
THE LAST MISSION



One of the Chapels at Torretta Field



Dear Readers:

It is the policy of our association to honor our deceased with an obituary published in the *Torretta Flyer*. It's our way to remember all ranks equally, whatever their achievements. The association can only publish what is known at the time of passing. If you wish to have an obit published in the *Flyer*, do send us the person's life story, a published obit if one is available, and a picture of the member in uniform or at his duties. Also send a crew picture for flying personnel and of their aircraft if available. This is in keeping with the armed force's tradition of honoring the nation's war dead and soldiers and sailors who have passed on since with a full military ceremony at burial when requested.

A Pilots Poem

*I hope there's a place, way up in the sky,
Where pilots can go, when they have to die.
A place where a guy can buy a cold beer
For a friend and a comrade, whose memory is dear;*

*A place where no doctor or lawyer can tread,
Nor a management type would ere be caught dead;*

*Just a quaint little place, kind of dark, full of smoke
Where they like to sing loud, and love a good joke;
The kind of a place where a lady could go
And feel safe and protected, by the men she would
know.*

*There must be a place where old pilots go,
When their paining is finished, and their airspeed gets
low,*

*Where the whiskey is old, and the women are young,
And songs about flying and dying are sung, Where
you'd see all the fellows who'd flown West before, And
they'd call out your name, as you came through the door.
Who would buy you a drink, if your thirst should be
bad, And relate to the others, "He was quite a good lad!"*

*And then through the mist, you'd spot an old guy
You had not seen in years, though he taught you
to fly. He'd nod his old head, and grin ear to ear;
And say, "Welcome, my son, I'm pleased that
you're here." "For this is the place where true
flyers come," "When their journey is over, and
the war has been won."*

*"They've come here at last to be safe and alone" "From
the government clerks and the management clone,"
"Politicians and lawyers, the Feds and the noise,"
"Where all hours are happy, and these good ole boys"
"Can relax with a cool one, and a well deserved rest;"
"This is heaven, my son.... You've passed your last test!"*

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