



THE GUARDSMAN

Sung to the tune of 'The Strip Polka'

We're a great outfit with a brand new course
The new Guard Squadron of the Army Air Force
Our men are the finest, they are made of steel
The best looking Squadron on the whole damn field.

Air force Guard, take a look, it's the cream of the crop
Tough and hard, in the book, it is right on the top
And when the war is over and old Tojo is hung,
The work of the Squadron will be praised and sung.

Air Guard -- best of the best
Air Guard -- stand to the test
And when the battle's raging and is hot along the line
We'll win -- the victory sublime.

Submitted By

O/G Ball, E.L.
O/C Gatling, Q.T.
O/C Frantz, W.E.

Sq. 22 Fl. 496, Class 43-B.

TUNE - PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET

Bring out that old brass buckle
And down to work we'll knuckle
And we'll open up another case of
blitz,
We've the best accommodations
In the whole United Nations
For the Raleigh tops the Ritz.

Bring out the tan shoe polish,
Our cares we'll abolish,
Not a single gig our perfect
record mars,
Every man's an eager beaver,
We're the pride of General Weaver,
As we win those golden bars,
I don't mean silver,
Win those golden bars.

TUNE - SOLOMON LEVI

We are from Squadron Eight, Sir
And we live across the way
Our Squadron is the finest one
And we are here to stay.

Our standing is the best there is
Each man is on the beam
And what we do is always right
Just watch our smoke and steam.

(Chorus)

Left, Right; Left, Right:
Down the street we go
Marching, marching, always on our toes,
So fill your lungs and sing it out
And shout it across the sea
We'll fight for dear old Squadron Eight
From Squadron Eight are we.

TUNE - I AIN'T GONNA STUDY WAR NO MORE

I'm gonna put on my golden bars
Down by Miami Side - Down by Miami Side - Down by Miami Side,
Gonna put on my golden bars
Down by Miami Side
Take salt pills no more.
Ain't gonna take salt pills no more
Ain't gonna take salt pills no more
Ain't gonna take salt pills no more.

TUNE - WALE MARCHING SONG

March, March to victory,
Fighters of old Wing One,
Break through that Nazi
Line
And set the Rising Sun.

We'll fight the battle
for justice men,
The world will be free
again,
We'll fight like hell till
the battle is won,
Let's go, Wing One.

8th TRAINING SQUADRON * RALEIGH HOTEL

TUNE - CALIFORNIA ALMA MATER

Let's lift our hearts in song
To good old Squadron Eight.
We're singing as we march along
Each man an eager candidate.
Our banners gold and blue, with wings upon it too.
Will carry us to victory
As Squadron Eight comes marching through.

So join the chorus men,
And lift your heads up high.
The sun will soon shine through again
To light the clouded war-torn sky.
On wings we'll carry on
'Til victory is won
And Squadron Eight is here to stay
We won't return until the job is done.

TUNE - CORNELL ALMA MATER

Our strong band can never be broken,
Formed in O. C. S.
Far surpassing wealth unspoken,
Bound by friendship's test.
Duty - Honor - Country's call
Words that mean the most
To us soldiers one and all
In camps from coast to coast.

TUNE - I WANT A GIRL

I got a gig,
Just like the gig that washed out dear old dad.
It was a gig and the biggest gig an OC ever had.
I walked ten tours on every Open Post
And at Jeff Barracks I will be the toast.
I got a gig just like the gig that washed out dear old Dad.

TUNE - BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
The best one in the land.

We've worked for the bars and we'll all get a pair
We've worked for the bars and we'll all get a pair
We've workdd for the bars and we'll all get a pair
As we go fighting on.

Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
The best one in the land.

SQUADRON SONG

Forward march, and cover down,
Show them Eleven's here,
One and all, we're on the ball,
Our golden hairs are near, but ! hip! ho!
Keep your head up! throw out your chest!
Show them that "11" is best!
Hut, hut, eleven's here!
Proud to be in the O. C. S.

Eager Beavers! We're a happy throng,
Eager Beavers! Hear our marching song-
To the right! to the left!
You'll hear us shout, for sing (chorus)

WING 1 SONG

March, march to victory,
fighters of old Wing 1,
Break through that Nazi line,
And set the Rising Sun,
We'll fight the battle for justice, men
The world will be free again
Fight like hell till the battle is won,
Let's go! Wing One!

PINK PAJAMAS

I wear my pink pajamas in the summer when it's hot,
I wear my flannel nighties in the winter, when it's not.
But sometimes in the springtime, and sometimes in the fall
I slip between the sheets with nothing on at all.

Glory, glory for the springtime and the fall,
Glory, glory for the springtime and the fall,
Glory, glory for the springtime and the fall,
When I slip between the sheets with nothing on at all.

OVER THE HILL (TUNE OF "OVER THE SEAS")

Over the hill, let's go men.
They're washing them out,
They're washing them out again.
Nobody knows where or when-
They're washing them out,
They're washing them out again.
It may be J.B.
Or Salt Lake City,
Sally and Sue, don't feel blue,
for the Army needs a lot of Corporals too,
They're washing them out again,
Washing them out again,
Washing them out at O. C. S.

BELL BOTTOM TROUSERS

I was a barmaid, down in Drury Lane,
My master was so kind to me, my mistress was the same--

Chorus--

Bell bottom trousers, coats of navy blue,
He'll climb the riggin like his daddy used to do.
Along came a sailor, happy as can be,
And he was the cause of all my misery.
He asked me for a candle to light his way to bed
He asked me for kerchief to tie around his head
And I being a simple maid, and thinking it no harm,
I climbed into the sailor's bed to keep the sailor warm
You may have a daughter, you may have a son
but if you're very careful, you won't have either one.
Now if you have a daughter, bounce her on your knee,
But if you have a son, send the rascal out to sea
Now the moral of my story, as you can plainly see,
Is, never trust a sailor an inch above your knee.

AROUNDHER 'X&\$, SHE WORE A-----

Around her neck she wore a yellow ribbon
She wore it in the springtime, and in the month of may (hey, hey)
And when I asked her why the hell she wore it,
she wore it for her lover who was down at O. C. S.

O. C. S., Miami Beach, O.C.S., Miami Beach.
She wore it for her lover who was down at O. C. S.

(This continues with --
Shewore a purple girdle.
She pushed a baby carriage
Her father held a shotgun.

YANKEE DOODLE DANDY

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Yankee Doodle, dor or die.
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam,
Born on the fourth of July.
I've got a Yankee Doodle Sweetheart,
She's my Yankee pride and joy.
Oh, Yankee Doodle went to town
Riding on a pony,
I am a Yankee Doodle boy.

"THE HUT, TWO THREE, FOUR BLUES"

(Original)

We've got the hut, two, three, four blues,
Marching along in G. I. shoes,
By the left flank, march, by the right flank, march.
To the rear march, count cadence,
We've got the hut, two, three, four blues.

We've never told, we're just commanded,
Sometimes we just can't understand it,
Column half left, march, column half right, march,
To the rear march, count cadence,
We've got the hut, two, three four blues.

It's so monotonous, it's simply gotten us,
To the point where we're afraid of romance,
It would sound very silly, you must agree,
Saying, "Darling, you're the only hut, for me.

I think it's gone too far, don't you?
Because no matter what we do,
When we comb our hair, when we brush our teeth,
You'll find us, counting cadence,
We've got the hut, two, three, four blues.

"THE BOOMER"

"Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom,
D20 men
are in the know men --
We are always on the go----- Boom!

We will show them
that we can throw them--
Don't forget to bet your dough---BOOM!

Chorus:

From the sunny south to the land of snow men,
you will find us everywhere you go men.
From the home of draut to the yellow vermin--
on the ball, we'll roll'em, lets go.....

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom---
D20 men
Are in the know men,
we will always fight and win ----- BOOM!

Hit 'em high, men;
We'll never die, men---
We can fight and we can win --- BOOM!

(Repeat Chorus and last two verses.)

"HEADS ARE HIGH"

(to the Tune of "On Parade")

Heads are high, when "2-O" goes by,
As were marching on parade,
With Standards high, we will pass all by
And our squadron will not fade,
To the beat, beat, beat, of our marching feet
And a Song by "D-2-O",
We will show them all we are on the ball
And go marching on parade.

We'll go along with our "2-O" song
When we leave to beat the foe;
As we march along to right the wrong
All the world will know "2-O";
And the beat, beat, beat,
Of our marching feet
Will resound around the globe.
We will lick the foe, they won't stop "2-O"
As we march to victory.

ANNIE'S COUSIN FANNY

ANNIE'S COUSIN FANNY, oh what a gal
I never had such a wonderful pal
She likes me and I go for ANNIE'S COUSIN FANNY.
Every night at seven I knock at her door.
Annie doesn't live there anymore,
But I don't care 'Cause I go for ANNIE'S COUSIN FANNY.

Her lips are like honey, her kisses like wine
She saves them all for me.
She's not like her cousin, she's one in a dozen
Fanny ruined Annie's popularity.

Annie was the sweetheart of all the Corps
But she doesn't rate here anymore
All of the men have their eyes on ANNIE'S COUSIN FANNY.

Ad lib:

Now you may know some Annie's who are divine,
But you never saw a Fanny half as pretty as mine.

ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, YOU AMERICANS

(Original)

ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, YOU AMERICANS
There's lots of hard work to be done.
ROLL UP YOUR SLEEVES, ~~KICKY D-20~~ You Americans
The battle has only begun.

Stand side by side, You Americans
The whole world is counting on you.
Pitch in and work with a will,
Use every ounce of your skill,
Don't stop a moment until
We've fought our way to victory.

WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU D-20

(We're Loyal to You Illinois)

WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU D-20
We're loyal we want you to know.
You've shown us the spirit,
And you need never fear it
We will keep your colors proudly flying.

WE'RE LOYAL TO YOU D-20
We'll take you wherever we go
And when things start getting tough
We'll show them the kind of stuff
They build at OCS and D-20.

COME ON AND HEAR

(to the tune of Alexander's Ragtime Band).

Come on and hear, come on and hear
This is Squadron D-20
Come on and hear, come on and hear
We're a squadron you should know.
We can give out with a song like y
you never heard before.
One reason why we're the finest in
the corps.
We're just the best at OCS, the
very best.

Come on along, come on a
along
When we go out on parade.
Come on along, come on
along
And find a spot that's in
the shade
And when we pass you by,
you'll know why
We're called the finest,
the very best, the very
best
The very best at OCS.

WORLD WAR I SONGS

1. Tipperary

It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go;
It's a long way to Tipperary,
To the sweetest girl I know!
Good-bye to Piccadilly
Farewell Leicester Square;
It's a long, long way to Tipperary,
But my heart's right there!

2. Pack Up Your Troubles

Pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile;
While you've a lucifer to light
your fag,
Smile, boys, that's the style.
What's the use of worrying?
It never was worth while,
SO, pack up your troubles in your old
kit bag,
And smile, smile, smile!

3. A Long, Long Trail

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams,
When the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
'Til the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.

4. Smiles

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the
teardrops,
As the sunbeams steal away the dew.
There are smiles that have a tender
meaning,
That the eyes of love alone may see.
And the smiles that fill my life with
sunshine,
Are the smiles that you give to me.

* * * * *

TO THE GIRLS, GOD BLESS 'EM

1. I Want A Girl

I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old Dad.
She was a girl, and the only girl
That Daddy ever had.
A real old-fashioned girl with heart
so true,
One who'd love nobody else but you;
I want a girl, just like the girl
That married dear old Dad.

2. Mary

Shure, it was Mary, Mary, plain as
any name could be,
But with propriety, society would
say, "Marie",
But it was Mary, Mary, long before
the fashions came;
For there is something there that
sounds so square,
It's a grand old name.

3. Nellie

Wait 'til the sun shines, Nellie,
And the clouds go drifting by.
We will be happy, Nellie,
Don't you cry;
Down Lovers' Lane we'll wander,
Sweethearts, you and I
So won't you wait 'til the sun shines,
Nellie,
Bye and bye.

4. The Strawberry Blonde

Casey would waltz with the strawberry
blonde,
And the band played on.
He'd glide o'er the floor
with the girl he adored,
And the band played on.
His brain was so loaded, it nearly
exploded
The poor girl would shake with alame.
He married the girl with the strawberry
curl,
And the band played on.

HAIL TO THE SQUADRON

VERSE:

The Infantry, the cavalry, the field artillery
Are the finest kind of soldiers who must always grounded be
But when you see planes in the air and thundering motors roar
Its the men who keep them flying in the Army Air Corps

CHORUS:

Hail to the Squadron, Hail to the Corps,
Hail to all the air men who span the skies before
We're on the beam to victory
Thumbs up forever more
So hail to Squadrons flying high
Hail to the men who rule the sky
Hail to the Army Air Corps

INTO THE AIR ARMY AIR CORPS

Into the air army Air Corps
Give the gun pilot true
Into the Air Army Air Corps
Hold her nose up in the blue
And When you hear her motors singing
And the Steel props start towline
You can bet the Army Air Corps
Is along the fighting line.

SECRET
NO FORN DISSEM
NO UNCLASSIFIED
NO UNCLASSIFIED

1. The following information was received from the
2. source, who has provided reliable information in the past.
3. The source has provided information that the
4. source has provided information that the
5. source has provided information that the

6. The source has provided information that the
7. source has provided information that the
8. source has provided information that the
9. source has provided information that the
10. source has provided information that the

11. The source has provided information that the
12. source has provided information that the

13. The source has provided information that the
14. source has provided information that the
15. The source has provided information that the
16. The source has provided information that the
17. The source has provided information that the

AIR CORPS SONG

Off we go into the wild blue yonder
Rising high into the Sun,
Here they come zooming to meet our
thunder At em Boys give em the gun.
Down we dive spouting a flame from
under off with one helluva roar
We live in fame go sown in flame, Hey!
Nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.

Heres a toast to the host of those
who love the vastness of the sky.
To a frænd We'll send a message of his
Brother-men who Fly.
We drink to those who gave their all
of old, and down we roar, to score the
rainbows Pot of Gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast
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
wonder, Keep the nose out of the blue,
Flying men guarding the nations border
We'll be there followed by more.
In echelon we carry on,
Nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.

6 PENCE

I've got sixpence,
Jolly Jolly Sixpence,
I've got sixpence, to last me all my
life, I've got 2 pence to spend, and
2 pence to spend, and 2 pence to lend,
And 2 pence to send home to my Wife, Poor
Wife.

No cares have I to grieve me ,
No pretty little girls to decieve me,
I'm as happy as a King Believe me ,
As we go rolling Home.
Rolling home, rolling home, Rolling
home, Rolling home, by the light of the
Silvery Moon, Happy is the day, that
The Airman gets his Pay, as we go Rolling
Home.

WING I SONG

March, March, to victory
Fighters of old Wing I ,
Break thru that Nazi line
And set the Rising Sun
We'll fight the battle for justice men
The world will be free again,
So Fight like Hell til the battle is
Won, Lets go Wing one.

NELLIE

Wait till the Sun Shings Nellie,
And the clouds go Drifting by
We'll be so happy Nellie, You and I,
Together down lovers lane we'll wander
Sweetheart, you and I.
So wont you wait til the Sun Shings
Nellie, Baby, by and by. REPEAT.

SQUADRON 5 SONG

Cheer Cheer for old Squadron 5,
We've got the jam and weve got the Dive
Wipe old Hitler off the Map,
And then do the same thing to the Jap.
We know our jobs to stay on the ball,
Off of the beam we never will fall,
Were all for one and one for all
Were old Squadron 5 by 5. REPEAT.

INFANTRY SONG

The infantry, The cavalry, The Field
Artillery, are the finest kind of
Soldiers, Yet must always grounded be,
But when you see Planes in the Air an
Thundering Motors Roar, It's the men
who keep them flying, In the Army Air
Corps.

Chorus

Hail to the Squadron, Hail to the
Corps.
Hail to all the Airmen who spanned
The Skies before were on the beam to
Victory Thumbs up for ever more.
Hail to the Squadrons Flying high,
Hail to the men who rule the Sky,
Hail to the Army Air Corps.

WHAT SQUADRON EIGHT CAN DO

We're marching, we're marching to show the world
What Squadron Eight can do.
We're singing and bringing the facts to you --
We hit the spot! We top! --
All other Squadrons.

On ev'ry shore, on the city street,
Or, when you stand review --
Don't make the mistake. --
And under-rate,
The things Squadron Eight can do!

WE'RE THE MEN ON THE GROUND

We're the men on the ground
Always up. Never down
Our planes roarin, and soarin, the sky.
~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ We build wings of steel
For the men we feel are our buddies
Who live their lives up high--in the sky.
We're the men on the ground
And our work will astound
Ev'ry Axis, the fact is, too clear
That we're here by the score
Doing work but begging more
We're the men, to be found, ON THE GROUND.

TUNE * IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY

"-----days to graduation
-----days to go
-----days to graduation
And the sweetest bars I know.
Goodbye, to "supine charley"
Farewell, O. C. S.
It would be the height of my ambition
To make Hitler, Pop-to, Sound-off,
Hit a brace,
Then wash him out to Jefferson "B",----Yeah!"

TUNE * TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL PARK

Here I am in the Air Force
Squadron Eight is the place
Reveille's sounding at Half past five
Early rising with me doesn't jive
For it's work, drill, study and worry
Plenty of each I confess
I am sure-proud to be here
At O. C. S.

LET'S BE TRUE AMERICANS

Ain't it great to be an American, say! Ain't it?
Ain't it great to live in the land of the free, Ain't it?
So let's show appreciation, by a firm determination,
to preserve our glorious nation, forever.

CHORUS:

Let's defend our land the beautiful, in a manner staunch and
dutiful, just like real AMERICANS.
Let us show our unanimity, with such faith we'll stun our enemy.
LET'S BE TRUE AMERICANS.

When we send our submarines, our Army and our brave marines,
and then our Air Force to the scenes, we're sure of victory, Gee!
Buy your bonds and do it readily, we must keep 'em flying steadily,
LET'S BE TRUE, RED, WHITE and BLUE AMERICANS.

LET'S BE TRUE AMERICANS

Ain't it great to be an American, say! Ain't it?
Ain't it great to live in the land of the free, Ain't it?
So let's show appreciation, by a firm determination,
to preserve our glorious nation, forever.

CHORUS:

Let's defend our land the beautiful, in a manner staunch and
dutiful, just like real AMERICANS.
Let us show our unanimity, with such faith we'll stun our enemy.
LET'S BE TRUE AMERICANS.

When we send our submarines, our Army and our brave marines,
and then our Air Force to the scenes, we're sure of victory, Gee!
Buy your bonds and do it readily, we must keep 'em flying steadily,
LET'S BE TRUE, RED, WHITE and BLUE AMERICANS.

LET'S BE TRUE AMERICANS

Ain't it great to be an American, say! Ain't it?
Ain't it great to live in the land of the free, Ain't it?
So let's show appreciation, by a firm determination,
to preserve our glorious nation, forever.

CHORUS:

Let's defend our land the beautiful, in a manner staunch and
dutiful, just like real AMERICANS.
Let us show our unanimity, with such faith we'll stun our enemy.
LET'S BE TRUE AMERICANS.

When we send our submarines, our Army and our brave marines,
and then our Air Force to the scenes, we're sure of victory, Gee!
Buy your bonds and do it readily, we must keep 'em flying steadily,
LET'S BE TRUE, RED, WHITE and BLUE AMERICANS.

RECEIVED
JAN 10 1964
U.S. DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
WASHINGTON, D.C.

TO: DIRECTOR, AGRICULTURAL RESEARCH
SERVICES
FROM: [illegible]
SUBJECT: [illegible]

1. [illegible]
2. [illegible]
3. [illegible]

4. [illegible]
5. [illegible]
6. [illegible]

7. [illegible]
8. [illegible]
9. [illegible]

10. [illegible]
11. [illegible]
12. [illegible]

TUNE - PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET

Bring out that old brass buckle
And down to work we'll knuckle
And we'll open up another case of
blitz,
We've the best accommodations
In the whole United Nations
For the Raleigh tops the Ritz.

Bring out the tan shoe polish,
Our cares we'll abolish,
Not a single gig our perfect
record mars,
Every man's an eager beaver,
We're the pride of General Weaver,
As we win those golden bars,
I don't mean silver,
Win those golden bars.

TUNE - YALE MARCHING SONG

March, March to victory,
Fighters of old Wing One,
Break through that Nazi
line
And set the Rising Sun.

We'll fight the battle
for justice men,
The world will be free
again,
We'll fight like hell till
the battle is won,
Let's go, Wing One.

TUNE - SOLOMON LEVI

We are from Squadron Eight, Sir
And we live across the way
Our Squadron is the finest one
And we are here to stay.

Our standing is the best there is
Each man is on the beam
And what we do is always right
Just watch our smoke and steam.

(Chorus)

Left, Right; Left, Right;
Down the street we go
Marching, marching, always on our toes;
So fill your lungs and sing it out
And shout it across the sea
We'll fight for dear old Squadron Eight
From Squadron Eight are we.

TUNE - I AIN'T GONNA STUDY WAR NO MORE

I'm gonna put on my golden bars
Down by Miami Side - Down by Miami Side - Down by Miami Side,
Gonna put on my golden bars
Down by Miami Side
Take salt pills no more.
Ain't gonna take salt pills no more
Ain't gonna take salt pills no more
Ain't gonna take salt pills no more.

8th TRAINING SQUADRON - RALEIGH HOTEL

TUNE - CALIFORNIA ALMA MATER

Let's lift our hearts in song
To good old Squadron Eight.
We're singing as we march along
Each man an eager candidate.
Our banners gold and blue,
Will carry us to victory
As Squadron Eight comes marching through.

So join the chorus men,
And lift your heads up high.
The sun will soon shine through again
To light the clouded war-torn sky.
On wings we'll carry on
'Til victory is won
And Squadron Eight is here to stay
We won't return until the job is done.

TUNE - CORNELL ALMA MATER

Our strong band can never be broken,
Formed in O. C. S.
Far surpassing wealth unspoken,
Bound by friendship's test.
Duty - Honor - Country's call
Words that mean the most
To us soldiers one and all
In camps from coast to coast.

TUNE - I WANT A GIRL

I got a gig,
Just like the gig that washed out dear old Dad.
It was a gig and the biggest gig an OC ever had.
I walked ten tours on every Open Post
And at Jeff Barracks I will be the toast.
I got a gig just like the gig that washed out dear old Dad.

TUNE - BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
The best one in the land.

We've worked for the bars and we'll all get a pair
We've worked for the bars and we'll all get a pair
We've worked for the bars and we'll all get a pair
As we go fighting on.

Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
Squadron Eight of OCS, Miami Beach
The best one in the land.

GROUP "B" SONG Tune: "On Wisconsin"
Words: Lt. Robinson

On to Vict'ry! On to Vict'ry!
Group "B"'s on the wing
Flying higher than the eagle
Far our voices ring
We're singing -

To the line, boys - To the line, boys
High our spirits soar -
Stand by, Group "B"!
We're on to win
We're out to win once more.

THE TOAST OF THE POST Tune: "With a Twist of The Wrist"
Words: Lt. Robinson

We're the toast of the Post
We're the most of the best
From the North to the South
From the East to the West

We're the first on the line
Cause we rise and we shine at the break of day
And what is more on this old shore We cannot say

We're the tops in 'em all
Cause we're right on the ball
We're the first to sound off from the very first call
We're the boys who give out with a song and a shout
"hen the sun is high

And when it's night we do all right
Cause we're Squadron "12"

MARCHING SONG Tune: "Old Solomon Levi"
Words: O/C Robbins, F. B.

Oh! We're the boys from Squadron "12"
You hear so much about
The people stop and stare at us,
Whenever we go out
We're noted for our marching
And the clever things we do
Most Everybody likes us and we hope you like us too

We're men among men boys - men who will never say die
We'll do it again fightin' to fly 'em on high

The life we lead from day to day
Is anything but tame
We're on the go from morn to night
It's a rough and rugged game
And we're playin' this for keeps, boys
On every distant shore
And soon we men of Viet'ry
Will be marchin' past your door,



THE
UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF
THE ARMY
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICE OF THE
CHIEF OF STAFF
WASHINGTON, D. C.

MEMORANDUM FOR THE RECORD

1. The following information was received from the
Office of the Chief of Staff, Department of the Army,
Washington, D. C., on 10/10/50:

2. The information was received from the
Office of the Chief of Staff, Department of the Army,
Washington, D. C., on 10/10/50:

3. The information was received from the
Office of the Chief of Staff, Department of the Army,
Washington, D. C., on 10/10/50:

4. The information was received from the
Office of the Chief of Staff, Department of the Army,
Washington, D. C., on 10/10/50:

5. The information was received from the
Office of the Chief of Staff, Department of the Army,
Washington, D. C., on 10/10/50:

6. The information was received from the
Office of the Chief of Staff, Department of the Army,
Washington, D. C., on 10/10/50:

7. The information was received from the
Office of the Chief of Staff, Department of the Army,
Washington, D. C., on 10/10/50:

8. The information was received from the
Office of the Chief of Staff, Department of the Army,
Washington, D. C., on 10/10/50:

13th TRAINING SQUADRON (PROV)
OFFICER CANDIDATE SCHOOL, AAFTTC
Miami Beach, Florida.

SQUADRON 13 SONG

SQUADRON THIRTEEN IS ROUGH AND TOUGH,
DOESN'T KNOW WHEN IT'S HAD ENOUGH
OF THE THINGS IT TAKES TO WIN THIS WAR
IT IS UNLUCKY AS ITS NAME
FOR THOSE WHO SHARE THE HITLER AIM
AND IT NEVER WILL DEFEND
WHAT OUR FLAG STANDS FOR
SO WHEN YOU WANT SOMEONE TO GO
ON TO BERLIN OR TOKYO
IT'S QUITE PLAIN TO BE SEEN
THAT THE MEN WHO ARE THE BEST
WHO ALWAYS PASS THE ACID TEST
ARE THE IRON MEN OF SQUADRON THIRTEEN

O/C Brinkmeyer

SQUADRON 12 SONG SHEET

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,
Then down we roar to score the rain-
bow's pot of gold.
A toast to the host of men we boast,
the Army Air Corps.

Off we go the wild blue yonder,
Keep the wings level and true.
If you'd live to be a gray haired
wonder,
Keep the nose out of the blue!
Flying men guarding the Nation's
border,
We'll be there followed by more.
In echelon we carry on;
Nothing can stop the Army Air Corps.
CHORUS:

Off we go into the wild blue yonder,
Climbing high into the sun;
Here they come zooming to meet our
thunder,
At 'em boys give 'er the gun!
Down we dive, spouting our flame
from under,
Off with one helluva roar!
We live in fame or go down in flame,
Nothing can stop the Army Air Corps!

The Men of 12

We're the men of Squadron 12, boys,
The men who fight on to victory!
Our will to win is going to tell, boys,
When we're far across the sea, the
rolling sea.
And tho we find the going tough,
boys, We'll raise our voices high,
We'll sing our song as we're marching
along
And shout to the world as our flag
is unfurled,
The men of Sq 12 are going by!

Hut, Two! Hut, Two! Wing Two

Hut, Two! Hut, Two! Wing Two,
Marching on Berlin;
Hut, Two! Hut, Two! Wing Two,
We'll sing together, fight together
win!
We're the Air Corps finest,
And the nation's best, the very
best!
We'll smash the Axis, Hirohito,
Schickelgruber, and Benito,
Wing Two, O.C.S.

Into the Air

Into the air, Army Air Corps!
Give 'er the gun, pilots true!
Into the air, Army Air Corps,
Keep your nose out of the blue,
When you hear the engine singing
And the steel prop starts to whine,
You can bet the Army Air Corps,
Is along the firing line.

We have our hand on the throttle
As we await for the nod,
And we will meet them half-way, men,
And will drive them to the sod.
And when our last flight is over,
And we meet our Flying Boss
You can bet the sky is clear, men,
From Orion to the Cross.

Fight Squadron 12

Into the fight! Show 'em our might!
Carry on our pledge to triumph, men.
Working as one 'til it is done,
And the battled skies are clear.
First in the fray, open the way
To the day of victory.
Thru our boys of Sq 12 shall be
Years of plenty for Liberty!

X Strike Up the Band

Strike up the band
For Sq 12 is marching by,
Best in the land,
Our standards always will be high,
Finest of all, and ready for our
country's call,
Far and wide they'll gaze with
pride,
As Sq 12 goes marching on to fame,

When in battle we charge,
Hit the fore, Hit him hard!
Hit him hard!
We will die before we lose the
rights we guard, we guard ..

Marching Song

Men of Fame and triumph, carry on!
Let the whole world hear you sing
your marching song--
Whip the Axis nations
With syncopation,
And STRUT your snappy step along.
Keep your best foot forward, give
'em Hell!
When we're hep, hep, hepping all
is right and well.
On the road to glory
Our banner carry,
And hold our heads and hearts up
high for Sq 12.

Fight Song

Fight! Fight! Fight! for Sq 12 men. Show the world that we're the best!
Ready hearts to prove our all men, Pride of the O.C.S!
Win, win, win for Sq honors; glory, fame, and all the rest,
And headin' from the start, We stand to do our part --
Every member old and new; Yes, for Sq 12 we do!

GEORGE M. COHAN SONGS

1. Yankee Doodle Dandy

I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy,
Yankee Doodle do or die;
A real live nephew of my Uncle Sam,
Born on the Fourth of July.
I've a Yankee Doodle sweetheart
She's my Yankee pride and joy.
Yankee Doodle went to town,
Riding on a pony;
I am that Yankee Doodle boy!

2. Over There

Over there, Over there,
Send the word, send the word, Over There,
That the Yanks are coming, the
Yanks are coming,
The Yanks are coming Over There.
So prepare, say a prayer,
Send the word, send the word to beware.
We'll be over, we're coming over
And we won't be back 'til its over,
Over There!

3. Give My Regards to Broadway

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square.
Give my regards to 42d Street
And all the maids so fair!
Give my regards to Broadway --
The million light that flicker there--
Give my regards to old Broadway,
And tell them I will soon be there.

4. You're a Grand Old Flag

You're a grand old flag, you're a
high flying flag,
And forever in peace may you wave;
You're the emblem of the land I love
Home of the free & the brave,
Every heart beats true for the Red,
White, and Blue,
When there's never a boast nor a
brag
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
Keep your eye on the Grand Old Flag!

5. My Gal Sal

They call her frivolous Sal
A peculiar sort of a gal,
With a heart that was mellow,
an all-round good fellow
Was My Gal Sal.
Your troubles, your sorrows and cares,
She was always ready to share;
A wild sort of devil,
But dead on the level,
Was My Gal Sal.

6. You Can Easily See

You can easily see she's not my Mother,
Cause my Mother's forty-nine.
You can easily see she's not my sister,
Cause I wouldn't show my sister such
a wonderful time.
You can easily see she's not my girl friend
Cause my girl friend's too refined.
She's just a slip of a kid
Who didn't know what she did,
She's just a personal friend of mine!

7. Let Me Call You Sweetheart

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper
That you love me true.
Keep the lovelight glowing
In your eyes so true.
Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.

7. Queenie

There's a burlesque theater where
the gang loves to go
To see Queenie, the cutie of the
burlesque show,
And the thrill of the evening is when
out Queenie steps,
And the band plays the polka while
she strips.

CHORUS:

"Take it off, take it off," cry the
boys from the rear,
"Down in front, down in front," that
is all you can hear,
But she's always a lady, even in
pantomime,
And she stops - and always just in
time.
Queenie, Queenie, queen of them all,
Queenie, Queenie, some day you'll fall
Some day church bells will chime,
In Strip Polka Time.

She's as fresh and as wholesome as
the flowers in May,
And she hopes to retire to the farm
some day,
But you can't buy a farm 'til you're
up in the chips,
So the band plays the polka while
she strips.

CHORUS:

She hates corny waltzes and she hates
the gavotte,
But there's one big advantage when
the music's hot.
There's a fast moving exit just in
case something rips,
And the band plays the polka while
she strips.

CHORUS:

CHRISTMAS CAROLS

JOY TO THE WORLD, the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King;
Let ev'ry heart prepare him room,
And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing
And heav'n, and heav'n and nature sing.

He rules the world with truth and grace, and makes the nations love
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of His love, and wonders of His love,
and wonders, and wonders of His love.

IT CAME UPON A MIDNIGHT CLEAR, That glorious song of old
From angels bending near the earth To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good-will to men, from heav'n's all-gracious King
The world in solemn stillness lay, to hear the angels sing.

Still thro' the cloven skies they come, with peace-ful wings unfurled
And still their heav'nly music floats O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains they bend on hovering wing
And ever o'er its Babel-sounds, the blessed angels sing.

O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL, Joyful and triumphant
O come ye, o come ye to Bethlehem;
Come and behold him, Born the King of Angels
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the Lord.

Sing, choirs of angels, sing in exultation,
Sing, all ye citizens of heav'n above
Glory to God, In the highest, glory
O come, let us adore Him, O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, Christ the King.

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT, Thru the darkness beams a light
Yonder where they sweet vigils keep, O'er the Babe who in silent sleep
Rests in heavenly peace, Rests in heavenly peace.

Silent Night, Holy Night, wondrous star, O lend thy light
With the angels let us sing, Alleluia to our King
Jesus the Saviour is born, Jesus the Saviour is born.

Silent Night, Holy Night, Guiding Star, O lend thy light;
See the eastern wise men bring, Gifts and homage to our King;
Jesus the Savior is born, Jesus the Savior is born.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS (CONT)

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM, How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by
Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years, Are met in thee tonight.

How silently, how silently, the wondrous gift is giv'n
S... God imparts to human hearts the blessings of his heav'n
No ear may hear his coming, But in this world of sin
Where meek souls will receive him still, The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we pray!
Cast out our sin, and enter in, Be born in us today;
We hear the Christmas angels, The great glad tidings tell;
O come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel.

HARK THE HERALD ANGELS SING, Glory to the new-born King
Peace on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful all ye nations rise; Join the triumph of the skies;
With th'angelic host proclaim, "Christ is born in Bethlehem"
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King."

Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace, Hail, the Son of Righteousness
Light and life to all he brings; Ris'n with healing in his wings
Mild he lays his glory by, Born that man no more may die
Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them second birth
Hark! the herald angels sing, "Glory to the new-born King."

ANGELS FROM THE REALMS OF GLORY, Wing your flight o'er all the earth
Ye, who sang creation's story, Now proclaim Messiah's birth
Come and worship, Come and worship, Worship Christ, the newborn King.

Sages, leave your contemplations, Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great Desire of nations; Ye have seen his natal star;
Come and worship, come and worship, worship Christ, the new-born King.

THE FIRST NOEL THE ANGEL DID SAY, Was to certain poor shephards in fields as
they lay
In fields as they lay keeping their sheep on a cold winter's night that was
so deep
Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, Born is the King of Israel.

"WE'RE ON OUR WAY"

Lyrics - Sylvia Cutler
Music - Chief Warrant Officer
Philip J. Azzolina

We're off to beat the enemy
We're off to beat the saps
We'll kill the germ in Germany
And mutilate the Japs
We're the Army, Navy, and the Marines
We know just what to do
As we go smiling through.

CHORUS

We're on our way We're on our way
We're on our way ten million strong
We're on our way We're on our way
To a fight that won't be long
We'll do our share, right over there
We'll show them what we're fighting for,
We'll make them pray, we'll make them pay
For we are on our way.

Respectfully dedicated to the Army Air Forces

