

A Tribute to Tank Destroyers

*You give much space to fliers
And the boys in Navy blue.
But there is still another fighter
We must introduce to you.*

*We wear a small insignia
That you artist seldom see,
The Japs call him "Mad Dog",
But we'll call him T.D.*

*He sleeps next to Mother Nature
On a hard and earthly floor.
In a tent that either cooks him,
Or chills him to the core.*

*The horse he rides is made of iron,
His guns are rugged to.
But soft as silk in comparison
With the men of a T.D. Crew.*

*He fights in grime and filth,
And dreams of home and friends.
What he wants the Most won't come just yet,
But he'll see the "Bloody End".*

*He dines on hash and bully beef,
And comes back up for more.
He doesn't know when he is licked you see,
He's been through all this before.*

*And when he gets to Heaven,
St. Peter he will tell,
" I'm from the Tank Destroyer Sir,
So I've had my stretch in hell. "*

.....by Derwood Crowley