

Hell Hawks Poetry

EDSON'S RIDGE

"--- who's there!" - a shot! Machine guns
stuttered--

That's just the way it started,
That holocaust of blood and flame,
Where weary pals were parted.

"They're down below and on our flanks"
This word was passed about,
When suddenly from on our left,
There came this awful shout

"They've fixed their steel and here they
come,

A runnin' and a screamin'!
Hold your ground and give 'em hell,
And cut them till they're streamin'"

Three times they came and thrice they
fell,

Bewildered, beaten-, broken;
And then they knew, and knew it well-,
That Edson's men weren't jokin'!

Many were the men we lost,
That bloody hellish night;
But through that blood and hell
WE FOUGHT

And fought with all our might.

Then came the silence of the dawn,
The dawn that we had prayed for.
The battle's won!--And rest is here;
The rest that we made way for.

The Jap's, I doubt, will ne'er forget
That night they tried to raid us.

When asked who beat them at their
game,

They'll utter, "Edson's Raiders!"

Pvt. James G. Hall