

UNCLASSIFIED

TO BE RETURNED TO THE ARCHIVES OF THE AIR RESTORATION OFFICE	
13th A.F.	

13TH AIR FORCE

POEMS & MUSIC

Director Air Force Studies Inst Albuquerque, N.M. 11000 11000 11000	RETURN TO:	750,702-1 [1944] X
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MICROFILMED

POEMS & MUSIC 1346

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200-07
Central Intelligence Section Division

GOVERNMENT ISSUE

Setting on my G I bed
My G I hat upon my head
My G I pants, my G I shoes
Everything free, nothing to lose
G I razor, G I comb
G I wish that I were home;

They issue everything we need
Paper to write on, books to read
They issue foods to make you grow
G I want a long furlough
Your belt, your shoes, your G I ties
everything free, nothing to buy.
You eat your food from G I plates
Buy your need at G I rates.

It's G I this, and G I that
G I haircut, G I hat
Everything here is Government Issue
G I wish that I could kiss you.

SMC1

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We can't tell you where we are
We can't tell you where we sleep
We can't mention our morale
We can't tell you of the jeep

We can't tell you of our buddies
We can't tell you what we eat
We can't tell you of our travels
We can't tell you of the heat

We can't tell you of our work
We can't tell you of our play
We can't tell you of the people
We can't tell you what they say

We can't tell you of the island
We can't tell you of the flies
We can't tell you of the truth
We can't tell you of any lies

Now if you're thinking we never
Seem to write and why
Just tell me what there's left
To say but hello and good-by

to make the best use of the
the best of the world
the best of the world
the best of the world

the best of the world
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SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC

Somewhere in the Pacific
Where the sun is like a curse,
And each long day is followed
By another slightly worse.

Where the coral dust blows thicker
Than shifting desert sands,
And the whiteman dreams and wishes
For the greener and fairer lands.

Somewhere in the Pacific
Where a girl is never seen,
Where the sky is never cloudy
And the grass is always green.

Where the bat's nightly howling
Robs a man of blessed sleep,
Where there isn't any whiskey
And the beer is never cheap.

Somewhere in the Pacific
Where the nights were made for love,
Where the moon is like a searchlight
And the southern cross, above,

Sparkles like a diamond
In a balmy tropic night
It's a shameful waste of beauty
When there's not a girl in sight.

Somewhere in the Pacific
Where the mail is always late,
And an Xmas card in April
Is considered up to date.

Where we seldom have a pay-day
Thus we never get a cent,
But we never miss the money
'Cause we'd never get it spent.

Somewhere in the Pacific
Where the ants and lizards play,
And a hundred fresh mosquitoes
Replace each one you slay.

So take me back to Frisco
Let me hear the mission bells,
For this "God-forsaken" outpost
Is a substitute for Hell!

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A PRIVATE

A private stood at the pearly gates
His face was worn and old
He merely asked for the man of fate
For admission into the fold
"What have you done" St. Peter asked
"To seek admission here"
I've tried to please all officers in
The Army for a year.
The pearly gate swung open sharp
St. Peter touched a bell
"Come in" he said, "And take a harp
You've had enough of Hell".

FOR TWO LONG YEARS, BLOOD AND TEARS HAVE BEEN IN VERY RIFE,
CONFUSION IN OUR WAR NEWS, BURGERS MORE A SOLDIER'S LIFE,
BUT FROM THIS CHAOS, BAILY, LIKE A HOSPICE ON THE WAY,
LIKE A SHINING LIGHT TO GUIDE US, RISES DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

FOR SHOULD WE FAIL TO GET THE MAIL,
IF PRISONERS WON'T TALK,
IF RADIOS ARE INDISPOSED AND CARRIER PIGEONS WALK,
WE HAVE NO FEAR BECAUSE WE'LL HEAR
AND SEE OUR OPERATIONS PLAN IN
DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

HERE, TOO IS TOLD THE SAGA BOLD,
OF VIRILE DEATHLESS YOUTH
IN STORIES SELDOM TARNISHED WITH
THE PLAIN UNVARNISHED TRUTH,
IT'S QUITE A MAC, IT WAVES THE FLAG,
ITS MOTIF IS THE FRAY,
AND MODESTY IS PLAIN TO SEE, IN
DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE

AND WHILE POSSIBLY A RUMOR NOW,
SOMEDAY IT WILL BE FACT THAT THE LORD
WILL HEAR A DEEP VOICE SAY,
"MOVE OVER GOD, IT'S MAC"
SO SET YOUR SHOES THAT'LL THE NEWS,
WILL GO TO PRESS IN NOTHING LESS THAN
DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE

"MY BATTLESHIPS COMBARD THE RIPS FROM
MAINE TO SINGAPORE,
MY SUBS HAVE SUNK A MILLION TONS,
THEY'LL SINK A MILLION MORE,
MY AIRCRAFT BOMBED BERLIN IN LAST NIGHT."
IN ITALY THEY SAY
"OUR TURN'S TONIGHT", BECAUSE IT'S NIGHT IN
DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE.

"MY ARMORED TANKS HAVE MOVED HIS RANKS,
SO ROSSINI'S GONE TO HIDE,
AND THE FROZEN STEPPES OF RUSSIA SEE
MY WILD COSSACKS RIDE,
MY BRAVE BELLEAGUERED CHETANKS MAKE
THE AXIS SWEAT AND FAY,"
IT'S GOT TO BE IT'S WHAT WE SEE IN
DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE

HIS AREA IS QUITE COSMIC, AND
CAPRICIOUS AS A BREEZE;
NINETY TIMES AS BIG AS TEXAS,
BIGGER THAN LOS ANGELES,
IT SPRINGS FROM LOST ATLANTIS,
UP TO WHERE ANGELS PLAY,
AND NO SPARROW FALLS UNHEARD, IT'S IN
DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE

HE USED TO SAY, "AND WITH GOD'S HELP",
BUT LATELY IT HAS SEEMED
THAT HIS PATIENCE IS EXHAUSTED
AND GOD'S ON HIS SECOND TEAM,
THE CABOTS AND THE LODGES, TOO, HAVE
LONG SINCE CEASED TO PRAY
THAT THEY'LL EVEN SQUEEZE A BYLINE INTO
DOUG'S COMMUNIQUE



IT'S A PEACEFUL NIGHT ON THE ISLAND
THE MOON'S JUST AS BRIGHT AS THE SUN,
THE SOLDIERS DREAM OF THEIR HOMELANDS
WHERE THEY'RE GOING WHEN THE WAR IS WON.

SUDDENLY THE SIREN SCREAMS THROUGH THE NIGHT
THE GUARD SHOUTS "CONDITION RED",
THE SOLDIERS ARE BY NOW IN FULL FLIGHT,
SAVE ONE WHO STAYS IN HIS BED.

ALL THE OTHERS HAVE GONE UNDERGROUND,
THEY KNOW WHAT THE JAP'S HAVE SAID.
THEY LOOK FOR THEIR BUDDY, HE CANNOT BE FOUND
HE'S STILL ASLEEP IN HIS BED.

HE'S BEEN AWAKENED BEFORE BY THE ZERO'S ROAR,
AND FOUND THE AVENGERS INSTEAD,
SLEEP IS PRECIOUS, HE NEEDS IT MORE,
AND SO, HE STAYS IN HIS BED.

A PENCIL OF LIGHT SLANTS UP THROUGH THE NIGHT,
THE RAIDERS ARE EXPECTED SOON,
WHAT GOOD IS THE LIGHT, WHEN THE MIDNIGHT
IS ALMOST AS BRIGHT AS THE MOON.

THE GUNS FLASH AND SHAKE THE GROUND,
THERE'S A DOUBLE MENACE YOU KNOW,
YOU LISTEN FOR THE SHRAPNEL'S DEADLY SOUND,
AND WAIT FOR THE BOMBS OF THE FOE.

A SCREEKING SWISH COMES TO YOUR EARS,
AND YOU KNOW THE BOMBS ARE AWAY,
NOW COMES THE COMMENT THAT EVERY MAN FEARS,
SOME SHAKE, SOME CURSE, AND FEW START TO PRAY.

THEY'VE DROPPED THEIR BOMBS, THEIR MISSION IS DONE,
THEY TURN AND TRY TO FLEE;
THE LIGHTNINGS AND WARHAWKS AIM THEIR GUNS,
AND SHOOT SOME INTO THE SEA.

THE SIREN RESOUNDS, THIS TIME IT'S "ALL CLEAR"
THE MEN COME UP FOR AIR.
THEY LOOK AROUND, EACH MAN HAS A FEAR,
THAT HIS BUDDIES WON'T ALL BE THERE.

THEY LOOK FOR ONE SOLDIER, AND THEY START TO WEEP,
THEY FIND HIM PIERCED THROUGH THE HEAD
HE'S FOUND HIS SLEEP, ETERNAL SLEEP,
HE'S THE MAN WHO STAYED IN HIS BED.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
DO hereby certify that
the within and foregoing is a true and correct
copy of the original as the same appears on the records of the
Department of the Interior.

WITNESSED my hand and the seal of the Department of the Interior
at Washington, D. C., this 1st day of January, 1901.

JOHN W. FOSTER, Secretary of the Interior.

By _____, Deputy Secretary of the Interior.

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WITNESSED my hand and the seal of the Department of the Interior
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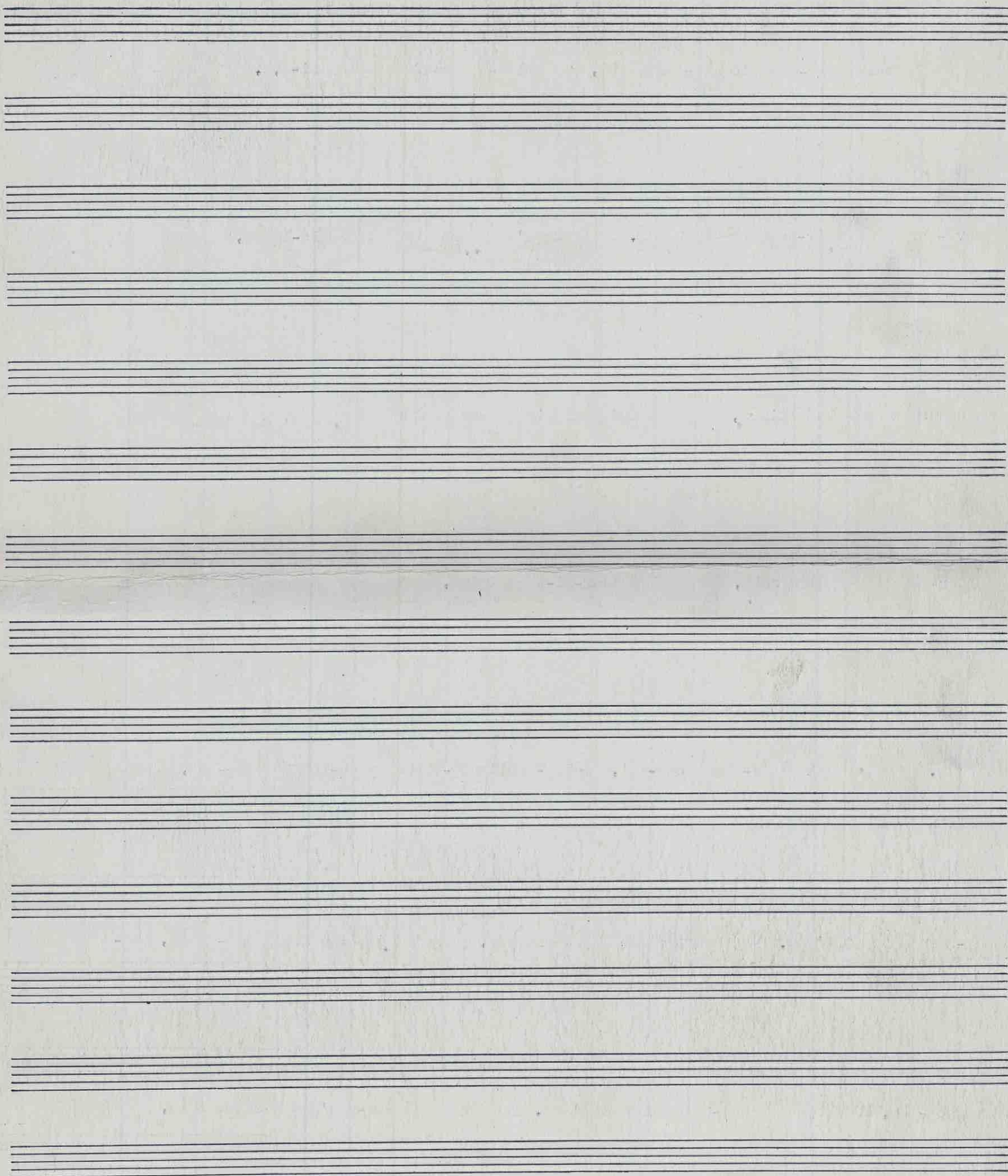
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Blues in the Night
Music by Harold Arlen



From Ma-nus to Hol-lan - dia, Hol - lan-dia to Bi-lak, Where-



ev - er the Thir-teenth goes. We've gone by those Is-lands, And



had us some bad times, But there is one thing we know, The



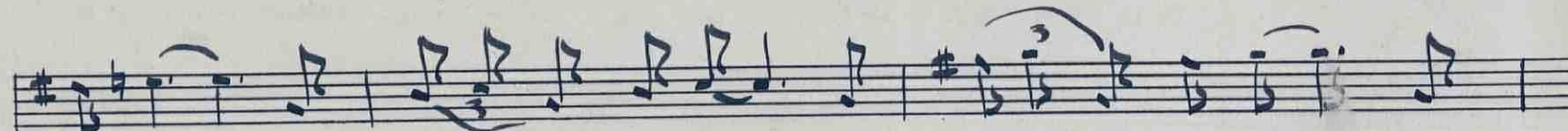
Cor-win's a slow ship, A wor-ri-some thing, will leave us to sing the BLUES IN THE



NIGHT. Hear the whis-tles mean-in', Air - raid si - rens groan-in' "Who-ee", My



Ma-ma done tol' me. Man the guns you men, Down in the hold a - gain, a -



who - ee, My Ma - ma done tol' me. The Cor-win's a slow ship, A



wor-ri - some thing will leave us to sing the BLUES IN THE



NIGHT. Now from Bi - ak to Noem-foor, From Noem-foor to Wak-de, From



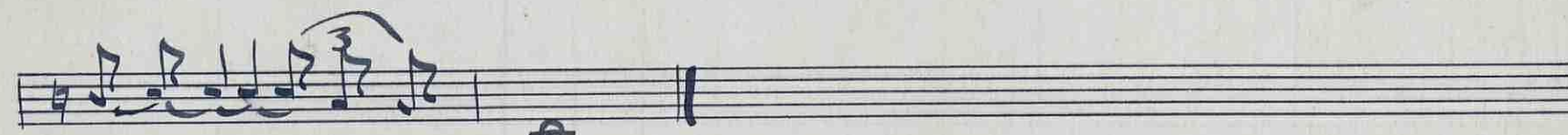
Wak-de to Mor-ri - tai, The old Thom - as Cor-win, It



fin - al - ly hove in, And we could land with a sigh. No

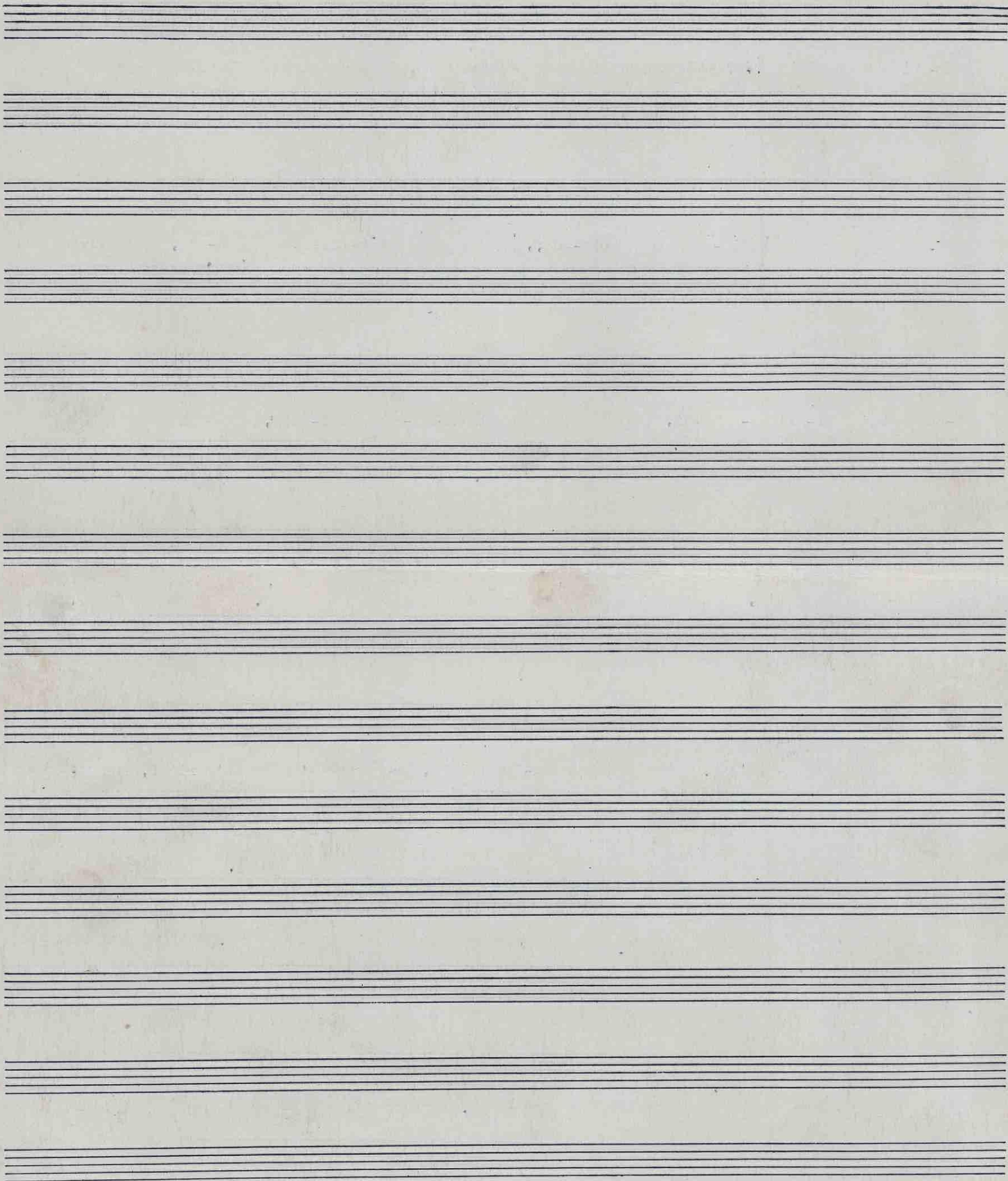


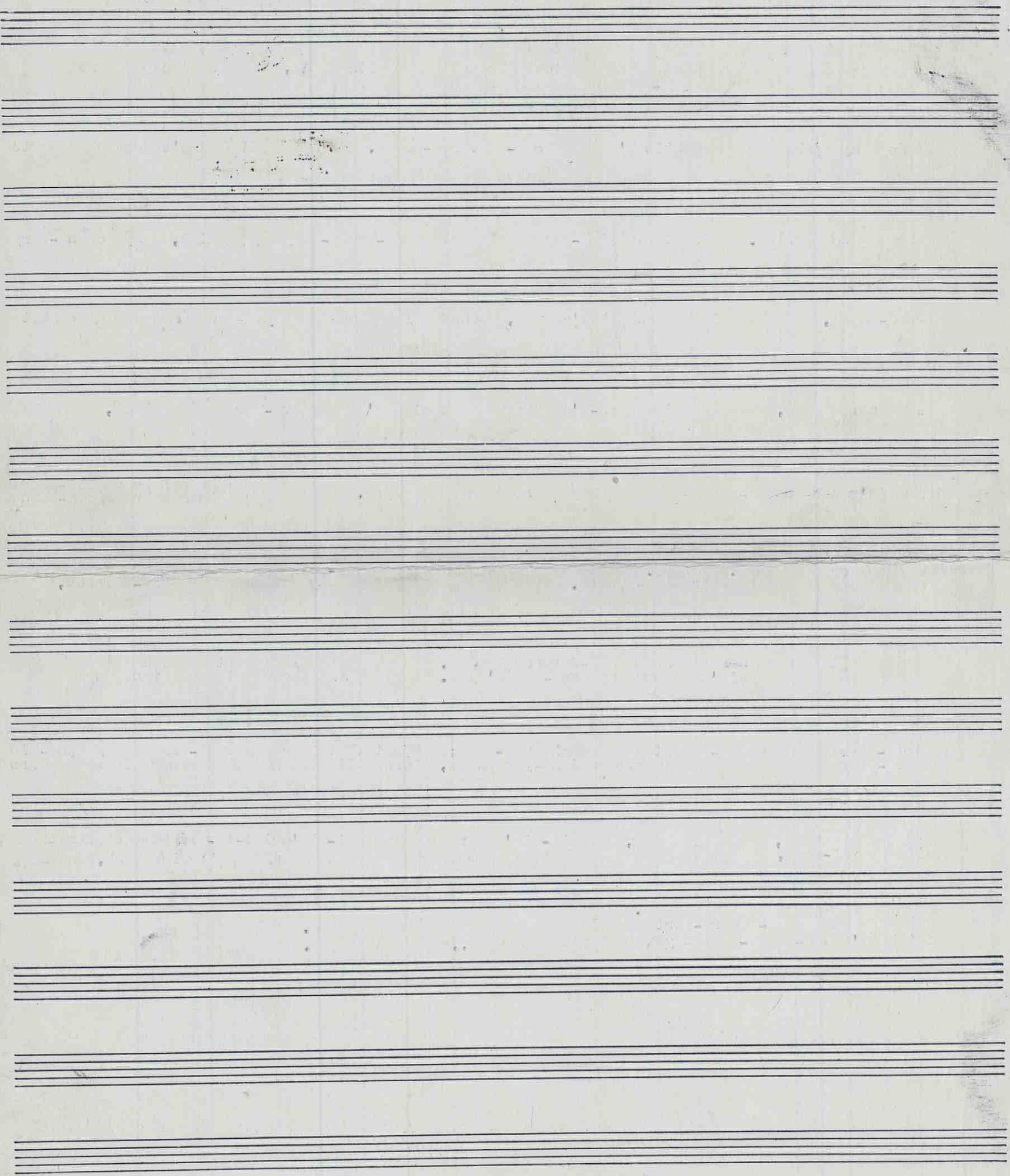
more are we sing-in' The blues ev-'ry night, We sang 'em that's right, THE



BLUES IN THE NIGHT.

Words as recalled from group extemporaneous
singing on the "Thomas Corwin" during the trip
made by 13th Air Force from Admiralty Is. to
Moritai, 15-30 Sept, 1945.





I Want a W.A.C.

Words and Music by
Eddie Jefferson and Eugene Edwards

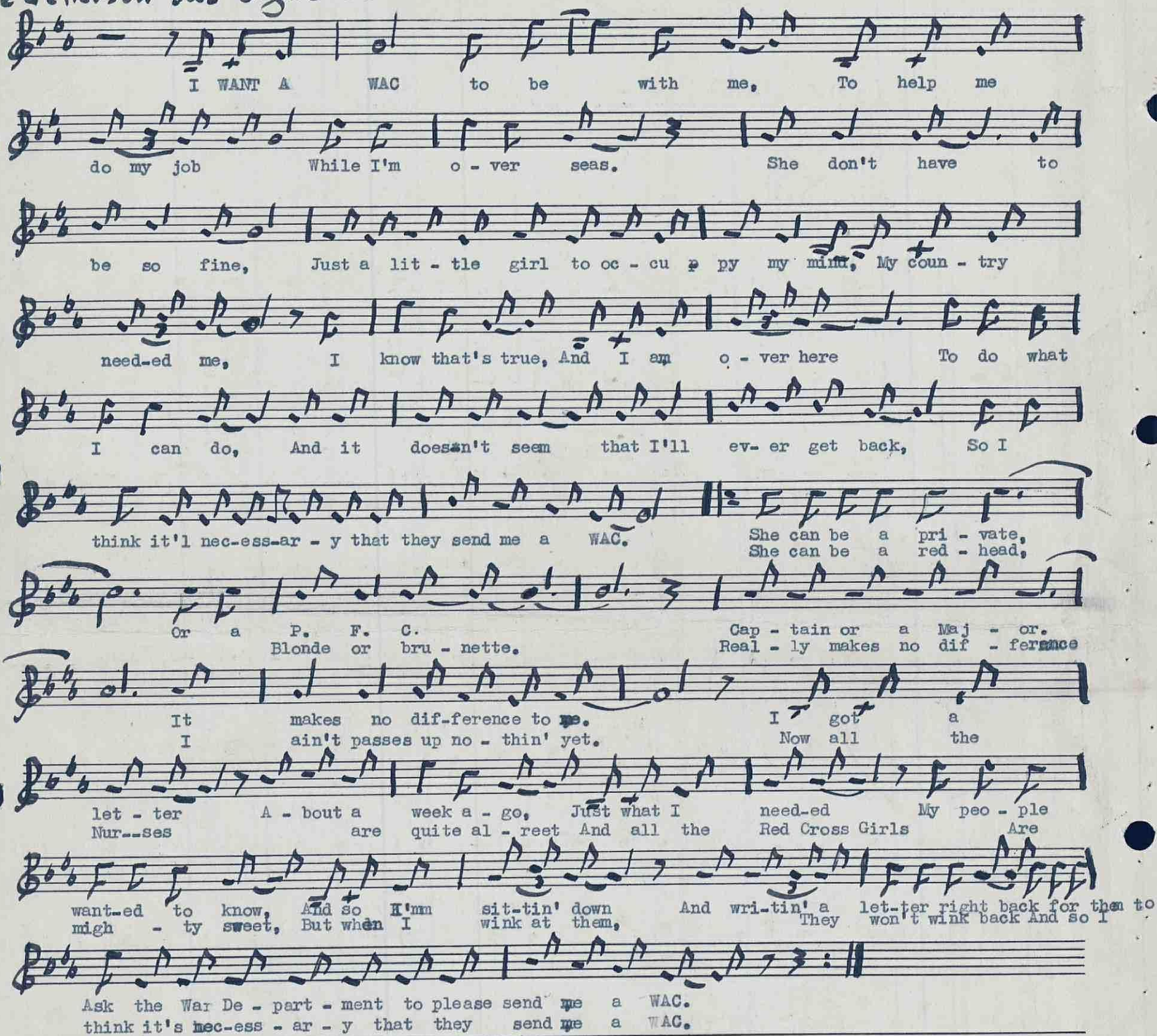
I WANT A WAC to be with me, To help me
do my job While I'm o-ver-seas. She don't have to
be so fine. Just a lit-tle girl to oc-cu-py my mind, My coun-try
need-ed me, I know that's true, And I am ov-er here To do what
I can do, And it does-n't seem that I'll ev-er get back, So I
think it's nec-ess-ar-y that they send me a WAC. She can be a pri-vate
She can be a red-head or a P. F. C. Cap-tain or a Maj-or
Blonde or Bru-nette. Real-ly makes no dif-ference,
It makes no dif-ference to me. I got a ain't passed up no-thing yet. Now all the
let-ter Nur-ses A-bout a week a-go, just what I want-ed My peo-ple
are might-y sweet, and all the Red Cross Girls are
want-ed to know, So I am sit-tin' down And wri-tin' a let-ter right back for them to
quite al-reet, But when I wink at them they won't wink back, And so I
Ask the War De-partment to please send me a WAC.
think it's nec-ess-ar-y that they send me a WAC.

To be sung by

Sgt. Eugene "Fuzzy" Edwards
600th Army Air Forces Band

I Want a Wac

Words and Music by
Eddie Jefferson and Eugene Edwards



I WANT A WAC to be with me, To help me
do my job While I'm o-ver seas. She don't have to
be so fine, Just a lit-tle girl to oc-cu-py my mind, My coun-try
need-ed me, I know that's true, And I am o-ver here To do what
I can do, And it doesn't seem that I'll ev-er get back, So I
think it'll nec-ess-ar-y that they send me a WAC. She can be a pri-vate;
She can be a red-head;
Or a P. F. C. Cap-tain or a Maj-or.
Blonde or bru-nette. Real-ly makes no dif-ference
It makes no dif-ference to me. I got a
I ain't passes up no-thin' yet. Now all the
let-ter A-bout a week a-go, Just what I need-ed My peo-ple
Nur-ses are quite al-reed And all the Red Cross Girls Are
want-ed to know, And so I'm sit-tin' down And wri-tin' a let-ter right back for them to
migh-ty sweet, But when I wink at them, They won't wink back And so I
Ask the War De-part-ment to please send me a WAC.
think it's nec-ess-ar-y that they send me a WAC.

As sung by Sgt. Eugene "fuzzy" Edwards
600th Army Air Forces Band



Music and words by Chow Time at Company C.

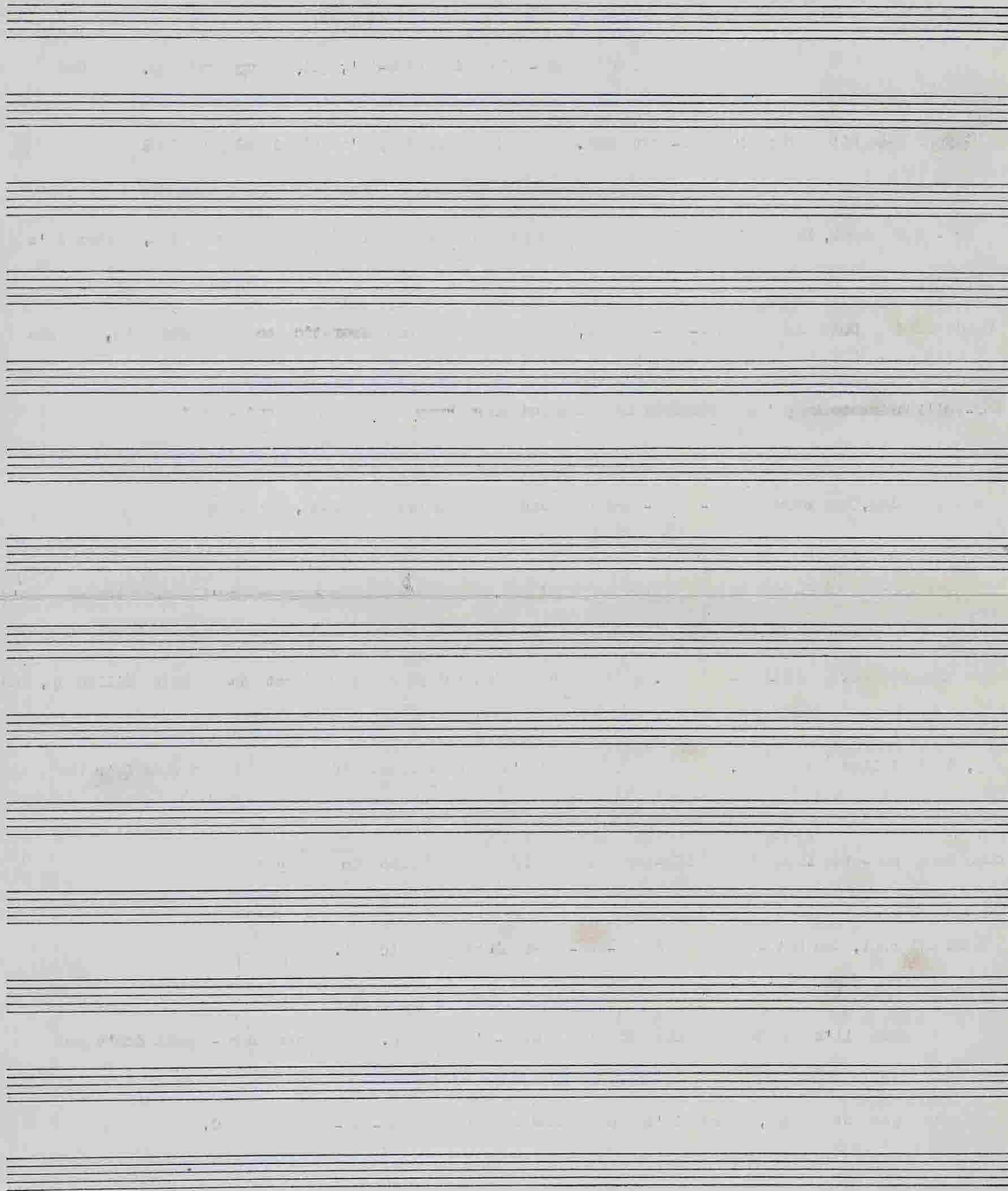
Eddie Jefferson and Eugene Edwards

3 (Bugle call)

The bu - gle is blow-in', Get, up get up. Get
out your mess kit and your can-teen cup. I know you're tired and you look
aw - ful beat, But you'll feel much worse just as soon as you eat, When it's
CHOW TIME DOWN AT COM-PA- NY C, The boys are fran-tic as can be, The
Cor-p'ral tries to keep 'em straight in line But they keep on cut - tin'
all the time, They serve po - ta - toes and a slice of spam, A
bis-cuit and a hard-tack and a spoon-ful of jam. It's the worse chow you'll ev-er see when it's
CHOW TIME DOWN AT COM-PA - NY C. You stick out your cup and get it half filled up, And
boy, is that line a drag. And don't be sur-prised if you should find it's the
same damn wa - ter from the Lis-ter bag If you want to get
home all reet, You bet-ter find an - o - ther place to eat.
When it's CHOW TIME DOWN AT COMP- 'NY C. Mess ser - geant don't you
roll your eyes at me, When it's CHOW TIME DOWN AT COM-PA - NY C.

Written on Guadalcanal in September, 1943

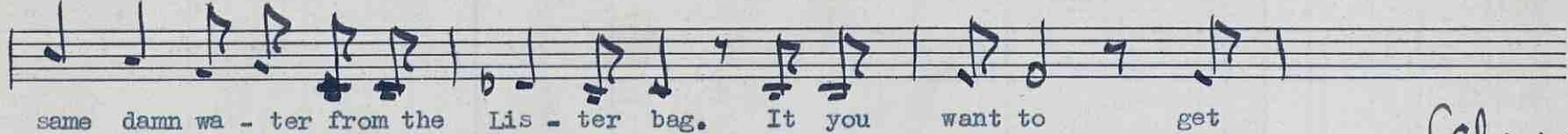
As sung by Sgt. Eugene "Fuzzy" Edwards
600th A.A. P. Band.



Music and Words

by Eddie Jefferson and Eugene Edwards

Chow Time at Company C.



Written on Guadal canal in September, 1943

As song by Sgt. Eugene "Fuzzy" Edwards
600th C.A.F. Band

