THE MAN IN THE BIG YELLOW PLANE

This valley will miss the Big Yellow Spray Plane.
The man with the steady hand that flew the yellow sky bird.
As you all know the farmers used this man's talents.
To start spraying in the Spring when the crops were small.
Spraying to keep bugs from the grain and all.
Flying the hay fields, those in all shapes and places.
Spraying the onions for bugs and thrip.
Flying the corn fields to control the spider mite.
Applying fungicides to the onions and melons in the fall.
To be a right hand man to those who farm.
The man that piloted the Big Yellow Plane.
Now I don't know if you ever had a chance to see
How the crops unfold in the Spring
From the sky above; a sight to behold.
To watch the mastery of nature unfold.
Now I'll just bet that Jerry who flew the skies
Has seen the most beautiful sight from above in flying over a field
Of tall green corn.
Look down and see the most beautiful rug of all.
To see the field of large onions from the air,
And the melons that were flown that they could survive.
To see from the air the squares of land.
That were surveyed long ago.
The network of the life blood of the land.
The canals, laterals, the Ditches and all.
That are used by the farmer to grow the plants and crops.
To help feed the peoples of the world.
These brave people fly those big rigs
To spray in the tight places where the crops are grown.
To fly over the houses, trees, light poles, wires, and all.
Takes a master with a keen mind and steady hand
To do the dive, turn on the spray,
And fly a straight line from a few feet above the earth.
To come out the other end of the crop rows,
Stop the spray, make a bank turn and come back to do it over again.
Now this Big Yellow Plane with its propeller chopping the air
Makes the groans and growel as through flight it goes.
To many this growling noise was an alarm clock,
Because the man that flew this machine
Came to work when the day was new.
Early in the morning when the air was smooth.
To do a job that only they could do.
This pilot in the Fall would from this Yellow Bird
Plant the alfalfa seed and turnips from the air.
I always marveled at the stands of plants
That came from the earth planted from the air.
Precise and neat as could be.
Showing the control that the bold Pilot
Had of such a flying machine.
Truly a friend of the farmers.
That he lived to serve,
A family man, a friend that was true.
The man that flew out in the Blue.
The friendly buzzes he would do showing you he knew you were there
    Telling you "How do you do".
So I know on the twentieth of June
This man was at the controls of the Yellow Plane.
Only God knows what happened,
The plane drove into the ground,
And Jerry finished his earthly stay.
But I know his soul flies on to the great beyond.
Where all brave pilots have a home
To watch the earth from above
The one great place at home he would be.

A Friend,
Frank Milenski
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