

More Poems -

Here's to Lt. Corey - from his Combsight he does  
not tary - When he gets there he lets the Bombs  
rare and the Japs commit Hari - Hari -

Here's to Capt. Leitz - who demands his rights -  
He feeds the crew beer & whiskey & that  
is why they are so frisky.

Here's to all the gunners of this swell B-29,  
The ~~spiral~~ "City of St. Louis" and she is mighty fine,  
When the enemy gets on there tail, to them its  
like shooting quail. Only on these birds there is  
no limit -

Well that's all for tonight -  
Read ~~to~~ these to the crew and  
see what they think of your ingenious  
brother,  
Louie Jack -