

**1ST LT. DAVID LANG CALLAWAY (1921-1944) SQUADRON LEADER OF P-47'S & P-51 FIGHTERS
LAST SEEN OVER NORTHERN FRANCE JUNE 19, 1944 IN HIS P-51 "LITTLE WILLIE" (WILLIE MARIE
YATES HIS WIFE) HE AND HIS ENTIRE SQUADRON LOST PROBABLY TO BAD WEATHER AND
FLEW OUT TO SEA**



HIGH FLIGHT POEM FOUND IN DAVE CALLAWAY'S AFFECTS IN HIS ARMY LOCKER

FRITZ HENLE, NEW YORK

High Flight

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
unward 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 sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
We 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.
19-year old American
killed in action with the R.C.A.F.