

Hell Hawks Poetry

IN FLIGHT

In flight I seek and find fair Heaven's prize,
As free of care I skim the earth below,
And speeding, darting, playing learn to know
The freedom God created in the skies.
Scenes only Heaven yields can thrill these eyes
Which from on high have seen the sunset's glow,
The birth of stars and planets row on row,
And beauties God to earth-bound man denies.
For I have lived with birds and clouds and stars,
And shared the secrets known to air-borne things;
And soared far beyond the hold of man-made bars,
And felt vast power surging through my wings.
In flying I have transcended man's estate,
And found through space a path to Heaven's Gate.

A Sonnet
Guadalcanal, May 7, 1943
Capt. T.H. Brown

Hell Hawks Poetry

IN MEMORIAM-

WADE H. BRITT, Jr.
Major, USMC,
CO of VMF-213

There's no one can take his place
In the hearts of us one and all.
The high and low; the best and worst
Must go when He gives the call.

And now the best of us all is gone--
And it's no disgrace to weep,
But we'll carry on as he taught us to,
While he guides us from his sleep.

Guadalcanal, April 13, 1943
Brown

Hell Hawks Poetry

Letter To:

Dear Mother, Father, Sister, Wife, and Friend
Of that fine boy who flew away to die,
Who fought for right and freedom in the sky,
And fighting, prove his worth - and met his end;
I write this message Billy asked I send.
The bravery of his words and feeling my
Poor efforts can't convey; but still I'll try.
"If I should go, this favor you can lend,"
He said, "Please tell them life was not in vain,
For all it's riches it has showered on me.
I've worked and played; I've loved, was loved. The pain
Death leaves with them my one regret will be.
They've made my life complete, though short its span."
He died for his belief. He died a man.

A Sonnet
Guadalcanal, June 24, 1943
Brown

Hell Hawks Poetry

THE ONLY WAY TO WIN

It takes a little courage,
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination,
If you want to reach a goal.

It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If your really out to win.

There's no easy road to glory,
There's no rosy road to fame,
Life, however we may view it,
Is no simple parlor game.

But it's prizes call for fighting,
For endurance and for gut,
For a rugged disposition
And a "don't know when to quit".

Anonymous
(possibly by Captain Brown)