

# WASP "Songbook"

RETURN TO HQ USAFHHG MAXWELL AFB AL 36112-6670	K141.33-74 1944
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Compiled and Presented  
by  
Class 44-W-10

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The  
ARMY AIR CORPS  
SONG

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! Give 'er the gun!  
Down we dive spouting our flame from under,  
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,  
Then down we roar 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 crate of thunder,  
Sent it high into the blue;  
Hands of men blasted the world asunder;  
How they lived God only knew!  
Souls of men dreaming of skies 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 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'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 sun  
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 Loes Monk 43-W-8

01097963

### AVENGER FIELD

Built on a Texas hillside in a land  
Of proud traditions, filled with tales of brave  
And stalwart men who gave their precious lives  
Wrongs 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  
'Til all is safe for peace throughout the world  
Your purpose shall be served, Avenger Field!

Grace Faver

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 came?  
Or do you feel that I've a small part, too,  
When frenzied 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.

Effie Pratt 43 W-8

### SONGS OF THE 319TH—

Over trees under wires  
T'hell with landing gears and tires  
We're the girls of the 319th!  
Over clouds, through the soup  
We can do an inverted loop  
We're the girls of the 319th!

Then 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!

—Tune "Caissons"

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

Forward March! Right Oblique!  
We go marching down the pike  
As the Woof Teds go marching along.  
Column Left! Column Right!  
'Tis indeed a gruesome sight  
As the Woof Teds go swinging along.  
For it's gripe, gripe, gripe,  
To hell with all this tripe,  
Shoot us the airplanes fast and strong.  
So, grab your 'chute and don your old zoot suit—  
To the Blue Skies the Woof Teds belong!  
—Tune "Caissons"

POP, POP, POP! the stick  
Roughly in the dive  
Merrily, merrily, merrily, merrily  
Lordy, what a ride!  
—Tune "Row, Row, Row Your Boat"

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

Marching to mess, then marching to class  
All that we do must be done "en Masse"  
Our maneuvers are precise  
They only need to tell us twice.  
We'll learn to fly the new Army way  
New stalls and things we get every day.  
Hut, two, three, four, is our cry  
No softies 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 shun  
Man commissioned 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 such  
Time for ourselves, but not very much.  
Then we're out in Houston — free!  
Some life we all agree.  
—Tune "Notre Dame"



We'll be down to get you in a big bus, Honey,  
 Better be ready about six-fifteen,  
 Now Hon', don't stop to preen  
 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 sway  
 When we get there, day's begun  
 Pretty soon you'll see the sun  
 Put on your old zoot and start a Texas day!  
 —Tune "Dark Town Strutters' Ball"

Note: Trainees at Houston rode the fifteen miles to and from the field in the "Fifinella buses" (Cattle trucks) before breakfast and after supper each day. They remained at the field the entire day dressed in the same "zoot-suits" which they donned before daybreak.

Hazie Masie, what are you trying to do?  
 I'm half crazy trying to follow through.  
 You can't do good precision!  
 You won't make a decision!  
 But you look sweet  
 Upon the seat  
 Of a parachute 32!

Hazie Masie, your pattern's all astray  
 You know darn well i taught you another way  
 You shove the stick in my tummy  
 And then you think it's funny.  
 And I can't forget  
 The crack in the neck  
 That you gave me the other day.

Hazie Mazie, 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 at El Campo.  
 —Tune "Loch Lomond"

Once we wore scanties, now we're in zoots  
 They are our issue GI flying suits  
 They come in all sizes; large, Large and LARGE.  
 We look like a great big barrage.  
 Oh, we've lost all our feminine gender  
 Our muscles are sore and tight—  
 Our faces are windburned and tender  
 We sure are a gruesome sight.  
 Ohhhh, 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 "Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze"

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

Moan, moan, moan, I want a Major  
Major, Colonel, or Cadet  
I want a man who's strong and tall  
Who won't mind this zoot suit at all,  
But I haven't seen a man in this place yet.

Ground school classes in the morning,  
All our simple minds we strain.  
Ornithopter, 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  
Womanhood we will redeem  
Boys, we're really on the beam  
And we'll show you how to fly the Army Way!  
—Tune "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp"

Note: Lieut. (now Major) Fleishmann was Physical Training  
instructor of the 319th.

There'll be a change on the flight line  
A change on the bus,  
From now on there'll be a change in us.  
Our walk will be different  
Our style and our dress  
No more shirttails 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 puff.  
Our slacks will be pressed  
And our shoes will all shine.  
We'll wear our hairnets when we're out on the line.

And when the Lieutenant calls attention  
We will give him no sass  
'Cause from now on we'll be cooking with gas!  
We'll get demerits 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 damn near freeze  
In these open PTs  
Deep in the heart of Texas.  
We're never at our ease  
In these big BTs  
Deep in the heart of Texas.  
If you don't lock the latch,  
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"

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

# AAF—FTD

Is 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 Jehnnies too!  
If our feet will only hold out  
Maybe we will see it through.

For the war and duration  
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 oh boy, will we be HOT, TWO, THREE, FOUR!  
—Tune "Clementine"

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 solo.

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 once, 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  
Airplanes all over the sky  
O'er the country we'll soar  
To help them win the war.  
—Tune "Strip Polka"



### 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 tired, 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 see!  
She noses her down  
When close to the ground,  
My wild eyed Trainee:  
She slips in her banks,  
If she lives we'll all give thanks.  
I hear drums beating 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  
Flies 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 "Reveille"

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

We'll practice sequence  
When we go up every day,  
Just so we can ferry airplanes  
For the USA!

—Tune "Roll Out the Barrel"

Mine eyes have seen the glory of my biceps bulging out,  
Mine ears have heard the story of Lieut. Fleishman's shout,  
My teeth have felt the gritty sand that we all gripe about,  
The 319th flies on!

Glory, Glory Hallelujah!  
Look at what they're doin' to ya!  
All your friends are sad they know ya'  
The 319th Flies on!  
—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 zootsuits and parachutes and wings of silver, too  
He'll ferry airplanes as his mama used to do.

A long came a pilot, forrying 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 morn'g before the break of day  
He handed me a short-snort bill 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 trust a pilot an inch above the knee,  
He'll kiss you and caress you, and promise to be true  
And have a girl at every field as all the pilots do.

#### (CHORUS)

—Tune "Bell 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 these you'll thrive  
We hate to see you leave us  
Double—U—5

Good luck to all you pilots  
Towing targets high and wide  
Flying cubs across the country  
What a ride!

Many flights and happy landings  
Keep them flying high  
Next month class six will join you  
Double—U—5

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 Axis is in a dive,  
We'll know who helped to crush them—  
Double—U—5!!

—Tune "Wait 'Til the Sun Shines, Nellie"  
Words by Nelle Carmody 43-W-6

## AULD LANG SYNE TO 43-W-5

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 brings.

So fly your planes—Go fly them well  
Your hearts are in the sky,  
But now and then take time to think  
Of those who said, "Good-bye."  
—Tune "Auld Lang Syne"

## SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-1

Oh, Evolu, oh Evolu, there's nothing in this world you cannot do,  
You took a monk and you made him into man, long since, 'tis true;  
But now you've brought a greater phenoment to pass  
You took a bunch of women and made thc senior class  
To win Avenger glory, your name will not surpass,  
So Eve-Iv-Ov Evolution.

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-calling, come Fifinella, fly.  
Pollard, let me fly; Pollard, let me fly, Pollard, let me fly that old PT.  
Pollard, let me fly; Pollard, let me fly; Pollard, 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  
Santiago blue and a heart that sings—  
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

Leave your h. p. tricks to the babes in "6"  
Leave your h. p. tricks to the babes in "6"  
Leave your big city tricks to the gals in the sticks—  
'Cause you ain't gonna be here no longer.

You can leave all the drillin' to the W-5 chillun  
You can leave all the drillin' to the W-5 chillun  
You can leave LaRue's killin' to the gals still winnin'  
'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 buzzin' to your W-2 cousin  
Leave your cross-country buzzin' to your W-2 cousin  
Leave the hedge-hoppin' fun that was W-1  
'Cause you ain't gonna buzz here no longer.

You'll go forth from here with your silver wings  
You'll go forth from here with your silver wings  
Santiago 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 check rides  
We nearly lost hope.  
Sometimes we wondered if we were all dopes.  
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"



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

#### 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-3, you're about 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 Fairchild high  
You didn't even have to try,  
When you changed to Stearman planes  
Your landings never were the same.

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

To the Link trainer you did troop  
To fly full panel and rate group;  
Your eyes got crossed, your brain did too,  
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 pass you thought you'd rate,  
You never got outside the gate;  
Of one o'clocks 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,  
Consoled yourself on interphone.

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

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

#### SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-5

Since Happy Arnold'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 met his Waterloo!

"When out in the cruel 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!

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

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

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

#### SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-7

We're droopy Fifinellas, but not from dates with fellows  
We go to PT training and find our strength in waning—fast  
We're snoopy Fifinellas, but not because we're jealous,  
We don't know where the gym is or where our flight line area—is!  
We're trying awfully hard to see that we don't get the cleavers!  
We're zany Fifinellas, of red and blue and yellows  
Our horns we'll gaily carry as long as we can ferry—planes!

Marching ahead W-7 will always be,  
Marching ahead we'll fill the air with song;  
Strong in the might 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 ag'innnn  
We're here to winnnn  
W-7's in the sky.

If wishing wells were at our command  
And magic lanterns in each hand,  
We would not do as it is told  
And like King Midas wish for gold.  
We'd wish to be in W-2  
And know that we at last were through;  
We'd change our name from plain trainee  
And write instead "I'm Miss H. P."  
One wish is still a lot more true,  
That our admiration be known to you  
That all your skies be brightest blue  
We'd wish for—W-2.  
—Tune "Wishing."

We may fly ships with motors that are knockin'  
With wings that are a-rockin'  
With brakes that keep a-lockin'  
We'll have to stand the gaff of the other pilots' mockin'—  
So you think that's cause for woe.

Well, we'll pitch right in and never take a lickin'  
And just keep a-kickin'  
Until we're clickin'—  
The first thing you know it's the big ships we're pickin'.

Then, when you get your wings you can join us in the service  
But you mustn't be nervous  
For the gremlins 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 wanna be a Miss H. P.  
H'mmmmm and a little bit more.  
I wanna be a Wasp trainee  
H'mmmmm and a little bit more.  
I wanna 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 Efinellas, gather round  
The W-6 saga we will now expound,  
The story of their glory you can all recall  
But the class of W-7 knows it best of all.

When we hit 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-6 was climbing up the ladder  
W-6 was looking to the day  
W-6 was climbing up the ladder  
And we puffed along behind you the entire way.

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

The ready room you dwelt 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 esoteric 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 hurried past as only months can do  
You won't be here to tell us the exciting things and new  
For we have learned of each new phase from Sixers' thrilling fare  
But they somehow were not half so gay when we got there.

Oh W-6 you've got those silver wings  
W-6 in that Santiago blue  
W-6 you've got those silver wings  
But we're panting 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 not a trainee  
No formalities and no PT;  
You're million dollar pilots, so they say  
But — hot dern — 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:

Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?  
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.  
Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?  
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.  
Unison: 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 reciting with eyes tightly shut?  
Can't seem to think what goes with what.  
It's the cockpit procedure of the AT-6  
And it has W-6 in an awful fix.

Chorus

Who's that yonder driven to drink?  
Must be the gals on the doggoned Link.  
Check your altitude and speed of air—  
Still they fly all day and they get nowhere.

Chorus



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

#### Chorus

Who's that yonder flying like an ace?  
She rides the skies 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:

Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?  
Harmony: Oh, yes my pet.  
Unison: Oh, do you have your wings?  
Harmony: Oh, yes my pet.  
Unison: 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 44-W-7  
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:

Unison: Do you have your wings?  
Harmony: No, we haven't yet.  
Unison: Do you have your wings?  
Harmony: No, we haven't 'em yet.  
Unison: 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  
Frayed around the edges but it's understood;  
It's W-9 and they look a bit lit  
Think they're through with rate-group and dit-dah dit-dah dah-dit

#### SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-8

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

You've had your share of demerits  
Cattle trucks, white beds,  
And—Urban's turbans, colonels, hairnets,  
All on your heads.

Oh! You've had tar on your zoot suits  
And dust on your necks  
Instruments to dream about,  
You've sweated out your checks.

Now you've got wings on your tunics  
The bigger ships you'll rate,  
So-oooo here's farewell and happy  
Landings—W-8.

—Tune "Rinas on Your Fingers and Balls

You came from the Nation's far corners  
To learn how to master the sky,  
You made all outdoors 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 duties 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 officer  
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 cares;  
Her olive green was never meant for you,  
You want the Santiago Blue.

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

A WAVE may be an ensign or a seaman first class  
Her uniform of Navy blue will pass,  
As the Navy says her weight in 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 the planes up in the blue,  
On this day you leave you look so sightly  
Let us say we're mighty proud of you!

Oh, Class of Three!  
We're proud of thee!  
Though you've got into some fixes  
You have sweated out those 6'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 Spurs that Jingle, Jangle, Jingle"

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

—Tune

Keep our wings level, shining and true,  
Near you up there on the beam in the blue;  
Bless our endeavor on land, in sky,  
Follow the flight path of classes gone by.  
Bind us together into a band,  
Each for the other, hand in hand,  
Grant with the dawning of each new day,  
Honor and victory for W-8.

—Tune

Oh, there was a Squadron B  
That we call W-8  
And we always seem to be just a little bit late  
First 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're cleared to go home  
And open that case.

—Tune "Turkey in the Straw"

Up in yonder heaven where the Finellas fly  
An AT-6 stood waiting and my oh my,  
Woe begone and battered in an awful state  
After W-8.

We won't forget  
Stearmans all in Hangar Three that first we met  
Tough as nails and oh that tee they never changed;  
In we'd straggle 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 its gears, flaps, tabs, prop, radio—down and locked,  
We can hear that engine moanin' and our poor instructor groanin'  
Watch that right trim  
Talk about your cross wind  
Sweatin' out those silvery wings.

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

W-10 fly high in that 6 again,  
W-9 chins 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 yer heads up and win 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 reveille to taps you'll always hear us sing—  
It's get up, get dressed,  
Clean your bays, fall out for mess,  
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 Squadron on Avenger Field.

—Tune

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

You marched and marched and grunted and groaned and shivered in the snow  
A hui, 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 Hangar Two you marched to conquer the AT6  
That cockpit check was a pain in the neck and the tower was always mixed.  
The pattern was changed, the field rearranged, in thirty hours it still was strange,  
But ALL that was a breeze to W-6.

You moved next door to instruments and under the hood you went  
In a soothing tone your instructor moaned but you never knew what he meant,  
With your needle-ball and airspeed off you flew the range with dits and dahs  
And you rode the beam to—

ARMY 140, ARMY 140, THIS IS ABILENE RADIO  
THE ALTIMETER SETTING IS SSW 18-20



TEMPERATURE 159 AND 5 TENTHS  
DEWPOINT 3 EVERY HOUR ON THE HALF HOUR  
ABILENE RADIO OUT  
And you never hit the cone.

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 forced landings and ran out of gas and old PTs which weren't so fast  
Oh, you've 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  
THERE 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 "When Johnnie Comes Marching Home"

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 lovelife, your night life and all such good things  
To get those silver wings.

And then they draped you in zoot suits and furlined A-2's  
To meet formations, cold blizzards 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, team rides—in any old ship and any old time.  
You weathered weather and physics but code got you down.  
You took PT, calisthenics and marched all around  
And now you're hearing our cheering for W-6  
For you've got those silver wings.

←Tune "Elmer's Tune"

Put on your new blue bonnet  
With the Army shield upon it  
While you shine your wings of silver hue.  
There's a great day waiting  
When you'll be graduating  
We take off our hats to you.

—Tune "Put 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 pilots, 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 menfolk  
And passes and night life and beer.

No more ulcers from eating at the mess hall,  
No more coffee of hundred octane,  
No more meeting formations at daybreak  
Or holding down Stearmans in the rain.

Living six in a bay will be over,  
You will now have your share of privacy  
Oh, the laundry bags are hung on the skyhook  
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-wash we'll follow  
And fly with our sisters in the sky.  
—Tune "Red River Valley"

Weaned from the desert  
Nurtured by the dust and sand storm  
Free us from earthly bonds of two dimensions  
Free us from earth to which we're born.

Sand as our mother  
Blended 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 all weather,  
Guard us from the evils of the sky.  
—Tune "Song of the Plains"  
(Russian Cavalry Song)

They call us frivolous "9"  
'Cause we have fun all the time.  
Experienced ground loopers,  
At stages we're troupers.  
Our slow rolls really are fine.

We do spins and snap rolls with ease  
In a gale or in a slight breeze  
When our wings are level,  
We're scared as the devil—  
That's W-9.  
—Tune "Frivolous Sal"

It's graduation day for W-9  
We've come a long, long way to see our wings shine,  
Everybody's been knowin'  
To new bases we're goin'  
And for weeks we've been sewin'  
Air Corps patches on our Santiago blue suits  
Taking up our zoot suits  
Waiting for assignments and now  
We'd like to tell you just how we all feel  
About regaining that old sex appeal—  
We'll miss the ATs, BTs, and PTs too  
Inspections we all knew—  
Demerits!—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 somehow  
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 woe, but this much we know,  
It's all in the game,  
We'll follow through as good Fifi's do, to fly any plane.

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 pink slip blues,  
Life is still worth while.  
What's a pink slip 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, gals, 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 pride—Avenger Field we sing,  
Ours the goal—to win the right to wear the wings;  
So we'll drink a toast to the class 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 Texan 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-4.  
—Tune "Tell Me Why"

Oh, I'm far from home  
Where the wild Texans 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 trainee am I—  
All sunburned and dusty and dry,  
There's no time to play,  
They work us all day,  
Volunteers, 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 rains  
And help all our boys win the war.  
—Tune "Home On The Range"

"Nostalgia—  
Cattle wagon, coffee, dust on the

auxiliary."



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 handsome  
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-hhhhhhhh  
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'll 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 fast and not too slow,  
They're snappy and they're classy  
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 on hand to greet it, SILVER WINGS ON BLUE.  
Winona 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 in  
spite of her disappointment.

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

## SONGS OF CLASS 44-W-10

Oh, wild are the stories and most of them true  
Of the glamorous WASPS and their fame,  
They are hot little pilots—especially you  
The seventeenth hand of the game.

You fearlessly conquered the realm of the skies  
And sidestepped the check pilot's snares  
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 shine—  
We wish we could too, but we can't.

We're 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 Skaver"

There is a Fifinella's nest  
In Texas way out in the West,  
There we fly our planes  
'Till the birds all leave the blue  
And now W-5 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 Maine, 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 Scotchman who doesn't love a thistle,  
Show me an Irishman who doesn't love a rose,  
Show me the true heart of every Fifinella  
Who doesn't love the spot (gesture, thump, thump)  
Where her silver wings go-o-o-o:

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

I usta go (pause) 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  
follers

When you're rich and huntin' romance, but my huntin' days are over I can tell you this.

(nasal) 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 fer," so he said he'd take me to the hottest  
spots 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.

(nasal) 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 lilac bush,

(nasal) 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 dern 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 lilac bush,

(nasal) 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  
ail through training.

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

I crawled away from every check ride, hurdled all the tees and stages, got with instruments and gages,  
RONs were mighty pleasant and our navigating efforts were a sight to see,

(nasal) dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew.

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

(nasal) dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew, dew.  
(softly) repeat

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

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

Chorus:  
Look up you earthbound dreamers,  
Silhouettes in the blue.  
Up there our wings are scoring  
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 Horizons"

You were wearing dresses when you came here,  
Glamour bobs and high heeled shoes,  
Now you're leaving here in oxfords,  
GI hairdos 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 picnics at Sweetwater Lake.  
Oh, it's one, two, three little pink slips  
No lace or pretty grosgrain,  
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 too,  
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-6, we remember you.  
—Tune "I Remember You"

Oh, gosh we gotta say it  
But we don't know where to start  
We'll be unhappy W-6  
When we part.  
Just 'cuz 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 Nellie"

Give my regards to Harper, remember me to Glen McClain,  
Tell all the crank boys at 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 (I) 3

You wanted wings now you've got those 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 those gorgeous things  
You'll treasure them forevermore.

We wanted wings then we got those gol darned things  
They just darned near killed us  
That's for shore.  
They taught us how to fly  
Now they send us home to cry  
'Cause they don't want us anymore.  
You can save those AT6s  
To be cracked up in the ditches  
For the way the Army flies  
Really clears them out of the skies,  
We earned our wings now they'll clip the goldarned 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 soup is not for me!  
You can save those gages  
For the eager Bryan sages  
Making instrument by thunder  
They descended six feet under, Fifi  
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,  
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 those gorgeous things  
You'll treasure them forevermore!  
—Tune "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 should have looked!  
—Tune "Glory, Glory, Hallelujah"

The pilot and the maid were spooning I declare  
Down by the flight line, they didn't know I was there,  
Oh, the pilot was so bashful 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 cubs  
After they've flown AT's?

Here's to W—  
To the high-flying—  
May we bid you goodluck and gcobye!  
You're the emblem of the field we love,  
Avenger and blue Texas skies!

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

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
We'll remember you W—!

We're trainees of Avenger Field, parlez vous,  
We're trainees of Avenger Field, parlez vous,  
We fly, we play, we sing, we dance,  
But boys we really miss romance, hinkey dinkey parlez vous.

Oh how we love this Army Life, parlez vous,  
Oh how we love this Army Life, parlez vous,  
We're tall and thin and short and fat,  
We're all as crazy as bats, hinkey dinkey parlez vous.

Oh mademoiselle go fly your coup, parlez vous,  
Oh mademoiselle go fly your coup, parlez vous,  
Oh mademoiselle go fly your coup,  
Make sure you don't get in the soup, hinkey dinkey 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 musn't let the Generals rant, hinkey dinkey parlez vous.  
—Tune "Mademoiselle from Armentiers"

Come Saturday morn, round ten o'clock  
Come SMI round twelve o'clock  
Yes, by golly though you're slicker 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 flier's heart,  
But they stuffed us in these charming little turbans  
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 calisthenics we'll all be dead ere long.

One, two, three, four, hut, 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 pours.  
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 soup,  
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 soup,  
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 snap, I snapped it in half,  
I don't fly there any more.

Buckle down, Fifinella, buckle down,  
You can win, Fifinella, 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, Fifinella, 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, Fifinella, buckle down,  
Don't you frown, Fifinella, 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 Winsock!"



### 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 ul-ti-mate 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 Jean and Jerry,  
Elizabeth and Mary,  
Who've been put through all their paces,  
And are going to far off places—  
We're just green 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 churn,  
I'm an airplane, watch me turn.

### (GEE MOM I WANT TO GO HOME)

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

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

The johnny's like Grand Central, there ain't no privacy.  
Your time is spent in waiting for each utility.

### (Chorus)

The phys. ed. that they give us, to keep us all in shape.  
Is good for fallen arches and knees that tend to drape.

### (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 zoot suits 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 16 to 9.

(Chorus)

The airplanes that they give us they say are mighty fine  
The darn things can't shoot stages, they will not hit the line.

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

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

(Chorus)

Instructors that they give us we think are pretty swell.  
We'd like to see more of them but some darn (——) 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 chicken that they serve us they say is mighty fine.  
One fell off the table and started marking time.

(Chorus)

The typhoid shots they give us will make us all immune.  
They stick a needle in us and knock us out 'till June.

(Chorus)

The spare ribs they serve us they say are mighty fine,  
They must be super-duper, we get 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 is sublime.  
We still want some more of Army Life, No Mom, we're not  
coming home.

While I'm there in the air  
And my Gear won't come down  
And my head phones are gone  
And I know down below they are watching the show  
While I'm up there alone  
And my mind'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 stiff Drink!  
—Tune "Bombardier Song"

Girls, girls, is our middle name,  
 We are the girls of Sweetwater fame,  
 Send the dodos out for men  
 Don't let another female in!  
 We never neck and we never pet  
 Give us a chance and we'll do it yet—  
 Our instructors stay out late  
 But we never get a date!  
 —Tune "Cheer, Cheer for Old Notre Dame"

All the girls at Avenger Field have 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, Fifinella, GET INTO THE MOOD!

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

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

Now in your spins and your high work, keep your belt secure  
 For if you don't recover, you'll hit that silk for sure.  
 Oh, keep her straight and level. Watch your altitude.  
 Happy, Fifinella, 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, Fifinella. Glory, Glory, Fifinella.  
 Glory, Glory Fifinella. We will learn to fly!  
 —Tune "Glory, Glory Halleluia"

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 packed, I'm leaving, my flying days are done  
 Home to raise babies, the army says it's fun.  
 Making tiny garments, luck to you, you varmints.  
 Check flight instructor has washed me out today.  
 OOOOOOOOoooooooooh!!!!!!  
 —Tune "Funeral March"

Flying in the AT-6  
Gliding like a ton of bricks  
Mixture low and props are rich  
Gear is on and flaps low pitch.

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

Landing while on cross coun-tree  
At a field unknown to me  
Right beside a DC-3  
Will he bounce as high as me?

Ta-ra-ra-boo-de-a  
Ta-ra-ra-boo-de-a  
Ta-ra-ra-boo-de-a  
'Twas just like yesterday!

—Tune "Ta-ra-ra-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 Texas 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 post  
It isn't what you think.

3

The air was bumpy, my flying rough  
My dear instructor was getting tough.  
He cussed me once, he cussed 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 west.

5

The day I soloed, I bounced so high  
I scared the buzzards out of the sky.  
I bounced 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 shot some landings the other day,  
They were some dilleys, 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 looped the ring off Saturn  
And he stalled he out at Mars  
And S'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 complete  
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 mother 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.

Come listen 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 winked from where he sat—  
He winked from where he sat—  
I've winked in taxis 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 area,  
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 trimmed the ship for level flight  
So we could smoothly spoon.

Then he tightened up the pressure  
And the ship went in a spin  
He kissed 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 chandelled over the Venus  
And I turned on all the charms  
And wondered how that gal got by  
With amputated 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 too!  
A helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva, helluva pilot, too!  
Like all the jolly good flyers, the gremlins treat me mean  
I'm a flyin' wreck, a'riskin' my neck for the good ole 318!

If I had a PT sir, 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, sir, I'd fly it off in the sky.  
I'd circle over Germany and spit in the Fuehrer'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 flaps,  
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 click our heels and yell,  
"I'm just a raw civilian, sir, and you can 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 bathe in alcohol!  
And when vacation is over, of course we'll all be late  
It'll take six months' of LaRue's stuff 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 Hoochy-Cochers and the girls dressed up in tights.  
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 came a'walkin' down his beat  
He saw this desperado come a'roarin' 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 porterhouse 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 lassies but what de we care,  
We've got those well-built chassis and that take it or leave it air,  
We've got the hips that sank 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 V-8  
I'd like to make it longer but I've got a late date,  
My motto has always been "Gone 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 sixpence; jolly, jolly sixpence  
I've got sixpence, 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 cares have I go grieve me, no tall and handsome men to  
deceive 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 blue  
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 scrub, you may sweep,  
You may try like a Trojan to win  
You may fly in a tantrum and weep  
But the dust keeps on filtering in.

Your springs glisten spotless and fair  
And when they are seen at 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 is more.

At home now, there's dew on the daisy  
There's sun on the rose and syringa  
But in Texas where people go crazy  
There's dust on the Lieutenant's finger.

Mary Hart, 43-W-5

### THE FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR

The grizzly bear can't match his growl  
The Brahma bull his bellow  
Gargantua can't outscowl his scowl  
Oh, he's a jolly fellow.

He sits to rearward full of vim  
And thinks up dirty cracks  
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 lazy eight  
You know he knows it stinks.

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

He's just a super jerk deluxe  
A nightmare wired for sound  
His parents were a pair of spooks  
His grandpap was a hound.

He's happy as a gremlin once  
You clean forget to clear  
Your area for stalls and stunts  
You blush at what you hear.

You'd like some stages, he says spins—  
His word is law and rule  
You flunk your stage; the fun begins  
He chuckles like a ghoul.

The Indian in paint and bead  
The dervish run amok  
Beside him get the slightest heed  
And cause one half the talk.

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

They SAY he is the trainee's friend  
And that at least is true  
'Cause he's the guy that in the end  
Turns out, has pulled you through.

Mary Hart—43-W-5

To the blue expanse—  
The star studded deep  
Arched above, our first visions reach  
Permeating earth-bound souls  
With longing for freedoms flights  
Toward God's Domain.

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

Wings worn above the hearts of flying men  
Denote much more than mere ability  
To pilot craft. Masters of that art, and then  
Much more! Behind a laughter guise there'll be  
A lofty grace that is a flyer's soul,  
Sensitive to transient beauty known as sky,  
Into the setting sun. Thrilling to the high  
And loving windswept clouds that melt and roll  
Blue space above terrestrial scenes below—  
A pageantry made neat and clean when viewed  
From aerial realms above. You pilots know  
The comfort of an engine hum issued  
Into the air like man 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  
One minute particle of heaven's sweet air  
Please steady us with your much stronger hand  
And let us share this lovely yonderland.

Elizabeth McKethan  
44-W-2

You have worn dreams as  
Wings above a heart  
Stressed to the wide  
Enchantment of the sky,  
Thrilling to beauty in unchartered  
Corridors of air . . . you have found tomorrow  
High in the silent places of the blue  
Under the shadow of much stronger wings.  
You have seen sunlight in the day, and  
Woven it with 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-6

## PRIMARY PHASE

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

Our high heels clicking  
Our suits so trim  
we viewed the others  
the zoot-suit 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 ranted and raved  
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 bounced it in—  
then swaggered 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 Hangar 3  
and we thank you all,  
we of W-3.

—B. Chambers, 44-W-3

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

Bugles blowing  
To rudly awaken  
Marchers calling  
Formations "Attention"  
O. D. running  
To make annuoncements  
Trainees missing  
Put on report  
Mail, now collecting  
To later assort  
Lots of typing  
Lists and reports.

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

Trainees requesting  
Pilot Status Certificate  
Barracks checking  
By establishment officers  
Demerits following  
To uphold discipline  
Phones ringing  
To be answered  
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 G. I. beds  
Peaceful sleeping  
With prayers said  
Dark resting  
Their weary heads.

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

—Eileen Evans 44-W-3



# ALPHABET WISE

A equals V divided by T

W equals FxD

The E. O. speaks with the O. D.

The O. D. talks over the P. A.

To inform the W. A. S. P. T.'s

The C. O. inspects for S. M. I.

And finds dust on the V. B.'s

The C. O. tells the E. O.

The E. O. posts a D. L. on the B. 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 I 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' GAYSPORT

Tal' me zom 'teens, lettle gaysport

Why you naver say, "O. K. Sport,

Throttle's 'zactly whorr she should,

Treem tobs sat, O. K. dat's good?"

Eeenstat you yall, "Are you aslip?

De nos' ess low, de bonk ess stip,

Chack de earspid, why you dive!

Wat de Hal' my gosh aliv'!"

Para vita mi! I no can see,

Why for you always coss at me.

'Ave you not got a tander word

For leetle Fifinal' to heard?

—Earl E. Simms, 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 fliers, Sir; I'm plumb worn out.

Couldn't we somehow get them out of here?

"They zoom, and shake the minarets of heaven,

And think it's fun to break a serried rank

Of seraphim; they hedgehop in the golden streets.

I caught them teaching Michael how to bank!

"The Ten Wise Virgins' lamps keep going out,

They stir up so much breeze; and who's to blame

For all that recent trouble with the Foolish Ones?"

Indignant Peter blushed with honest shame,

"And Zeus reports that his Elysian Fields

Are all cut up with landings, and the asphodel

Is ruined for this season. Please you, Sir,

Can't Lucifer take over for a spell?"

The Lord looked thoughtful, watched the sunset sky,

Where unregenerate new-come angels soared

In gay formations, giddy echelons,

While old St. Peter murmured wildly, "Lord!"

And then He leaned down from his golden throne

And straightened Peter's halo with a smile.

"Peter, they were all very young, you know;

We'll 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, so distant; gold sun overhead.  
A pilot's young wise hands and watchful eagle brain  
Guiding us through the wonders of the gods' domain,  
Slitting the chiffon gauzes of a misty cloud . . .  
Heart of a moonstone . . . heart of silence, only the loud  
Monotony of motors, muled thunder, in our ears.  
Awe and wonderment stilling all our puny fears.

No wonder gods are gods who look on beauty such as this,  
Beauty that lives with stars and feels the moon's chill kiss,  
World of the sun, birthplace of the healing rain.  
It was ecstasy that mimicked throbbing pain.  
Flesh, was forgotten . . . hands and lips. Only one sense  
Held us in thrall . . . our thirsting eyes drinking the intense  
White wine of glory spilled into our dazzled gaze.

It was high noon. The zenith-sun brushed gilding rays  
Over the sculptured clouds. The Pilot turned,  
"Look down," he said. We looked to where a rainbow burned  
In virgin-blue, spring green and filtered heart's-blood red  
Blended with sorrow's purple. Following as we sped,  
Within the circle of that flaming jewelled arc  
Lay the stark shadow of our plane. The mortal mark  
That man had dared to stamp on the immortal sky.  
In that awed splendid moment I gave thanks that I  
Was born into an age of miracles when men  
Invaded kingdoms that the gods had ruled 'til then,  
When chosen youths with winged hearts soared from the crowds  
To fling flame-haloed 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 livid loneliness of fear  
Nor mountain heights, where bitter joy can hear  
The sound of wings.

How can life grant us boon of living, compensate  
For dull gray ugliness and pregnant hate  
Unless we dare

The soul's dominion? Each time we make a choice, we pay  
With courage to behold resistless day  
And count it fair.

AMELIA EARHART

#### HIGH FLIGHT

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth,  
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring 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, lifting mind I've trod  
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

John McGee, RAF

Virginia J. Water

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