

WASP

“Songbook”



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Compiled and Presented
by
Class 44-W-10

Cover by Betty J. Williams 44-W-4

The
ARMY AIR CORPS
SONG

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come soaring to meet our thunder,
As we boys Give 'em the gas! Give 'em the gas!
Does we dive scooping our flame from asdor,
Off with one helluva roar,
We live in fame, go down in flame,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Here's a Toast to the host of those who love the vastness of the sky;
To a friend we will send a message of his brother men who fly,
We drink to those who gave their all of old,
These down we rear to score the rainbow's pot of gold,
A Toast to the host of men we boast, the Army Air Corps.

Minds of men fashioned a coat of thunder,
Sent it high into the blue;
Minds of men blasted the world asunder;
How they lived God only knew!
Souls of men dreaming of stars to conquer
Gave us wings ever to soar,
With scouts before and bombers galore,
Nothing'll stop the Army Air Corps!

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true,
If you'd live to be a gray haired wander,
Keep the nose out of the blast,
Flying near guarding the Nation's border,
We'll be there followed by more,
In action we carry on,
Nothing'll stop the Air Corps now!

WASP SONG

With the wind and the sand in our eyes
And our goal placed up high in the skies
We are the WASPS who serve the Air Corps so true,
We're coming, just watch us ZOOM . . . down upon you!
On through the storm and the sea
Fly on till our mission is done
From factory to base, let the WASPS set the pace,
We're a thousand strong!

Words and music by Louis Mosé 43-W-8

"WE LIVE IN THE WIND AND THE SAND . . . AND OUR EYES ARE ON THE STARS . . ."

AVENGER FIELD

Built on a Texas hillside is a land
Of proud traditions, filled with tales of brave
And stalwart men who gave their precious lives
Wrings to avenge, that Freedom's flag might wave—

Avenger Field, your sons shall issue forth
Through troubled skies in peril to prevail
The tyrant to subdue, make right the wrong
On mighty wings these heroes shall not fail

Sleep, martyr'd dead, you have not died in vain
The torch we'll bear—nor to the despot yield
Till all is safe for peace throughout the world
Your purpose shall be served, Avenger Field

Grace Feyer
March 20, 1942

(The poem which originally named Avenger Field)

AVENGER FIELD

Avenger Field,—
They built and named you, not for me,
But for Cadets whose wings would soar
In Freedom's cause, across the seven seas.
I wonder if you feel that you have lost
Your heritage of glory, when I come?
Or do you feel that I've a small part, too,
When freedom war encircles all the earth?
I go, not to avenge, but to release
For sterner duty those whose wings will spread
Across the skies, in ever greater numbers,
Until the day when peace is won, and we
Can build again a world
More free from tyranny and hate.
To fight in Freedom's cause is not my lot;
To serve; to add my strength to theirs
Who give their all;
To fly; to do my part
Is all I ask.

Avenger Field,

Ellie Pratt 42 W-8

SONGS OF THE 319TH—

Over trees under wires
Thud with landing gears and tires
We're the girls of the 319th!
Over clouds, through the soap
We can do an inverted loop
We're the girls of the 319th!

There it's fly, fly, fly,
Just let us in the sky,
We'll ferry them to you "over there."
Oh, we'll do our little bits
Just to give the Axis fits—
We're the girls of the 319th!

—Tara "Calsoni"

Note: The WASP program originated at Houston,
Texas, November 16, 1942. It's first Army
Designation was the 319th A A F F T D

Forward March! Right Oblique!

We go marching down the pike
As the Wool Teds go marching along.
Column Left! Column Right!
'Tis indeed a gruesome sight
As the Wool Teds go swinging along.
For it's grips, grips, grips,
To kill with all his might,
Shoot us the airplanes fast and strong.
So, grab your 'duds and don your old coat-suit—
To the Blue Skies the Wool Teds belong!

—Tara "Calsoni"

POP, POP, POP! the stick

Roughly in the line
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily
Lardy, what a ride!

—Tara "Row, Row, Row Your Boat"

We've gotten scot suits, jackets and stuff
Now we are drilling, boy are we rough
Calfastics make us sore
Still they will give us more and more.
Plenty of ground school, no time for flight
Lousy waits for mail, no letter in sight.
That's A A F F T D
Some life we all agree.

Marching to mess, then marching to sleep
All that we do must be done "en Masse"
Our maneuvers are precise
They only need to fail us twice.
We'll learn to fly the new Army way.
New stunts and things we get every day.
Hut, hoo, three, four, hoo cry
No critics need apply.

When word gets around that Sunday is free,
All of the school applauds with glee!
We can date on our free night
If there's a man we can invite.
Not an instructor—that isn't done—
All personnel we students must choose
Men uncommissioned or cadet
That's all a girl should get.

Six days a week we've no time to think
Just go to ground school, flight line or link,
But one morning we sleep late
That is the day that we await—
Time for our laundry, letters and snark
Time for ourselves, but not very much.
Then we're out in Houston — free!
Some life we all agree.

—Tara "Nette Dene"

We'll be down to get you in a big box, Honey,
Bitter be ready about six-fifteen,
Now Hen, don't stop to press
You want to be there when the bus starts rolling
We get up when the moon is shining
Sit in the bus for an hour and away
When we get there, day's begun
Pretty soon you'll see the sun
Put on your old coat and start a Texas day!
—Tune "Dark Town Station" Ball

Note: Trainers at Houston rode the fifteen miles to and from the field in the "filibuster buses" (Cattle trucks) before breakfast and after supper each day. They remained at the field the entire day, dressed in the same "boot-aids" which they donned before daylight.

Haste Make, what are you trying to do?
I'm half crazy trying to follow through.
You can't do good pretending!
You won't make a desert!
But you look sweet
Upon the seat
Of a parachute!!

Haste Make, your pattern's all astray
You know darn well I taught you another way
You shove the stick in my tummy
And then you stick it's fancy,
And I can't forget
The mark in the tank
That you gave me the other day.

Haste Make, all your maneuvers stink,
Why in the hell didn't you learn to think?
You spin just like a top
I think you'll never stop.
So I think it best
That you take a rest
On a bicycle built for two.
—Tune "Bicycle Built for Two"

You take the runway
And I'll take the mud hole
And you'll get to Houston before me
For me and my PT
Are standing on our nose
In the muddy, muddy field of El Campo.
—Tune "Lack Lament"

Once we were scarlets, now we're in saffron
They are our lines GI flying suits
They come in all sizes large, Large and LARGE
We look like a grand big barrage.
Oh, we're not all our homies gender
Our wrinkles are new and tight—
Our faces are windburned and tender
We saw are a gruesome sight.
Och! we fly through the air in our little PTs
We spin and we stall with the greatest of ease
Our landings are rough
Our recoveries quick
Relax, little girl—pop that stick!
—Tune "During Young Men on the Flying Trapeze"

Trump, trump, trump, the girls are marching
Marching everywhere we go
First we march and then we drill
If that won't kill you
Folksman will,
Listen boys, oh listen to our tale of woe.

Major, major, major, I want a Major
Major, Colonel, or Cadet
I want a man who's strong and tall
Who won't mind this sort of ail,
But I haven't seen a man in this place yet.

Ground school classes in the morning,
All our simple minds, we strain,
On the paper, helicopter, autogyro, airplane—
All the things we try to crowd into our brain.

Look boys, look! The girls are flying,
Perfect form in every way
Wentworth we will redeem
Boys, we're ready on the beam
And we'll show you how to fly the Army Way!
—Tune "Trump, Trump, Trump"

Note: Limit, [now Major] Fishbein was Physical Training instructor of the 219th.

There'll be a change in the flight line
A change on the line,
From now on there'll be a change in us.
Our walk will be different
Our style and our dress
No more shirt-tails hanging out in the mess.

We're gonna change our way of living,
And if that ain't enough,
We'll change the way we use our powder and gull,
Our socks will be pressed
And our shoes will all shine.
We'll wear our helmets when we're out on the line.

And when the Lieutenant calls attention
We will give him no sign
'Cause from now on we'll be cooking with gas!
We'll get downsize if we don't obey
There were some changes made today,
There will be more changes made.
—Tune "There'll Be Some Changes Made"

We dance near these
In those open PTs
Deep in the heart of Texas,
We're never out of our seats
In these big STs.
Deep in the heart of Texas,
If you don't look the litch,
You'll fall out of the hatch
Deep in the heart of Texas,
If you don't relax
You'll be in Air Facts
Deep in the heart of Texas.
—Tune "Deep in The Heart Of Texas"

"Town—I think I'm lost. Do you know where I am?"

A A F— F T D

It's no place for mother's babe
It's the place to learn to fly
In the good old Army way.

First we march, then we drill
And the classes are not hay
This goes on, it seems forever
In the good old Army way.

Stand in line for our food
For our bus and Johnnie foot
If our feet will only hold out
Maybe we will see it through.

For the war and darnation
We will gladly give our all
For Uncle Sam and all his cousins
We will fly at every call!

But when peace comes and when coffee,
Rubber, milk can all be got
We'll be glamour girls, we MEAN glamour girls
And ah boy, will we be HOT, TWO, THREE, FOUR!
—Tune "Classette"

There's a long, long nail a-grinding
Into the sole of my shoe,
And it digs a little deeper
Every mile or two;
But there's one sweet day a-coming,
A day I'm dreaming about,
The day when I can sit me down
And pull that darn nail out!
—Tune "A Long, Long Trail"

There's a plane on the ground
And it's ready to go
It's that big BT
That I'd love to see.

And I know I can do it
Have a flight to talk about
If that darned old instructor
Would get out.

Take it off — take it off—
Cried the man on the ground
If you don't make it soon, then go on around.
Raise the flaps, make a turn, try the pattern again,
If it's clear, be sure to bring it in.

Some day, some day we'll fly
Above all over the sky
O'er the country we'll soar
To help them win the war.
—Tune "Strip Pulls"

MESS HALL SONG

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Up to the mess hall each day.
We tramp, we tramp that never ending road
Three times a day.
When the long platoon has halted
Why, it's then we comprehend
No matter where we're standing
They peel off from the other end.

There's a long, long line a-waiting
A waiting patiently to eat
We only stand an hour or so
Upon our weary feet.
When at last we get to dining
We're all so good, we're just all in.
Then comes the call that drives us crazy
Everybody fall in!
—Tune "Long, Long Trail A-winding"

MY WILD EYED TRAINEE

My wild eyed Trainee,
She ain't learned nothing yet!
She nesses her down
When close to the ground,
My wild eyed Trainee;
She slips in her banks,
If she ever we'll all give thanks,
I hear drums booming low
And gals marching slow
Behind my wild eyed Trainee.
—Tune "My Wild Irish Rose"

YOU'RE IN THE FTD

You're in the FTD, you're not civilian, see—
The Army's your pal, And every gal
Has high for AAC.

First stage entails PT's, and then you fly BT's
Then AT's too, May lead you to
A case of grand DT's.
—Tune "Banjo"

Roll out the airplanes
We've got a big job to do,
Roll out the airplanes
Hurry is we can get through!

We'll practice sequences
When we go up every day,
Just so we can ferry airplanes
For the U. S. A!

—Tune "Roll Out the Barrel"

Mine eyes have seen the glory of my bicent badge out,
Mine ears have heard the story of Lieft, Fishman's shout,
My teeth have felt the gritty sand that we all gripe about,
The 319th flies out!

Glory, Glory Hallelujah!
Look at what they've doin' to ya!
All your friends are sad they know ya'
The 319th flies out!
—Tune "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah"

We are Yankee Doodle Pilots,
Yankee Doodle, do or die!
Real, live nieces of our Uncle Sam,
Born with a yearning to fly.
Keep in step to all our classes
March to flight line with our pals.
Yankee Doodle came to Texas
Just to fly the PT's!
We are those Yankee Doodle Gals!
—Tune "Yankee Doodle Dandy"

ZOOT-SUITS AND PARACHUTES

Before I was a member of the AAFTD
I was a working girl in Washington, D. C.
My boss he was unkind to me, he worked me night and day—
I always had the time to work but never time to play.

[CHORUS]

Singing toothbrush and parachutes and wings of silver, too
He'll ferry skyboxes at his moons used to do.

A lung came a pilot, ferrying a plane,
He asked me to go fly with him down in lovers' lane
And I, like a silly fool, thinking it no harm
Cuddled in the cockpit to keep the pilot warm.

[CHORUS]

Early in the morning before the break of day
He handed me a short-sleeved suit and this I heard him say
Take this, my darling, for the damage I have done,
For you may have a daughter or you may have a son;
If you have a daughter, teach her how to fly,
If you have a son, put the (censored) in the sky.

[CHORUS]

The moral of this story as you can plainly see
Is never treat a pilot an inch above the knee,
He'll kiss you and carry you, and promise to be true
And have a girl at every field as all the pilots do.

[CHORUS]

—Tune "Ball Bottom Trousers"

WE HATE TO SEE YOU LEAVE US

We hate to see you leave us
To go flying in the sky
But we'll be right behind you
By and by,
Cubs, AT's and P-40's
And on those you'll thrive
We hate to see you leave us
Doodle—U—S

Good luck to all you pilots
Towing targets high and wide
Flying suits across the country
What a ride!
Many flights and happy landings
Keep them flying high
Next month class sis will join you
Doodle—U—S

We hate to see you leave us,
Off to bases near and far
But Uncle Sammy needs you
Add your star!
And when this war is over
The A-1 is in a daze,
We'll know who helped to crash them—
Doodle—U—S!!
—Tune "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Hello!"
Words by Nellie Kennedy 43-W-4

AULD LANG SYNE TO 43-W-3

Soon you will leave Avenger Field
And take with you your wings
We're proud of you and wish you luck
In all the future bring.

So fly your planes—Go fly them wild
Your hearts are in the sky,
But now end this tale true to find
Of those who said, "Good-bye."
—Tune "Auld Lang Syne"

SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-1

Oh, Evols, ah Evols, there's nothing in this world you cannot do,
You took a monk and you made him into man, long shot, 'tis true;
But now you've brought a greater phenomenon to pass
You took a bunch of women and made the senior class
To win Avenger glory, your name will not surpass.
So Evols-Ov Evolutions.

I've been waiting on the flight line, just for a chance to fly,
I've been waiting on the flight line, for an hour in the sky,
Can't you hear the props a-roaring, warming up on the line
Can't you hear the ships a-circling, come Pilsnola, fly,
Poland, let me fly; Poland, let me fly; Poland, let me fly that old PT,
Poland, let me fly; Poland, let me fly; Poland, let me fly that plane.
—Tune "I've Been Working on the Railroad"

You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
Santigo blue and a heart that sings—
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your h. p. tricks to the babes in 'G'
Leave your h. p. tricks to the babes in 'G'
Leave your big city tricks to the gals in the staks—
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

You can leave all the drills' to the W-5 chicks
You can leave all the drills' to the W-5 chicks
You can leave Lufkin's drills' to the gals off wheels'
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your instrument lore to poor W-4
Leave your instrument lore to poor W-4
You can leave all the links with their gadgets galore
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

You can leave PT to poor W-3
You can leave PT to poor W-3
You can leave all the cricks from the neck to the knee
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your cross-country bustin' to your W-2 coosie
Leave your cross-country bustin' to your W-2 coosie
Leave the hedge-hoppin' fun that was W-3
'Cause you ain't gonna bust here no longer.

You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
You'll go forth from here with your silver wings
Santigo blue and a heart that sings—
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.
—Tune "Dig Your Grave with a Silver Spade"

SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-3

It's graduation for W-3
We don't quite know yet
Where we're gonna be.
All these months we've been flying,
Or at least we've been trying,
And this is no lying,
We're so happy, you see.

When we had about rides
We nearly lost hope.
Sometimes we wondered if we were all dope.
But now we're safely through—we're telling you
It can be done and so—
Get with it—and follow us through!
—Tune "For Me and My Gal"

"OH, MY ACHIN' BACK"

We'll meet you 'way out yonder
Soaring in that wide blue sky,
Every place that we may wonder,
By and by.
With silver wings we go forth
To spread Avenger ferns.
We'll meet dear old friends
Up there again.
—Tune "Walt 'Til the Sun Shines Nefile"

SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-4

Seven months this was your home,
Now you will be free to roam.
Spread your wings and fly away,
This is your graduation day.

W-1, you've ahead to see
What the world will offer thee,
Climb the ladder rung by rung,
You'll reach the top before you're done.

When you flew the Felschid high
You didn't even have to try,
When you changed to Stormun planes
Your landings never were the same.

Then of transition you did speak
Though you flew but once a week,
The most astounding thing by far
Was C I D F T P.

To the Link trainer you did troop
To fly full gear and rate group;
Your eyes got misty, your brain did tea,
And vertigo was still with you.

On instruments you then made good,
Flying underneath the hood,
Though you'll never be the same,
A 50-3 is by your name.

A three-day post you thought you'd rate,
You never got outside the gate;
Of one a'clock you used to dream
But they didn't fit in Elmer's scheme.

Your night flying was a lark,
It kept you up long after dark.
You tried to stay within your zone,
Consulted yourself on interphone.

You were glad to navigate
From Texas to a foreign state,
You did the roll, both map and skew,
How you got back we'll never know.

Fis, he, he, W-3
We're no longer Squadron B
We'll miss you W-3
Speed your ten days on a spree.
—Tune "Little Brown Jug"

SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-4

Since Happy Axial's not here to advise,
As Squadron "B" here's a word to the wise—
"If anyone's qualified it should be you!
Yet, great Napoleon not his Waterloo!

"When out in the oval world you fly,
Beware of the other birds passing by;
They've not had the shelter of Avenger's eye,
And God only knows what tricks they'll try!

"Heaven to Betsy, it has been fun!
You've taken a 'porder' and you're on the run;
We're left with the Army and Texas dirt,
But we'll be with you out yonder, or best!

"We're left behind with SMI
And orders that read, 'you will comply';
But as our motto 'do or die'!
We're bound to get there by and by.

"Now for a finale that's short and sweet,
You looked for a doo-doo in this Texas heat;
You've earned your wings and that ain't easy,
So keep 'em flying 'til Judgment Day!"
—Tune "Three Little Fishes"

SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-7

We're droopy Pileolas, but not from dates with fellows
We go to PT training and find our strength in weakness—fast
We're droopy Pileolas, but not because we're jealous,
We don't know where the gym is or where our flight line area—id
We're trying awfully hard to see that we don't get the clearest!
We're easy Pileolas, of red and blue and yellow
Our boss, we'll gaily carry as long as we can ferry—pleasant!

Marching ahead W-7 will always be,
Marching ahead we'll see the air with song,
Strong in the night of our whole class loyalty,
Friend of the right and foe of the wrong,
Following standards that were laid for us
To attain silver wings and fly—
Sing it as follows
We're here to witness
W-7's in the sky.

If sipping with were at our command
And magic lanterns in each hand,
We would not do as it is told
And Sir King Midas wish for gold.
We'd wish to be in W-7
And know that we at last were through!
We'd change our name from plain trainees
And write instead "The Miss H. F."
One wish is still a lot more true,
That our admiration be known to you
That all your sites be brightest blue
We'd wish for—W-7,
—Tune "Wishing"

We may fly ships with motors that are beedle!
With wings that are a-a-a-a-a!
With brains that keep a-beedle!
We'll have to stand the gaff of the other pilots' meedle—
So you think that's cause for wee.

Well, we'll pitch right in and cover take a beedle!
Aic just keep a-beedle!
Lift we're cickin'—
The first thing you know it's the big ships we're piddie!

Then, when you get your wings you can join us in the service
But you mustn't be nervous
For the granitas will preserve us
If the Air Corps' good, then perhaps they will deserve us—
So good luck, here's to you as we go.

Should Auld Acquaintance be forgot
We'll remember Avenger Field.
—Tune "Gonna Dance With A Dolly"

I want to be a Miss H. F.
H'mmmmm and a little bit more.
I want to be a Warp bratee
H'mmmmm and a little bit more.
I want to be a graduate
And then I'll ask no more
For I'll have all that's coming to me
H'mmmmmmm and a little bit,
H'mmmmmmm and a little bit,
H'mmmmm and a little bit more!
—Tune "I Wanna Be a Brother to You"

Come all you Pileolas, gather round
The W-4 sage we will now sound,
The story of their glory you can all recall
But the class of W-7 knows it best of all.

When we left Avenger we were greeted by your cry
"Watch out for those instructors and beware of SMI!"
And in Hangar Three we listened, mouths agape
To your sophisticated stories of the lazy eight.

Chorus:

Oh, W-4 was climbing up the ladder
W-4 was looking to the day
W-4 was climbing up the ladder
And we puffed along behind you the active way.

Then in Hangar Two you told of vertigo
Of steep turns on the rate group, Lift and radio
We'd marvel to each other of the takeoffs that we'd seen
And we loved the puppy Crum brought back from Alless.

The ready room you dwell in was an awe-inspiring place
There were diagrams of gyros and a Zombi's face,
In our transition corner we would wonder from afar
At those aesthetic symbols, dual, F and R.

Chorus

When we marched to Hangar One we saw you waiting there
Making out your flight logs with a casual air.
How you smiled to see us lining up to get our maps
You were wearing your computers and your new blue caps.

And now the month has turned just as only months can do
You won't be here to talk us the exciting things and new
For we have learned of each new phase from Slick's thrilling lore
But they somehow were not half so gay when we got there.

Oh W-4 you've got those silver wings
W-6 in that Santiago blue
W-4 you've got those silver wings
But we're parting up behind you and we'll get them too.

Graduation day has rolled around
And W-6 is going to town
You've earned your wings the long hard way
With lots of work and little play.

Now you're a WASP and get a trainee
No formalities and no PT;
You're million dollar pilots, so they say
But — hot darn — we're Squadron A!
—Tune "Casey Jones"

DO YOU HAVE YOUR WINGS?

Who's that yonder green as grass?
Must be the W-8 freshman class;
Don't know when to turn or where
And it's just beginner's luck that keep 'em in the air.

First Chorus:
Union: Oh, do you have your wings?
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.
Union: Oh, do you have your wings?
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.
Union: Oh, do you have your wings?
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.
All: It's a long, long way but we'll get 'em you bet.

Who's that yonder shining like a light?
Must be the gals of the W-7 flight.
Full of facts, they try to pass,
Still you know it's not gold for it's only brass.

Chorus

Who's that ruffling with eyes tightly shut?
Can't seem to think what goes with what.
It's the cockpit procedure of the AT-4
And it has W-6 in an awful fix.

Chorus

Who's that yonder drives to drink?
Must be the gals on the doggone Dink.
Check your attitude and speed of air.
Still they fly all day and they get nowhere.

Chorus

Who's that flying kiltier, kiltier 'n' yon?
One day they're here and the next they're gone.
Must be W-4's cross country tips
Ask about the social life, they'll give you good tips.

Chorus

Who's that yonder flying like an ace?
She rides the slicer with a lazy grace.
She's dressed in blue and our pride you can see;
No, you don't have to guess, you know it's W-3.

Second Chorus:

Union: Oh, do you have your wings?
Harmony: Oh, yes my pet.
Union: Oh, do you have your wings?
Harmony: Oh, yes my pet.
Union: Oh, do you have your wings?
Harmony: Oh, yes my pet.
All: It's a long, long way and we earned 'em you bet!

Note: "Do You Have Your Wings" was originated by 66-W-3
and revised and sung by them at their graduation Sept. 8, 1944.
Who's that yonder in Hangar Three
That was the ramp of the old PT
Now it's "Home Sweet Home" to W-10
They may get out but they don't know when.

First Chorus:

Union: Do you have your wings?
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.
Union: Do you have your wings?
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.
Union: Do you have your wings?
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.
All: It's a long, long way but you'll get 'em you bet.

Who's that coming out from under the hood?
Freed around the edges but it's understood;
It's W-8 and they look a bit ill
Think they've through with rate-group and dit-dah dit-dah dit-dah

SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-8

Oh! You've had PT to ground loop
And SMIs to stand,
AT-6 procedures
You've had to get in hand.

You've had your share of darnwits
Cattle trucks, white beads,
And—Union's turbans, colosse, helmets,
As on your heads.

Oh! You've had ter on your roof with
And dust on your necks
Instruments to dream about,
You've created out your checks.

Now you've got wings on your turks
The bigger ships you'll rate,
So—oo—here's farewell and happy
Landings—W-3.

—Tune "Rise on Your Finest and So!

You came from the Nation's far corners
To learn how to master the sky,
You made all endures your "Green Pastures"—
Your one aim in life was to fly.

You tackled this massive endeavor
You toiled in the rays of the sun,
And prayed "neath a star-studded azure
That each new day's work be well done.

Your training's past now and you're a WASP now,
You'll ferry airplanes far and wide
And know that blessings from Avenger
Will travel with you by your side.

This day you have earned lasting honor
It's your due to be proud as can be
Your station will never be over
'Til the hour of complete Victory.

—Tune "Red River Valley"

Would you like to swing on a star
Ferry ATs home from afar
And be better off than you are,
Or would you rather be a WAC?

A WAC may be an affair
With bright bars that shine
Her olive green and everything looks fine
She's very proud of the name she bears
As for you, you don't want her career;
Her olive green was never meant for you,
You want the Santiago Blue.

Would you like to loop 'round a star
Ferry ATs home home afar
And be better off than you are,
Or would you rather be a WAVE?

A WAVE may be an insign or a seaman first class
Her uniform of Navy blue will pat,
As the Navy says her weight is gold she's worth
But who would want to be confined to earth,
As for you, she can keep all of those things—
You'd rather have your silver wings.

You made a choice and carried it through
You've got your wings and your Santiago Blue—
So now that all your training is through
You will be flying near and far,
And truly swinging on a star.
—Tune "Swinging on a Star"

You have earned your wings that sparkle brightly,
Now you'll ferry five planes up in the blue,
On this day you leave you look so dighty
Let us say we're mighty proud of you!

Oh, Class of Fossil
We're proud of them!
Though you've got into some lines
You have sweated out those d's.

Best of luck to all you rugged women,
As you carry Avenger standards high,
When you start out on your every mission,
Know our blessings are with you in the sky!
—Tune "I've Got Spots That Jingle, Jangle, Jangle"

Oh ye gotta be an eager beaver
You gotta show the Captain today
You're the kid that loves to fly
And you'll always, always try
To make the Captain think you're O.K.
Oh ye gotta be an eager beaver—
So Captain, watch us today!

—Tune

Keep our wings level, climbing and true,
Hear you up there on the beam in the blue;
Eyes our endeavor on land, in sky,
Follow the flight path of classes gone by.
Bend in together into a ball,
Dash for the ribbon, hand in hand,
Greet with the dancing of each new day,
Honor and victory for W-4.

—Tune

Oh, there was a Squadron B
That we call W-4
And we always seem to be just a little bit late
But we got weathered in
Then no wing review
And now we appear with only
Half of our crew
Now that we're here girls,
We want you to know
We're glad that you've made it
But we're sad to see you go
You've been assigned to a fancy new base
So you've cleaned it up home
And open that case.
—Tune "Turkey in the Straw"

Up in yonder heavens where the F117s fly
An AT-6 stood waiting and my oh my,
Wee heaves and battered in an awful state
After W-4.

We won't forget
Sweetness all in Hangar Three that first we met
Tough as nails and oh that boy they never changed;
In we'd struggle wings a-waggle
If we made it they repaid it,
If we didn't they would end it.

There were times
When the AT had us baffled
With 'n' gears, flaps, tabs, prop, radio—down and locked,
We saw hear that engine mount' and our peer instructor grouch'
Watch that right trim
Talk about your cross wind
Breathe! and those silver wings.

Now before we go
There's a thing or two
W-9 and 10 that we'll say to you—
Land 'n' ear of ye Fittles' true
'Cause you ain't gonna be here much longer.

W-10 fly high in that 6 again,
W-9 chide up when you're weathered in,
Let the whole world know, W-9 and 10
You are proud to be flying up yonder.

There are tears and heartaches and checks to go
You will keep 'em heads up and wir we know
Carry on those standards with pride and hope
'Cause you ain't gonna be here much longer.

Hummmmmmmmm
Hummmmmmmmm
Santiago Blue and a heart that sings
'Cause you ain't gonna be here much longer.

—Tune

Although they say we always play
We'd like to set you straight on several little things,
And let you know we're on the go
From revs to laps you'll always hear us sing—
It's got up, got down,
Clean your boys, fall out for evens,
It's PT, ground school, flight line,
No time ever to call our own,
We're off right now to show you
We're the best damn Squads on Avenger Field.

—Tune

When you come to Avenger Field one January morn
Oh, W-6 what a grateful fix to find yourselves return
With fingerprints and painful shots and any old shade of light tan see;
What an unknown treat you had in store for you.

You marched and marched and gusted and gusted and skivered in the snow
A hut, two, three, four, right flank march and to the winds you go,
And on the flight line every day you flew that rugged Army way,
But the check rides came and you got your first big blow.

Then on to Hanger Ten you marched to conquer the AT's
That cockpit climb was a pain in the neck and the tower was always ahead,
The posture was changed, the field rearranged, in thirty hours it still was strong,
But ALL that was a breeze to W-6.

You moved seat dear to instruments and under the hood you went
In a scuffling hour your instructor moussed but you never knew what he meant,
With your needle-ball and airspeed all you flew the range with dits and dats
And you rode the beam too—

ARMY 142, ARMY 140, THIS IS ABILENE RADIO
THE ALTIMETER SETTING IS SSW 18.30

TEMPERATURE 109 AND 5 TENTHS
DEWPOINT 3 EVERY HOUR ON THE HALF HOUR
ABILENE RADIO OUT

And you never hit the zone.

With heads held high and a hopeful sigh, you took up your maps and charts
In a timid way you plotted your course to far and unknown parts,
You had forest landings and ran out of gas and old PTs which weren't so fast
Oh, you're flown with the dust in the daytime, you flew with the stars at night.

You stand before us today in Santiago blues
And in your hands you hold those wings and in your heart's a tune;
You're on your way to strange new days, a room of your own and a raise in pay,
So goodbye, good luck and

BE SURE TO SIGN THE DEMERIT LIST
So goodbye, good luck and
THESE WILL BE NO WING REVIEW THIS SATURDAY

So goodbye, good luck and
SAUERKRAUT AND WIENERS WILL BE SERVED IN THE MESS HALL
So goodbye, good luck, CONGRATULATIONS W-6.

—Tune "Wass Jaberis Comes Marrying Horv"

Note: Parts capitalized are to be spoken.

SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-9

You left your father, your mother back home on the farm,
You left your husbands and sweethearts in somebody's arms,
You left your love life, your night life and all such good things
To get those silver wings.

And then they draped you in wool suits and fur lined A-2's
To meet formations, count billions and primary blues,
You had some ground loops and check rides and still you came through
To get those silver wings.

ATs, BTs, Link, cross country, instruments and PTs,
Night rides, beam rides—in any old ship and any old time,
You weathered weather and physics but never got you down,
You took PT, call letters and marched all around
And now you're hearing our cheering for W-6
For you've got those silver wings.

—Tune "Eiser's Tune"

Put on your new blue berret
With the Army shield upon it
While you show your wings of silver hue,
There's a great day waiting
When you'll be graduating
We take off our hats to you,
—Tune "Pat on Your Old Gray Bonnet"

To a W-5 from a W-9
You're another new class coming off the line.

Now you may think we really hate to see you leave
But don't you worry 'cause we really don't grieve

'Cause you've gotten your wings and you're leavin' today,
You'll be ridin' the beam on the old airway.

For you're the million dollar pilot, so they say
You've got to show them that you're really okay.

You'll be making new friends in the forty-eight
From Mitchell Field to the Golden Gate.

You'll never settle down but be on the roam
With only Airport Operations your home.
—Tune "San Fernando Valley"

From this field they say you are going
After seven months you're getting out of here
And you're going to a field where there's meadow
And games and night life and beer.

No more stuns from eating at the mess hall,
No more coffee of hundred ounces,
No more morning formations of daybreak
Or holding down Steamers in the rain.

Living in a bay will be over,
You will now have your share of privacy
Oh, the laundry bags are hung on the dykesh
Thirty-six and four as they should be.

So farewell and good luck, W-7
Here's our wish as we bid you goodbye,
That soon in your prop-walk we'll follow
And fly with our sisters in the sky.
—Tune "Red River Valley"

Wounded from the desert
Mortared by the dust and sand storm
Free us from earthly bonds of two dimensional
Free us from earth to which we're born.

Sand in our maw
Bleaded with the wind our father
Hardened through sweat and battle for survival
We are the daughters of the sky.

Give us our wings and send us out to do or die
Give us the fortitude to face the weather,
Guard us from the evils of the sky.
—Tune "Song of the Plains"
(Russian Cavalry Song)

They call us brivols "Y"
'Cause we have fun all the time,
Experienced ground loopers,
At stages we're trouper,
Our slow rolls really are fine.

We do spins and snap rolls with ease
In a spin or in a slight breeze
When our wings are level,
We're scared as the devil—
That's W-4.
—Tune "Fervidous Sal"

It's graduation day for W-8
We've come a long, long way to see our wings shine,
Everybody's been knowin'
To new boots we're goin'
And for words we've been sewin'
Air Corps patches on our Santiago blue suits
Takin' up our most talk
Waiting for assignments and now
We'd like to tell you just how we all feel
About regaining that old sea appeal—
We'll miss the ATs, ETs, and PTs too
Inspecious we all been—
Sewin'—Thank goodness we're through.
—Tune "For Me and My Gal"

Without our wings, we would not be here now
Without our wings, we could not take a bow;
We worked and flew and managed them ourselves
Our silver wings.

Avenger Field, it's Texas skies of blue
The Air Corps song and how it thrills you through;
We love it so, that Santiago blue
And silver wings.

We've had our check rides and was, but this much we know,
It's all in the game,
We'll follow through as good Bill's do, to fly any place.

We'll never know when we will meet again
We only hope that God will choose to send
Our wings up there, beyond the rainbow's end
And see us through.
—Tune "Without a Song"

Pack up your troubles in your parachute
And smile, smile, smile;
Don't let them get you down with pH slip blues,
Life is still worth while,
Who's a punk ain't anyway,
While cars are still in style;
Oh, Pack up your troubles in your parachute
And smile, smile, smile!
—Tune "Smile, Smile, Smile"

Roll out that PT!
I'm going to solo today—
Spin that propeller,
Back gas, cause I'm on my way—
I'm going to zoom down that runway,
Take her right off from the ground,
Just stay right where you are because, gals,
It's just once that I'm going around.
—Tune "Roll Out the Barrel"

Come drink a toast to the Class we boast—
The W-9 girls
The mighty fine girls
We're working hard for the Victory
To win the war
And make men free;
Ours the guide—Avenger Field we sing,
Ours the goal—to win the right to wear the wings;
So we'll drink a toast to the cause we boast—
To W-9 forevermore!
—Tune "Aviation Air Cadet March"

Before you fly off into the blue
Let us sing our song for you
Take with you memories
Of Texas skies
To fill your heart
And fill your eyes.

You've set a goal for W-9
With highest standards
In all that's fine,
And now to glory
And fame you soar
Congratulations to W-9
—Tune "Tell Me Why"

Oh, I'm far from home
Where the wild Texas roam,
Where the snakes and tarantulas play,
Where seldom is heard
An encouraging word
And we never have time to make hay.

Chorus:
A WASP brasses an'—
All surburnd and daisy and dry,
There's no time to play,
They work us all day,
Voluntun, but we'll never know why!

If I graduate
I'll get out of this state
And never see Texas no more—
We'll ferry their planes
Through the wind and the rain
And help all our boys win the war.
—Tune "Home On The Range"

"Nostalgic—
Cattle wagon, coffee, dat on the
sullyary."

Once I was happy but now I'm forlorn,
Sometimes I wonder just why I was born,
My flying is sloppy, my ground school is worse!
Oh, the PTs are my Waterloo!

The instructor they gave me is handiere
And I try all I can him to please,
But my flying just seems to get worse and worse,
In those tricky little PTs.
Oh-NNNNNN
My takeoff's a hazard
My landings are bad,
My coordination's the worst they have had;
But I'll keep right on trying
Till I conquer this plane—
With the ATs it's be just the same—or worse!
—Tune "Man On The Flying Trapeze"

Oh say, I know some girls,
I know some girls you ought to know,
For they're the W-9's—
They're not too fat and not too dew,
They're snappy and they're daisy
With a happiness and zest,
A little bit of devilment,
But better than the rest—
For they're the W-9's!
They're some girls you ought to—
Some girls you're going to—
Some girls you're sure to know.

SILVER WINGS ON BLUE

Silver wings on blue go soaring through the sky above,
Though we are but few, we're flying for the land we love.

Daughters of the sky, just listen to those motors roar,
Anxious then are we to fly and be on high once more.

Chorus:
We live in sun and sand,
Eyes on the stars
There is no life that we'd trade for ours.

Victory will come and we'll be there to see it too,
We will be so proud to greet it, SILVER WINGS ON BLUE,
Wisconsin Jeanne Marsh
1844 North 52nd Street
Omaha, Nebraska

NOTE: Miss Marsh was scheduled for Class 45-W-1. Our appreciation for her interest in the program is spite of her disappointment.

"Yet the proudest spot where a bird alights
Is only a pause between two flights . . ."
—from "Spirit of Saint Louis"

SCENES OF CLASS 44-W-10

Oh, wild are the stories and most of them true
Of the glamorous WASPS and their fans,
They are but little girls—especially you
The sweetest hand of the game.

You fearlessly conquered the realm of the skies
And sidestopped the check pilot's sneers
Rewards are in order for the trainee who tries
But you're not one of Congress's cares.

They've trained you and taught you the code of the air
The technique of plotting a course;
But, believe it, beloved, y' ain't goin' nowhere
Unless you are using a horse!

You are off to the wars now and W-9
We don't mean it as a complaint
But you've forty-four days in which to skin—
We wish we could too, but we can't.

We've assembled to bid you goodbye and good luck
We all hope to see you again
For we are the class that really got stuck!—
The members of W-10,
—Tune "Ivan Skavinsky Skavar"

There is a Filleale's nest
In Texas way out in the West,
There we fly our planes
Till the birds all leave the blue
And new W-8 good luck to you.

Fare-thee-well for you must leave us
We won't let this parting grieve us
For we know the time has come for you to leave the nest,
So spread your wings and fly away
To Miami, Utah and Iowa,
And we'll see you soon
When our wings are big and strong—
'Till then W-5 we say so-long so-o long!
—Tune "There is a Tavern in the Town"

Show me a Sancho-man who doesn't love a thistle,
Show me an Ishloman who doesn't love a rose,
Show me the true heart of every Filleale
Who doesn't love the spot (japhers, thump, thump)
Where her silver wings go-o-o-o.

I'm goin' back to where I come from
Where the honeyable smells so sweet it darn near makes you sick.
I wish that my life was hundred, but I sure have learned a lesson that is bound to stick.
There ain't no use in my pretends', but the city just ain't no place for a gal like me
to end in.

I sets go (jass) down to the station every morning just to watch that Pullman train
come rollin' in,
And then one night that great temptation got the best of me and led me to a life of sin.
I took my hat and fourteen dollars and I went to all the trouble of a life that always
fellers.

When you're rich and hawfin' romance, but my hawfin' days are over I can tell you this.
(jass) dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew.

I met a man in Kansas City who winked at me and asked me would I like to setp around,
And I said "SURE, that's what I'm here for," so he said he'd take me to the hottest
spot in town.
He mentioned things he'd have to fix up so he took my fourteen dollars, but there
must have been a mixup.
He's been gone since Thursday evening and I've got a hunch I'll never see that guy
no more.

(jass) dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew.

I'm going back to where I come from where the mocking bird is singing in the blue bush,
(jass) dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew.

When I grow old and have a grandson I'll tell him 'bout my romance and just watch his
eyes bug out
But chances are he won't believe me and he'll do the same darn thing when he grows
up, no doubt.
But he can't say I didn't warn him what'll happen if he meets up with that city guy
goldarn him—
Goin' back to where I come from where the mocking bird is singing in the blue bush,

(jass) dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew.

Note: This is a copyrighted song but was sung by W-10 at the slightest provocation
all through training.

"Instruments don't bother me, bother me, bother me,"

I crawled away from every chess ride, handled all the taxes and stages, got with instruments and gages,
ROBN were mighty pleasant and our enraging efforts were a sight to see.

(jass) dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew.

There ain't no use in my pretends!
That the Army is the proper place for a gal like me to end as
Goin' back to whar I come from.
But I'll have silver wings and Santiago Blues.

(jass) dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew.
(jolly) repeat

—Tune "Goin' Back to Where I Come From"

Our spirits
Keep us free
Keep us in the sky,
All leaves open arms
To our hearts that fly.
Oh, oh, we are going on,
Climb up into the blue and fly with me,
Oh, oh, for love of flight we're born,
No matter where we go if we are free.

Chorus:

Lock up you earthbound dreamer,
Silhouettes in the blue
Up, there our wings are soaring,
Hearts and souls are soaring,
But soon they'll all come earthward
To linger but for awhile,
Arm in arm
We'll carry on
One thousand strong.

—Tune "Beyond the Blue Horizon"

You were wearing dresses when you came here,
Glamour looks and high heeled shoes,
Now you're leaving here in uniform,
GI haircuts and Santiago Blues.
They introduced you to the PT
A bigger ship you never thought you'd see
An HP you will never be.

—Tune "I've Been Working on the Railroad"

Now you're standing on the platform
Looking mighty grand,
The General is here to see you
And they even have a band.
The trainees, staff and instructors
Are all as proud as we can be
To see the girls of W-7
Every one a real HP.

—Tune "I've Been Working on the Railroad"

Take me out of the service, let me wander back home
Feed me cocktails and great big steaks,
I'm tired of pickles at Sweetwater Lake.
Oh, it's one, two, three little pink slips
No lace or pretty gossamer,
Oh, it's one, two, three rides "you're OUT"
Of the flying game!

—Tune "Take Me Down to the Ball Park"

We remember you
You're the girls we told our troubles to
A few check rides ago.

We remember you,
How you helped us win that wing review
When our spirits were low,
Don't forget when you are far away
There'll come a day
When we'll follow you through.
Now your course is through
But when people ask us to recall the best of them all,
Then we'll say W-4, we remember you.
—Tune "I Remember You"

Oh, god we gotta say it
But we don't know where to start
We'll be unhappy W-4
When we part.

Just 'out you're leaving Avenger
Doesn't mean goodbye,
So we'll just say so long and see you later
In the sweet by and by.

—Tune "Wait 'Till the Sun Shines Nalle"

Give my regards to Harpo, remember me to Glen McClain,
Tell all the crank boys of the field
I'll be back again.

Tell them just why I washed out
I couldn't fly the Army way
We'll all have drinks at the Airport Tavern.

When I come back some day.
—Tune "Give My Regards to Broadway"

SONGS OF CLASS 44-W (3)

You wanted wings now you've got these gorgeous things
You'll treasure them forevermore.
They teach you how to fly
Then they send you out to try
To see what you can do
To win the war.

You've gone through all your training
And you've done a good job too
You've won the right to wear

The Santiago Blue.
You wanted wings now you've got these gorgeous things
You'll treasure them forevermore.

We wanted wings then we got these gal darned things
They just darned near killed us
That's for sure.

They taught us how to fly
Now they send us home to try
'Cause they don't want us anymore.
You can save these ATIs
To be cradled up in the ditches
For the way the Army flies
Really clean them out of the skies.
We wanted our wings now they'll clip the goddamned things,
How will they ever win this war?

We wanted an instrument card
So we are trying very hard
To show them we can fly when we can't see,
They put us under the hood
To prove that we're no good,
Flying in the coop is not for me!
You can save those gapes
For the eager Bryan tapes
Making instrument by chance
They decoupled its feet under, fill
We're trying mighty hard to get that instrument card
But brother, we don't fly when we CAN'T see!

You wanted wings now you've got those gorgeous things
You'll treasure them forevermore,
They teach you how to fly,
They they send you out to try
To see what you can do
To win the war,
You've gone through all your training
And you've done a good job too
You've won the right to wear
The Santiago Blue.
You wanted wings, now you've got those gorgeous things
You'll treasure them forevermore!
—Tape "You Wanted Wings"

MISCELLANEOUS SONGS

Blood in the cockpit
Blood on the ground
Great big puddles of
Blood all around!

Pity the pilot
Lying in the gore
She ain't gonna fly
That pattern no more.

Glory, glory, what a helluva mess she made,
Glory, glory, what a helluva mess she made,
Glory, glory, what a helluva mess she made,
She really could have looked!
—Tape "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah"

The pilot and the maid were sporing I declare
Down by the flight line, they didn't know I was there,
Oh, the pilot was so hateful and the maid she was so shy,
He asked her if she would and this was her reply—

You can do it if you wanna but you gotta do it right,
You'd better never do it like you did the other night,
'Cause if you do I won't be true, I'll never let you do it again,
I really mean it!
I'LL NEVER LET YOU CHECK ME AGAIN!

How you gonna get 'em back in those suits
After they've been AT's?

Here's to W—
To the high-flying—
May we bid you good-bye and goodbye!
You're the captain of the field we love,
Avenger and blue Texas die!

You're up there on top
What it takes you've surely got—
We offer congratulations.

Shouldn't add acquaintance be forgot,
We'll remember you W—!

We're business of Avenger Field, parlez vous,
We're business of Avenger Field, parlez vous,
We fly, we play, we sing, we dance,
But boys we really mix romance, hinky dinky parlez vous.

Oh how we love this Army Life, parlez vous,
Oh how we love this Army Life, parlez vous,
We're tall and this and short and fat,
We're all as easy as bats, hinky dinky parlez vous.

Oh mademoiselle go fly your coop, parlez vous,
Oh mademoiselle go fly your coop, parlez vous,
Oh mademoiselle go fly your coop,
Make sure you don't get in the coop, hinky dinky parlez vous,

Oh mademoiselle go press your pants, parlez vous,
Oh mademoiselle go press your pants, parlez vous,
Oh mademoiselle go press your pants,
We mustn't let the General rant, hinky dinky parlez vous,
—Tape "Mademoiselle from Amstellers"

Come Saturday morn, round tea o'clock
Cover Bill round twelve o'clock
Yes, by golly though you're dicker than a whistle
They will gig you every time.

While you're straining for a light bulb
Or you're struggling with a blind
When the Old Man shouts "ATTENTION!"
It will happen every time.

Now at the start thought we'd look smart
And capture every bar's heart,
But they stuffed us in these charming little barbans
And this will happen every time.

Now we've faces that will scare 'em
And a figure not in line,
It will happen every time.

Now they say the female flyers
Should be stacked by big and strong
With LaRue and colistinist we'll all be dead ere long.

One, two, three, four, but, two, three, four,
That same old grind,
And we'd like to give our muscles back to Atlas
'Cause this happens every time.

WE USED TO FLY AT AVENGER

Chorus:

Oh, we used to fly at Avenger
But it rains and it rains and it rains.
We came to fly at Avenger
But we don't fly here any more.

A long came an instructor

He asked us what we adored.
"We'd love to loop, but the sky is all soap,
We don't fly here any more."

Chorus:

A long came an instructor

He asked us what we adored
"We'd love to spin, but the ceiling's closed in
We don't fly here any more!"

A long came an instructor

He asked us what we adored
"We'd love to chandelle, but it's raining like hell,
We don't fly here any more!"

Chorus:

Oh, I used to fly at Avenger
I flew planes by the score,
I used to fly at Avenger
But I don't fly there any more.

A pilot came up for a check one day

I asked him what he adored.
He asked for a loop, I looped in the soap,
I don't fly there any more.

Chorus:

A pilot came up for a check one day
I asked him what he adored.
He asked for a loop, I looped it in hell,
I don't fly there any more.

Buckle down, Fifiella, buckle down,
You can win, Fifiella, if you'll buckle down,
You can really fly, if you'll only try,
Take it way up high and bring it down.

Six to go, Fifiella, won't be slow,
Stay an eager beaver, you'll be in the show,
Don't get in a spin, take it on the chin, and you're bound to win
if you will only buckle down.

If you fight, your luck will not retreat,
If you work, you'll overcome defeat,
Buckle down, Fifiella, buckle down,
Don't you frown, Fifiella, you'll get off the ground,
We'll count every day and we'll make it pay,
For we're here to stay, because we're gonna buckle down!
—Tune "Buckle Down, Winsack"

Chorus

When you're there in the air with your head in the clouds
We'll all be thinking of you,
For you know, though below, we are striving so hard,
We're beside you in the blue!

As we lift our eyes to your wings in the skies,
Our all-time goal is the same,
We'll keep on fighting for what you'll be flying for,
As your praises we all sing!

Now, there's Jo and Jess and Jerry,
Elizabeth and Mary,
Who've been put through all their paces,
And are going to far all places—
We're just eager eager beavers,
While YOU are the receivers!

But, there's ONE THING you should know—
When you're there in the air with your head in the clouds
We'll all be thinking of you,
For you know, though below, we are striving so hard,
We're beside you in the blue!

—Tune "Bombardier's Song"

I'm a little airplane, fresh and new,
First I have one wing, then I have two.
Wait until my prop begins to turn,
I'm an airplane, watch me turn.

IGEE MOG I WANT TO GO HOME!

The coffee that they give us they say is very fine
It's good for cats and bruses, and tastes like iodine.
I don't want no more of Army Life, Gee Mog, I want to go Home.

The doughnuts that they give us they say are very fine,
One fell off the table and killed a gal of mine.
I don't want no more of Army Life, Gee Mog, I want to go Home.

The Johnny's like Grand Central, there ain't no privacy,
Your size is spot in waiting for each utility.

[Chorus]

The phys. ed. that they give us, to keep us all in shape,
Is good for false ankles and braces that tend to creep.

[Chorus]

The Army cots they give us they say are very fine,
They're not for beauty resting, but straightening of the spine.

[Chorus]

The post cots that they give us they say are mighty fine
You keep right on marching, they move along behind.

[Chorus]

The laundry that they give us they say is very fine,
You should see our clothes shrink from size 14 to 9.

[Chorus]

The airplanes that they give us they say are mighty fine,
The dare things can't shoot down, they will not let the line.

[Chorus]

The quizzes that they give us, they say are very fine,
We never know the answers, we're mad up all the time.

[Chorus]

We have Form 1 to fill out, it's found in airplanes,
The other form we fill out would put LaFever to shame.

[Chorus]

Instructors that they give us we think are pretty swell,
We'd like to see more of them but some dare [-----] rat would tell.

[Chorus]

The Open Post they give us, they say is very fine,
You just have time for dinner, but gosh no time for wine.

[Chorus]

The slides that they serve us they say is mighty fine,
One fell off the table and started marking time.

[Chorus]

The hybrid jobs they give us will make us all insane,
They click a needle in us and break us out 'til June.

[Chorus]

The spare ribs they serve us they say are mighty fine,
They must be steam-duper, we got them all the time.

[Chorus]

But Momma dear, the truth is, we know it's mighty fine,
We love it all, no kidding, we think it's sublime.
We still want some more of Army Life, No More, we're not
coming home.

While I'm there in the air
And my Gear won't come down
And my head chomps are gone
And I know down below they are watching the show
While I'm up there alone
And my nose's a blank
There's an empty tank
And the engine's on the blink
How I yearn to return with my feet on the ground
And end it up with a good old drink!

—Tune "Bomber's Song"

Girls, girls, is our middle name,
We are the girls of Sweetwater Lane,
Send the dudes out for free
Don't let another female see
We never rock and we never get
Some as a chance and we'll do it yet—
Our Instructors stay out late
But we never get a date!

—Tune "Cheer, Cheer for Old Natch Dam"

All the girls at Avenue Field here got the bug to fly
They take it off, turn it round, and climb into the sky.
Oh, keep her straight and level, Watch your altitude.
Happy, Filieels, GET INTO THE MOOD!

Oh, fly her by your parrot, girls, That's the way to do.
Check the lee and tower, Watch your wind drift too.
Oh, keep her straight and level, Watch your altitude.
Happy, Filieels, GET INTO THE MOOD!

Lay that strut on a 45 and bring the nose around.
Roll her out, see her up with something on the ground.
Oh, keep her straight and level, Watch your altitude.
Happy, Filieels, GET INTO THE MOOD!

Now is your spins and your high work, keep your belt secure
For if you don't recover, you'll hit that sill for sure.
Oh, keep her straight and level, Watch your altitude.
Happy, Filieels, GET INTO THE MOOD.
—Tune "Pistol Packing Mama"

Oh, our youth is slowly passing as we wait upon the line.
Oh, our youth is slowly passing as we wait upon the line.
Old age is fast approaching as we fool away the time.
But we will learn to fly.
Glory, Glory, Filieels, Glory, Glory, Filieels.
Glory, Glory Filieels. We will learn to fly!
—Tune "Glory, Glory Hallelujah"

WASH OUT DIRGE (very slow)
Check Flight Instructor was after me today
Too late for me to get on my knees and pray
Oh, how he spun me, now you must shun me
Check Flight Instructor was after me today.

Clothes passed, I'm learning, my flying days are done
Hurry he rain babies, the army says it's fun.
Making they garments, look to you, you veterans.
Check Flight Instructor has washed me out today.
OOOOOOOOoooooooooooo!!!!!!!
—Tune "Funeral March"

Flying in the AT-4
Gliding like a ton of bricks
Mishmash law and props are rich
Gear is on and flap low pitch.

Tara-ra-boo-de-a
Tara-ra-boo-de-a
Tara-ra-boo-de-a
I tried to land today!

Landin' while on cross coun-tree
At a field unknown to me
Right beside a DC-3
Will be known as high as me!

Tara-ra-boo-de-a
Tara-ra-boo-de-a
Tara-ra-boo-de-a
Twas just like yesterday!

—Tune "Tara-ra-boo-de-a"

When we go to ground school we're as happy as can be
We work and sweat and slave like mad,
And never get a D.
When we go to ground school we're as happy as can be
Like hell we are, like Hell!

Chorus:

We were only, only fooling
We were only, only fooling
We were only, only fooling
Like hell we will, like Hell!

When we leave Avenger we will all sit down and cry.
When we leave Avenger we will all sit down and cry.
When we leave Avenger we will all sit down and cry.
Like hell we will, like Hell!

Chorus:

When the war is over we will all fly Cubs again,
When the war is over we will all fly Cubs again,
When the war is over we will all fly Cubs again,
Like hell we will, like Hell!

Chorus:

When the war is over we will all enlist again,
When the war is over we will all enlist again,
When the war is over we will all enlist again,
Like hell we will, like Hell!

Chorus:

When we're in the Army we will all stand up and cheer
When we're in the Army we will all stand up and cheer
When we're in the Army we will all stand up and cheer
Like hell we will, like Hell!

Chorus:

When the war is over we will be instructor's wives
When the war is over we will be instructor's wives
When the war is over we will be instructor's wives
Like hell we were, like Hell!

Chorus:

—Tune "Glory, Glory Hallelujah"

1
I read a paper and shouted with glee
Those wings of silver were meant for me.
I read it once, I read it twice
It looked so good in black and white
It seemed so very nice.

CHORUS

Around the airport and over the Tee
Oh what a pilot I'm going to be.
I'll climb her high, I'll fly her smooth
I'll snap her fast and roll her slow
But keep her in the groove.

2
They say that Tases is mighty fine
But don't believe it, it's just a line.
Can't date a man, can't get a drink
And when we have an open joint
It isn't what you think.

3
The air was bumpy, my flying rough,
My dear instructor was getting tough,
He scolded me once, he scolded me twice
It was a little naughty and not so very nice.

4
The traffic pattern confuses me,
I know they have one, but where's the Tee?
I tried it north, I tried it west
But every time I hit the ground
I found that east was best.

5
The day I soared, I bounced so high
I scared the thousands out of the sky.
I leaped it once, I bounced it twice
It wasn't just the thing to do,
But, oh, it was so nice.

6
The day was sunny, I felt so bright
I thought I'd take me a little flight.
I spun it once, I spun it twice
It wasn't just the thing to do,
But, gosh, it was so nice.

7
I shut some landings the other day,
They wore some delays, I'm here to say.
I stalled it once, I stalled it twice
It wasn't just the thing to do,
But, gosh, it was so nice.

—Tune "Around the Corner"

Oh, Mr. Pilot, Why did you do that to me—
You knew I was only an innocent little Trainee.

Then he leaped the ring off Saturn
And he stalled he out at Mars
And I'd along the Milky Way
And pyloned on the stars.

V.

Then he slow-rolled into an outside spin
And the Relative wind went out
The thrust went back and the drag went forth
And the wings spun round about.

But these forces aerodynamically
Just never could quite completely
For the action there in the cockpit
Cooled the carburetor Heat!

Oh, Mr. Pilot, Why did you do that to me—
You knew I was only an innocent little Trainee.

When the plane began to right itself
The pilot throttled back
Then plane and pilot both resumed
Their angle of attack.

VI.

He snap rolled off the Northern Lights
And then in a Lazy 8
What weather told me I forgot,
I did not hesitate.

He leveled off at Mercury,
He should get the Loving Cup,
For the things that occurred at Mercury
Made Mercury go Up!

Oh, Mr. Pilot, Why did you do that to me—
You knew I was only an innocent little Trainee.

He started me on my downward path
So I'll keep my heading true,
I'll just relax and coordinate
The way he taught me to.

VII.

So now you've heard my story,
It's a sad one, you'll agree,
So heed you well my warning
If a pilot you will be:

Just keep your mind on flying,
Think of flying constantly,
And just remember that you are
A Innocent Little Trainee.

Say—No, Mr. Pilot, You'll never do that to me—
Because I am only an innocent little Trainee.

I'll keep my mind on flying,
Think of flying constantly,
And just remember that I am
An innocent little Trainee.

AN INNOCENT TRAINEE

I.

Came later to my story,
I'm a gal who went astray;
Perhaps you'll learn a lesson
That will help you out some day;

It all began the night I was
A night flight to begin,
A pilot warming up his plane
Said "Won't you please step in?"

Oh, Mr. Pilot why did you do that to me—
You knew I was only an innocent little Trainee.

So I stepped into the cockpit,
And he seemed so brave and strong,
I knew at once that absolutely nothing could be wrong.

II.

He whisked from where he set—
He whisked from where he set—
I've whisked in hours lots before
But never in one like that.

He nosed her up into the blue,
And I felt no sign of fear,
Till the automatic pilot said
"I'll carry on from here."

Oh, Mrs. Pilot, Why did you do that to me—
You knew I was only an innocent little Trainee.

He soared out to the stars,
Made a ninety left and right—
Just when we thought we were in the clear
The moon turned on its light.

III.

He climbed her up to Jupiter
And round each silvery moon—
He brimmed the oils for level flight
So we coasted smoothly upon.

Then he tightened up the pressure
And the ship went in a spin
He tossed me and the recovery
Knocked off a vertical fin!

Oh, Mrs. Pilot, Why did you do that to me—
You knew I was only an innocent little Trainee.

So he chandelied over the Venus
And I turned on all the charms
And wondered how that gal got by
With unpopulated arms.

IV.

Then he dived her down to Planet X,
And he picked a landing spot,
But the angle we were diving in
Made landing speed too hot.

So we checked our new position
And corrected for the drift
But things got so darn tangled up
The weight became the lift!

I'M A FLYING WRECK

I'm a flying wreck, a'riskin' my neck and a helluva pilot heel
A helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva pilot, fool
Like all the jolly good flyers, the gamblers that me mean
I'm a flyin' wreck, a'riskin' my neck for the good ole 318!

If I had a PT air, I'd paint it blue and gold,
I'd take it up 5000 feet and make the damned thing roll!
Oh, if I had a PT, air, I'd fly it off in the sky,
I'd circle over Germany and spit in the Fuhrer's eye!

If I had a civilian check, I'll tell you what I'd do,
I'd pop the stick and break his neck and probably get a "U"
If I had an Army ride, I'd take off without any tags,
And show him that an easier job would be over fighting Japs!

When the General comes, Sir, to view us in our drill,
We'll do a four winds march, Sir, and check out o'er the hill,
And when he calls "Attention!" We'll stick our heels and yell,
"I'm just a new shiften, air, and you see go to hell!"

And when the course is over, we won't be good at all,
We'll dine and date in every state and battle in alcohol!
And when vacation is over, of course we'll all be late
It'll take six months' of LaRue's staff to get us back in shape!
—Tune "I'm A Flying Wreck"

Words by Thelma P. Bryan 43-W-5

THE GAY DESPERADO

A bold, bad man was this desperado
From Cripple creek way out in Colorado
And he walks around just like a big tornado
And every where he went he gave his war whoop!

He went to Coney Island just to take in all the sights,
To see the Hoody-Cochers and the girls dressed up in fights,
But they got him so excited that he shot out all the lights!
And everywhere he went he gave his war whoop.

A great, big, fat policeman come a'walkin' down his beat
He saw this desperado come a'walkin' down the street,
He grabbed him by the whiskers and he grabbed him by the seat
And he put him where he could not give his war whoop!

RUGGED BUT RIGHT

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right!
A rambling woman, a gambling woman, drunk every night.
A portercouse steak three times a day for my board,
That's more than any decent gal in town can afford!
I've got a big electric fan to keep me cool while I eat,
A tall and handsome man to keep me warm while I sleep!
I'm a rambling woman, a gambling woman and BOY am I tight!
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right!
HO-HO-HO—Rugged but right!

We may be brown-skinned ladies but what do we care,
We've got those well-lit cheeks and that take it or leave it air,
We've got him hips that sink the ships of England, France, & Peru,
And if you're like Napoleon, then it's your Waterloo!
I'll take a fifteen minute intermission in your Y-8
I'd like to make it longer but I've got a late date,
My motto has always been "Gause with the wind"—
So let's breeze it tonight.
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.
HO-HO-HO—Rugged but right!

I've got discipline; jolly, jolly discipline
I've got discipline, to last me all my life
I've got two pence to spend and twopence to lend
And twopence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

Chorus:

No care how I go grive me, no tall and handsome man to
decide me
I'm happy as a queen; believe me, as we go rolling, rolling home.

Rolling home, rolling home, rolling home, rolling home
By the light of the silvery moon
Happy is the day when the Air Corps gets it pay
As we go rolling rolling home.

I've got fourpence, jolly, jolly fourpence
I've got fourpence to last me all my life
I've got twopence to spend and twopence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife, poor wife.

Chorus:

I've got twopence, jolly, jolly twopence
I've got twopence to last me all my life
I've got twopence to spend and no pence to lend
And no pence to send home to my wife, poor wife,
—Tune "I've Got Sixpence"

FINAL INSPECTION BLUES DEDICATED TO DUST

There is dust on the prairie so high
In the barracks it gathers to linger
There is dust on the window sill too
There is dust on the Lieutenant's finger.

You may mop, you may sweep, you may sweep,
You may try like a Trojan to win
You may fly in a tailcoat and weep
But the dust keeps on filtering in.

Your springs glisten spottier and fair
And when they are seen of inspection
The dust—once again it is there
Two demerits by way of correction.

And take up abode on your floor
The desert is fixing to move
No matter if you don't approve
Whatever you do, there it moves.

At home now, there's dew on the daisy
There's sun on the rose and sprigs
But in Texas where people go crazy
There's dust on the Lieutenant's finger.
Mary Hart, 43-W-5

THE FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR

The grumpy bear can't match his growl
The Eskimo bull his howl
Gargantua can't outroar his howl
Oh, he's a jolly fellow.

His skin is seaward full of vine
And thick as dirty smoke
You never can get rid of him
Like death or income tax.

His notion of a happy hour
Is turning off the gas
Or dropping flaps to queer the power
And scare a hapless lass.

He's sure you cannot hold her straight
You're on to what he thinks
About your latest lay eight
You know he knows it stinks.

He's merry when you're over,
The stick he'll yank, the rudder hook
And set her down in clover,
He's gleeful when you underfoot

He's just a sugar jerk deluxe
A nightmare wind for sound
His parents were a pair of specks
His grandpapa was a haund.

He's happy as a grackle once
You clean forget to clear
Your area for stalls and starts
You blink at what you bear.

You'd like some stapes, he says spine—
His word is low and rife
You flunk your stapes; the fax begins
He chuckles like a ghoul.

The Indian is point and head
The devil's ran amok
Beside him got the slightest head
And oases saw half the talk.

We can't fly for him, can't without
His's a necessary evil
His's worse than flood or fire or drought
The cutworm or the weevil.

They SAY he is the baloney's friend
And that at least is true
'Cause he's the guy that in the end
Turns out, has pulled you through.
May Hart—43-W-5

To the blue expanse—
The star-studded deep
Arched above, our first chimes reach
Pernicious earth-bound woe
With longing for freedom flights
Toward God's Domain.

Minds soar into space
Born of human strife;
Breaking away into the depth
The dwarfs our world below—
Of desire, of necessity
We run away again,
We live in the wind and the sand,
And our eyes are on the stars.
—Ruth Bailey 44-W-7

Wings were above the hearts of flying men
Droste much more than mere ability
To pilot craft, Masters of that art, and that
Musk meant! Eshel'd a laughter gale there'd be
A lofty grace that is a flyer's soul,
Sensitive to transient beauty known as sky,
Lela the setting sun, Trolling to the high
And loving windwept clouds that melt and roll
Blue space above terrestrial scenes below—
A pagantry made neat and clean when viewed
From aerial realms above. You pilots know
The corollary of an engine has issued
Into the air the max and elements
Made one. Now softly still the engine parts
And listen closely until you can sense
The simultaneous rhythm of our hearts.
We are the feminine reality
Of flight dreams that have long been unfulfilled,
And we can feel with all the ecstasy
Of life, the beauty to which you have thrilled.
Such beauty will not let resentment share
Our minute particles of heaven's sweet air
Please steady us with your much stronger hand
And let us share this lovely wonderland.

Elizabeth McKethan
44-W-2

You have worn dreams as
Wings above a heart
Strained to the wide
Enchantment of the sky,
Thrilling to beauty in uncharted
Corridors of air . . . you have found tomorrow
High in the clear places of the blue
Under the shadow of much stronger wings,
You have seen twilight in the day, and
Waves of white streamers of white cloud
Spilling golden laughter on the earth,
God has showered silver in the night and
We who stand below look up and see the
Poetry of wings against the bright
Sharp stream of stars pouring into the
Sorrow of the dark . . .

ELINOR FAIRCHILD, 44-W-4

PRIMARY PHASE

With eager eyes
and hesitant steps
on the fateful days
known as October 4th
we entered the north
called Avenger Gates

Our high heels clicking
Our suits so thin
we viewed this affray
the foot-cull wrens,
Throughout the day
our theme song ran
of what and why?
but how? and when?

Next came the happy day,
a banner day indeed,
we took our first step
on the sacred ground
and viewed the MIGHTY PT

Our breath we held
as we looked with glee
and somebody sighed
"believe it or not
one-hundred and eighty H.P."

The instructor pleaded
but to no avail,
and with patience gone
He roared and roared
and slowly but surely
we understood
what the poor man
was trying to say
to us of talented W-3

Then came another day
that will be etched
in our memory,
the day he said
in a kindly tone,
"O. K. kid
take it up alone."

We flew the pattern
and buzzed it low
then staggered back
with a casual grin.

Check rides came next
as a constant threat
but we gritted our teeth
and all got through
except for—well,
maybe a few.

We got our start
there in Hanger 3
and we thank you all,
we of W-3.

—E. Chambers, 44-W-3

LAMENT OF AN O. D.
Oh, say, can't you see
What it means to be
The O. D.?

Eagles blinking
To rufly evanes
Members calling
Formation "Attention"
O. D. rousing
To make announcements
Inlines raising
Put on report
M&E, now collecting
To labor assert
Lots of typing
Lists and reports.

Oh, say, can't you see
What it means to be
The O. D.?

Inlines requesting
Pilot Status Certificate
Barracks checking
By establishment officers
Demos following
To uphold discipline
Pizzas rigging
To be unweaved
Baggage waiting
To be expressed
Guests visiting
To be guided.

Oh, say, now you see
What it means to be
The O. D.?

Taps calling
All lights out
Bed checking
To be done
No whispering
Here O. D. comes
Girls climbing
Into O. I. beds
Peaceful sleeping
With prayers said
Dart resting
Their weary heads.

Oh, say, can't you see
What it means to be
The O. D.?

—Eben Evans 44-W-3

ALPHABET WISE

A meek Y divided by T
W equals F&D
The E. O. speaks with the O. D.
The O. D. tells over the P. A.
To inform the W. A. S. P. T.'s

The C. O. inspects for S. M. I.
And finds out on the V. B.'s
The C. O. tells the E. O.
The E. O. posts a D. L. on the S. B.
To inform the W. A. S. P. T.'s

The day we had D. N. I. F.
The F. I. told of dead H. P.'s
Who hadn't looked at form 1 A
To see T. O. N. C. W. that day
To inform the W. A. S. P. T.'s
—Iola Clay 44-W-7

TO DE' GAYSPOST

Tal' me soon 'beats, little gayspost
Why you never say, 'O. K. Sport,
Thumble's 'sooly whom she should,
Treen tals ut, O. K. dat's good?"

Beeset! you yell, "Am you ask?
De nos' me low, de boss me slip,
Chuck de sarapat, why you distal
Wat de Hal' my good alive?"

Pare vils ed! I no can see,
Why for you always come at me,
'Are you not got a tender word
For little Fifal' to beand?"

—Earl E. Stevens, Jr., Civilian Instructor

THE LATELY COME

Peter was tired; his very halo drooped,
And so the Lord bent an attentive ear:
"It's all these flies, Sir; I'm plumb wear out.
Couldn't we somehow get them out of here?"

"They soon, and shake the minarets of heaven,
And think it's fun to break a serried rank
Of seraphim; they hedgehop in the golden street.
I caught them teaching Michael how to bank!

"The Ten Wise Virgins' lamps snap going out,
They stir up so much brownie; and who's to blame
For all that recent trouble with the Foolish Ones?"
Indignant Peter blushed with kerent shame.

"And Zeus reports that his Elysian Fields
Are all cut up with landings, and the sphoidel
Is suited for his motion. Please you, Sir,
Can't Lucifer take over for a spell?"

The Lord looked thoughtful, watched the sunset sky,
Where unregenerate now-come angels soared
In gay formations, giddy ebullent,
While old St. Peter murmured wildly, "L-o-u!"

And then he looked down from his golden throne
And straightened Peter's halo with a smile.
"Peter, they were all very young, you know;
We's let them play a while!"

By ISADORE W. BOWSER

FLYER'S HALO

A phenomenon familiar to flyers, especially in the tropics. The shadow of a plane on clouds, encircled from wing-tip to wing-tip by a complete rainbow.

Over the vast white snowfields of the sky we sped,
The earth below us distant! gold our overhead.
A pilot's young wise hands and watchful eagle brain
Guiding us through the wonders of the gods' domain,
Sitting the chillon games of a misty cloud . . .
Heart of a meteorite . . . heart of stone, only the lead
Masthead of storms, muted thunder, in our ears.
Awe and wonderment stifling all our petty fears.

No wonder gods are gods who look on beauty such as this,
Beauty that lives with stars and feels the moon's civil kiss,
World of the sun, birthplace of the healing rain.
It was certain that minicircled throbbing joys
Flash with forgotten . . . heads and lips. Only one sense
Held us in thrall . . . our thrilling eyes drinking the intense
White wine of glory spilled into our dazed gaze.

It was high noon. The sunbeams brushed gliding rays
Over the scattered clouds. The Pilot turned,
"Look down," he said. We looked to where a rainbow burned
In virgin-blues, spring grass and filtered leaf's blood red
Seedled with arrow's purple. Following as we sped,
Within the circle of that flaming jeweled arc
Lay the stark shadow of our plane. The mortal mark
That man had dared to stamp on the immortal sky.
In that awe'd splendid moment I gave thanks that I
Was born into an age of miracles when men
Involed kingdoms that the gods had ruled 'til then,
When chosen youths with winged hearts soared from the clouds
To fling flame-balbed shadows on the startled clouds.

—By DCN BLANDING

COURAGE

Courage is the price that life exacts for granting peace.
The soul that knows it not, knows no release
From little things:

Knows not the wild loneliness of fear
Nor mountain heights, where bitter joy can hear
The sound of wings.

How can life grant us hours of being, compasses
For dull grey ugliness and pregnant hate
Unless we dare

The soul's dominion? Each time we make a choice, we pay
With courage to behold restless day
And overt it take.

AMELIA EARHART

HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have dipped the early bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Swamped I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth,
Of sun-split clouds—and torn a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Flaring there
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, flitting mind I've trod
The high unfathomable solitude of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

John McGee, RAF

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