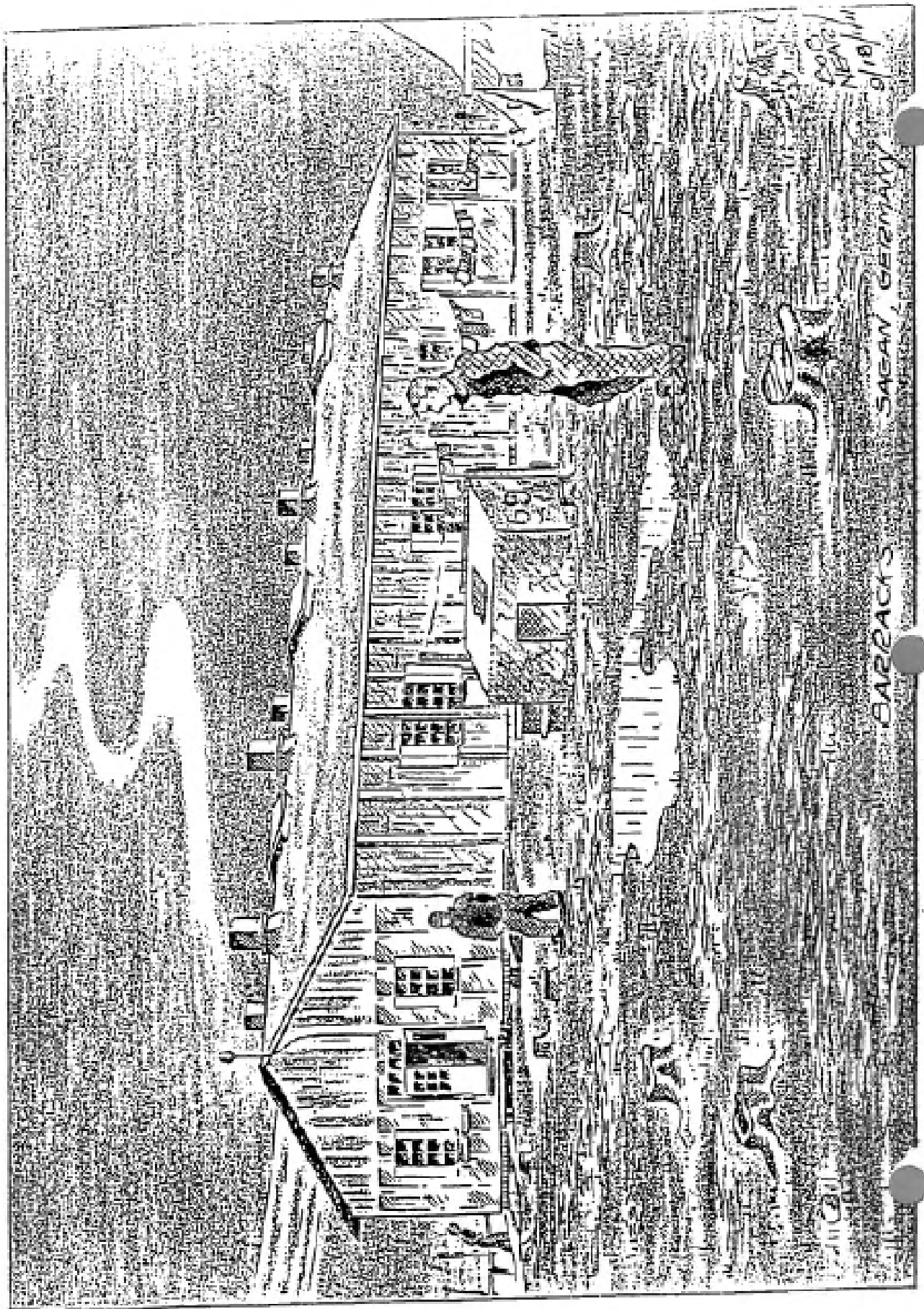


Transcriber Notes: The memoir is transcribed line by line so that the reader can follow the written document. The memoir is printed on graph paper and is written almost entirely in capital letters. Whenever possible, the detailed drawings are copied into the transcription to enhance the experience of 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.

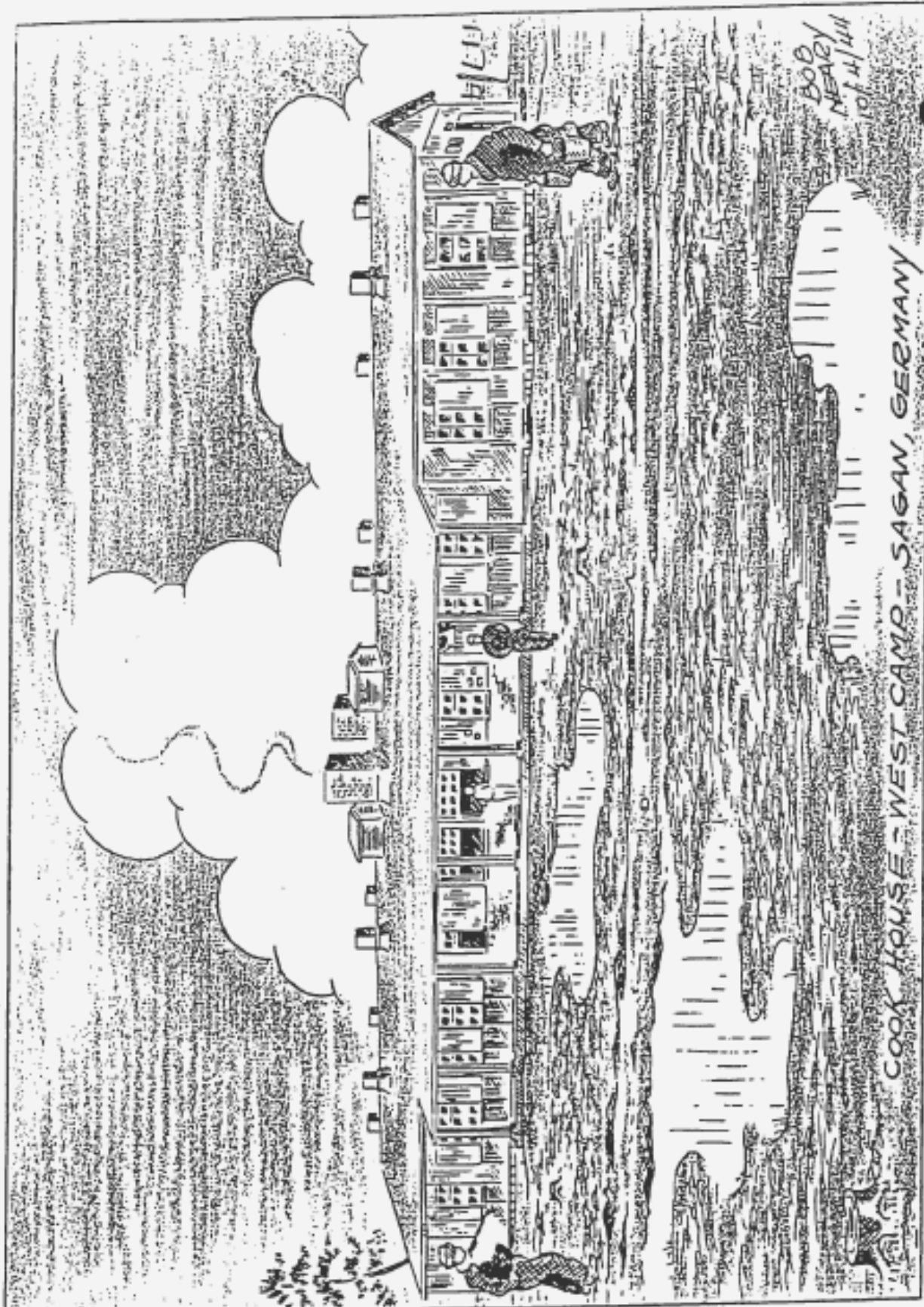
Transcriber: Jerrie Hinchman



SAGAN, GERMANY

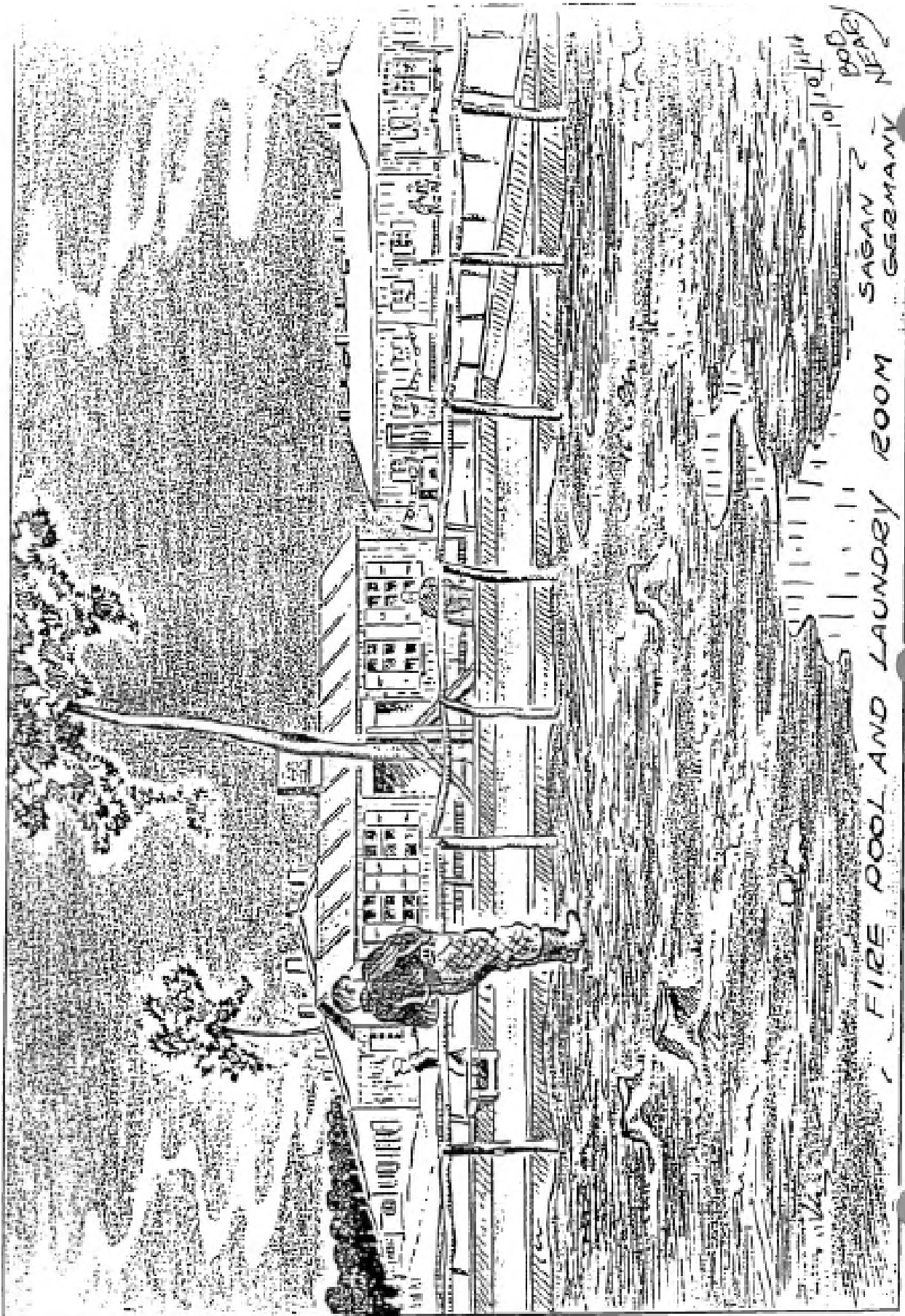
BARRACKS

Good  
New  
9/18



BOB  
NEARY  
10/11/41

COOK HOUSE - WEST CAMP - SAGAN, GERMANY

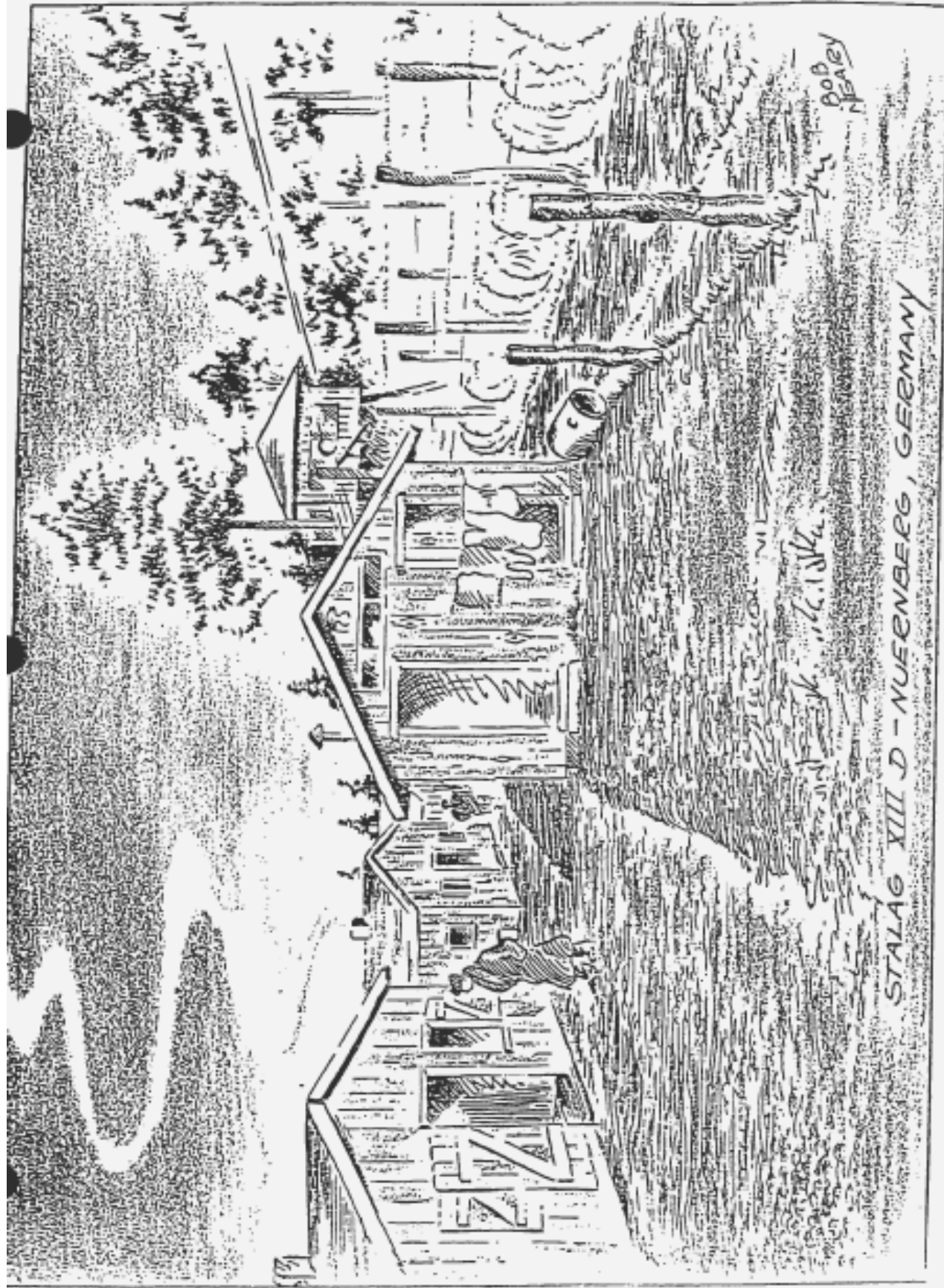


FIRE POOL AND LAUNDRY ROOM

SABAN

GERMANY

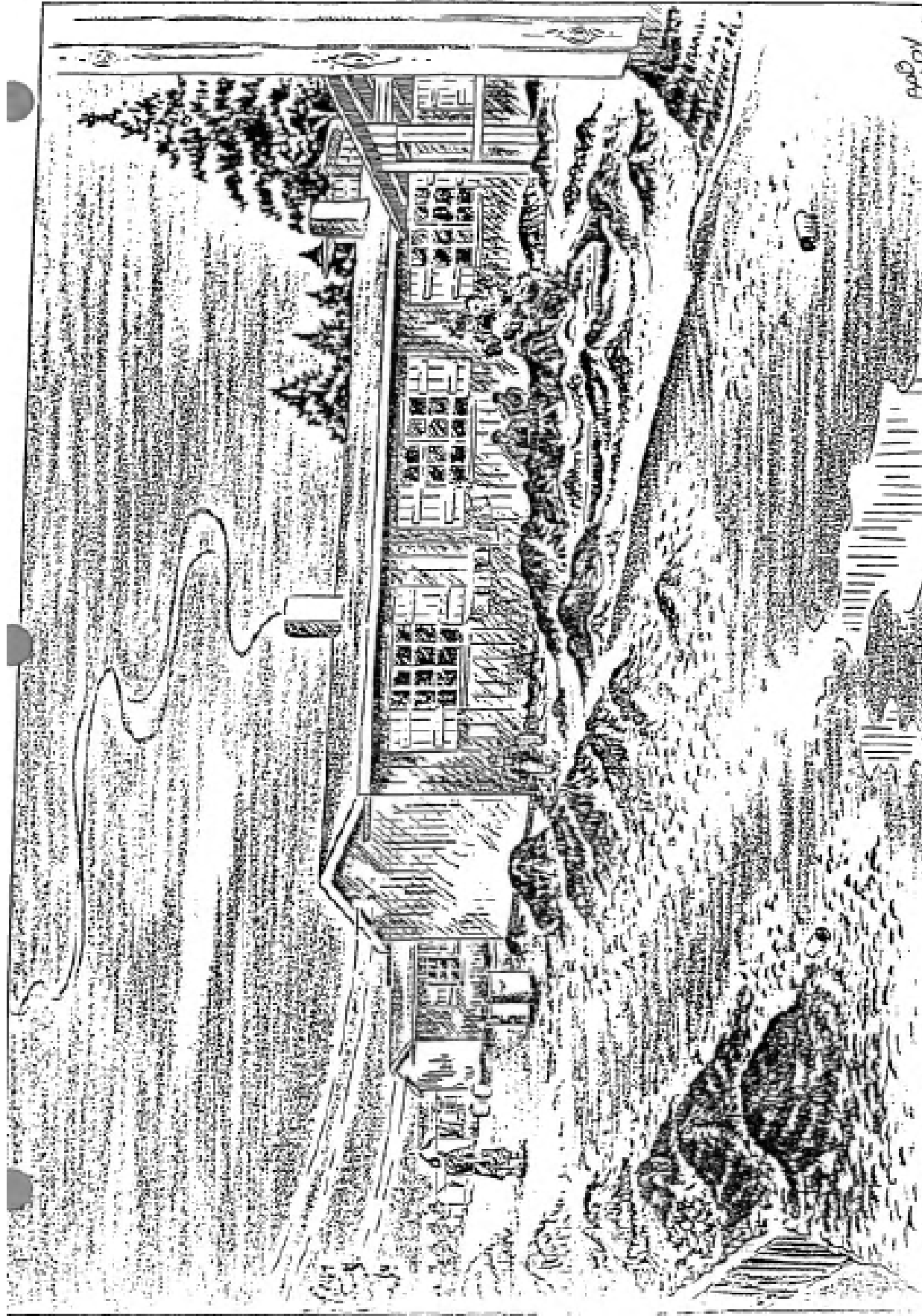
RODEY  
NEAR



STALAG XIII D - MUEHNBERG, GERMANY

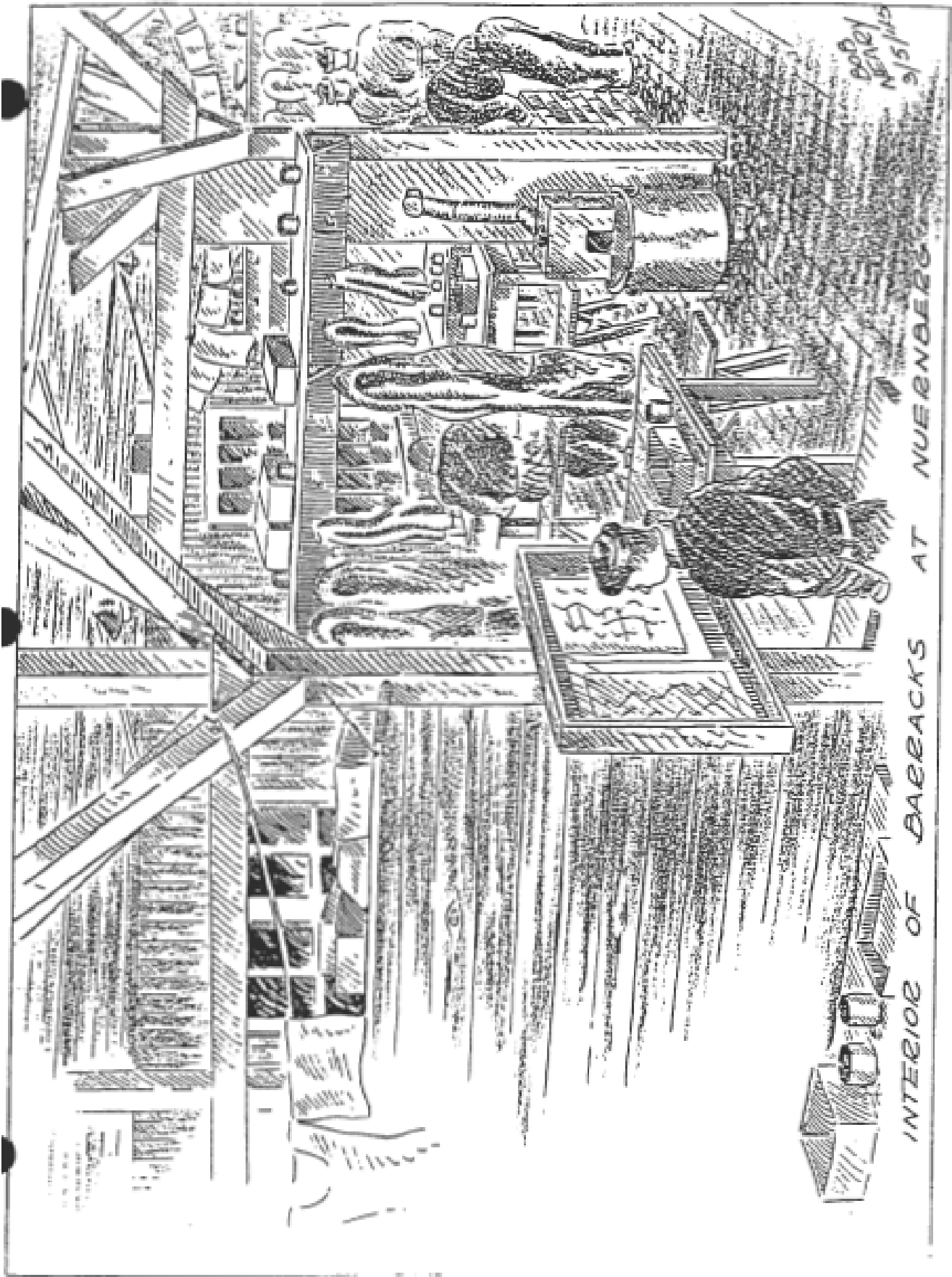
you  
POPE  
NEAVEY

1946. 11. 16.



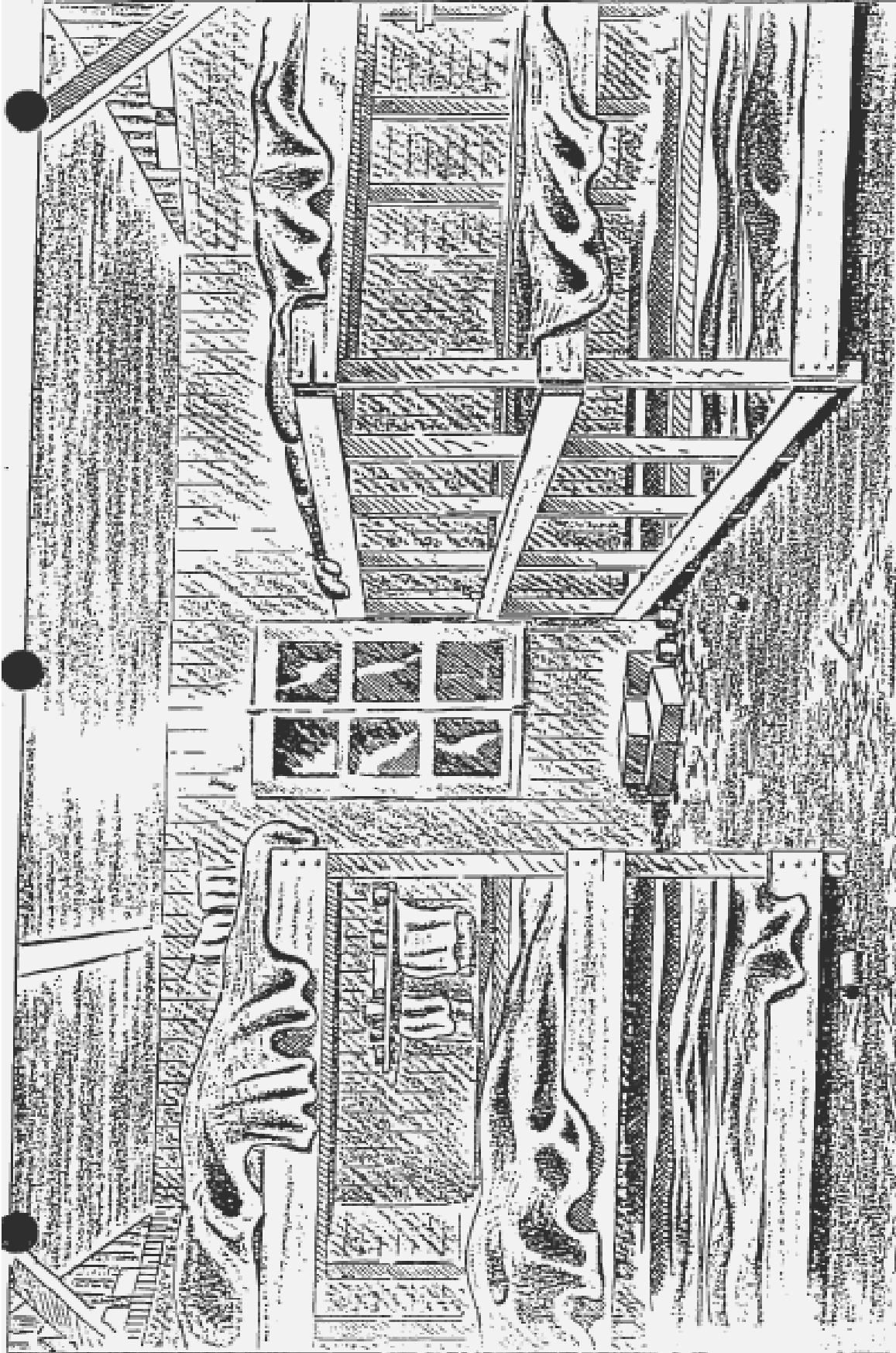
BOY  
GENE  
NEW  
MAY 16/45

BARRACKS AND AIR RAID TRENCHES - NUERNBERG, GERMANY



INTERIOR OF BARRACKS AT NUEENBERG

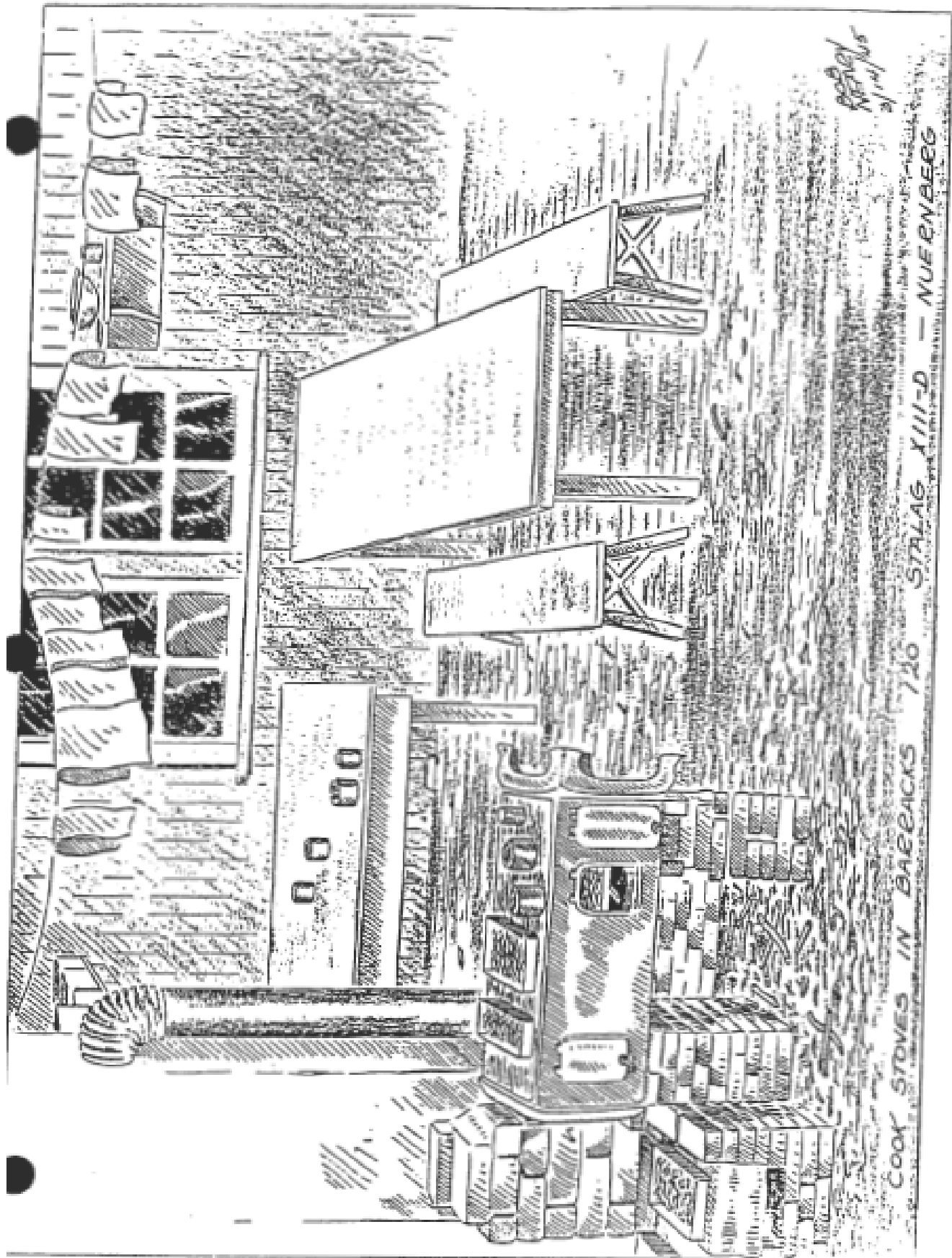
3/15/16  
New York  
Dobey



Bobley  
MAY 1945  
3/13/45

BUNK ARRANGEMENT AT STALAG XIII-D MUEBENBERG GERMANY





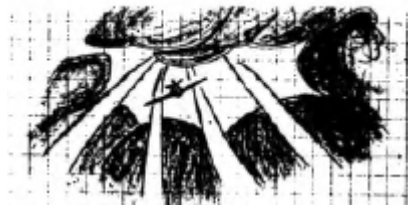
COOK STOVES IN BARRACKS 720 STALAG XIII-D - NUEENBERG

1945  
1/1/45

A Pilot's Pilot [A small drawing of a plane is below the "t" in Pilot]

|| 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.

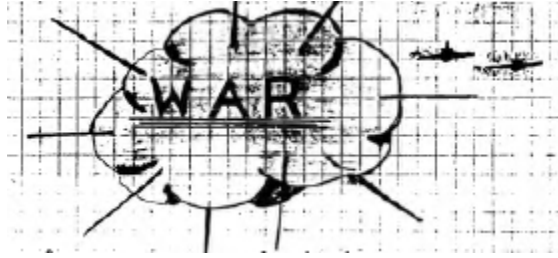




***HIGH  
FLIGHT***

BY JOHN T MCGEE (KILLED IN ACTION)

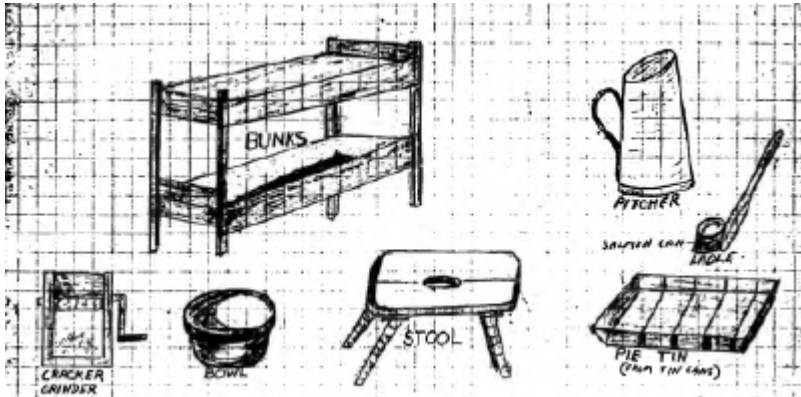
||OH I HAVE SLIPPED THE SURLEY [SURLY] BONDS OF EARTH  
||AND DANCED THE SKIES ON LAUGHTER SILVERED WINGS.  
||SKYWARD I CLIMBED AND JOINED  
||THE TUMBLING MIRTH OF SUN-SPLIT CLOUDS  
||AND DONE A HUNDRED THINGS YOU HAVE NOT DREAMED OF  
||TWISTED, SOARED AND SWUNG HIGH IN SUNLIT SILENCE  
||HOV'RING 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, de-  
| liberately [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 was war that has him by the heels can  
| accomplish nothing that could not be equally  
| well accomplished by hones discussion. be-  
| tween [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 circum-  
| stances [circumstances] faced enemy bullets and would never  
| endure the daily discomforts of a soldier

## ETERNAL TRIBUNAL [*triple underline*]

|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 HAVE 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 SCALED THE HEIGHTS EVERY MAN MUST TRY  
|TO REACH THE GOAL THAT LIES BEYOND THE EVENING SKY."



### AMERICAN RED CROSS

EVERY 2 WEEKS

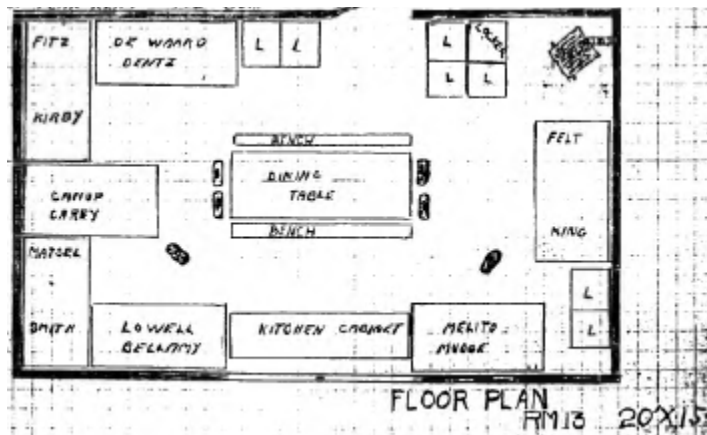
PRUNES - 16 OZ	PATE - 1 CAN	CORNED BEEF - 1 CAN	
SPAM - 12 OZ	CHEESE - 8 OZ	JAM - 5 OZ	
COFFEE - 4 OZ	D BAR - 8 OZ	CIGARETTES - 5 PKS	
OLEO - 16 OZ	SUGAR - 8 OZ	CRACKERS - 11(1PK)	
SALMON - 1 CAN	KLIM - 1LB	SOAP - 2	/

[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	MEAT - 125GR
SUGAR - 175 GR (1/4 CUP)	SAUSAGE - 150GR
MARGARINE - 217GR	POTATOES - 450GR
JAM - 175GR	BARLEY - 2BOWL
CHEESE - 46GR	PEA SOUP. 1BOWL



## RIBBONS WE WILL WEAR

|||The sun, though mindfull [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 [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 [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

|| 23 PSALM

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

|| I HAD NO SHOES AND I MURMURED [MURMURED], UNTIL I SAW A MAN WHO HAD  
|| NO FEET DULAG

|| 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

|| DULAG

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

|| QUIET SHORE

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

|| MASTERS VIOLIN.

|| 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 TRHUST 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 MAKEA [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 OIPT 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

*[This passage and those on the previous page are on a single page in the memoir.]*

|| AND THE THOUGHTS OF MEN ARE WIDENED, WITH THE PROCESSES OF  
|| LOOKING BACKWARD  
||  
|| OVER THE UNBORN OUR POWER IS THAT OF GOD, AND OUR RESPONSIBIITY LIKE HIS  
|| TOWARD US · AS WE ACQUIT OURSELVES TOWARD THEM, SO LET HIM DEAL WITH US ·  
||  
|| (CONCERNING LOVE & PASSION) DON'T MISTAKE THE TRHOBBING OF AN ABSCESS  
|| FOR THE BEATING OF THE HEART

|| OH LORD - LET ME LEARN SOMETHING FROM EVERY MAN EVERY DAY

||  $\frac{18^{17}}{3R} \div 88M^2 + FW190 = 1POW - \frac{18^{17}}{1944}$

|| 3R 1944

||  $\frac{18^{17} + S^2 + P51 + 50C^2}{3R} = \frac{1POW5587}{5.29.44}$

|| 3R FW190 = 88M<sup>2</sup> 5.29.44

|| MY DREAMS ARE OFTEN BOISTEROUS THINGS

|| RESPITE FROM MY PRESENT FLIGHT

|| 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 DINER [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.

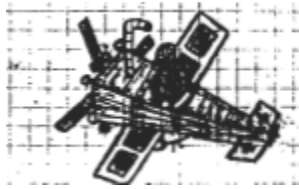
|| THE TREE GROWS ONLY AS HIGH AS THE ROOT IS STRONG DRAGON SEED

|| AS EVERY MAN DOES LABOR, SO SHLL [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 Kriegie [*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,  
||Swore 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 engineers dream.

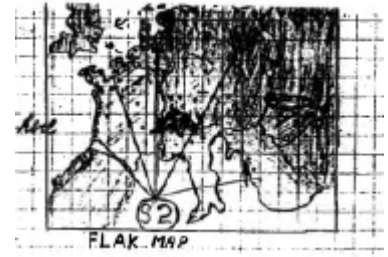
||And when 'twas done, our Willie cried,  
||"Enough, Enough, I'm satisfied"  
||And one dark night when conditions were best  
||Willie's machine was put to test

||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  
||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

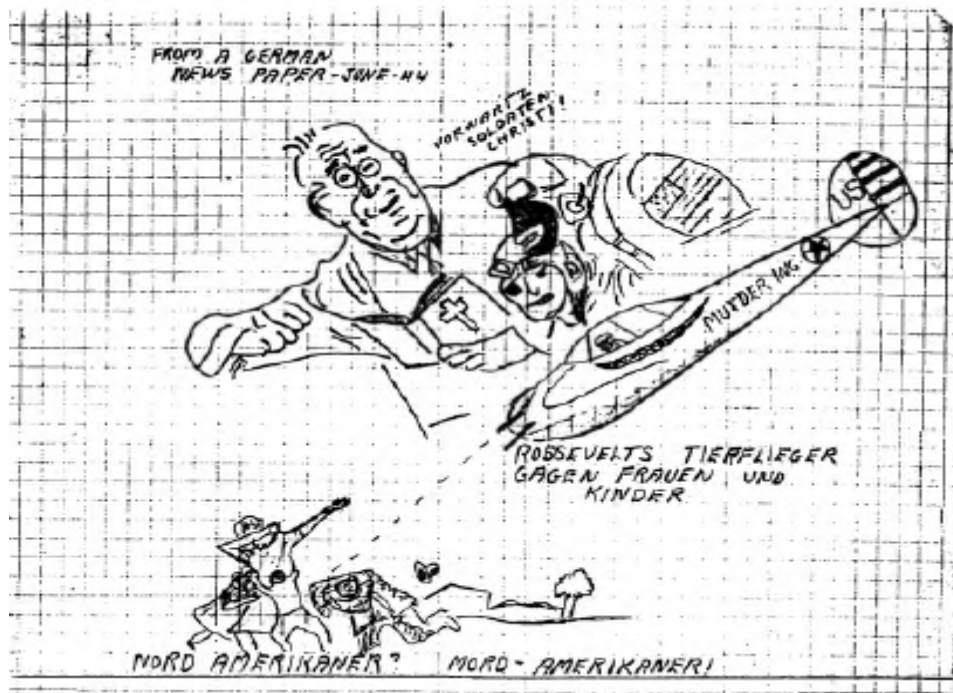
S.2. They are

really doing

a swell job!

*[These lines appear on the previous page in the memoir.]*

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 SHOTS 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 HES 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

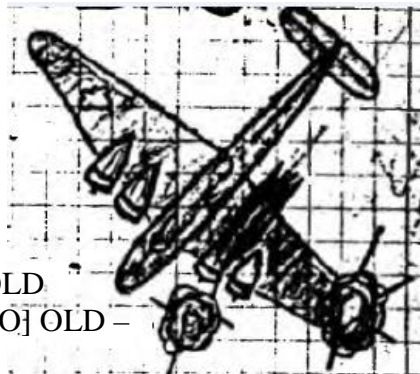


||GOT A TOUCH OF STALAG IN MY TALK  
||GOT TOO MUCH OF STALAG IN MY WALK  
||OH, THE SPAM AND KLIM AND JELLY  
||ARE A - WRECKIN MY POOR BELLY  
||TAKE ME BACK TO NEW YORK  
||  
||GOT A TOUCH OF STALAG IN MY HAIR  
||SO I CUT IT OFF. AND NOW. I'M BARE  
||JUST A BLOND, BRUNETTE OR RED HEAD  
||AND A 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 HEADED 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 <sup>STUFF</sup> <sub>-SHOW</sub> SHOW

| CHORUS

| YOU ARRIVE AT YOUR BASE AND DIG A DITCH  
| YOU PISS AND MOAN AND GRIPE AND BITCH  
| BUT TAKE IT WASY DON'T GET EAGER  
| YOU'RE NOW A FULL FLEDGED TERROR FLIEGER –

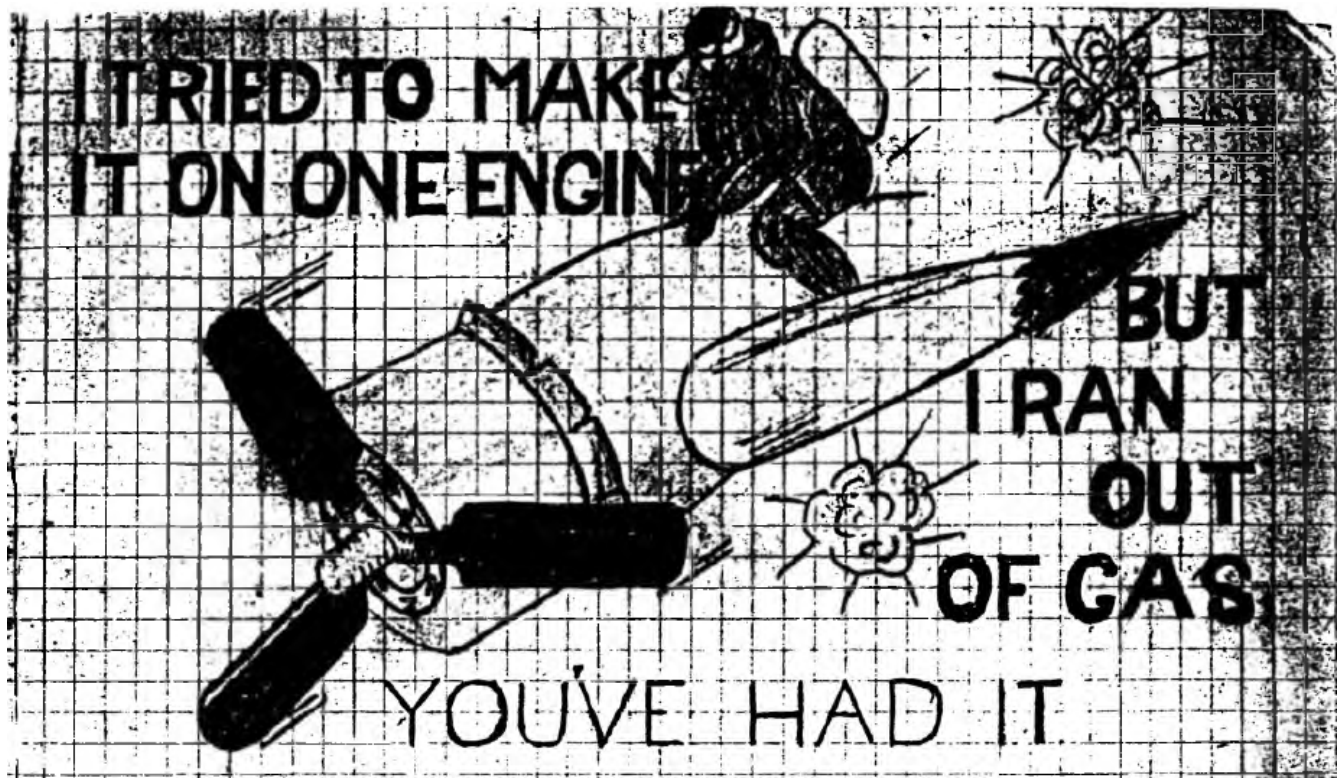
| CHORUS

| 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

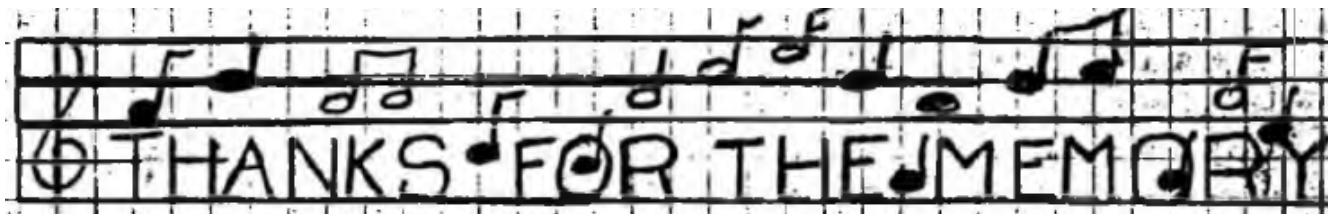
| CHORUS

| 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 WULFS 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."



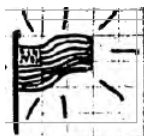
|| THANKS FOR THE MEMORY  
|| OF KLIM CANS ON PARADE,  
|| OF TRINKETS THAT WE'VE MADE,  
|| OF THE LACK OF COKES  
|| OF CORNY JOKES  
|| AND TUNES THE BAND HAS PLAYED  
|| HOW LOVELY IT WAS



|| 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



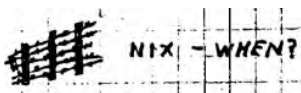
|| SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORY  
|| OF A SING SONG KRIEGIE TUNE  
|| OF GENERAL IKE IN JUNE  
|| OF FIGHTIN' YANKS - OF ROARIN TANKS  
|| I HOPE THEY GET HERE SOON  
|| OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH.

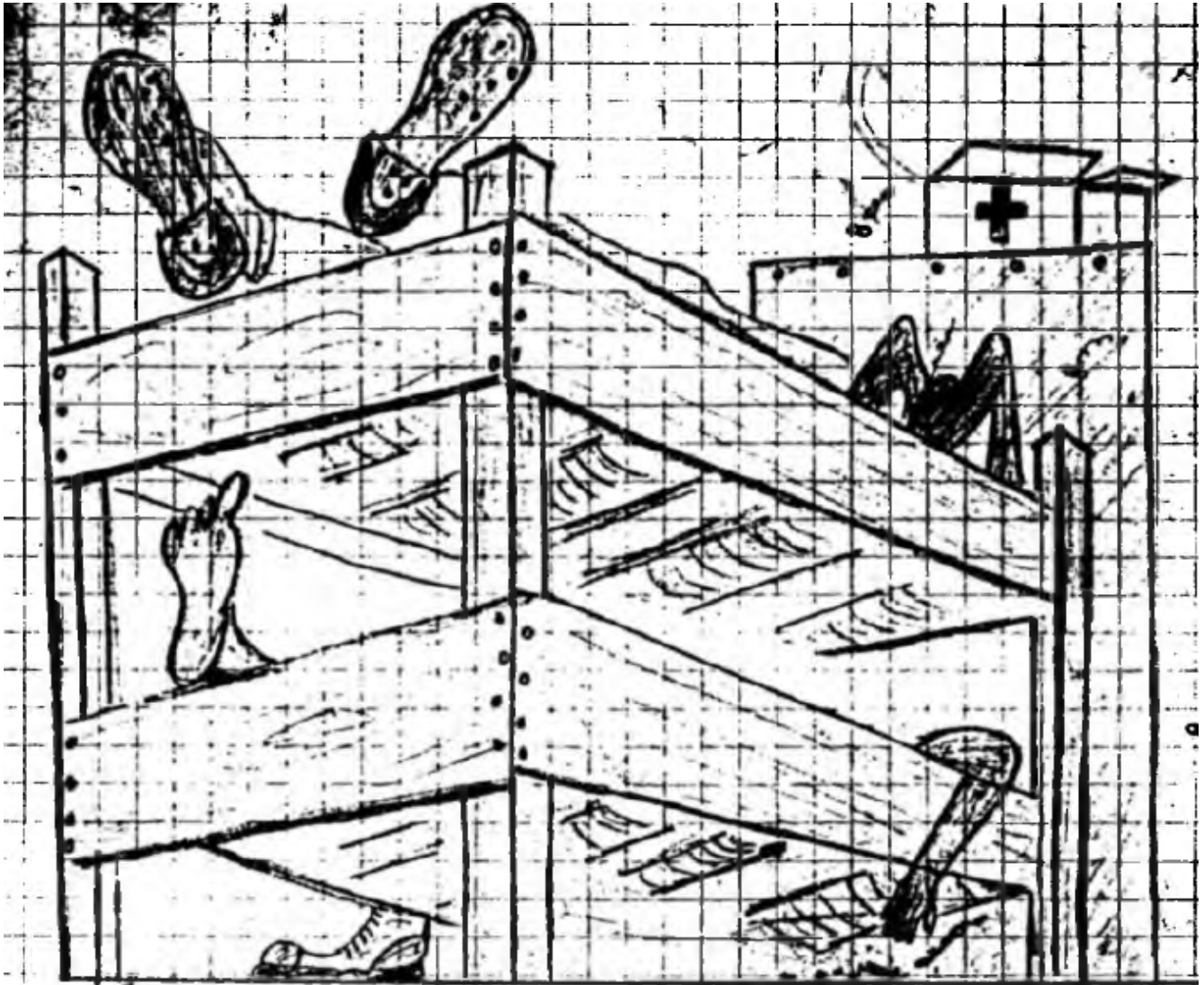


|| WE PULL STUMPS TILL OUR BACKS ARE ALL BREAKING  
|| AND WE YELL WHAT A BEATING WE'RE TAKING  
|| BUT WHEN WE THINK OF THE DOUGH THAT WE'RE MAKING  
|| THEN THE PAIN SUBSIDES AND OUR SPIRITS RISE



|| 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 -

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### 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 AN EQUAL TO,

*[Due to the size of the drawing, the text would not fit on the previous page.]*

| 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.

[?]	Thorne Smith ✓	1	The Visitor · C· Randeau & [?] [?] ✓
I was [?]	Jack London ✓	2	Excuse My dust Bellamy Patridge ✓
[?]	Robert Standish ✓	3	Lord Jim Joseph Conrad ✓
Life in a Putty Knife Factory	H. Allen Smith	4	Poe's Best Tales . E.A. Poe - ✓
[?]	Anthony Hope	5	Nebraska Coast [?] Clyde Davis ✓
[?] [?] Mines		✓ 6	Light that Failed Kipling ✓✓
Hope of the Kingdom	A.J. Cronin ✓✓	7	Daily Except Sunday- Ed Streeter
[?] Robe	Lloyd C. Douglas ✓✓	8	Test of D' [?] Thomas Hardy ✓
White [?]	Jack London ✓	9	Black Gang - Sapper
CMutiny on the Bounty	Nordoff & Hall ✓	10	Archibald the Great Owen B. Kelland · ✓
Don [?]	Cervantes ✓	11	Needle Watcher Richard Blake ✓✓
Wind From the East	W.H. Potts	12	Practical Acts Eng [?] [?] [?] ✓
[?]		13	Centenial [Centennial] Summer Albert H· Idell
Works of Shakespeare -	Tempest, Mid Summers HAMLET, night dream	14	Young Man With a Horn – Dorothy [?] ✓
WINTERS TALE – MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING – AS YOU LIKE IT			
[?], Romeo & Juliet, [?] etc		15	Live [?] - E· Louie Long
Checkers every Sunday – Rosemary Taylor		16	Oliver Twist - Dickens
Emperors Snuff Box · J· Dixon Carr		17	Random Harvest – James Hilton ✓
Chenango Pass - Herbert Shapero		18	The Moon & Sixpence – W Somerset Maugham ✓✓
Sorrell and Son – Warren Deeping ✓		19	Best of McIntyre · O O McIntyre ✓
Mr Novers Changes Trains · Chrials [?] Sherwood		20	Phantom Lady ·
What if this Fraud? · Richard O'Hanlon ✓✓✓		21	Half's a Hero - Anthony Hope · ✓
Super cargo – Earl Whitechorne ✓		22	Lady in Lilac Susannah Shane
Let Not Men Put Asunder – Basil King		23	Sumerron [?] ✓
The Quiet Shore – Walter Havinghurst		24	Jamaica Inn – Daphne Du Maurier ✓
Whatagirl Oliver Sandys		25	Cruise of the [?] Jack London ✓
Eco Geog [?] & Comm Wald Colby & Foster ✓		26	Huckleberry Finn, Mark Twain ✓
The Masters Violin – Myrtle Reed ✓		27	The Razors Edge - W Somerset Maugham ✓✓✓
The Valley of the Giants Peter B. Kyne ✓		28	Rebecca - Daphne Du Maurier ✓
Fear, and be Slain – Lord Mottistone		29	This Business of Exploring Roy C. Andrews ✓
The Flying Years – Frederick Niven ✓		30	Fighting Angel Pearl S. Buck ✓
Musk & Amber. A E. W Mason ✓		31	Sea Hawk Raphael Sabatine ✓✓
Jane Eyre - Charlotte Bronte ✓✓		32	Without [?] James Hilton ✓✓✓
Prisoner of Zenda – Anthony Hope ✓		33	Look to the Mountain ✓
Swamp Water – Vareen Bell ✓		34	Burning An Empire Stewart Halbrook
Looking Backward – Edward Bellamy ✓✓✓		35	There's No Place Like Home – J Lee Allenwood
Death of my Aunt C H B Kitchin		36	Ordeal By Hunger – George R. Stewart Jr
Singing Guns - Max Brand		37	
Spanish Cape Myster – Ellory Queen		38	
Jeeves - P· G· Wodehouse ✓		39	
In Time of Harvest – John L· Sinclair ✓		40	
Burning Daylight – Jack London ✓		41	
The Shining Cloud – Margaret Pedler		42	
Let the King Beward – Honore Morrow ✓		43	
Joan of Arc – Mark Twain ✓✓		44	
Salute to Adventurers John Buchan [?]		45	
Dragon Seeds - P· S· Buck · ✓✓		46	
Magnificent Obsession – Lloyd C· Douglas ✓✓		47	
Broken Riser [?] – John Ward Hawkins ✓		48	
A Tree Grows in Bklyn – Betty Smith ✓✓		49	
Jitter Run - R· F Germann ✓		50	
Bed [?] for Fortune Guy Boothby ✓		51	

## 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 nector [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

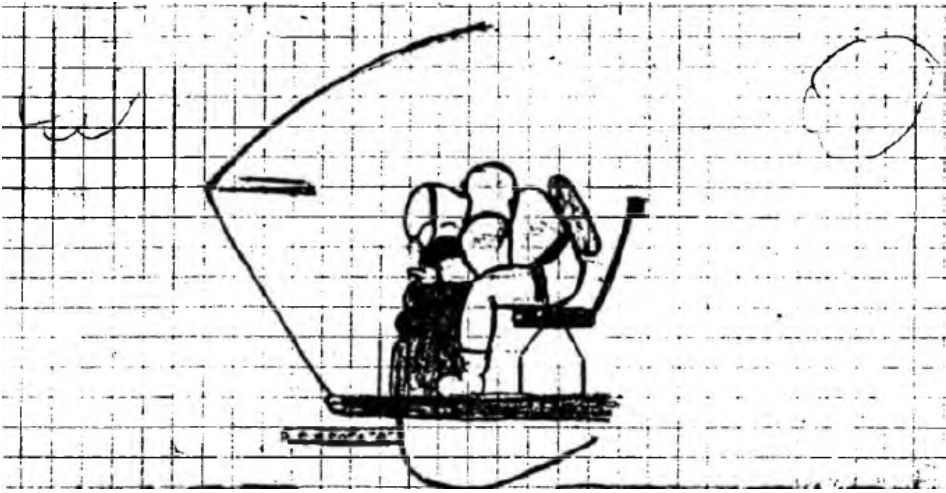
|Be strong my love and do not fear  
|For I am at thy side  
|Though seas do part us I am near  
|Tis here I will abide

|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 .

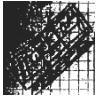
|O Love of mine I long for thee  
|When're we are apart  
|But now I know thou are with me  
|Forever in my heart





## LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS

|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 MURMURED “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 leaveit, 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.

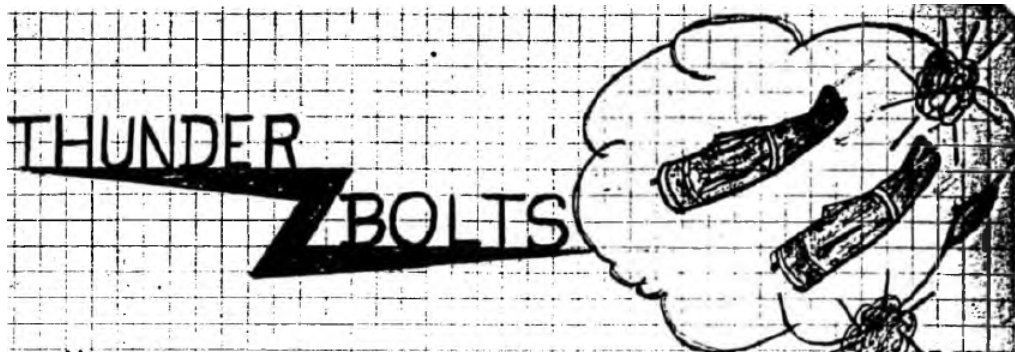
## Come On and Join the Air Corps

||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 –

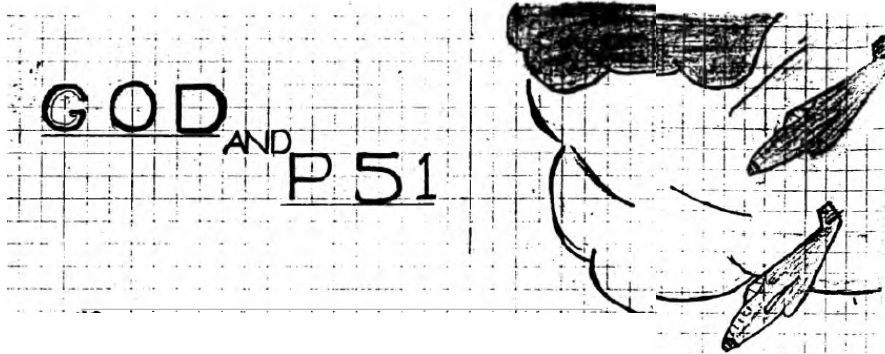
Ingred [Ingrid] Bergman – Klim Kan Queen

Olivia De Haviland - Second

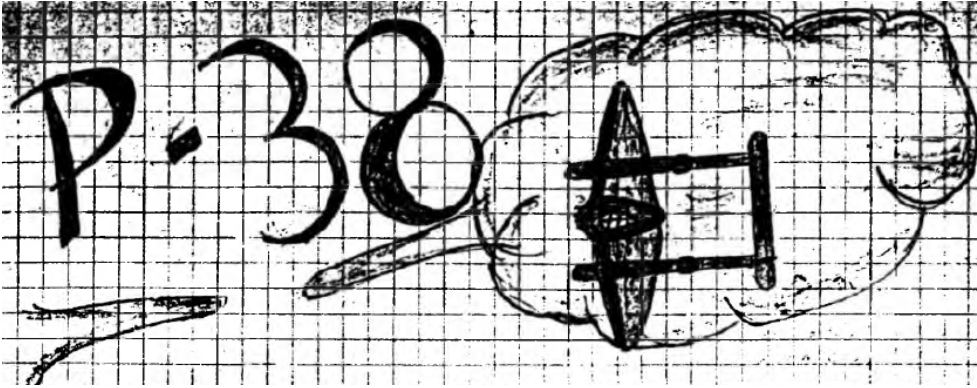
Lana Turner - Third



|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 WELLL 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 WONDERFL JOB YOU HAVE DONE  
|AND HOW YOUR FAUGHT [FOUGHT] AGAINST TERRIBLE ODDS  
|AND OF ALL THE BATTLES YOU'VE WONE [WON]  
|  
|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<sup>1</sup>  
|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 SHELLEY 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 SHELLEY  
|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  
|Gainst the Jap and German foe.  
|It first appeared in fighting  
|With the famous A·V·G's  
|And did a great work in slowing  
|Down the hordes of Japanese  
|Thru months and months of flying  
|Ere Pearl Harbor brought this war.  
|P40's were there helping  
|China's armies    and more·  
|Still later you remember  
|In the desert sand and dust,  
|It proved itself a fighter  
|When it matched the Germans best  
|In dog fights or in strafing  
|Ev'ry time the “Forties” flew,  
|The odds were overwhelming  
|But they always fought on thru  
|Tho now replaced by others  
|That can fly at greater speeds  
|P 40's did such wonders  
|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.  
|That I will write some lines to tell  
|Some of the many jobs they've done  
|Since they appeared in '41·  
|Doolittle bombed the Japs at home  
|By flying “Mitchells” o'er the foam –  
|T'was from a carrier deck they flew,  
|And tho some failed, the rest came thru·  
|They've hit the Japs on land and sea.  
|And done great work you will . agree  
|In Africa, again we know  
|Of how . they bombed the German foe,-

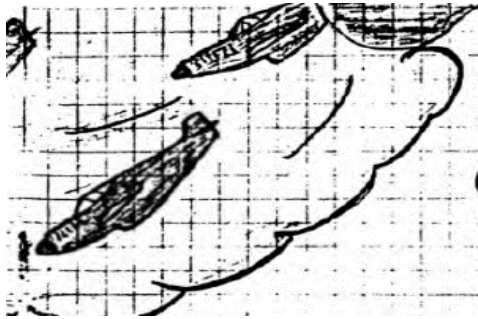
over -

|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”

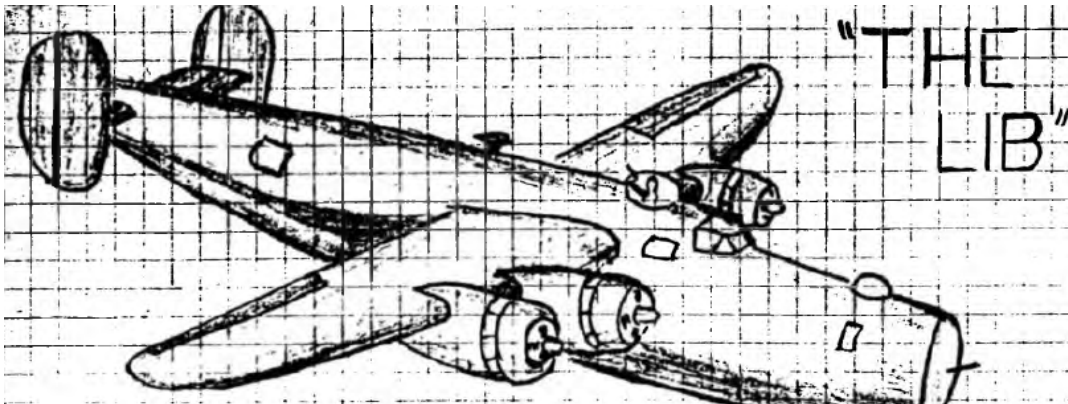
|When this war came, in fast before  
|The Army needed, more & more  
|A medium bomber, light and fast  
|And so the “26” was cast,  
|The experts said “she” wouldn’t fly,  
|And when she died they wondered why :  
|Her wings, too small, gave “her” repute  
|They named her “Flying Prostitute  
    (note no visable [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 –



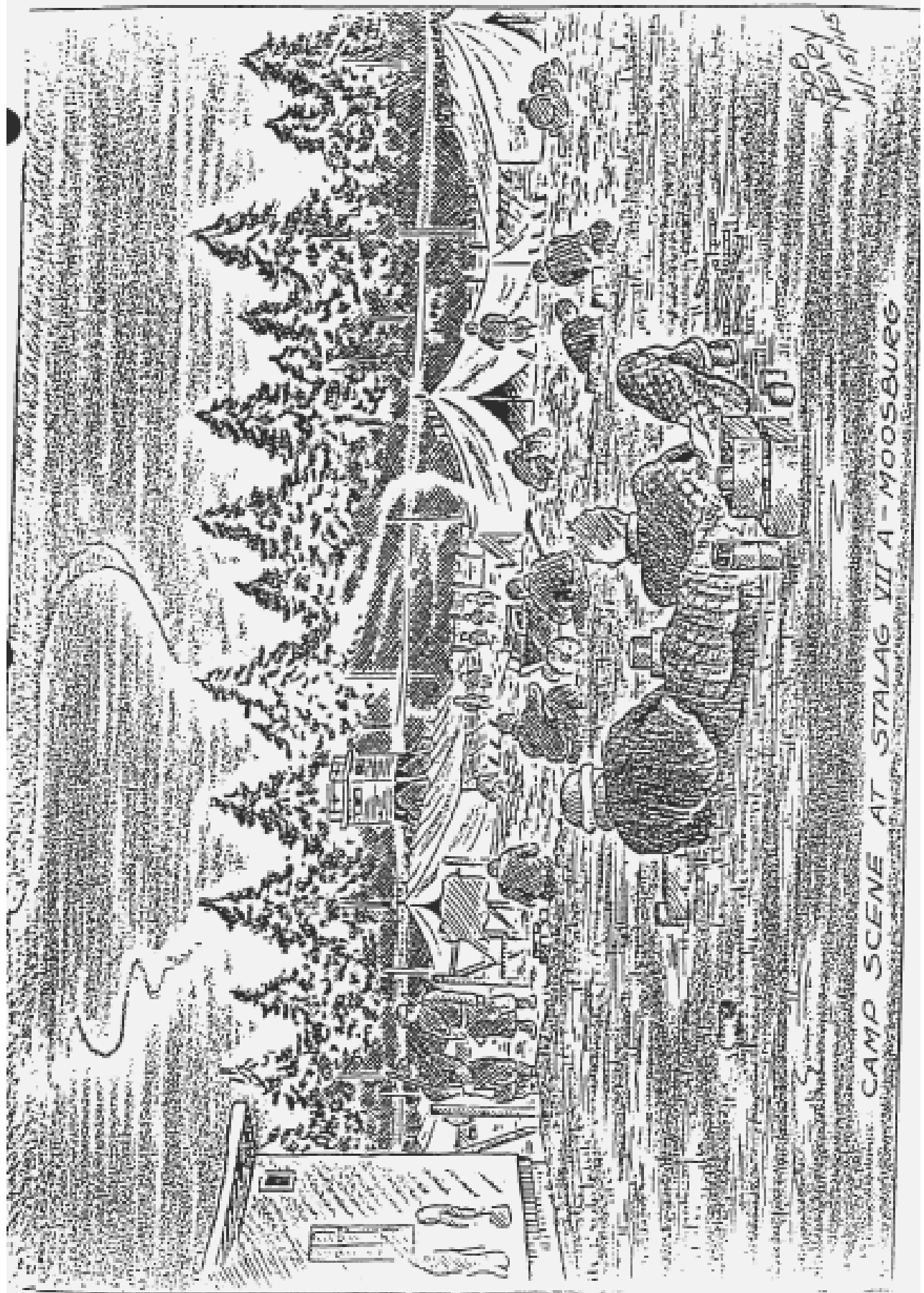


## I'D RATHER HAVE GOD THAN THE P51

||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 THIMES 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 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 visable [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 [ignores] all rediculous [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



CAMP SCENE AT STALAG VII A - MOOSBURG

POPE  
FOLEY  
NEALS  
MAY 1945

THE FOLLOWING PAGES CONTAIN A COLLECTION OF POEMS,QUOTES AND THOUGHTS COMPOSED BY THE PRISONERS OF WAR INTERNED AT STALAG LUFT III IN SAGAN, POLAND, THE NAMES OF THE AUTORS OR ORIGINATORS OF THE ART HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN LONG AGO. THE MATERIAL WAS COMPILED IN WHAT PRISONERS OF WAR AT SAGAN CALLED A 'KRIEGIE LOG'.IT WAS COMPILED BY AMERICAN OFFICER AIRMEN WHO WERE LOCKED BEHIND BARBED WIRE AND NOT PERMITTED TO WORK BY THE GENEVA CONVENTION. ALL THE MATERIAL WAS COMPOSED OR WRITTEN PRIOR TO THE EVACULATION OF STALAG LUFT III, ON JANUARY 28, 1945.

# STAMMENLAGERLUFT

NO. 3

SAGAN = GERMAN

WE WHO ABIDE IN IT - "HAVE HAD IT"

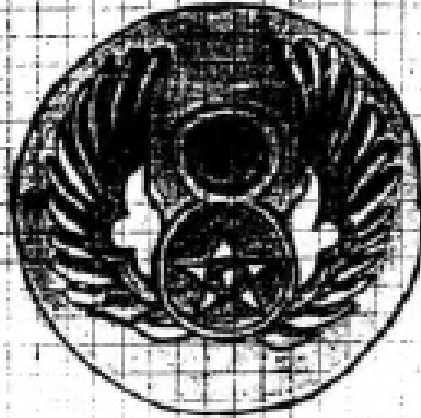


Name  
Address  
City  
Phone

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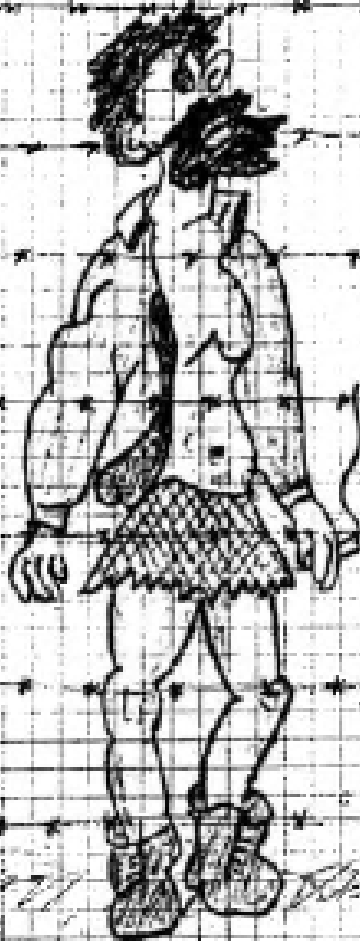
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MAY 29, 1944

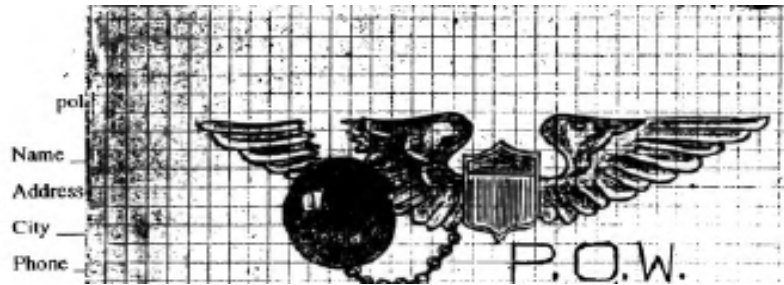


TO

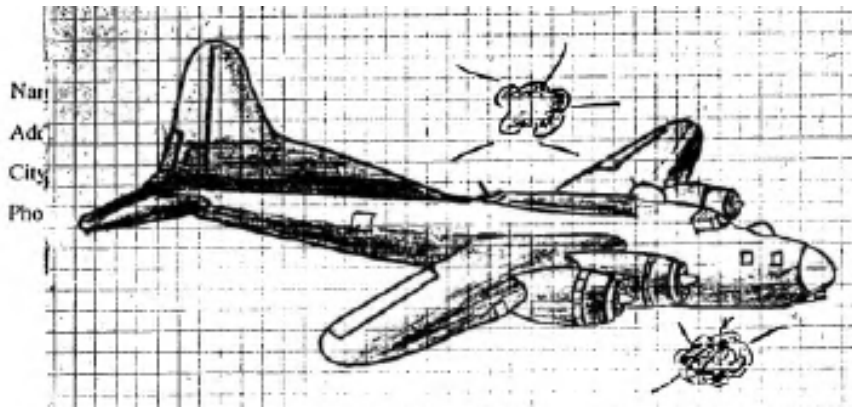
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*Handwritten signature or scribble at the bottom of the drawing.*



|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 AD 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-----

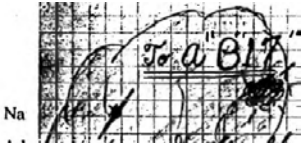


## THE "B17"

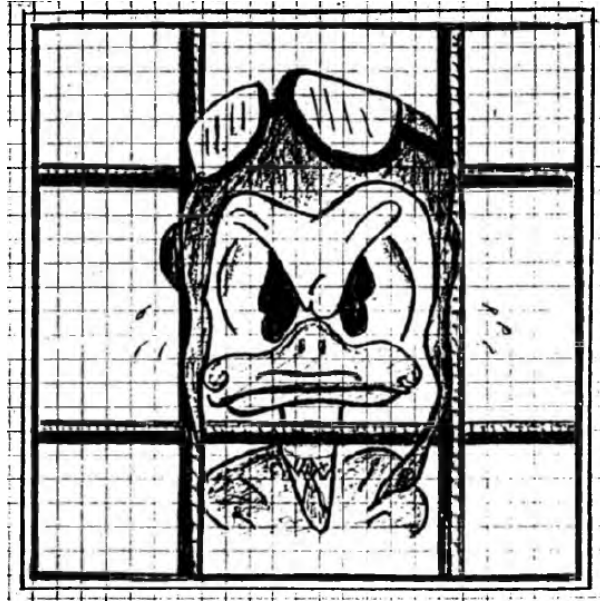
| YOU CAN TALK OF YOU AEROPLANES AND TALK OF THEM LONG  
| DISCUSS ALL THEIR POINTS BOTH THE WEAK AND THE STRONG  
| YOU CAN ARGUE WITH PASSION OR CALMLY ASSESS  
| DEMERITS AND MERITS EACH PLANE MAY POSSESS  
| OR A PERSONAL PREFERENCE IMPRESSIVELY STATE  
| BUT WHEN IT'S ALL OVER TIS PLAIN TO BE SEEN  
| 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.]



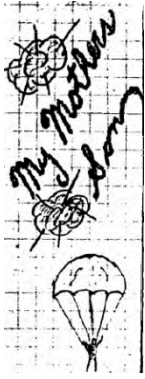
Na  
In the cold and dark of the morning  
Many hours before the sun rise  
Ten sleepy men trudge down to the line  
To take their Bomber up into the sky  
Their off down the runway with a roar, then slowly begin to climb  
Headed on a death dealing mission  
Way down in the valley of the Rhine  
Soon 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  
her down –  
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 AL 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’ SUNDERSTOOD [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 HURTLES 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 AWAY! – 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 MOTHERS 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 HILLBOYS, 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 SYAING THAT SUNSHINE FOLLOWS RAIN  
|AND SURE ENOUGH YOU'LL REALIZE THAT JOY WILL FOLLOW PAIN  
|LET COURAGE BE YOURPASSWORD, MAKE FORTITUDE YOUR GUIDE .  
|AND THEN INSTEAD OF GROUSING REMEMBER THOSE WHO DIED·

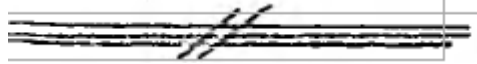
## LOW FLIGHT

|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 THEAT "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

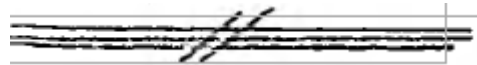
[*Music notes are drawn over and beside the text.*]

|| I KNOW WHY THERE'S NO SUGAR IN MY<sup>oob</sup> 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 STUMACHS [STOMACHS] REACHED THE DEPTS OF DEGRACATION  
|| 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 HYOU THINK I MISS YOUSTANDING [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 -