
C U F O NSM

The Computer UFO Network

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Adobe Portable Document Format Version of

Poem:

THE FLYING SAUCER

14-January-2005

It's unclear why this item by Tech Sergeant Barnes appears in the March 1950 history of the 27th Fighter Group, Bergstrom Air Force Base, Texas, but it does.

The poem expresses some ideas about flying saucers and frustrations in identifying the nature and source of the elusive aerial phenomena that existed at the time of writing, and still exist today.

If you are out there, T/Sgt Barnes, please contact us at:

CUFON
P.O. Box 832
Mercer Island, WA 98040
USA.

This item, and hopefully many more to come, is a result of the work of Michael Ravnitzky of Silver Spring Maryland. Mr. Ravnitzky obtained a listing of over 500,000 still classified and/or restricted items in the holdings of the US Air Force Historical Research Agency at Maxwell AFB, Alabama. The good folks at The Memory Hole web site have made this list available to us all at: <http://www.thememoryhole.com/mil/afhra/>

- Jim Klotz - CUFON SYSOP
- Dale Goudie - Information Director

Adobe Acrobat ® Software originally underwritten by:
Roderick Dyke
Archives for UFO Research,
News and Information Services



DEPARTMENT OF THE AIR FORCE
AIR FORCE HISTORICAL RESEARCH AGENCY
MAXWELL AIR FORCE BASE, ALABAMA

7 Jan 2005

AFHRA/RSA
600 Chennault Circle
Maxwell AFB AL 36112-6424 USA

Mr. James Klotz
ADDRESS DELETED
BY CUFON

Dear Mr. Klotz

Thank you for your request. The document in question is unclassified and available to the public. A Mandatory Declassification Request is not needed. We have attached a copy of the poem you requested, but the print quality is extremely poor. This is the best copy we could provide.

We hope this information is of value to you.

Sincerely

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Archie DiFante".

ARCHIE DiFANTE
Archivist, Archives Branch
(334) 953-2447
Archie.difante@maxwell.af.mil

Attachment:
27th FG Extract

[REDACTED]

SPRING (Cont'd)

Spring is here, Wake up, Good cheer,
The freshest, gladest time of each New Year,
Ho! Feathered friends keep singing, singing
For it's the song we love to hear.

T/Sgt Barnes

THE FLYING SAUCER

Hearing tales of little men
and speeding Ships on high,
Around me all most every day,
I cast a weary eye:

Today I saw men gathered
around the hanger door,
They said they saw a Saucer,
A Tiny Ship they swore.

They pointed to the cloudless sky,
"Past Vapor Trails", they sigh,
I saw a far off something,
Shining in the sky.

We watched it hard, it seemed to move
As vapors drifted by
I felt the strangest feelings
Of course I know not why.

A weather balloon sent up to give
The weather for the day,
Some said a star that shines so bright,
We see it in the day.

Elusions, stars or man made things
Ships from other planets,
We watched, we talked and wondered,
But none of us could name it.

Because I could not give them
The answer is not given,
What is the thing that shines so bright
So far up in the heavens.

T/Sgt Barnes

FIMIS

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

[Retyped]
THE FLYING SAUCER

By T/Sgt Barnes

March 1950

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and speeding ships on high.
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FINIS