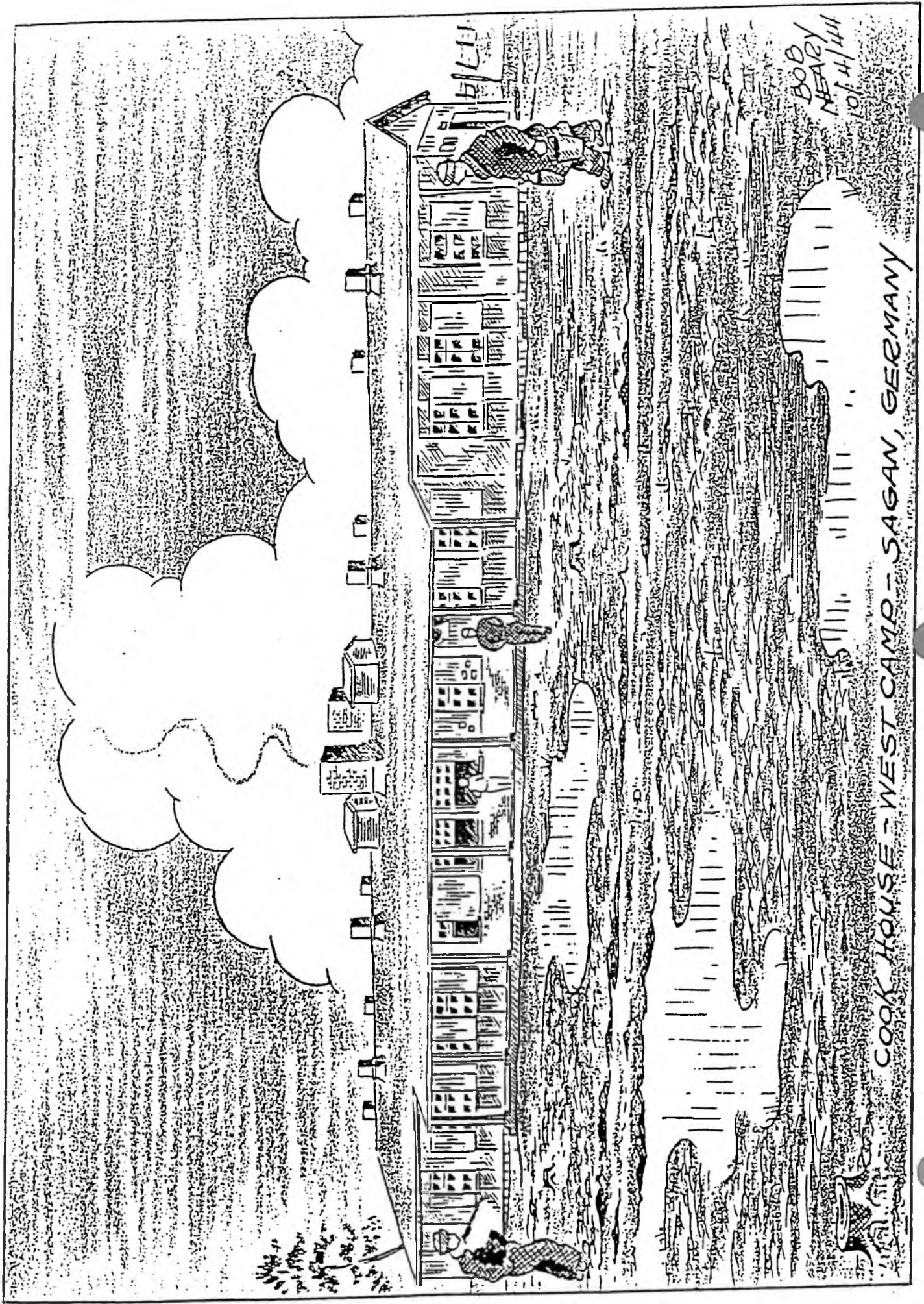


SAGAN, GERMANY

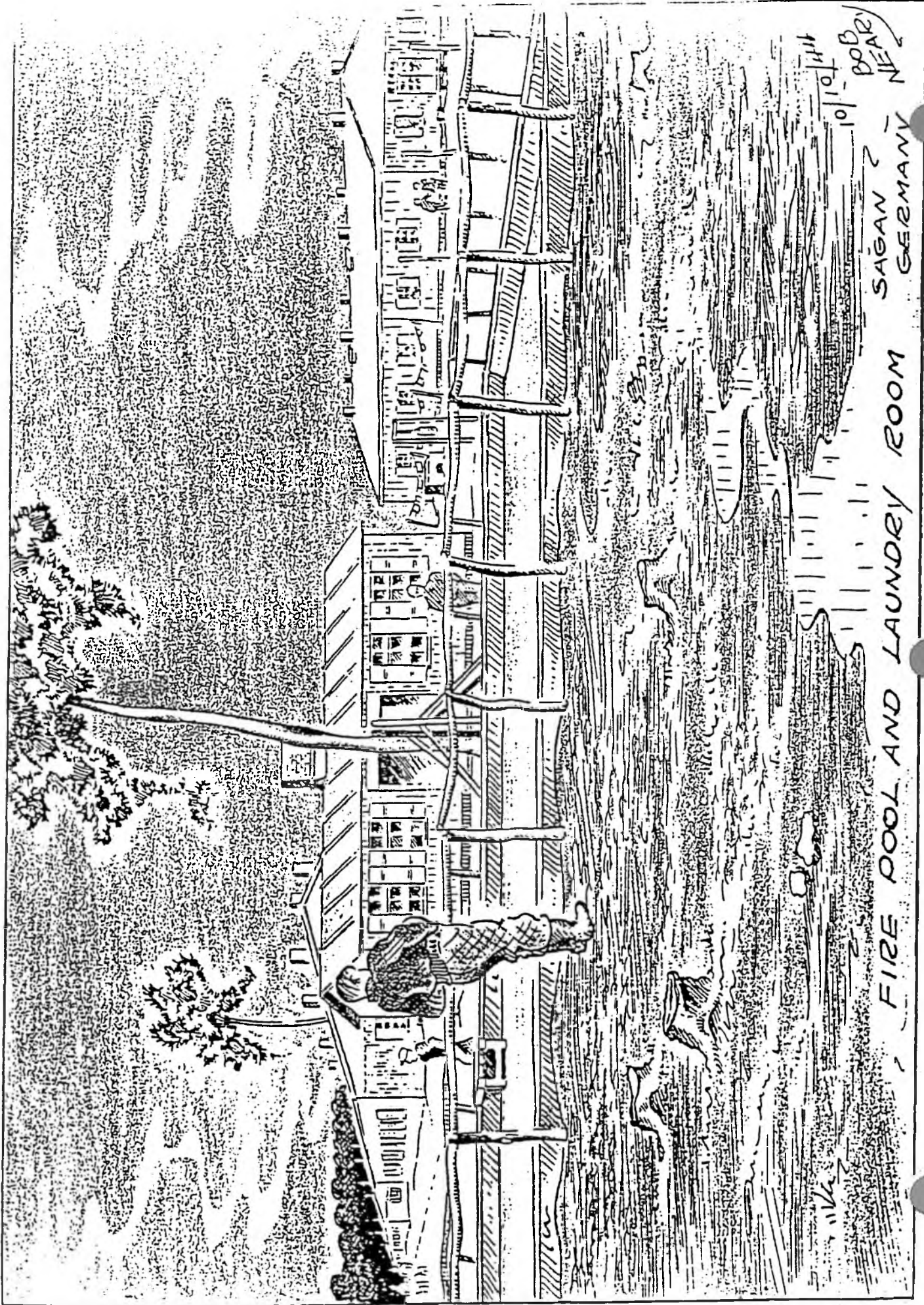
BARRACKS

BOB
NEACY
9/10/11



BOB
NEARY
10/14/41

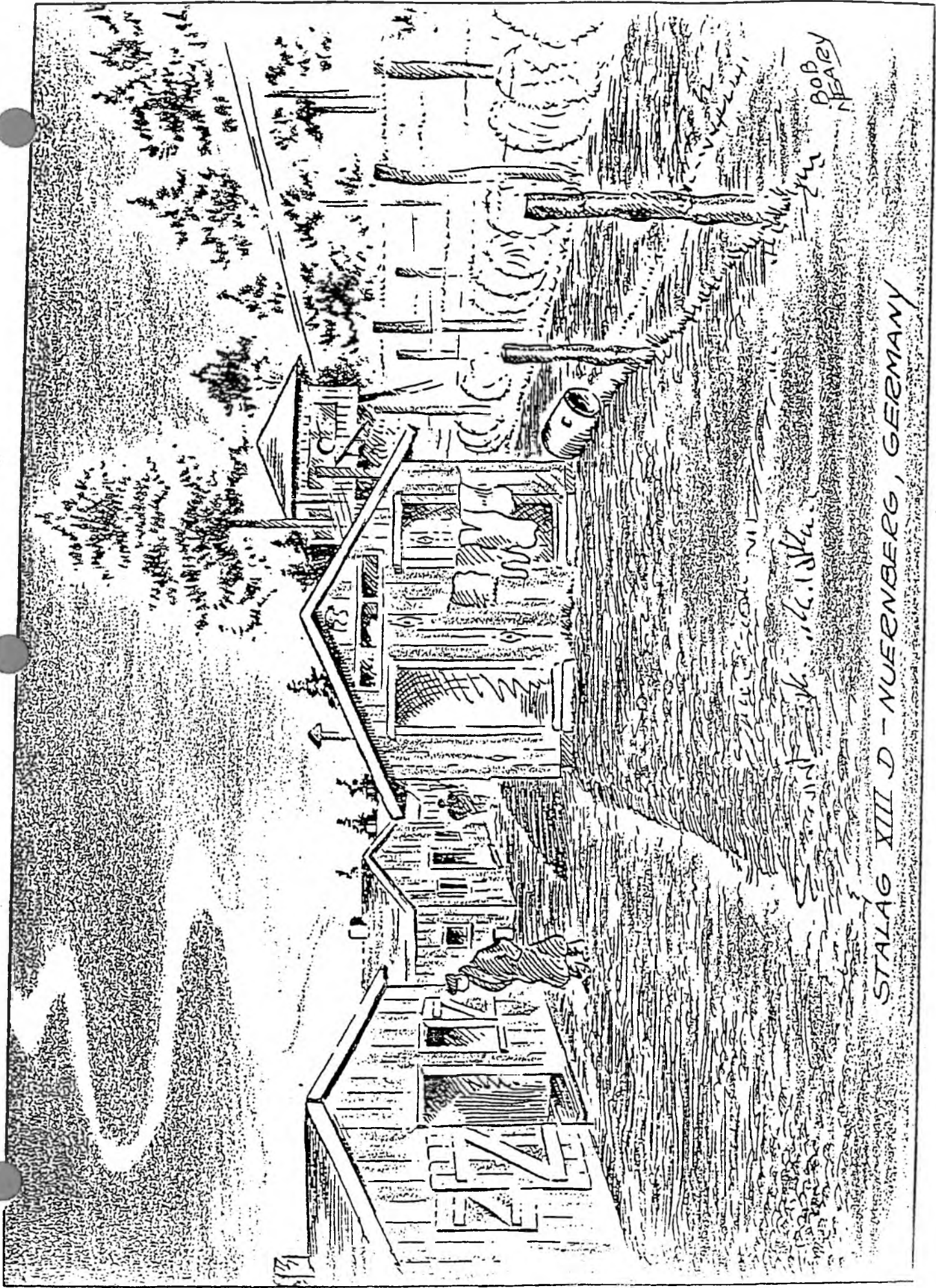
COOK HOUSE - WEST CAMP - SAGAN, GERMANY



FIRE POOL AND LAUNDRY ROOM

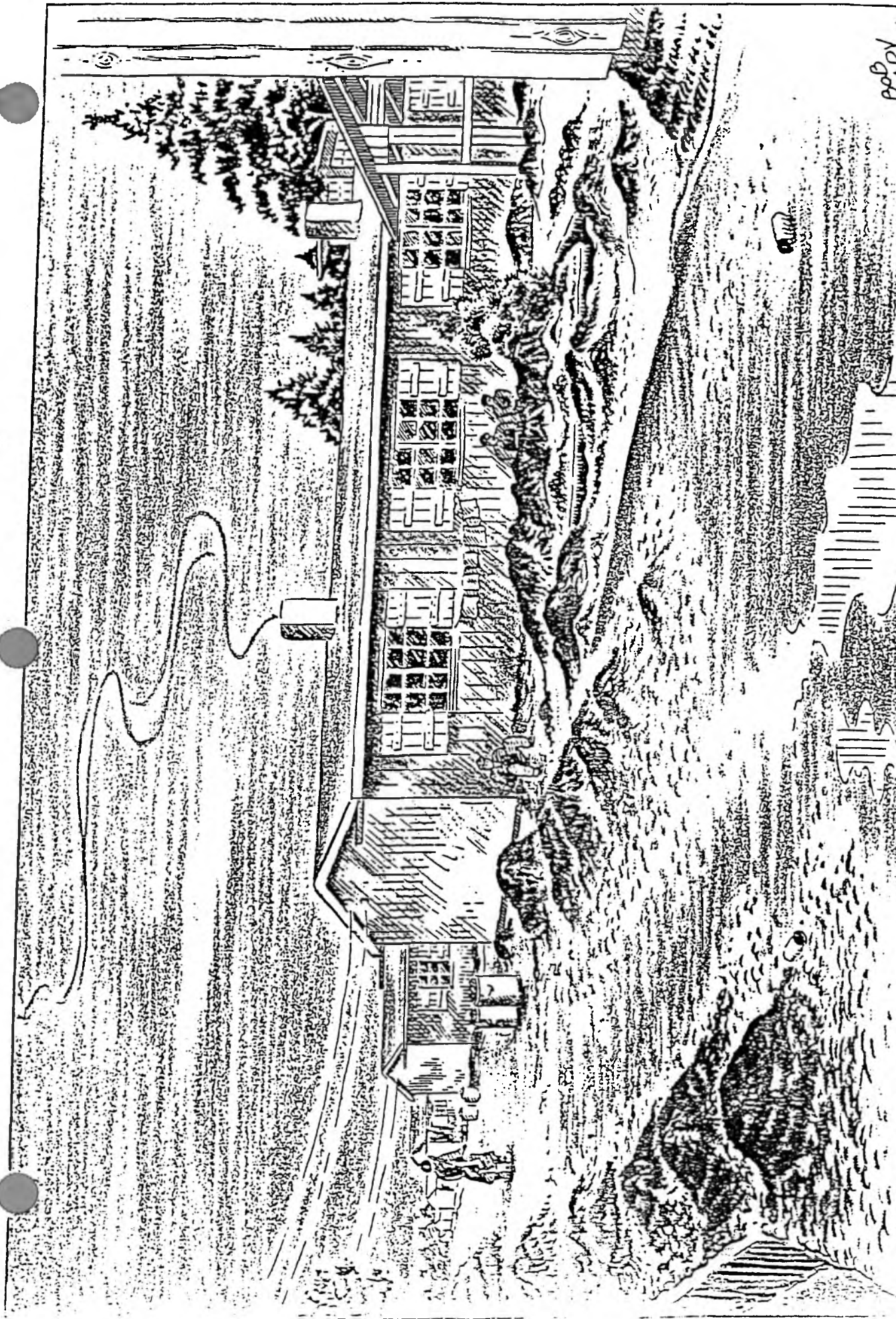
SAGAN GERMANY

10/10/44
POB
NEAR



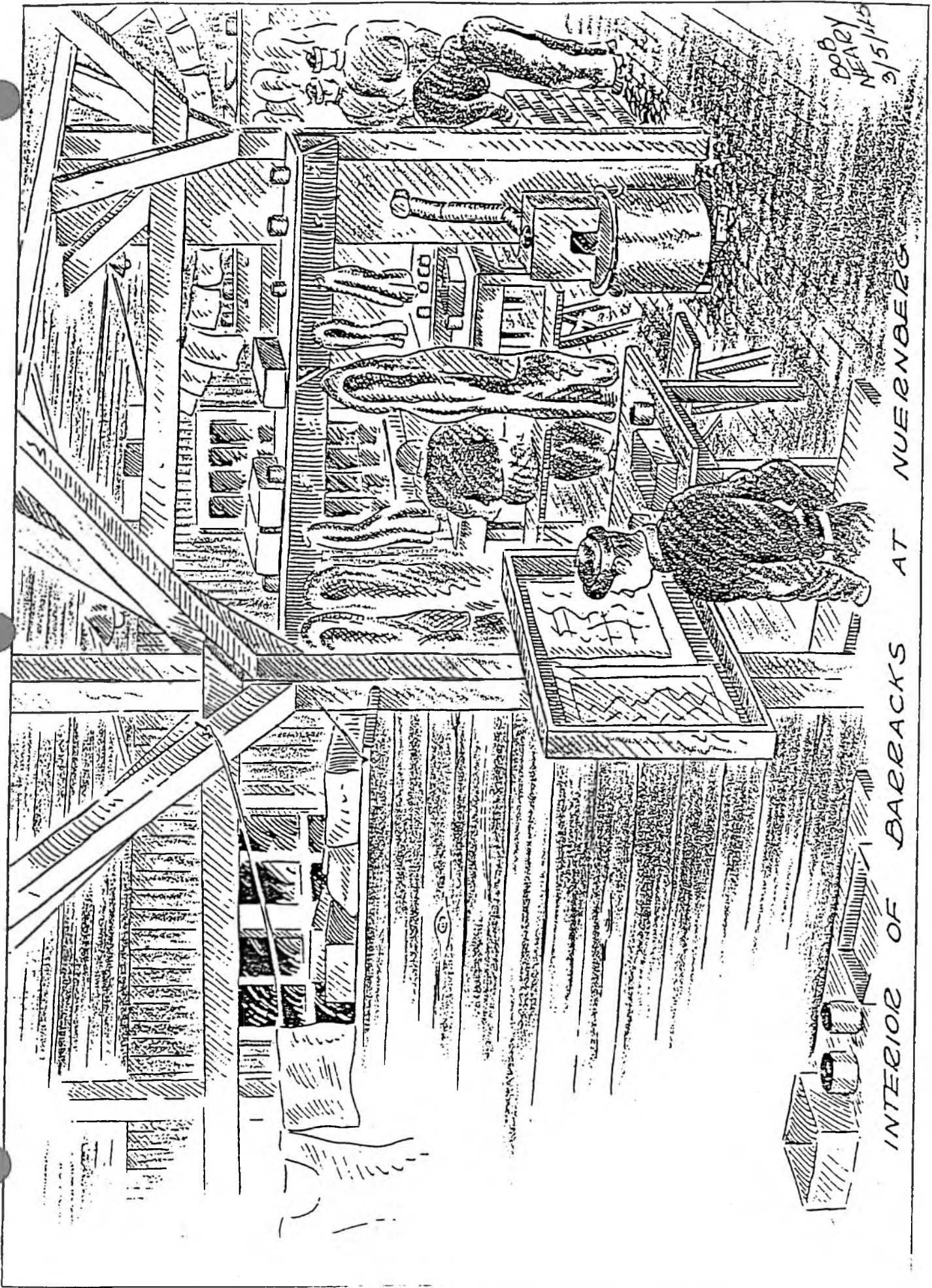
POPEY
NEAVEY

STALAG XIII D - NUERNBERG, GERMANY

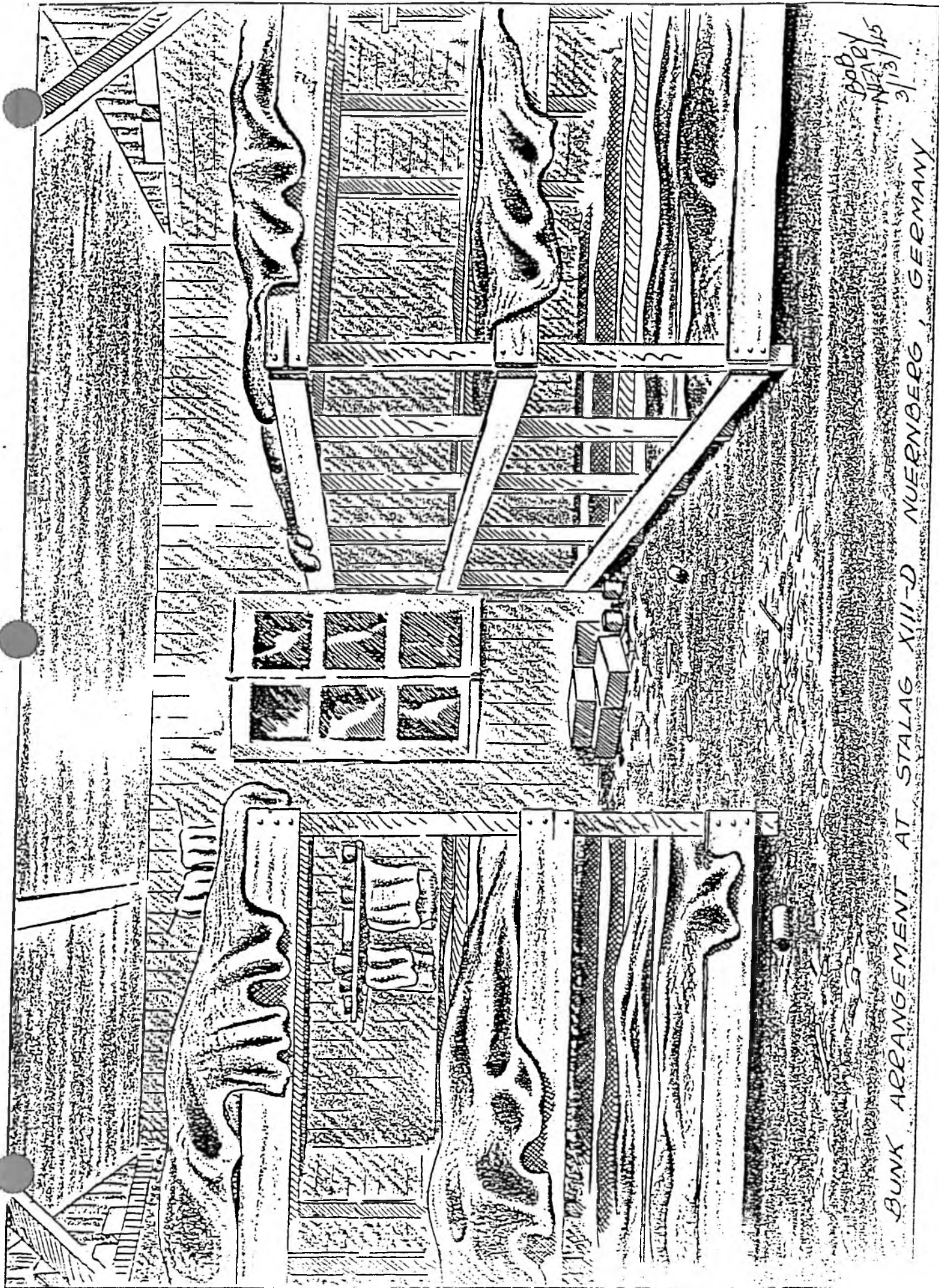


POBY
NEAR
3/16/15

BARRACKS AND AIR RAID TRENCHES - NUERNBERG, GERMANY

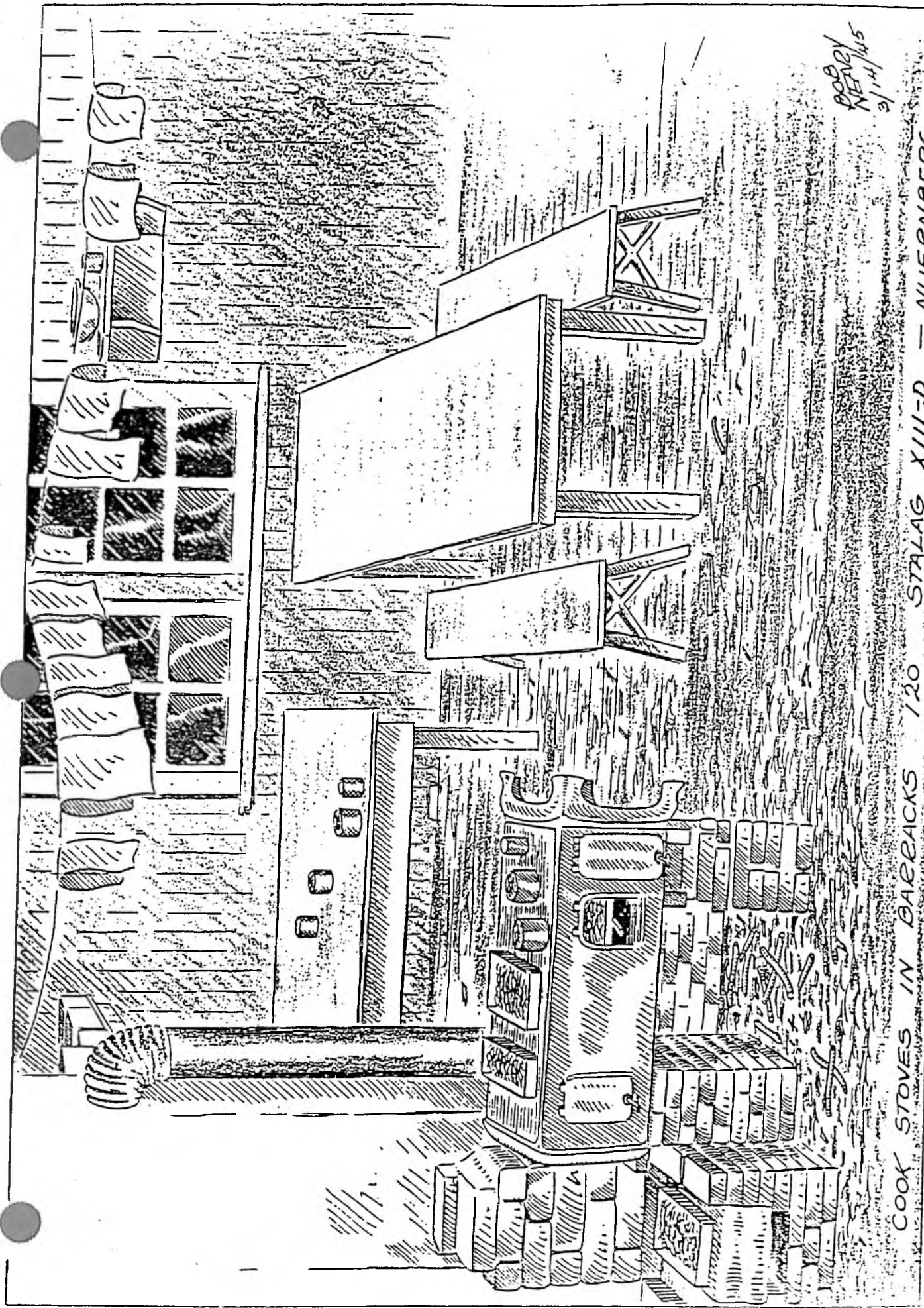


INTERIOR OF BARRACKS AT NUERNBERG



Bobby
NEA 1/16
3/13/16

BUNK ARRANGEMENT AT STALAG XIII-D MUERBERG, GERMANY

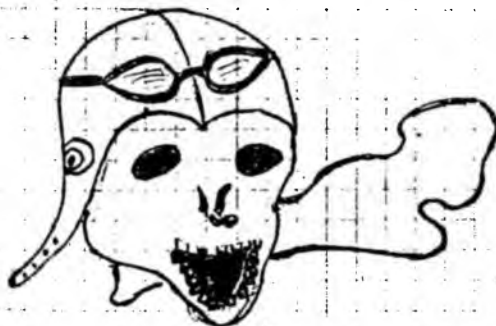


POPEY
NET 1/15
3/11/45

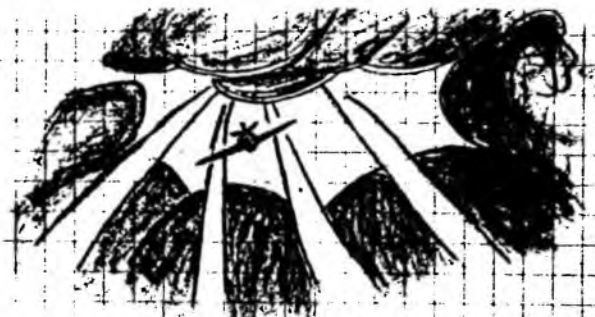
COOK STOVES IN BARRACKS 120 STALAG XIII-D - MUEBENBERG

A Pilot's 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.

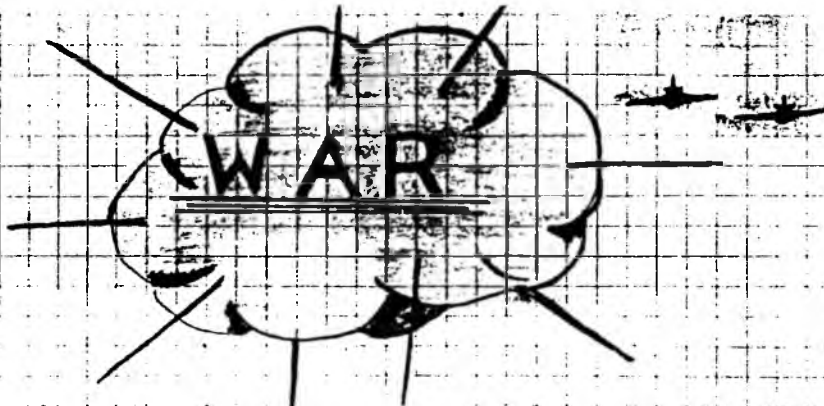


HIGH FLIGHT



BY JOHN T Mc GEE (KILLED IN ACTION)

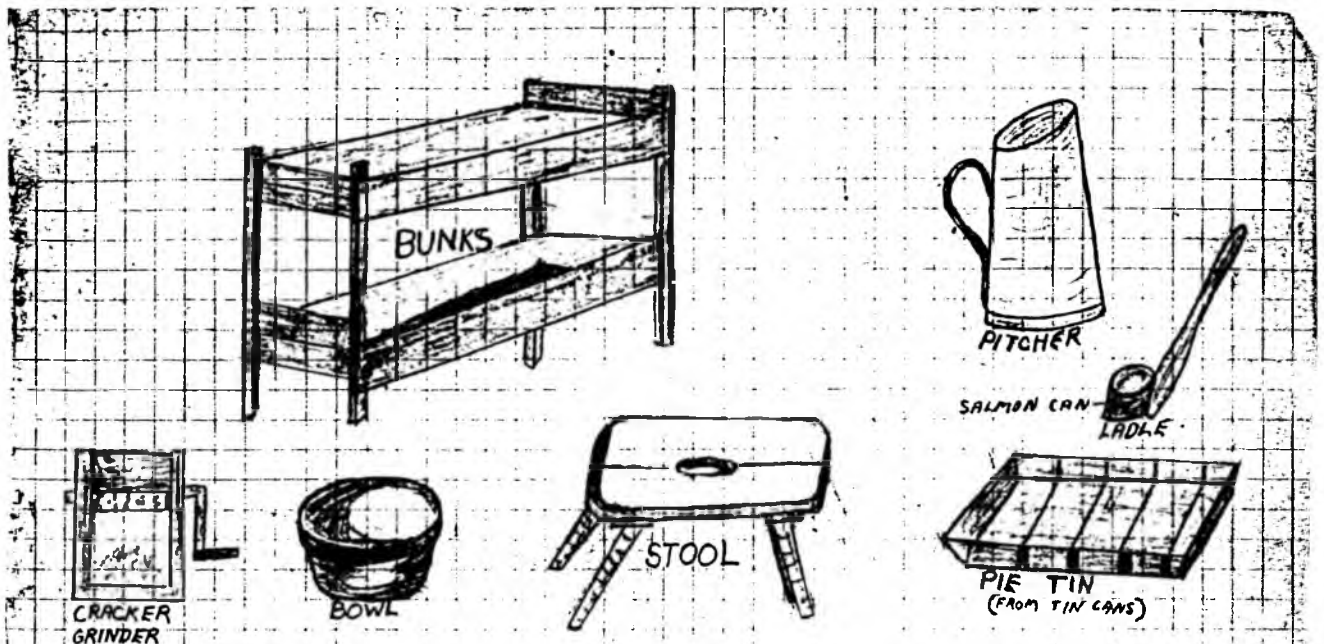
OH! I HAVE SLIPPED THE SURLEY BONDS OF EARTH
AND DANCED THE SKIES ON LAUGHTER SILVERED WINGS.
SKYWARD I CLIMBED AND JOINED
THE TUMBLING MIRTH OF SUN-SPLIT CLOUDS
AND DONE A HUNDRED THINGS YOU HAVE NOT DREAMED OF
TWISTED, SOARED AND SWUNG HIGH IN SUNLIT SILENCE
HOV'RING THERE —
I'VE CHASED THE SHOUTING WIND AROUND
AND FLUNG MY EAGER CRAFT THROUGH FOOTLESS HILLS OF AIR
UP, UP THE DELIRIOUS BURNING BLUE
I'VE TOPPED THE WIND SWEEPED HEIGHTS WITH GRACE
WHERE NEVER LARK NOR EVEN EAGLES FLEW
AND WHILE WITH SILENT LIFTING MIND
I'VE TROD THE HIGH UNTRASPASSED SANCTITY OF SPACE
PUT OUT MY HAND AND TOUCHED THE FACE OF GOD —



I suppose most people think of war as an unending angry conflict between two armies. One made up of soldiers nobly fighting for the "Right" - the other of brutal 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 with 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 property, loss of all things men value. He forgets, if he ever 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 BEHAVIOR 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 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 THOU, HAVE DIED IN FIELDS AFAR.
BRAVE AND TRUE THEY LABORED IN THEIR COUNTRIES CAUSE,
DEFENDING THEIR ALL WITH NEITHER STINT NOR PAUSE."
"GREAT HAS BEEN THEIR SACRIFICE, FOR TRULY THEY DID GIVE
OF ALL THAT THEY POSSESSED, THAT OTHER MEN MIGHT LIVE.
THEIRS HAS BEEN A LABOR FULLY FRAUGHT WITH LOVE,
THAT HAS NOT GONE UNNOTICED IN HEAVEN UP ABOVE."
"MEN MAY FORGET WHAT THOU HAST BRAVELY DONE,
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

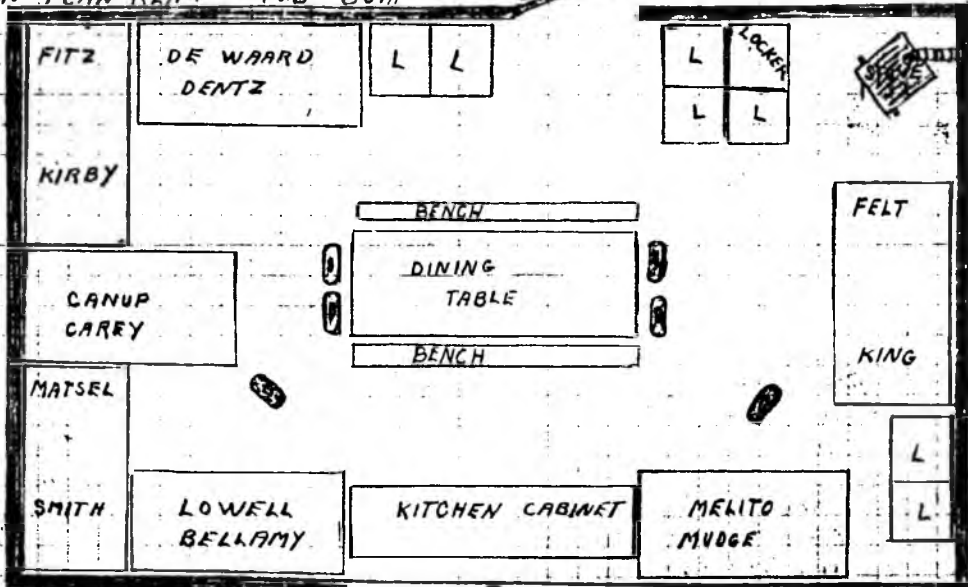
EVERY 2 WEEKS

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 PKG
 OLEO - 16 OZ SUGAR - 8 OZ CRACKERS - 11 C/PK
 SALMON - 1 CAN KLIM - 1 LB SOAP - 2

GOON RATION

PER WK

BREAD - 140RF MEAT - 125GR
 SUGAR - 175GR (1/4 CUP) SAUSAGE - 150GR
 MARGARINE - 217GR POTATOES - 450GR
 JAM - 175GR BARLEY - 2 BOWL
 CHEESE - 46GR PEA SOUP - 1 BOWL



FLOOR PLAN RM 13 20'X15'

RIBBONS WE WILL WEAR

The sun, though mindful of the cloud
Whose shadow earth has crowned
And lost to view of those below - will fall in her Round
The many deeds lived bright as sun
Undimmed by clouded Coast,
This one shone thru the haze of war far off the German coast.
A burning fortress, rising blown
Into a wind lashed sea
A swarm of screaming scavengers
The only company
I saw the bursts of cannon shell
Like tinsel in the sky,
I saw the whispery evidence
Of the turret guns' reply
And as I marked the hopelessness,
The fateful trail of smoke
I marvelled that so near the end
The turret guns still spoke -
Aboard the ship - they had no 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 falling shock
Then get their life rafts clear
And get those angry turret guns
As though of their own will
Keep 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
A crippled catch to hold
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 cast
Into the heavens canopy
Now well all have ribbons bright
To pin beneath our wings
And fellow men will know that we
Were in the thick of things
These tokens well be proud to wear
But others are more prized
And in our hearts they're worn for ones,
Who pass un-recognized -



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, UNTIL I SAW A MAN WHO HAD NO FEET.
09LAC

IT'S EASY NOUGH TO TITTER WEN DE STEW IS SMOKIN' HOT
BUT IT'S MIGHTY HARD T'GIGGLE WEN DEYS NUFFIN IN DE POT
09LAC

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 VIOLOW

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

THERE'S NOTHING EITHER GOOD OR BAD. IT'S 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 ACK THE VALUE, THEN WE
FIND THE VIRTUE, THAT POSSESSION WOULD NOT SHOW US WHILE IT WAS OURS
LET NOT MAN PUT ASSUNDER

IT'S WONDERFUL TO BELONG TO THE GREATEST COUNTRY IN THE WORLD, BUT IT'S
HELL TO VIEW OUR COUNTRY'S 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 USELESS MOTTO - MEN SHOULD RULE THEMSELVES AND NOT BE
CAUGHT BY CATCHWORDS - "SAFETY FIRST" IS SOUL DESTROYING - A PESTIFERENT
HERESY WHICH WILL ROB THE RACE OF MAN OF ALL INCENTIVE AND SPELL DOOM.
IT IS INDEED, REALLY AN EXCUSE FOR NOT FACING FACTS, FOR LACK OF
CONFIDENCE IN ONESELF & ONE'S 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 YOUR WORRIES THERE. HIDE THEREIN ALL YOUR
TROUBLES, AS EACH BITTER CUP YOU QUAFF. PACK ALL YOUR FAILURES WITHIN IT -
THEN SIT ON THE LID AND LAUGH.

FOR I DIPPED 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 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 PROGRESS OF THE SUN
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 THROBBING OF AN ABSCESS
FOR THE BEATING OF THE HEART.

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

$$\frac{18^{17}}{3R} - 88M^2 + FW190 = 1POW - \frac{18^{17}}{1944}$$
$$\frac{18^{17} + S^2}{3R} + \frac{P51 + 50G^2}{FW190 + 88M^2} = \frac{1POW 5587}{5.29.44}$$

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

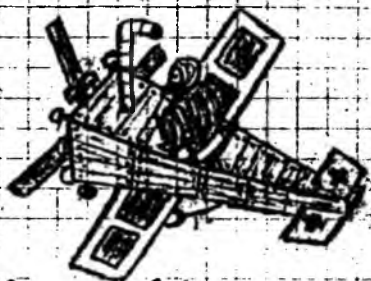
DEAR SON - FLY LOW AND SLOW AND DON'T TILT IN THE TURNS.

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 THAT COBBS HIM ¹⁷ FOR THE R 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 AND MAN THE TREE.
THE TREE GROWS ONLY AS HIGH AS THE ROOT IS STRONG DRAGON SEED

AS EVERY MAN DOES LABOR, SO 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 Klieg flying machine
It is as 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,
Swope 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 carried 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 "Klem Can" was hidden away.

The engine was first of the plane to be made,
With crankshaft of steel from the "missing Spade"
While in "Klem 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 "Klieg's 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 a bed the fuselage made
The stick "was the handle of fore-mentioned spade."

The instruments, it could be seen at a glance,
Were only the seat of Willie's pants.

Two "locker doors" the wings did make
With dihedral angle, and negative rake,
And a "Red Cross Box" from a racket's 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 steel
Its defense was its excess speed.
The stone 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,
"ah, " quipped Willie, "Fix 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, "Halt!" 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 sped,
The lights that mark the other side.
He felt so good and oh - so free,
The "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!" -

S2 -

S2 is so amazing
They seem to have the knack
Of knowing which of what is what
Excepting fighters or flak

S2 is so ingenious
They seem to have the 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 nor frown
They'll out fight any German ace
In any bar in town.

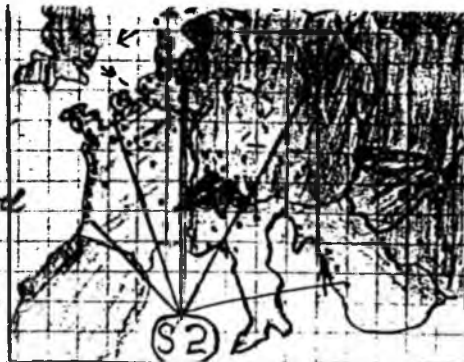
S2 is so complex
They like to have their flingers
Before they go to town each night
They borrow pilots wings

S2 is so Valorous
They'll gladly take the cue
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

Take the service flag out of your window mother;
Your son is an S-2 officer -



FLAK MAP

No offence to
S.2. They are
really doing
a swell job!

FROM A GERMAN
NEWS PAPER - JUNE 44

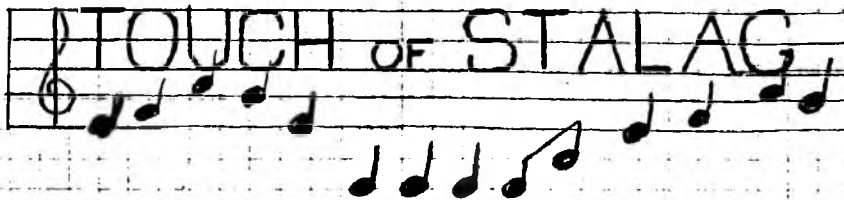


NORD AMERIKANER? MORD-AMERIKANER!

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-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

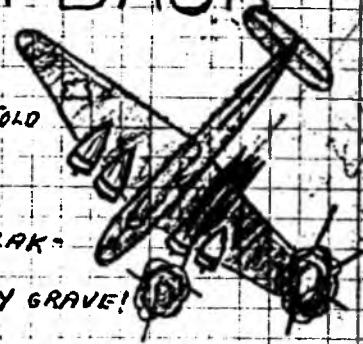
BUBBLE, BUBBLE, TOIL AND TROUBLE
ON MY CHIN I HAVE SOME STUBBLE
MY FEET ARE BARE, I'VE GOT NO HAIR
WHO'S BUYING DRINKS? I'LL TAKE A DOUBLE

YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK

ALL YOU FELLOWS YOUNG AND FAIR
WHO HAVE BEEN SMITTEN BY THE AIR
HERE'S THE AIRMAN'S TALE THAT'S OFT BEEN TOLD
THAT YOU SHOULD HEAR BEFORE YOU GET TO OLD -

CHORUS -

YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK, YOU'LL NEVER GET BACK
THE FIGHTERS WILL GET YOU OR THE GOD DAMNED FLAK -
SO HAVE YOUR FLING AND RANT AND RAVE
YOU'RE SURE AS HELL HEARD 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 "4 F"

CHORUS -

YOU'RE A RAND LOUIE AND THINK IT'S ROUGH
A SILVER BAR TAKES MUCH LESS GUFF
THE PACIFIC THEATRE OR F.T.O.
WHEREVER THEY SEND YOU IT'S A DAMNED GOOD ~~SHOW~~ ^{SHOW} SHOW

CHORUS -

YOU ARRIVE AT YOUR BASE AND DIG A DITCH
YOU PISS AND MOAN AND GRIPE AND BITCH
BUT TAKE IT EASY DON'T GET EAGER
YOU'RE NOW A FULL FLEDGED TERROR FIEGER -

CHORUS -

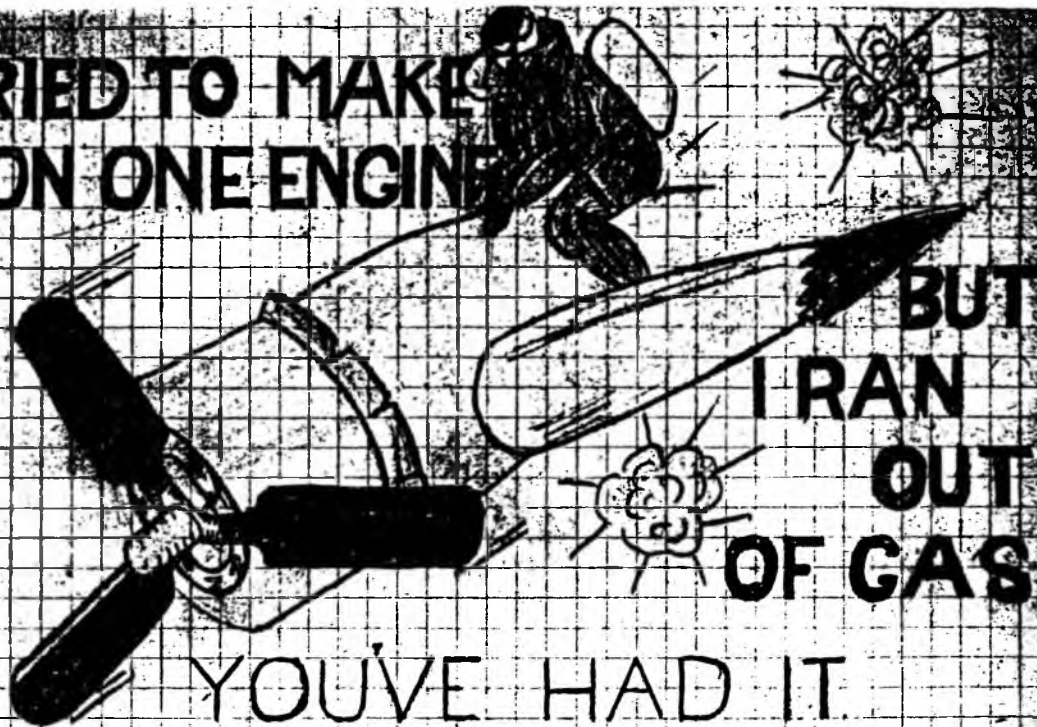
YOUR COMBAT MISSIONS HAVE BEGUN
YOU THINK YOUR HOT AFTER NUMBER ONE
DON'T FLATTER YOURSELF IF YOU'RE ALIVE
TO TAKE OFF ON MISSION NUMBER FIVE

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

I TRIED TO MAKE
IT ON ONE ENGINE



BUT
I RAN
OUT
OF GAS

YOU'VE HAD IT

WHEN YOU'VE FEATHERED YOUR THIRD PROP
AND THERE ARE FOLKE 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 HALPRATIONS ARE THE THING
AND THERE WILL BE NO MAIL TILL SPRING
IF IT'S VERBOTEN YET TO GING
MY SYMPATHY - YOU'VE HAD IT
WHEN THE BELLS RING OUT THE CHEER
IF THE BOAT JUST LEFT THE PIER
AND YOUR STIX: LOOKING FOR A SOUVENIR
THEN CHUM - "YOU'VE REALLY HAD IT"

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY

THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
 OF KLAN 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
 PROTECTING THE RIGHTS OF OUR NATION
 BUT WE'VE HAD ENOUGH OF DULAG LUFT



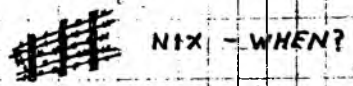
SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
 OF A SING SONG KRIEGIE TUNE
 OF GENERAL IKE IN JUNE
 OF FIGHTIN' YANKS - OF ROARIN TANKS
 I HOPE THEY GET HERE SOON
 OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH

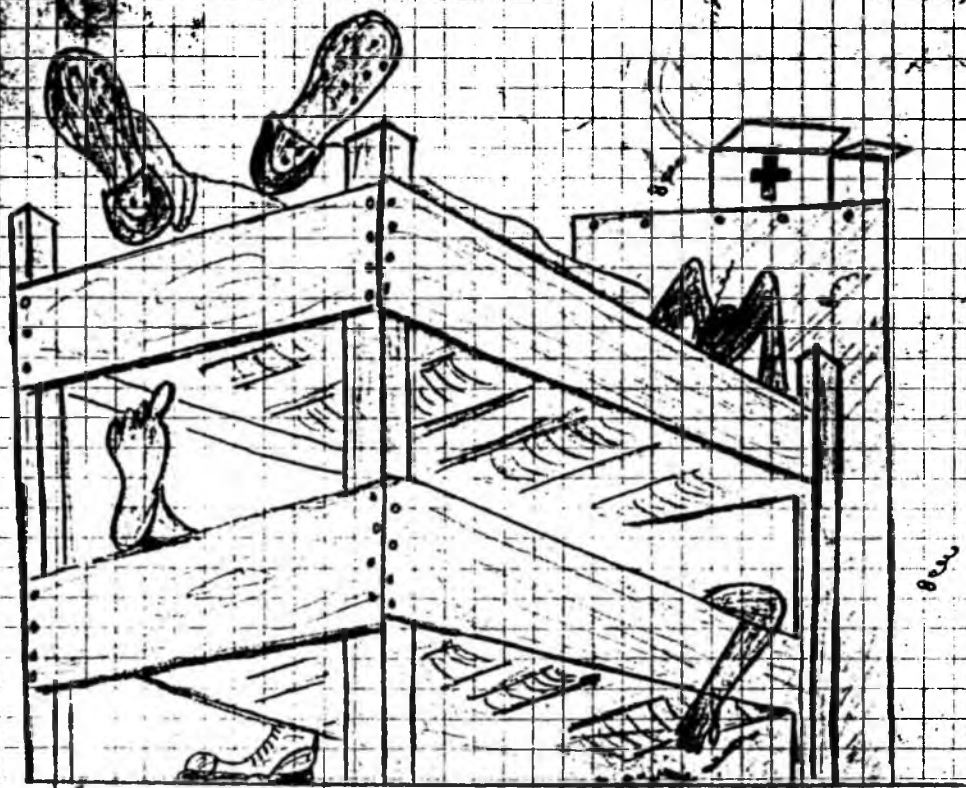


WE PULL STUMPS TILL OUR BACKS ARE ALL BREAKING
 AND WE YELL WHAT A BEATING WE'RE TAKING
 BUT WHEN WE THINK OF THE DOUGH THAT WE'RE MAKING
 THEN THE PAIN SUBSIDES AND OUR SPIRITS RISE



SO THANKS FOR THE MEMORY
 OF STALAG NUMBER THREE
 THE HOME OF YOU AND ME
 WHERE YOUNG SOULS BURN
 AND KRIEGIES YEARN
 TO ONCE AGAIN BE FREE
 OH! THANK YOU SO MUCH





NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLUMBER
ON A BUNK AS HARD AS LUMBER
THE GUY ABOVE ME STARTS TO SNORE
THE GUY BESIDE ME STARTS TO ROAR
THEY BREATHE REFRAINS SO VERY 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 AN 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.

Tomb Raider	Thomas Smith	The Victor	C. Randear & Alan J. Smith
Jack Hill	Jack London	Excuse my dust	Bella My Patridge
Conan	Robert Starobuck	Lord John	Joseph Conrad
Life in a Luffy Knife Factory	H. Allen Smith	Pole's Boat Tales	E. A. Poe
Biography of Beethoven	Anthony Hope	Suberka Court	Clyde Kane
My Heroic Muses		Light that Failed	Kunling
King of the Kingdom	A. J. Cronin	Baily's Cent Sunday	Ed. J. Trellis
White Fang	Jack London	Tear of B. Valeville	Thomas Hardy
Mystery of the Beauty	Wendell Phillips	Black Day	Lippitt
Don Quixote	Cervantes	Archibald the Great	Clarence B. Kelland
Wind from the East	W. B. Rolt	Needle Watcher	Richard Blake
Warner		Practical Aerology & Applied Physics	
Works of Shakespeare	Temple, and J. Sumner	Centennial Summer	Robert H. Dell
WINTERFALE MULHADD ABOUT NOTHING - AS YOU LIKE IT		Young Man With a Horn	Barry Payne
Chicken every Sunday	Rosemary Taylor	Out Lumber	E. L. Lippitt
Emperor's Snuff Box	J. Dixon Carr	Oliver Twist	Dickens
Chenango Park	Robert Shapiro	Random Harvest	James Hilton
Arnold and Son	Warren Deeping	Thimble & Lipstick	W. Somerset Maugham
The Novus	Charles J. Tins	Out of the Night	O. O. McDermott
What if this Field?	Richard O. Hanlon	Phantom Lady	
Super-cargo	Carl Whitehorn	Half a Hero	Anthony Hope
Let not Mark Pat. Auander	Basil King	Lady in Lilac	Susannah Shan
The Quiet Shore	Walter Haringhurst	Samson	
Whotagirl	Oliver Sandys	Jamaica Inn	Daphne du Maurier
Geo. Leo's Comm. Wash. Colby & Foster		Crossing of the Trench	Jack London
The Master Work	Myrtle Reed	Wuthering Ferns	Mark Twain
The Valley of the Giants	Peter B. Kyne	The Razor's Edge	W. Somerset Maugham
Fear and Belair	Lord Dunsany	Rebecca	Daphne du Maurier
The Flying Years	Frederick Muen	The Cruise of the Explorer	Roy C. Anderson
Musk & Timber	A. E. W. Mason	Fighting Angel	Paul G. Buck
Jane Eyre	Charlotte Bronte	Sea Hawk	Rufal Sabatini
Parsons of Zenda	Anthony Hope	Without a Name	James Hilton
Swamp Water	Varren Bell	Look to the Mountain	
Looking Backward	Edward Bellamy	Burning in Empire	Stewart Hall
Death of my Aunt	C. H. B. Kitchin	There's no Place like Home	J. Lee Ellingwood
Singing Guns	Max Brand	Ordeal by Hunger	George R. R. Martin
Spanish Cape Mystery	Ellory Queen		
Jeves	P. G. Woodhouse		
In Time of Harvest	John L. Sinclair		
Burning Daylight	Jack London		
The A. Flying Cloud	Margaret Pedler		
Get the King	Beuare-Hondre Monod		
Joan of Arc	Mark Twain		
Salute to adventures	John Buchan		
Dragon Seeds	P. S. Buck		
Magnificent Obsession	Floyd C. Auglar		
Broken River	John Waid Hawkins		
A Tall Grove in Blyer	Betty Smith		
Yellow Rain	R. F. Donovan		
Red for Fortness	Guy Boothby		

Abiding Love

What man hath lived who hath not known
A moment of despair
But yet again how oft was shown
That all should 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 cower down in defeat
They yet remained when all else fled
A love, as nectar sweet

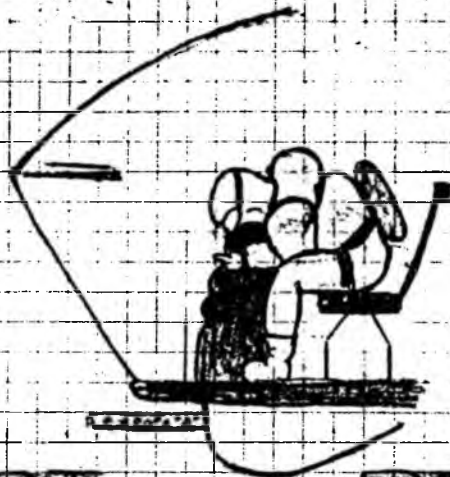
A spirit, true, but when she spoke
I list to every word
And with a cry my soul awoke
And thus it was I heard

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 we are apart
But now I know thou art with me
Forever in my heart



LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS

DOWN A LONELY ROAD ON A COLD BLEAR 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 GHOST 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"
THIS ANCIENT RELIC OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR
CREPT CROSS THE ROOM AND SLOUCHED AT THE BAR
AND IN HOLLOW TONES FROM HIS SUNKEN CHEST
DEMANDED A DRINK AND ONLY THE BEST
THE PEOPLE SAID NOTHING BUT WATCHED IN THE GLASS
AS THE CREATURE PRODUCED HIS BOMBSIGHT PASS -
RAISED THE GLASS TO HIS LIPS - AND THEY HEARD HIM SAY
BOMB BAYS OPEN - BOMBS AWAY
THEN SPEAKING NOT A WORD HE SLOUCHED THRU THE DOOR
AND THE LAST OF THE BOMBARDIERS WAS SEEN NO MORE
BUT DOWN THROUGH THE AGES THE PHRASE HAS STUCK
WHEN YOU SAY BOMBARDIER YOU ADD "HARD LUCK"

The day begins with a call to appell,
May take twenty minutes, one never can tell,
The "Hauptmann" counts slow to reduce mistakes -
The prisoners get cold and develop 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 your 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, the 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 Pate, blood sausage, and cheese,
The mixtures concocted, then eat if you please;
The K.P.'s do well to make up some triple -
Half parcels are rough on the nutritive type.

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

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

Evening appell, 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 the day;
I'd better close this rhyme of satire -
Prison life nears my esteem of Hell's fire

The day finally ends with a click of the light,
The quarrels may continue far into the night,
I sleep with dreams of home and my wife to be,
The happiest time of a prisoner's 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 over the ocean, your engines give a spit
You see your props come to a stop, the god damn 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 bellyacher 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

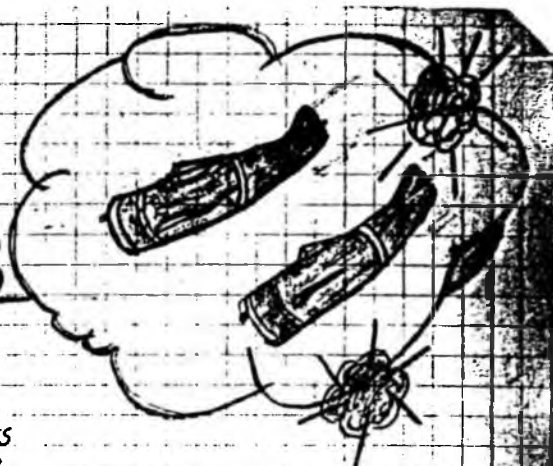
Chorus -
For then you'll loop and spin her and with an awful tear
You'll find yourself without your wings but you will never care
For in about 2 minutes more, another pair you'll find
You'll fly with Pete and his Angels sweet and you will never mind

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 you're about to be a general you'll find
Your engine cough, your wings fall off, but you will never mind

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

Ingrid Bergman - Klim Kan Queen
Olivia De Havilland - Second
Lana Turner - Third

THUNDER BOLTS



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 FIGHT WITH PRIDE
AND THE HELL CAT'S MAY WELL CLAIM HER VOTES
BUT I'LL TAKE THE SHIR I KNOW TURNED THE TIDE
THAT DREADED AND FEARED THUNDER BOLD

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

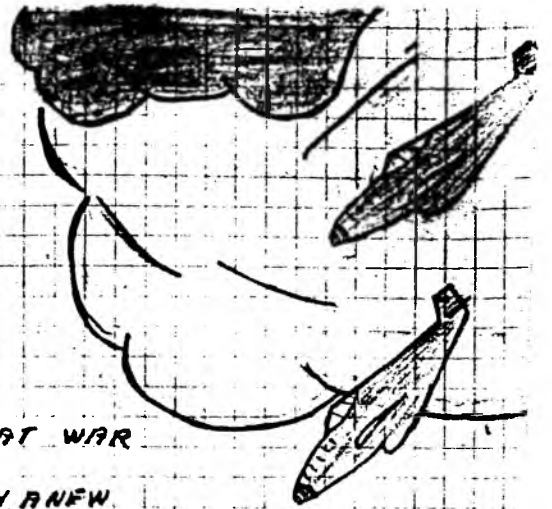
HOW WELL I REMEMBER THAT BEAUTIFUL SIGHT
WHISPING CON-TRAILS HIGH IN THE HEAVEN
AND HOW WE ALL WELCOMED THE TAIL GUNNERS WORDS
HERE COME THE P-47'S :

MANY A FIGHTER THAT SHOT THRU OUR FLIGHT
WE KNEW HIS DOOM HE HAD SEALED
FOR A WHIRL NOSE CAME THRU, WITH HIS GUNS BLAZING TOO
CLOSE ON AN ENEMIES HEALS :

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

LONG AFTER THE DIN OF BATTLE HAS CEASED
THE WORLD ORE YOUR DEEDS SHALL GLOAT
SO ONWARD YOU HEROES, THERE'S MORE GLORY AHEAD
FOR YOU LADS IN YOUR GREAT THUNDERBOLTS

GOD AND P51



BACK IN THE DAYS OF THE 2ND GREAT WAR
MANY OF UNCLE SAM'S SONS
BEGAN TO WRITE AIR CORPS HISTORY A NEW
WITH GOD AND THE P51

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 P51'S.

SOON THEY WERE OVER THE ENEMIES LAIR
AND UP CAME THE TERRIBLE FLAK
A HIT - AN 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 OF OUR TOP TURRET GUNS.
WE'LL SURELY NEED HELP, AH! IT'S ALREADY HERE
LOOK AT THOSE P51'S -

DOWNWARD THEY DIVE, LIKE GREAT BIRDS OF PREY
THE SHRILL WHINE OF ENGINES WE HEAR!
THE 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 MUCH NEEDED REST

AS WE SIT BY THE FIRE AND THINK OF THOSE DAYS
WE TELL THESE OLD TALES TO OUR SONS
AND PRAY FOR THE AMERICAN EAGLES WHO FLEW
WITH GOD AND THE P51'S

P-38 AIR

OH! HEDY LAMARR 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
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 MASSED
WITH GLASSES OF SCOTCH AND CHAMPAGNE
THAT THE THING WAS A TRAIN OF DELIGHT
AS INTENT ON FEELING NO PAIN
NOW NOT THE SAME, NOW A DAYS IN THIS GAME
WHEN WE HEAR MIRTH 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 ARMY OF WHITE DAEFODILS
TAKE THE DAEFODILS 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 RETRET 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
Against the Japs and German fol.
It first appeared in fighting
With the famous P.V.C.'s
And did a great work in slowing
Down the hordes of Japanese
Three months and months of flying
Cie 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
Cities like the "Forties" flew,
The odds were overwhelming
But they always fought on thru.
Tho now replaced by others
That can fly at greater speeds
P40's did such wonders
We will long recall their deeds

THE "B25"

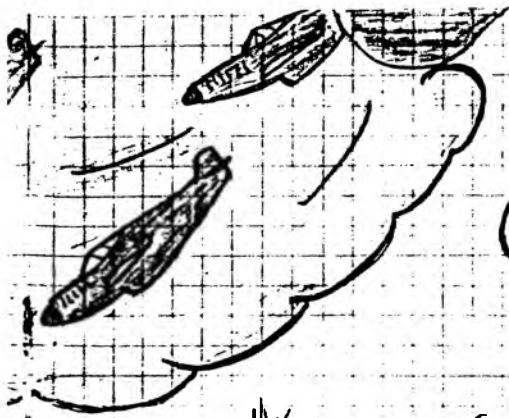
Among the fighting planes that fly
Throughout our war torn sky,
B.25's have done so well,
That I will write some lines to tell
Some of the many jobs they've done
Since they appeared in '41.
Doolittle bombed the Japs at home
By flying "Mitchells" o'er the foam -
It was from a carrier deck they flew,
And 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 fol;

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 Four"
Mounts in its more a "Twenty 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 win the war.

THE "B26"

When this war came, in fact 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 did they wondered why:
Her wings, too small, gave her reprieve
They named her "Flying Prostitute"
(note: no 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 flat-filled skies;
When "she" sets out a job to do
E'en crippled badly "she" comes thru -
Tho' you may call the "26" a Queen
While others pick the Seventeen
The boys who flew the smaller size
Gave "her" their vote for every prize

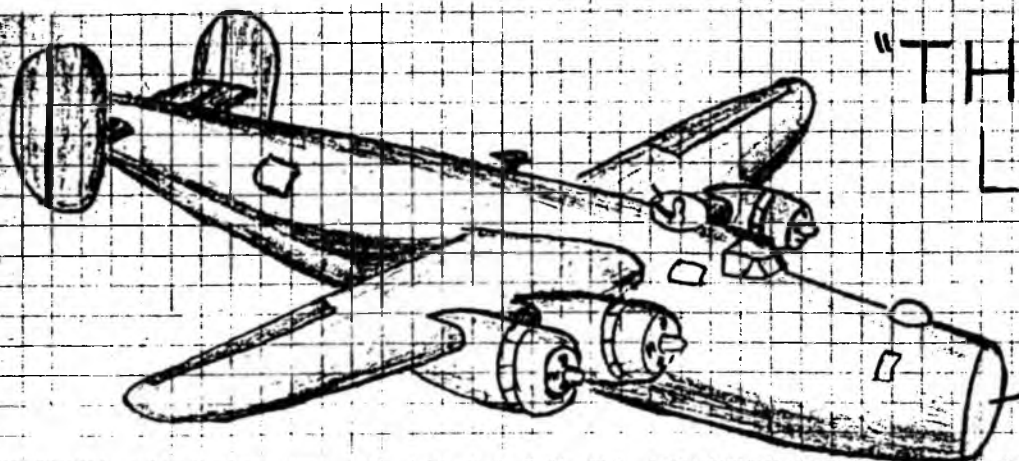


I'D RATHER HAVE GOD THAN THE P51

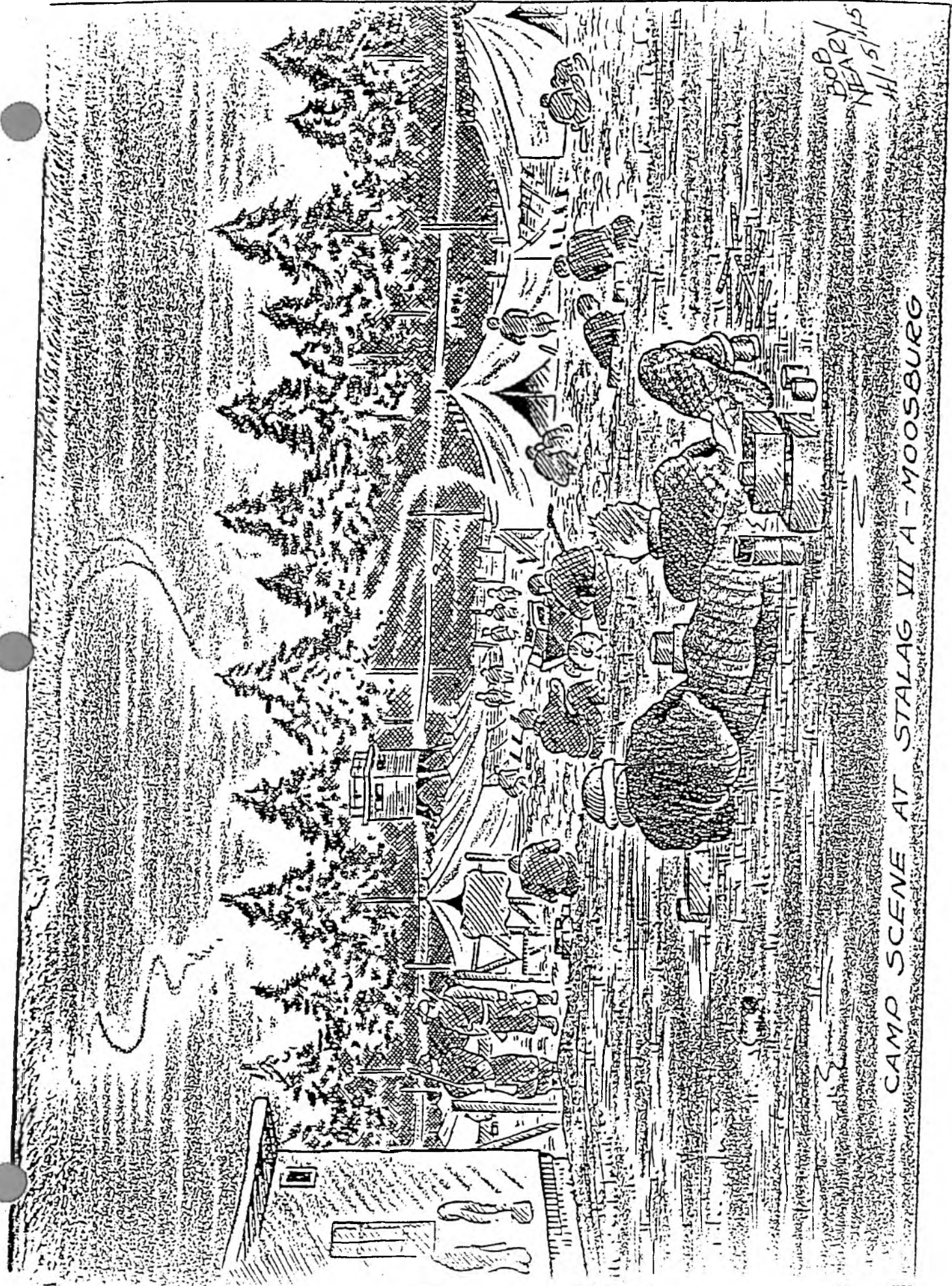
WE READ ABOUT GOD AND THE P51
IT'S A GREAT LITTLE SHIP NO DENYING
IT'S HAD THE FAMED LUFTWAFFE WELL ON THE RUN
AND YOU CAN'T COME CLOSE TO ITS FLYING
BUT I ALWAYS SAID WHEN THE GOING GOT ROUGH
AND PAST ME BURNING FORTRESSES SPIN
I SURE HOPE THAT GOD IS RIDING WITH ME
CAUSE I'D RATHER HAVE GOD THEN THE 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 THEM AWAY
NOR COULD WE, WITH BURSTS FROM OUR GUNS
AND THE ONLY REASON WE'RE HERE TODAY
IS BECAUSE OF GOD, NOT THE P51'S



Until now, her name's hardly been mentioned
Still they've praised all the others before
And to tell 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 limbs are no work of art
But she's up there doing her duty
A patriot right to the heart
She's a queen in the sky and she knows it
She 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
Be it Berlin, Placate or Kiel
And she fights where the fighting is roughest
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 gun she's as smooth and as steady
As the pillar of old 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 B-17
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



BOPEY
NEAR 1/15
#115

CAMP SCENE AT STALAG VII A - MOOSBURG

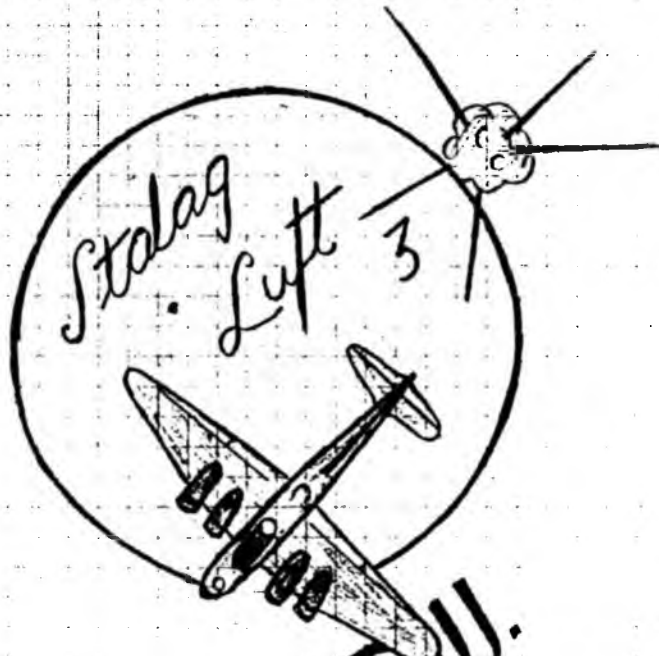
THE FOLLOWING PAGES CONTAIN A COLLECTION OF POEMS, QUOTES AND THOUGHTS COMPOSED BY THE PRISONERS OF WAR INTERNED AT STALAG LUFT III IN SAGAN, POLAND. THE NAMES OF THE AUTHORS OR ORIGINATORS OF THE ART HAVE BEEN FORGOTTEN LONG AGO. THE MATERIAL WAS COMPILED IN WHAT PRISONERS OF WAR AT SAGAN CALLED A 'KRIEGIE 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 EVACUATION OF STALAG LUFT III, ON JANUARY 28, 1945.

STAMMENLAGERLUFT

N
A
C
P

NO. 3
SAGAN = GERMAN

WE WHO ABIDE IN IT - "HAVE HAD IT"



A.F.W.

pc

Name

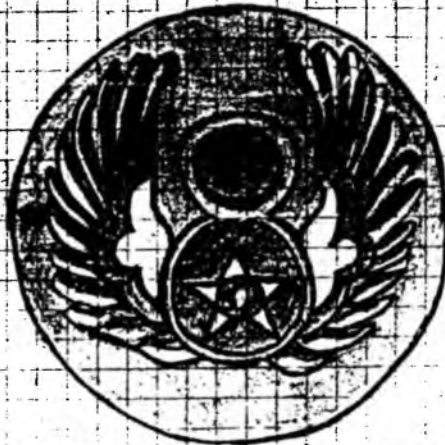
Address

City

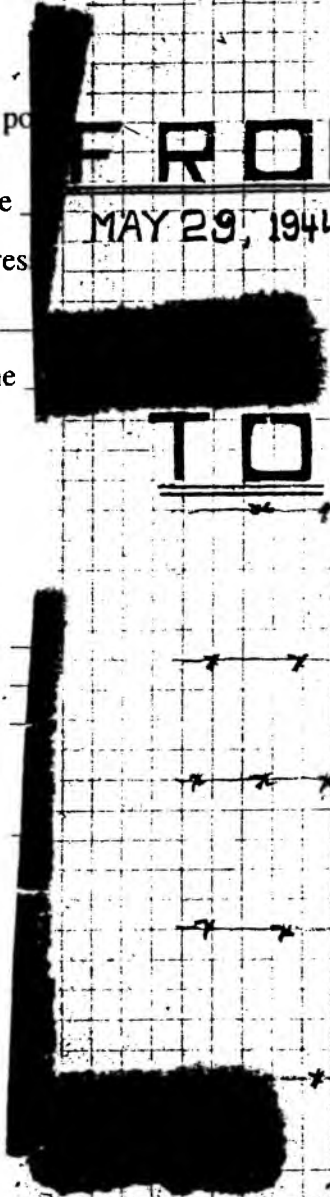
Phone

FROM

MAY 29, 1944



TO



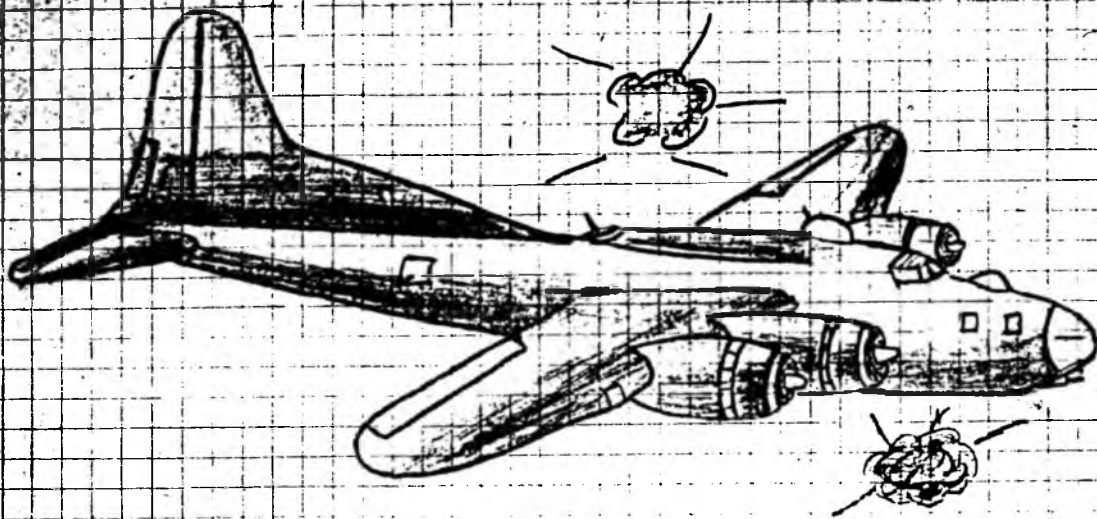
pol
Name
Address
City
Phone



P.O.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
OF HOW IT HAPPENED - THE WORST THEY FEARED
SOME WAKE 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
IS HARD TO DO WHEN PRISON BOUND
BUT THERE ARE WAYS IF ONLY FOUND
THE DAYS ARE LONG AND ALL THE SAME
WITH TIME TO CURSE AND TIME TO BLAME
BUT LIFE IS WHAT YOU MAKE IT HERE
GOOD - BAD OR EXISTENCE MERE
SO TO OURSELVES WE OFTEN SAY
STICK IT OUT - 'T WILL COME THE DAY
WHEN HOMEWARD BOUND, WE TO SHALL BE
TO LIVE A LIFE BOTH NEW AND FREE

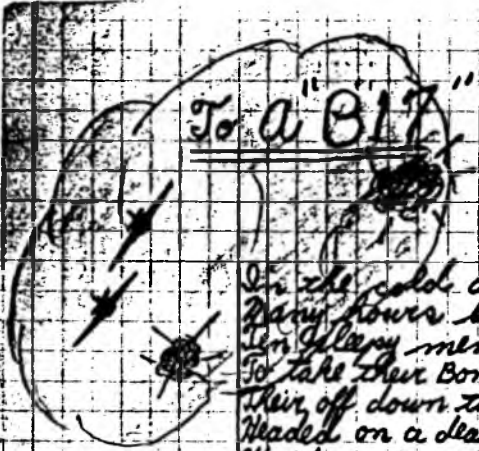
Nat
Ad
City
Pho



THE "B17"

YOU CAN TALK OF YOUR AEROPLANES AND TALK OF THEM LONG
DISCUSS ALL THEIR POINTS BOTH THE WEAK AND THE STRONG
YOU CAN ARGUE WITH PASSION OR CALMLY ASSESS
DEMERITS AND MERITS EACH PLANE MAY POSSESS
FILE FIGURES ON FACTS AND STATISTICS RELATE
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 RAISE
BUT THIS TO THE FORTRESS DESERVING OUR PRAISE
SHE'S A SYMBOL OF ALL THAT FREEDOM CAN MEAN WHEN
ANGERED TO FIGHT - THE B17

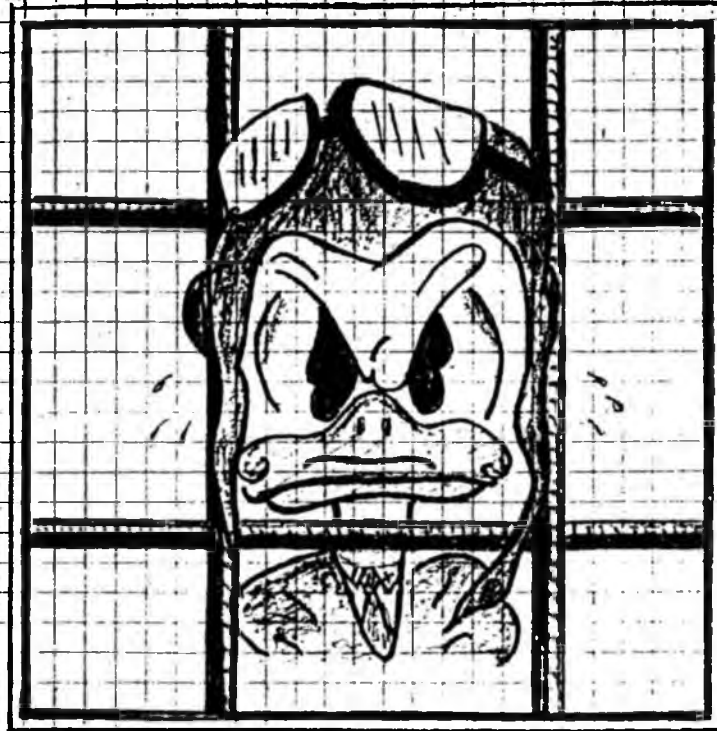
Na
Ad
Cit
Pho



To a BIT

In the cold and dark of the morning
Many hours before the sun rise
Ten Galaxy men trudge down to the line
To take their Bomber up into the sky
Their off down the runway with a roar, then slowly begins 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 long 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 Bomber - "Bomb 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 all -
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 - The BIT -

N
A
C
P



"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,
FOR FOURTEEN BUCKS A DAY.
I LIKE THIS LIFE, I THINK IT'S GREAT,
I HOPE THAT'S UNDERSTOOD,
DO YOU THINK I'D GO BACK TO WAR??
YOUR G--D--- RIGHT I WOULD!!

My Mother's Son



FOOLISH THE THOUGHT THAT I GO DOWN,
MANY FAIL - MANY DIE - BUT NOT MY MOTHER'S SON.
A MISSION HAS BEGUN, AND EVEN AS WE CROSS THE
CHANNEL A PLANE HURTLER 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 CRISKS - "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 MOTHER'S 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 -
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 YOU'RE 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 AMERICA 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 PAIN
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 AIRMAN'S DREAD ISN'T FEAR OF LEAD
IT'S FLYING IN ANY "LOW FLIGHT"
AS THE GROUP APPROACHES THE TARGET
THEY ARE MET WITH THAT "HELLISH" SIGHT
AND AS IF ON A TRACK, INTO THE PATH OF "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 ON STORMY WEATHER

I KNOW WHY THERE'S NO SUGAR IN MY PIE -

KRIEGLE RATIONS -

MY APPETITE HAS NOW REPLACED MY PASSION.

I'M HUNGRY ALL THE TIME

OUR TABLES BARE, HUNGRY KRIEGLES EVERYWHERE.

ITS STARVATION -

MY STUMACHS 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

ITS MALNUTRITION -

A MAN JUST CAN'T LIVE IN MY CONDITION

I'M HUNGRY ALL THE TIME -

AW GEE MISTER, DON'T YOU THINK I MISS YOU STANDING NEAR?

DON'T YOU BELIEVE MY PROMISED "WAIT FOR YOU" AT ALL SINCERE?

YOU KNOW DARN WELL THAT YOUR "THE ONE" THAT SHOULDN'T NEED 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 THOUGHT THAT I'D BEEN FORGOTTEN,

THAT LIFE WAS AN EMPTY AFFAIR;

BUT MY DREAMS CAME TRUE

WHEN "GOD GAVE ME YOU"

NOW I KNOW I GOT MORE THAN MY SHARE -