



HEAVEN CAN WAIT

Reams, volumes, brochures indigestible,
Have been shouted loud and moaned low in
and re a position detestable,
To wit: such odious tasks are foisted, such
denial of liberty, equality & fraternity--
Most unfortunate catastrophe
Why should one have to be
A poor G.D.

Gentlemen: I should like to go on record
with vehemence
That the denouncers and revilers have de-
nounced and reviled without sufficient
evidence,
Nor have they noted in their rash import-
unity
The calm untroubled, clear-eyed equanimity
Of their imagined calamity,
The happy G.D.

Armlets gone, oh heap derision
All view dimly the decision
While the Padre weekly notes
that Hell looms large for sure,
the S.A.O. is routed
"Give me rulers!" loud they shouted,
And the Y Director licks his wounds
unfriendly and obscure.
Picking his teeth with a straw detachedly,
Untrembled, almost gleefully,
Muses your G.D.

The question of saluting and other such
intrinsic matters
Bothers your G.D. not a whit for he salutes
all flat-hatters.
Nor do such problems as "I was a F/L before
you were a F/O so why should I call you
'Sir'"
Cause him to stir.
No ranks to remember tediously--
Just "Sir" to everybody,
Says your G.D.

Addressing N.C.O.'s is a matter to him nei-
ther difficult nor mystical
For he calls them all "Sgt" which is most
simple and logical.
Thus reasons the W.O. or F/S that the suffixin
Ward 2 with the hot water bottles,
or prefix the G.D. had muttered inaudibly
aspirin, etc.- but no Epsom salts. The
And the Cpl. is pleased and amazed with the
time detained in hospital is just long
perspicacity,
enough for a ghoulish reporter to pounce
Of the Floor Joe who has noted with such
on a so called news flash and the expect-
sagacity
ant father is left with only one conclusion
How he, lowly Cpl., is of senior N.C.O.
- he is a victim of circumstance. I know
potentiality--
for I was ribbed in last week's Flash.
He has seen servants riding and princes
L.A.C. Paley.
walking dejectedly,
Editor's Note: Will expectant fathers
And N.C.O.'s are undreamed of in his
please make reservations at the hospital
philosophy,
early. This co-operation is requested
Our stoical G.D.
by the staff.

Oh aircrew, bravely toiling, eating bread
with bread, fearless, altruistic,
Terminal velocity, Progress of War, C.A.P.
12, drill, and "how many days C.P. can",
Hitler is vandalistic
Rain bombs, shatter nerves, tear, destroy,
build up, kill or be killed magnificently
Toil, slave, sweat, work, oh God, can't
you work harder. Incidentally
Grab the phone at noon, quickly,
Phone her, make a date-tonight--hurriedly,
"Darling--you--can't--somebody else ahead
of me?"
Defeated ignominiously.....
Talking with her all the morning
Whispering sweet love sublime;
Toil and books so proudly scorning,
Gently living, lives his time,
And the aircrew hero's darling lists, and
coos back tenderly;
Not unadvisedly,
Love needs proximity
He has the time you see,
Your Casanova G.D.

Dear God should war again possessing
Hearts and minds of men distressing
Send us forth again to battle for
our country proud and free,
Give me not of rank or station
Nor meritorious decorations:
Please make me
A G.D.

F/S M.J.Rosenberg

Letter to the Editor.....

Dear Editor:
The two best friends an airman
can possibly have on many a dark day are the
Senior Medical Officer, and the Padre. My
sole advice to all airmen-- stay clear of
them -- that is, after a blessed event.
Prior to the occasion of such
an event, an airman places his confidence
in both these officers of experience. Take
for example, S,L Riddell. On the surface
there isn't a better M.O. on any station.
But that's only on the surface. Actually
underneath there's a scheme being formed
to supply a certain paper called "Flash"
with news.
An expectant father goes thru
--(censored)-- those long never ending
months, especially the last few days, and
of course by the time congratulations are
in order, eager to eliminate the memories
seeks the M.O. for advice. The outcome -
the prostrated father airman finds himself
the suffixin Ward 2 with the hot water bottles,
aspirin, etc.- but no Epsom salts. The
time detained in hospital is just long
enough for a ghoulish reporter to pounce
on a so called news flash and the expect-
ant father is left with only one conclusion
- he is a victim of circumstance. I know
for I was ribbed in last week's Flash.
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