

IN DEFENSE OF 55-D

By
A/C Joe E. Seward, Jr.

There were many stanzas written and our reputation smitten
By that caustic though most eloquent of poets.
Who by lack of common knowledge, not the type that's gained in college
Did Delta Class a favor, but don't know it.

For the profit of his labor had a meaning that was graver,
More than he could ever deem or yet perceive.
And the gift his labor brought, though with insults it was fraught
Was the finest thing that Delta could receive.

I know I need not mention or insult your kind attention
In attempts to drag a good class through the mud.
For it's not hard to criticize, and it's something we despise
So why lower ourselves down with the common crud.

Our praise is never waning for all classes here in training
Even though they sometimes try to do us dirt.
But theirs is not the worst, cause the Air Force did it first
And we've always got the shaft right where it hurts.

It makes no difference what we're doin', we have always got a chewin'
Even though we do exactly what we're told.
It has made us all quite bitter, but you couldn't find a quitter
If you questioned every man within the fold.

But, of the gift that I was speaking before my pen went streaking,
We are far too proud to ever think of parting.
For sharpness we've assailed and we've found it no avail
And we've had no gain at all back from the starting.

But when we let our gigs all rise, then by george, we win a prize
And have verses written full of laud and praising.
We know it's not intended so, but we like it even though
And we're sure you may find that a tab amazing.

But that lovely "FUR LINED POT" is befitting of our lot
And symbolic of the end of things we got.
It's a lovely work of art, but the spirit is the part
And at least we have a "comfy" place to sit.

No! We'd rather kiss a snake than our habits try to break
For we've tried both sides and now we know our lot.
So, here's our last decision, with no possible revision
"YOU KEEP YOUR DISCIPLINE, WE'LL KEEP OUR POT."