

OM's Course nineteen...

I'm thinking back to fifty-nine, Observer's Mates nineteen.

I hoped to wear those wings so fine, those wings you need not preen.

At any cost, with fingers crossed, I hoped to make the grade.

There's something new to learn about, and flight pay; rightly paid.

A bunch of men from different trades, were gathered in the cinema,

And what's in store, would be no bore; but rather, an enigma.

So while we wait, contemplate our fate, we're looking at the screen,

at Yankee planes that crash in flames, some faces turned quite-green.

I'm thinking it's their likely ploy, for separating man from boy.

Some they'd lose, and some they'll choose; those that they would employ.

As luck would have it, from force of habit, I answered honestly.

I hoped I'd passed, be accepted fast, to that great fraternity.

It seems I did, found myself amid, a class with eleven others,

My life it changed, was rearranged, when I joined that "Band of Brothers."

I spout no guff, the course was tough, 'twas not an easy road,

for me; when I found; I had to pound, that bloody Morse's code.

I persevered, and even cheered, with those wings on my left cuff,

wore them with a pride I couldn't hide, eventually sure enough,

at eight-eighty fixed wing, I did my thing, and then to "H.S. fifty"

When I got my hand in, I got to land on, those bouncing seaborne aeries.

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