

Hell Hawks Poetry

OVER THE HORIZON

There's a story that needs telling
Of our friends that don't come back
Of the boys who've left our Hell Hawks
Of the comrades that we lack.

There was Britt and Tate and Eckart,
There was Peck and Pancho too.
Every one of them is gone now,
But their memories follow through.

When the legends that will follow
Are all spun in years to come,
We will talk of these dead heroes,
They who died to sink the Sun.

Was there ever a squadron so gifted
As were we with Britt to lead?

Was there ever a squadron struck
harder

By a more ill-fated deed?

A man loved as well as respected
From the low to high in ranks

To have known and followed this leader
Was an honor. We give our thanks.

Then of Tate we'll all remember
How he grinned and laughed away
All the luck misfortune sent him
Up until that fateful day.

And of Eckart, unassuming
With his pipe and quiet way
Of the four who turned back forty
It's for Lee we stopped to pray

Next of those whose name we honor
Was a boy in years and ken,
But he flew and fought a veteran;
Peck was liked by all his men.

There is naught but good to say now
Of the one shot down in flame.
All the oldest of the Hell Hawks
Will long honor Poncho's name.

Hell Hawks Poetry

OVER THE HORIZON cont.

That's the story needed telling
Of our friends who won't come back.
There are others who are missing,
Other comrades that we lack.

There is Winnia and Spoede,
There is "Bluebeard" Votaw, too
There's a chance they'll be returning
And we fondly pray they do.

Tho' we've gotten 67,
And we've only lost these 8
And these 8 are all we've lost
We'd return the 67,
For not one is worth the cost.

Brown