE OF JUSTICE IN MY HAND
|WILL KEEP THY NAME EMBLAZONED 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 SCALLED 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 |
| SPAM - 12 OZ | CHEESE - 8 OZ | JAM - 5 OZ |
| COFFEE - 4 OZ | D BAR - 8 OZ | CIGARETTES - 5 PKS |
| OLEO - 16 OZ | SUGAR - 8 OZ | CRACKERS - 11 (1PK) |
| SALMON - 1 CAN | KLIN - 1 LB | SOAP - 2 |

[KLIM is powdered milk.]

[This is to the right of the American Red Cross entry in the document.]

GOON RATION  PER WEEK
BREAD - 1 LOAF
SUGAR - 175 GR (1/4 CUP)
MARGARINE - 217 GR
JAM - 175 GR
CHEESE - 46 GR

MEAT - 125 GR
SAUSAGE - 150 GR
POTATOES - 450 GR
BARLEY - 2 BOWL
PEA SOUP - 1 BOWL
RIBBONS WE WILL WEAR

The sun, though mindful of the cloud
Whose shadow earth hast crowned
And lost to view of those below - Ne'er falters in her Round.
Tho many deeds burn bright as suns
Undimmed by clouded boast,
This one shone thru the haze of war - far off the German coast.
A burning Fortress, nosing blown
Into a wind lashed sea
A swarm of screaming scavengers
Her only company.
I saw the bursts of cannon shell
Like tinsel in the sky.
I saw the wispy evidence
Of the turret guns' reply:
And as I marked the hopelessness,
The fateful trail of smoke
I marveled that so near the end
Her turret guns still spoke -
Aboard the ship - they had not chance
Some were alive to know
Control enough - time left to ditch
Brief seconds. left to go ----
Seconds left to struggle free - of parachutes & gear;
To brace against the jarring shock
Then get their life rafts clear
And yet those angry turret guns
As though of their own will
Kept pounding out the evidence
Of mad defiance still.
The angry seas green tentacles
Arose to check. their glide
And built a shaft of Ivory foam
Her crippled catch to hide
And then again they re-appeared
I had one backward glance
Of smoke ringed tracers streaking up
From where the white caps danced
Of white caps. dancing - crisp and cold
Upon an empty sea
Of tiny specks dissolving east
Into the heavens canopy
Now we'll all have ribbons bright
And fellow men will know that we
Were in the thick of things.
These tokens we'll be proud to wear
But others are more prized.
And in our hearts they're worn for men,
Who pass un-recognized -
FROM HERE AND THERE

YEA, THOUGH I WALK THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW OF DEATH,
I WILL FEAR NO EVIL: FOR THOU ART WITH ME.

THOU PREPAREST A TABLE FOR ME IN THE PRESENCE OF MINE ENEMIES

HELL IS THAT STATE OF MIND WHERE ONE HAS CEASED TO HOPE

I HAD NO SHOES AND I MURMERED (MURMURED), UNTIL I SAW A MAN WHO HAD
NO FEET

IT'S EASY NOUGH TO TITTER WE'N DE STEW IS SMOKIN' HOT
BUT IT'S MIGHTY HA'D T'GIGGLE WEN DEYS MUFFIN IN DE POT

WHEN A MAN WALKS ON THIN ICE WITHOUT ANY SHORE HE CAN'T
TAKE MUCH COMFORT BECAUSE IT HOLDS HIM FOR THE MOMENT

IMAGES SECURELY HIDDEN IN THOSE SECRET CHAMBERS OF THE HEART
WHICH TWILIGHT AND MUSIC SERVE BEST TO OPEN

TO LIVE FROM DAY TO DAY, MAKING THE BEST OF IT

THERE'S NOTHING EITHER GOOD OR BAD. ITS JUST THINKING THAT MAKES IT SO!

WE ONLY BEG TO BE LEFT IN PEACE, TO GET A SIMPLE LIVING, TO LIVE IN OUR HOMES QUIETLY
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, FLAGS ARE
BEING WAVED, THE USUAL CRIES ARE ALREADY RAISED - FREEDOM AND LIBERTY

OVER
HATREDS ARE BEING WORKED UP. THEN BECAUSE TWO DICTATORS WISH IT, WE POOR CREATURES WILL FALL UPON ONE ANOTHER. AND TO WHAT PURPOSE? AFTER THE SLAUGHTER, WHEN THE SMOKE AND SHOOTING HAVE CLEARED AWAY, THERE WILL BE MORE TAXATION, MORE OPPRESSION, A HEAVIER YOKE THAN BEFORE - CAN ONE HELP FEELING SAD FOR POOR MANKIND? KEYS OF THE KINGDOM.

For it so falls out - that what we have, we prize not to the worth whiles we enjoy it; but being lacked and lost, why, then we rack the value, then we find the virtue, that possession would not show us while it was ours LET NOT MAN PUT ASSUNDER IT'S WONDEFUL TO BELONG TO THE GREATES COUNTRY IN THE WORLD, BUT IT'S HELL TO VIEW OUR COUNTRIES GREATNESS FROM THE ENEMIES PRISON CAMP THOUGHT DURING AIR RAID 8/16/44

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

"SafetY first" is a vile motto - men should rule themselves and not be caught by catchwords - "SafetY first" is soul destroying - a pestilent heresy which will rob the race of man of all incentive and spell doom. It is indeed, really an excuse for not faceing [facing] facts, for lack of confidence in oneself & ones principles. imagine famous men of history fettered by that doctrine returning to their sunny gardens and safety first.

I see now some of the better things in life - god 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 there in all your troubles, as each bitter cup you quaff. Pack all your failures within it - then sit on the lid and laugh.

For I oip opt] into the future, far as human eye could see saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder 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 sence [sense] of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe, and the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal law. For I doubt not through the ages; one increasing purpose runs
AND THE THOUGHTS OF MEN ARE WIDENED, WITH THE PROCESSES OF LOOKING BACKWARD

OVER THE UNBORN OUR POWER IS THAT OF GOD, AND OUR RESPONSIBILITY LIKE HIS TOWARD US · AS WE ACQUIT OURSELVES TOWARD THEM, SO LET HIM DEAL WITH US ·

CONCERNING LOVE & PASSION) DON'T MISTAKE THE TRHOBING OF AN ABSCESS FOR THE BEATING OF THE HEART
OH LORD - LET ME LEARN SOMETHING FROM EVERY MAN EVERY DAY

\[ 18^{17} \div 88M^2 + FW190 = 1POW - 18^{17} \]

3R 1944

\[ 18^{17} + S^2 + P51 + 50C^2 = 1POW5587 \]

3R FW190 = 88M^2 5.29.44

MY DREAMS ARE OFTEN BOISTEROUS THINGS

RESPITE FROM MY PRESENT PLIGHT

BUT WHOSE EYES ARE THOSE - WHOSE LUCIOUS LIP

THAT KEEP ME COMPANY EVERY NIGHT?

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

NO I'VE GRADUATED FROM THAT STUFF - IT'S THE BUNK \[ IT'S TOO DEPRESSING \]

EVERYBODY PRETENDING - LITTLE CHAP AT THE NEXT TABLE POKING HIS FORK. OCCASIONALLY INTO A COLD DINNER [DINNER]. THAT COSTS HIM $17 FOR THE 2 OF THEM - HALF HIS WEEKS WAGES. HOPPING UP AGAIN TO PUSH MAZIE AROUND AGAIN THROUGH THE WRIGGLING 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 BEFALL. THE WOMAN IS THE ROOT ND MAN THE TREE.

THE TREE GROWS ONLY AS HIGH AS THE ROOT IS STRONG. DRAGON SEED

AS EVERY MAN DOES LABOR, SO SHALL [SHALL] HE FIND RETURN - - NAUGHT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED BY THEY WHO ONLY YEARN!

WAITING UNFORMED. AND FOR A WHILE BETWEEN THINGS ENDED AND NEW THINGS YET TO COME·
Willie Green

||This is the story of “Willie Green””
||Who invented a Kriege [captured airmen called themselves Kriegies] flying machine
||Tis as wierd [weird] a tale as you've ever heard,
||Yet I'll swear by the truth of every word.
||
||The man who first heard it, suspicious as I,
||Sware by his chocolate, 'twas all a great lie.
||But imagine his surprise, the chagrin in his eye
||When willie's machine was seen to fly
||
||The parts were gathered, 'tis no secret now,
||But Willie alone knows the secret of how.
||They were hidden away in corners and places,
||While he carved away on spars and braces
||
||The tin can piles were low indeed
||When "Willie Green." performed his great deed
||There still is talk of the famous day
||As the last "Klim Can" was hidden away
||
||The engine was first of the plane to be made.
||With crankshaft of steel from the "Missing Spade"
||While in "Klim Can" cylinders with mighty sound.
||The "Butter Can." pistons went up and down.
||
||The flashy propeller, so aerodynamic
||Was carved from a stud in the barracks' attic
||While the peculiar strand that made the ignition
||Was a length of "Barbed Wire" from "Kriegie Perdition"
||
||The fuel was no problem for a man with a head.
||And Willie got gas from "Cabbage and Bread"
||In case of emergency, Willie held
||The thing could be easily, "Rocket Propelled..
||
||The side of the bed the fuselage mad
||The “Stick” was the handle of fore-mentioned spade.
The instriments [instruments], it could be seen at a glance,
Were only the seat of Willie's pants.

Two "locker doors" the wings did make
With dihedral angle, and negative rake,
And a "Red Cross Box" from a rackets source,
Served as a "Tail" for this iron horse.

The question of wheels was a matter hot,
Till Willie remembered the "Communal Pots,"
And while they wondered where it had disappeared
Willie's machine became tricycle geared.

There were no guns on Willie's steed
Its defense was its excess speed
The stove polish paint, with lustre supreme,
Made "Skin Friction" part of an engineer's dream.

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

The prop turned over, the engine caught
"Aha," cried Willie, "Tis not for naught."
The plane jumped forward, it started to fly,
And was over the fence in the wink of an eye.

The guards yelled "Halten" and started to shoot,
But all their efforts were only "Kaput"
Willie flew on and into the dark
Towards Ellis Island and Battery Park.

The plane flew on 'till Willie spied,
The lights that mark the other side.
He felt so good, and oh - so free,
His "Red Cross Parcel" went into the sea.

A crowd was there as he stopped his crate
"Where am I" he asked, "It sure looks great."
"Why where," they asked, "were you headed for?"
"This my boy is" Stalag Four!"---
S·2

||It is so amazing
||They seem to have the knack [knack]
||Of knowing which of what is where
||Excepting fighters or flak
||
||S2 is so ingenious
||They seem to have the knack [knack]
||Of crediting all the victories
||Shot down by George - to Jack
||
||S2 is so efficient
||It is their great renown
||To get you quickly right to where
||You'll get yourself shot down
||
||S2 is so unperturbed
||They never flinch or frown
||No offence [offense] to
||S.2. They are

||They'll out fight any German are
||In any bar in town·
||
||S2 is so complex
||They like to have their flings
||Before they go to town each night
||They borrow Pilots wings
||
||S2 is so valorous
||They'll gladly take the air
||And fly all day for extra pay
||But not even to St. Nazaire.
||
||S2 is so impassive
||They'll daily face the foe
||In pictures they identify
||For us the 1-9- 0
||
||S2 is so effective
||They raise such big commotions
||About our exploits in the air
||That they get our promotions

No offence [offense] to

S.2. They are

really doing

a swell job!
Take the service flag out of your window Mother;
your son is an S-2 officer –
A KRIEGIE SURE LIVES A LIFE OF EASE
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 HE'S BEEN
PRESENT SMILING HOUR

HAPPY THE MAN, AND HAPPY HE ALONE-
WHO CAN CALL TODAY HIS OWN
HE WHO, SECURE WITHIN, CAN SAY
TOMORROW, DO 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

GOT A TOUCH OF STALAG IN MY TALK
GOT TOO MUCH OF STALAG IN MY WALK
OH, THE SPAM AND KLIM AND JELLY
ARE A–WRECKING 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 BLOND, 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 BARE, I’VE GOT NO HAIR
WHO’S [WHOSE] BUYING DRINKS? I’LL TAKE A DOUBLE
YOU’LL NEVER GET BACK

| ALL YOU FELLOWS YOUNG AND FAIR |
| WHO HAVE BEEN SMITTEN BY THE AIR |
| HERE’S THE AIRMAN’S TABLE THAT’S OFT BEEN TOLD |
| THAT YOU SHOULD HEAR BEFORE YOU GET TO [TOO]OLD – |
|      CHORUS- |
| YOU’LL NEVER GET BACK, YOU’LL NEVER GET BACK |
| THE FIGHTERS WILL GET YOU OR THE GOD DAMMED FLAK – |
| SO HAVE YOUR FLING AND RANT AND RAVE |
| YOU’RE SURE AS HELLヘADED FOR AN EARLY GRAVE! |

| BECOME A CADET AND YOU’Ll PICK LATER |
| PILOT, BOMBERDIER 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 3 D BARS AND A POSTAGE STAMP |
|      CHORUS |
| YOU END 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 2’ND LOUIE AND THINK IT’S ROUGH |
| A SILVER BAR TAKES MUCH LESS GUFF |
| THE PACIFIC THEATRE OR ETO |
| WHEREVER THEY SEND YOU IT’S A MAMNED GOOD STUFF |
|      CHORUS |
| YOU ARRIVE AT YOUR BASE AND DIG A DITCH |
| YOU PESS AND MOAN AND GRIPE AND BITCH |
| BUT TAKE IT WASY DON’T GET EAGER |
| YOU’RE NOW A FULL FLEDGED TERROR FLIEGER – |
|      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 ADVISE THAT’S FAR FROM WRONG |
| WHEN THERE’S ANOTHER WAR, AND ONE THERE’LL BE |
| YOU BETTER DO YOUR FIGHTING IN THE INFANTRY |
|      CHORUS |
WHEN YOU’VE FEATHERED YOUR THIRD PROP
AND THERE ARE FOCKE 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 IST OFER”
THEN FRIEND, “YOU’VE HAD IT.”
WHEN HALF RATIONS 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 KLIM CANS ON PARADE,
OF TRINKETS THAT WE’VE MADE,
OF THE LACK OF COKES
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 SMOKED CIGARETTES WITH A PASSION
PROTECING THE RIGHTS OF OUR NATION
BUT WE’VE HAD ENOUGH OF DULAG LUFT

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 BACKS 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 SOULD BURN
AND KRIEGIES YEARN
TO ONCE AGAIN BE FREE
OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH:
NOW! 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 PEEVING
I WISH THEY'D BOTH REFRAIN FROM BREATHING –

KRIEGIE STEW
I'VE FLOWN 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 AND EQUAL TO,
THAT GASTRONOMIC MARVEL, A DISH OF KRIEGIE STEW.

SINGING A SOAP-CHIPS, DISH-RAGS, SEALIN WAX AND GLUE

YOU CAN FIND THEM ALL IN A DISH OF KRIEGIE STEW
**Books I’ve Read as a P.O.W.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>#</th>
<th>Author(s)</th>
<th>Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Thorne Smith √</td>
<td>The Visitor · C· Randeau &amp; [?] [?] √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Jack London √</td>
<td>Excuse My Dust · Bellamy Patridge √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Robert Standish √</td>
<td>Lord Jim · Joseph Conrad √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>H. Allen Smith</td>
<td>Life in a Putty Knife Factory ·[?]</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Anthony Hope √</td>
<td>Nebraska Coast[?] · Clyde Davis √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>[?] [?] Mines √</td>
<td>Light that Failed · Kipling √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>A.J. Cronin √</td>
<td>Daily Except Sunday · Ed Streeter</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Lloyd C. Douglass √</td>
<td>Test of D[?] · Thomas Hardy √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Jack London √</td>
<td>Black Gang · Sapper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Clyde Davis √</td>
<td>Nebraska Coast[?] · Clyde Davis √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>11</td>
<td>Richard Blake √</td>
<td>Needle Watcher · Richard Blake √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>12</td>
<td>H. Allen Smith</td>
<td>Light that Failed · Kipling √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13</td>
<td>W.H. Potts √</td>
<td>The Moon &amp; Sixpence · W Somerset Maugham √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>14</td>
<td>Anthony Hope √</td>
<td>Archibald the Great · Owen B. Kelland √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>15</td>
<td>Charles Dickens √</td>
<td>Oliver Twist · Dickens √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>16</td>
<td>Basil King √</td>
<td>Random Harvest · James Hilton √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>17</td>
<td>J. Dixon Carr √</td>
<td>The Moon &amp; Sixpence · W Somerset Maugham √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>18</td>
<td>Herbert Shapero √</td>
<td>Mr Novers Changes Trains · Chrills[?] Sherwood √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>19</td>
<td>Anthony Hope √</td>
<td>Archibald the Great · Owen B. Kelland √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>20</td>
<td>Charles Dickens √</td>
<td>Oliver Twist · Dickens √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>21</td>
<td>Richard O’Hanlon √</td>
<td>Half’s a Hero · Anthony Hope √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>22</td>
<td>Earl Whitcombe √</td>
<td>Lady in Lilac · Susannah Shane √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>23</td>
<td>Basil King √</td>
<td>Summerson[?] √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>24</td>
<td>Walter Hvinghurs’t √</td>
<td>Jamaica Inn · Daphne Du Maurier √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>25</td>
<td>Oliver Sandys √</td>
<td>Best of McIntyre · O O McIntyre √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>26</td>
<td>Herbert Shapero √</td>
<td>Mr Novers Changes Trains · Chrills[?] Sherwood √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>27</td>
<td>Myrtle Reed √</td>
<td>The Valley of the Giants Peter B. Kyne √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>28</td>
<td>Peter B. Kyne √</td>
<td>The Valley of the Giants Peter B. Kyne √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>29</td>
<td>Lord Mottistone √</td>
<td>Fear, and be Slain · Lord Mottistone √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>30</td>
<td>Frederick Niven √</td>
<td>The Flying Years · Frederick Niven √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>31</td>
<td>A. E. W. Mason √</td>
<td>Musk &amp; Amber · A. E. W. Mason √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>32</td>
<td>Charlotte Bronte √</td>
<td>The Shining Cloud · Margaret Pedler √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>33</td>
<td>Anthony Hope √</td>
<td>Look to the Mountain √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>34</td>
<td>Oliver Twist √</td>
<td>Burning An Empire · Stewart Halbrook √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>35</td>
<td>Edward Bellamy √</td>
<td>There’s No Place Like Home · J Lee Allenwood √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>36</td>
<td>C H B Kitchin √</td>
<td>Ordeal By Hunger · George R. Stewart Jr ∩</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>37</td>
<td>Max Brand √</td>
<td>Singing Guns · Max Brand √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>38</td>
<td>Ellory Queen √</td>
<td>Spanish Cape Myster · Ellory Queen √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>39</td>
<td>P. G. Wodehouse √</td>
<td>Jeeves · P. G. Wodehouse √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>40</td>
<td>John L. Sinclair √</td>
<td>In Time of Harvest · John L. Sinclair √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>41</td>
<td>Jack London √</td>
<td>Burning Daylight · Jack London √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>42</td>
<td>Margaret Pedler √</td>
<td>The Shining Cloud · Margaret Pedler √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>43</td>
<td>Honoré Morrow √</td>
<td>Let the King Beware · Honoré Morrow √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>44</td>
<td>Mark Twain √</td>
<td>Joan of Arc · Mark Twain √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>45</td>
<td>John Buchan[?] √</td>
<td>Salute to Adventurers John Buchan[?] √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>46</td>
<td>P. S. Buck √</td>
<td>Dragon Seeds · P. S. Buck √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>47</td>
<td>Lloyd C. Douglas √</td>
<td>Magnificent Obsession · Lloyd C. Douglas √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>48</td>
<td>John Ward Hawkins √</td>
<td>Broken Riser[?] · John Ward Hawkins √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>49</td>
<td>Betty Smith √</td>
<td>A Tree Grows in Brooklyn · Betty Smith √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>50</td>
<td>Betty Smith √</td>
<td>Jitter Run · R· F German √</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>51</td>
<td>Guy Boothby √</td>
<td>Bed[?] for Fortune · Guy Boothby √</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Abiding Love

What man hath lived who hath not known
A moment of despair
But yet again how oft was shown
That all would find repair

So in truth 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 cow down in defeat
They yet remained when all else fled
A love, as nectar [nectar] sweet

A spirit true, but when she spoke
I list to every word
And with a cry my soul awoke
And this it was I heard

Be strong my love and do not fear
For I am at thy side
Though seas do part us I am near
Tis here I will abide

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

Now as then, when as a pall
Gloom encircles me
I hear that voice that clear recall
And once again I’m free.

O Love of mine I long for thee
When’re we are apart
But now I know thou are 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
There Goes The Last Of The Bombardiers
What Is A Bombardier – No Reply
But Men Grow Silent And Women Sigh
And A Death Like Silence Fills The Place
For It’s The Gaunt Grayghost Of A Long Lost Race –
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 Mumbled “Shack, Shack, Shack”
The Ancient Relic Of The Second World War
Crept Cross The Room And Slouched At The Bar
And In Hollow Tone’s 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 Head [Heard? Him Say
Bomb Bays Open – Bombs Away.
Then Speaking Not A Word He Slouched Thur 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’
The day begins with a call to appellee [appellee] 
May take twenty minutes one never can tell. 
The Hauptman “counts slow to reduce mistakes - 
The prisoners get cold and develops the shakes

Calisthenics begin with the grunts and the groans, 
Complaining and bitching and popping of bones 
The cadence too fast, reaction too slow – 
Everyone’s sweating the bugle to blow

”Dismiss our blocks “announcements are made; 
Breakfast – then toast and thin marmalade; 
You get mighty hungry on one piece of toast; 
So you sweat out the soup and hope for the most.

Plain barley soup, this one-course dinner, 
Eat it or leave it, you can’t help but get thinner: 
it’s an awful long wait for our evening feast – 
Corned beef and potatoes and gravy at least

Rosemill Paté [Pâté], blood sausage, and cheese; 
The mixtures concocted, then eat if you please: 
The K P’s do well to make up some tripe – 
Half parcels are rough on the nutritive type.

Bridge, chess and casino are pastimes elite, 
Play them while soaking your athlete’s feet, 
Quarrels are common and sure to get loud, 
Regardless of subject, two sound like a crowd.

That’s wrong – you’re a liar – another shouts out, 
I doubt if you know what your talking about, 
Another joins in, to get in his say, 
And this may continue the rest of the day.

Evening appelle [appellee] the same as the first, 
Maybe a search, and that is the worst: 
The dinner gets cold, locked out until late- 
Cold, wet and hungry, a mighty long wait

There’s many a miserable thing in a day –
Communique’s posted – We’re losing they say. 
I’ better close this rhyme of satire- 
Prison life nears my esteem of Hell’s fire.

The day finally ends with a check of the light, 
The quarrels may continue far into the night; 
I sleep with dreams of home and my wife [?] to bed 
The happiest time of a “prisoners” life.
Come On and Join the Air Corps

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

Chorus –
You’ll never mind, you’ll never mind
Come on and join the Air Corps, and you will never mind –

Your flying o’er the ocean, your engines give a spit
You see your props come to a stop, the god dam engines quit
Your ship won’t float, you can not swim, the shore is miles behind
Oh what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you will never mind

Chorus
And then you’ll meet an ME, he’ll shoot you down in flames
Don’t waste your time a bellyachin or callin the bastard names
Just shove your stick into the ground and pretty soon you’ll find
There ain’t no hell and all is well and you will never mind

Chorus –
For then you’ll loop and spin her and with an awful tear
You’ll find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about 2 minutes max, another pair you’ll find
You’ll fly with Pete and his angels sweet and you will never mind

Chorus –
Come on and get promoted as high as you desire
You’re riding on a gravy train, if you’re an army flier
But just when your about to be a General you’ll find
Your engine cough, your’ wings fell off, but you will never mind

Chorus
We’ve got a bunch of fliers and we don’t give a damn
About the groundings point of view and all that sort of ham
We want a hundred thousand ships of every shape and kind.
And then of course our own Air Force and we will never mind –

Ingred [Ingrid] Bergman – Klim Kan Queen

Olivia De Haviland - Second

Lana Turner - Third
MANY A PILOT WHO FLEW THE PURSUITS
HAS WINGED HIS WAY INTO HEAVEN
BUT I KNOW THE BOY WHO WAS LEADING 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 VOTES
BUT I’LL TAKE THE SHIR I KNOW TURNED THE TIDE
THAT DREADED AND REARED THUNDER BOLD

AS THE MISSIONS GREW LONGER THRU DEATH LADEN SKIES
OUR BOMBERS HAD LITTLE TO FEAR
WE HAD THE BEST ESCORE, ACCLAIMED BY US ALL
IT WAS A SQUADRON OF THUNDERBOLTS NEAR

HOW WELL I REMEMBER THAT BEAUTIFUL SIGHT
WHISPING CON-TRAILS HIGH IN THE HEAVEN
AND HOW WE ALL WELCOMED THE TAIL 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 NOSE CAME THRU, WITH HIS GUNS GLAZING TOO
CLOSE ON AN ENEMIES HEALS

IT SOON WILL BE OVER, BUT WE’LL NEVER FORGET
THE WONDERFUL JOB YOU HAVE DONE
AND HOW YOUR FUGHT AGAINST TERRIBLE ODDS
AND OF ALL THE BATTLES YOU’VE WONE

LONG AFTER THE DIN OF BATTLE HAS CEASED
THE WORLD ONE YOUR DEEDS SHALL GLOAT
SO ONWARD YOU HEROES, THERE’S MORE GLORY AHEAD
FOR YOU LADS IN YOUR GREAT THUNDERBOLTS
BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE 2'ND GREAT WAR
MANY OF UNCLE SAMS SONS
BEGAN TO WRITE AIR CORPS HISTORY ANEW
WITH GOD AND THE P. 51

THE BOMBERS WENT OUT ON THEIR EVERYDAY TASKS
THE SERGEANTS WERE FONDLING THEIR GUNS
AND HIGH UP ABOVE, CHURNING “CON TRAILS” SO CLEAR
WERE THE BOYS IN THE P 51’S.

SOON THEY WERE OVER THE ENEMIES LAIR
AND UP CAME THE TERRIBLE FLAK
A HIT - AND EXPLOSION - DOWN WENT A SHIP
WITH 10 BOYS WHO’LL NEVER GO BACK

THEN IN ROARED THE ENEMY FIGHTERS FROM HIGH IN THE BLUE
MID THE CRISENDO [CRESCEndo] OF OUR TOP TURRET GUNS.
WE’LL SURELY NEED HELP, AH! IT’S ALREADY HERE
LOOK AT THOSE P51’S –

DOWN WARD THEY DIVE, LIKE GREAT BIRDS OF PREY
THE SHRILL WHINE OF ENGINES WE HEAR!
THE FIGHT 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 MUCK 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 | HEDY LAMAAR IS A BEAUTIFUL GAL
AND MADELINE CARROLL IS TOO
BUT YOU’LL FIND IF YOU QUERRY A DIFFERENT THEORY
AMONGST ANY BOMBER CREW
FOR THE PRETTIEST THING OF WHICH ONE CAN SING
THIS SIDE OF THOSE HEAVENLY GATES [Picture of plane drawn over poem.]
IS NO BLONDE OR BRUNETTE OR HOLLYWOOD SET
BUT AN ESCORT OF P-38’S

IT’S QUITE TRUE IN THE PAST WHEN THE TABLES WERE MASSES
WITH GLASSES OF SCOTCH AND CHAMPAGNE
THAT THE THING WAS A THING OF DELIGHT
US INTENT ON FEELING NO PAIN
NOW NOT THE SAME, NOW A DAYS IN THIS GAME
WHEN WE HEAR [?] FROM THE MESSINA STRAITS.
TAKE YOUR SPARKLING WINE- EVERYTIME MAKE MINE
AN ESCORT OF P-38’S

NOW BYRON SHELLY AND KEATS RAN A DOZEN DEAD HEATS
DESCRIBING THE VIEWS FROM THE HILLS
OF THE FLOWERS IN MAY WHEN THE WINDS GENTLY SWAY
AN ARAY OF WHITE DAFFODILS
TAKE THE DAFFODILS BYRON, AND THE WILD FLOWERS SHELLY
YOURS IS A MIRTH, FRIEND KEATS.
JUST RESERVE ME THE CUTIES, AMERICAN BEAUTIES
AN ESCORT OF P-38’S

SURE WE’RE BRAVER 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 REJECT 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
THE “P40”

| I’d like to tell a story | Of a plane you all should know, |
| And how it flew to glory | And how it flew to glory |
| Gainst the Jap and German foe. | Gainst the Jap and German foe. |
| It first appeared in fighting | It first appeared in fighting |
| With the famous A·V·G’s | With the famous A·V·G’s |
| And did a great work in slowing | And did a great work in slowing |
| Down the hordes of Japanese | Down the hordes of Japanese |
| Thru months and months of flying | Thru months and months of flying |
| Ere Pearl Harbor brought this war. | Ere Pearl Harbor brought this war. |
| P40’s were there helping | P40’s were there helping |
| China’s armies and more. | China’s armies and more. |
| Still later you remember | Still later you remember |
| In the desert sand and dust, | In the desert sand and dust, |
| It proved itself a fighter | It proved itself a fighter |
| When it matched the Germans best | When it matched the Germans best |
| In dog fights or in strafing | In dog fights or in strafing |
| Ev’ry time the “Forties” flew, | Ev’ry time the “Forties” flew, |
| The odds were overwhelming | The odds were overwhelming |
| But they always fought on thru | But they always fought on thru |
| Tho now replaced by others | Tho now replaced by others |
| That can fly at greater speeds | That can fly at greater speeds |
| P40’s did such wonders | P40’s did such wonders |
| We will long recall their deeds | We will long recall their deeds |

THE “B25”

| Among the fighting planes that fly | Throughout our war torn sky, |
| B 25’s have done so well. | B 25’s have done so well. |
| That I will write some lines to tell | That I will write some lines to tell |
| Some of the many jobs they’ve done | Some of the many jobs they’ve done |
| Since they appeared in ’41. | Since they appeared in ’41. |
| Doolittle bombed the Japs at home | Doolittle bombed the Japs at home |
| By flying “Mitchells” o’er the foam – | By flying “Mitchells” o’er the foam – |
| T’was from a carrier deck they flew, | T’was from a carrier deck they flew, |
| And tho some failed, the rest came thru. | And tho some failed, the rest came thru. |
| They’ve hit the Japs on land and sea. | They’ve hit the Japs on land and sea. |
| And done great work you will agree | And done great work you will agree |
| In Africa, again we know | In Africa, again we know |
| Of how they bombed the German foe, | Of how they bombed the German foe, |

over -
And helped to drive him from the shore
Of Northern Africa once more –
Back to the Isle of Sicily,
And later into Italy.
You now will find the “Twenty Five”
Mounts in its more a “Seventy-Five”
And tho for years they’ve flown and fought,
Earning the fame for which they sought
They still are flying as before
And doing much to even the war”.

THE “B 26”

When this war came, in fast before
The Army needed, more & more
A medium bomber, light and fast
And so the “26” was cast,
The experts said “she” wouldn’t fly,
And when she died they wondered why :
Her wings, too small, gave “her” repute
They named her “Flying Prostitute
(note no visible [visible] means of support)
So hard to handle, feared by all
Was she a failure doomed to fall?
Of those who flew “her”, many died
Until a new design was tried,
With longer wings and engines too,
”Her” killer days at last were thru;
Now o’er the world “She” spreads “Her fame,
And leaves the enemy in shame
At medium altitude She “flies
And never fears the flak-filled skies;
When “she” sets out a job to do
E’en crippled badly She”comes thru –
Tho you may call the “Lib” a queen
While others pick the Seventeen
The boys who flew the smaller size
Give “her” their vote for ev’ry prize –
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 THEN 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 WOLVES 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 THE 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’s hardly been mentioned
Still they’ve praised all the others before
And to extol her is not my intention
Though her merits are more than a score
She was needed and born for a reason
And she has every right to be proud
to me it’s almost high treason
to slander her good name aloud
It’s a visible fact she’s no beauty
And her lines are not 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 ignores all ridiculous rib
She was named for a queen and she knows it
That’s why they christened her “Lib”
She goes where the going is toughest
She’s as hard as true - tempered steel
When the haul is too long for the others
Or a load is too heavy to pack.
She’s out there ahead of her brothers
Braving both fighters and Flak
On a run she’s as smooth and as steady
As the Pillar of Hercules
If its bombing you want then she’s ready
Just a few of her merits are these
I could list at least two or three dozen
Of her virtues that I’ve known and seen
As she fights along side her first cousin
The commendable B17
It’s said that queens live and die proudly
For freedom, for country, for more
But none fights for these 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.W.
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 –
SOME FLY STILL AND YIELD TO NONE
OTHERS NEVER, BUT US – WE’RE DONE
BECAUSE WE’RE HERE AND HERE WE’LL BE
UNTIL 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 IS 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 [WEIRD]
OF HOW IT HAPPENED – THE WORST THEY FEARED
SOME WOKE FALLING TO GIVE A YANK
OTHERS DIDN’T AND IN SNOW THEY SANK
ALIVE WE ARE AND LIVE WE MUST
TO MAKE A BETTER WORLD WE TRUST
TIS 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 MERE
SO TO OURSELVES WE OFTEN SAY
STICK IT OUT – ‘TWILL COME THE DAY
WHEN HOMeward BOUND WE TO [TOO] SHALL BE
TO LIVE A LIFE BOTH NEW AND FREE------------
THE "B17"

YOU CAN TALK OF YOU 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
OR A PERSONAL PREFERENCE IMPRESSIVELY STATE
BUT WHEN IT’S ALL OVER TIS 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 RISE
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 KNOW THEY BELONG
SO THANKS TO THE ESCORT FOR HELPING US THROUGH
AND THANKS TO THE "24’S" GALLANT AND TRUE
A TOAST TO THEM ALL LET EVERY MAN PRAISE
BUT THIS TO THE FORTRESS DESERVING OUR PRAISE
SHE’S A SYMBOL OF ALL THAT FREEDOM CAN MEAN WHEN
ANGERED TO FIGHT -THE B17
Only part of the drawing could be copied.

In the cold and dark of the morning
Many hours before the sun rise
Ten sleepy men trudge down to the line
To take their Bomber up into the sky
Their off down the runway with a roar, then slowly begin to climb
Headed on a death dealing mission
Way down in the valley of the Rhine
Soon she’ll be headed for the target
With the pilot keeping her level and true
and as she wings along, she seems to sing the song.
"I’ll do my best to bring the boys Thru
Now, over the enemy territory
Up comes the log dreaded “Flak”
But the boys on board have faith in the Lord
and know that she’ll bring them back.
Then out of the heavens above
Fighters dive with a roar
But they’ll find lots more than they reckoned for –
The doom of many a fighter that was anxious to knock
She laughs at ‘em, puts ‘em to shame
as she fights with them round after round
Now finally over the target.
The Bombardier - “Bombs away.”
The job is done, she’s away on the run
and they’ll live to come back another day
Long hours after the mission began
Her wheels finally touch the ground. –
Proud as can be, the reason we see. –
a better Bomber can’t be found
Now that the long mission is over
and she’s taking her much deserved rest
We look at her with Pride, swell up inside
for we know that of all, she is best.
When the final chapters been written
You can bet she’ll still be there
For She is a Queen – ThisB17 –
“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,
||    FOUR FOURTEEN BUCKS A DAY.
||I LIKE THIS LIFE, I THINK IT’S GREAT,
||    I HOPE THAT’S UNDERSTOOD [THAT’S UNDERSTOOD],
||DO YOU THINK I’D GO BACK TO “WAR”??
||    YOUR G—D— RIGHT I WOULD!!
FOOLISH THE THOUGHT THAT I GO DOWN.
MANY FAIL – MANY DIE – BUT NOT MY MOTHERS SON.
A MISSION HAS BEGUN, AND EVEN AS WE CROSS THE
CHANNEL A PLANE HURTTLES DOWN. A FREAK ACCIDENT,
BUT THE DAMAGE DONE. HOW CRUEL AN ENDING FOR THOSE MEN –
MEN LIKE ME: YET NOT MY MOTHER’S SON.

THEN THE COAST AND OVER ENEMY LAND,
AND SOMEONE CALLS OUT “BANDITS”
AND ALERT I BECOME – THO NOTHING MORE,
FOR AM I NOT MY MOTHER’S SON?

THE FIGHT 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 FLAK APPEARS.
I RECALL THE MISSIONS THAT WERE BEFORE.
AND OF HITS. HITS THERE WERE, BUT MISSES TOO: AND I RELAY A BIT
THEY’LL MISS AGAIN, FOR” I AM MY MOTHER’S SON?”

NOW THE FRESH BURSTS LOOM CLOSE
AND THE BOMBARDIER’S VOICE- “BOMBS AWY! – FLAK 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 PIRE, 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 SON’S MOTHERS – LIKE MINE-. “
[This poem is on one page in the memoir.]

Are waiting for their homecoming
But some will never come –
Those mother's sons -
COURAGE

It's easy to be nice boys when everything's O.K.
It's easy to be cheerful when your having [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 joys, 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 hill 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 American at its best
You know there's a saying that sunshine follows rain
And sure enough you'll realize that joy will follow pain
Let courage be your password, make fortitude your guide
And then instead of grousing remember those who died-

LOW FLIGHT

Leading all heroes for valor
And others who courted great plight
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 airmans dread isn't fear of lead
It's flying in any "Low Flight"
As the group approaches the target
They are met with the "hellish" sight
And as if on a track, into the path of "Flak"
Roar the ships of brave "Low Flight"
You fellows that finished your missions
And flew in lead or high flight
Remember a prayer for the boys over there
Who still sweat out "Low Flight"
PARADY [PARODY] ON STORMY WEATHER

[I know why there’s no sugar in my pie.]

Kriegie rations –
My appetite has now replaced my passion
I’m hungry all the time
Our tables bare, hungry kriegies 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 conditions most 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 –

A 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 debatin
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 though 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 got more than my share –