

## THE MIGHTY EIGHTH

I look into the sky today,  
I see what God has done.  
A bright and awesome sea of blue,  
A glorious shining sun.

But there was a time not long ago,  
when the sky was filled with death.  
Brave men flew and many knew  
they would soon draw their last breath.

In Europe's skies flew the Master Race,  
and death was their rallying cry.  
But our Allies met them Face-To-Face,  
in the cold of Germany's Sky.

The British Airmen, strong and brave,  
met the NAZI might.  
The Battle Of Britain was won by boys,  
but what a costly fight.

America was a peaceful place,  
the war was far away.  
But Hitler and his master race  
brought death each passing day.

President Roosevelt knew our time was near  
and he heard our allies' plea.  
Brave men were dying everyday  
to keep all of Europe free.

A rallying call soon went out  
to brave men across our land.  
To meet the foe in Europe's Skies  
and cuff the Nazi hand.

Men like Arnold, Doolittle, Lemay  
gathered Airmen near,  
And gave them aircraft to win the fight  
to vanquish hate and fear.

In Nineteen Hundred Forty Two,  
in Savannah, on Georgia's shore,  
Hap Arnold formed the Mighty Eighth,  
Of the United States Army Air Corps.

Heavy bombers from the United States  
answered Great Britain's call,  
The key to open freedoms' gates,  
by men who would give their all.

Where the air was thin was found brave men  
who faced the NAZI might.  
They manned their guns, made good runs  
and never gave up the fight.

In the cold gray skies over Europe's ground  
our Bombers flew by day.  
And Flak and fighters shot them down,  
But we made their fighters pay!

Contrails streamed from Liberators  
as they traveled across the sky  
And a chill ran up and down their spines  
at the shout of "Twelve o'clock high"!

To survive a twenty five mission tour  
or live to another day,  
You flew a tight box, you said all your prayers,  
and hoped to hear "Bombs Away".

On the Schweinfurt raid our blood ran red,  
So many men were lost.  
Each Fortress downed, ten men were dead,  
to pay for freedom's cost.

One man in four would not come back,  
What a heavy price was paid!  
At Regensburg--NAZI fighters and flak,  
on a terrible August raid.

When the bomb run was done, your war was not won,  
you still had the fighters and flak.  
You prayed and you prayed, many promises were made,  
in hope that you all would get back.

Your heart lifted high, when you looked in the sky  
and your "Little Friends" were there.  
You knew they would escort you all the way home  
and give NAZI fighters a scare.

Where did we find such men as these  
who flew through a death-filled sky,  
They heard our allies' anguished pleas,  
and answered their rallying cry.

And the tide was turned by our Airmen Brave,  
We conquered the NAZI might.  
What more can be said of brave men who bled  
and died for freedom's right.

So many airmen were lost back then,  
so many young men had to die.  
The valor and courage they all held within,  
and GOD has lifted them high.

By Jack A. McKeithen  
MAJOR, USAF (Retired)