

Ode to Paul Gibbs

And another great man
Out of World War 2.
Awful risky for sure,
But lucky Paul did pull
through.

North Africa at first,
Blown out of a jeep.
Fighting Hitler's Rommel,
Got after that creep.

Then next to Monte Casino,
The fighting was bad.
But none of this phased
That reckless Minnesota lad.

That boat ride back home,
With 20 dollars to start.
Rolled into 2 thousand,
Time to disembark.

A civilian emerged,
Still dare devil quite true.
18000 hours in air,
Most in treetops too.

Power line flying,
Not for the sissies.
Read numbers on pole tops,
Hope tree branches are
misses.

With U S Fish and wildlife,
And student pilot teaching.
Convenience storeowner,
Call to California itching.

Bought a place called Monty's,
Now a legendary bar.
A new career began,
New friends near and far.

Always young of heart,
Purgatory super-slide
excelled.
More times down than the
kids,
More than us older could tell.

He was an icon tis said,
Cheerful and friendly to all.
Every waitress called sweetie.
By this rascal named Paul

Then at age 87
Paul took of once more to fly.
A new log entry made,
For that runway in the sky.

Tom Norman, July 18, 2008