



OVERSEAS HEADQUARTERS,

LONDON, ENGLAND.

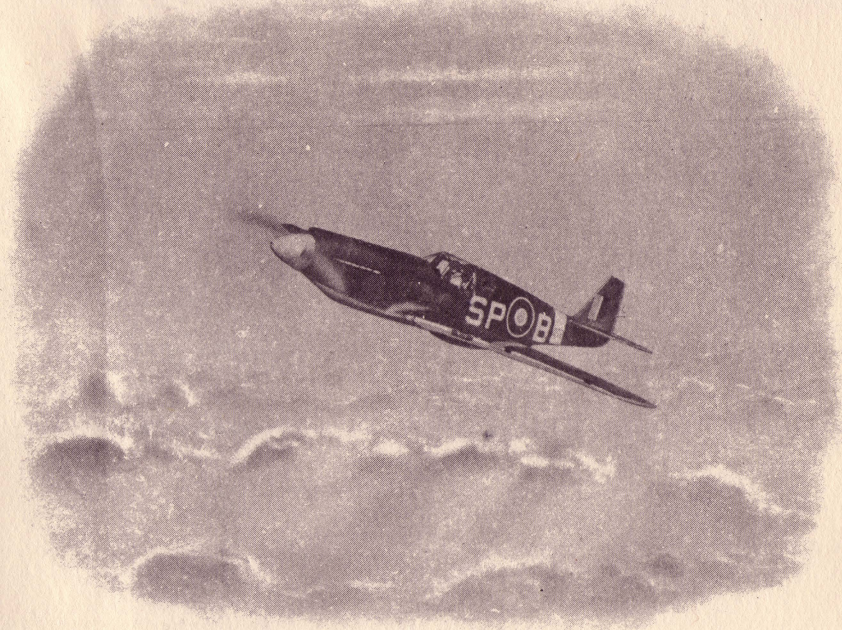
Christmas 1942

"High Flight"

OH, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings ;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlight silence ; hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue,
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle flew—
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high, untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

—John Gillespie Magee, Jr.



November. 11th

Dear Bill.

So your Christmas
mailing early is my motto.
At that I bet you don't
get this before Christmas
Best wishes to all!

Dave

Hailed as the first classic of the second World War, "High Flight" was written by John Gillespie Magee, Jr., 19-year-old RCAF pilot, who was killed in action on December 11, 1941. His parents, Rev. and Mrs. John G. Magee, live in Washington, D.C.