

Message From The President

The great air fleets are gone. The flak batteries stilled and the parachutes belong to sportsmen who jump for fun. The bombers and fighters have been resmelted many times over to appear as 747s and the like, but who remembers? The sacrifices of airmen and soldiers of the opposing nations—who remembers? The fear and exultation of air combat, the emotional churning that makes a man sweat at 40 below, what takes place in the brain of a man when missions fail, when rendezvous are missed and weather mixes friends and foe alike? When a slight miscalculation or flak burst throws ships into collision, when a damn bomb shackle hangs up and a 500 G.P. bomb gives up its protecting propellers to threaten a whole 3 ship element? Who records the anxiety of the moment?

The tired bomber slams down hard on the Italian earth, blowing a tire and slewing at a crazy angle, leaving a trail of bright red sparks, tearing up yards of laced landing mat. A bomb drops blowing the tail off, tossing the wreck skyward to land upside down in a huge dust cloud. Who watches, frozen in fear? To this aim, this issue is dedicated. To facilitate improved future issues of The Torretta Flyer, that hopefully will become a respected historical journal, we are asking writers, editors, and artists to form a Torretta Flyer Staff, to create and assemble a magazine that will record the history we all were so much a part of. Members interested in joining the Flyer staff can contact me by mail or at the reunion in Orlando.
SEE YOU ALL IN ORLANDO!!!
BUD MARKEL 827 Sq.



I Wanted Wings

I wanted wings, 'til I got the goddam things.
Now, I don't want 'em any more;
They taught me how to fly; and sent me here to die.
I got a belly-full of war.
You can save those zeros for those goddam heros,
But those D.F.C.'s do not compensate for losses.
Buster, I wanted wings, 'til I got the goddam things,
Now I don't want 'em any more.

I don't want to fly in a damn old PBY—
That's for the eager—not for me.
I don't trust to luck, to be picked up in a duck,
After I've crashed into the sea.
Oh, I'd sooner be a bell hop, than a flier on a flat-top
With my hand around a bottle—not around a goddam throttle.

Chorus

Buster, I wanted wings, 'til I got the goddam things,
Now I don't want 'em any more.

I don't want a tour over Berlin, or the Rhine.
Flak always makes me bolt my lunches.
For me there's no hey-hey
When they holler "bombs away"
I'd rather be home with the bunch.
And there's one thing you can't laugh off—
That's when they shoot your ass off,
And I'd rather go home, Buster,
With my ass than with a cluster.

Chorus

They wake you up to fly in the middle of the night,
Breakfast at a quarter after four.
You crawl out of the sack, and you think about the flak.
That's what's so tough about this war.
Now you take the truck to briefing, you can hear a lot of beefing.
If the target's not a milk haul,
you had better go on sick call.

Chorus

You walk into S-2, and you wish you had a few.
Christ, there's the target on the wall.
It's rougher than a cob, and I'll bet you this, by God.
That you'll be listening for recall.
You can bet you old banana, that we're heading for Vienna;
If you thought a little faster,
You'd have joined the quartermaster.

Chorus

Air combat's called romance, but it makes me wet my pants.
I'm not a fighter, I have learned.
I'll take the dames, and let the rest go down in flames.
I've no desire to be burned.
You can save those Mitsubishi, for those sons-of-bitches,
But I'd rather have a woman, than the cockpit of a Grumman.

Chorus

They filled me full of poop, when they sent me to the Group.
That's where all my troubles began.
If I had stayed at home and never crossed the foam,
I'd have my ass out of this jam.
When the rockets start a-bustin' and the gunners start a 'cussin',
That's the time I wish I was back in Ohio or Cleveland.

Chorus

They got me in the middle, and they tho't they had me diddled.
That's where I fooled them one and all.
In 1944, I fought this goddam war.
Boy! I was really on the ball.
Said the General "Ain't it purtty", when he pinned it on my shirt;
For a moment I was ABTO,—but now I'm just another "Joe".
Buster, I wanted wings, 'til I got the goddam things,
Now, I don't want 'em any more.