

The Plane Crash On The Hill



Have I ever told the story of the plane crash on the hill
For though it happened long age I can recall it still
And the way my parents used to laugh as the story was retold
Of the plane crash on the Chiltern Hills and the aviator bold
To all it was a standing joke, for the aircraft it was found
Could not lift a single wheel an inch above the ground
For irrespective of ground speed the aircraft could achieve
The comfort of the Chiltern Hills, it never tried to leave
And on its final test run others later would allege
The only place it managed to fly was straight into a hedge
But the truth was sad and sorry for the plane that had not soared
Built by my school boy father was fundamentally flawed



It could never leave the ground with inadequate wing lift
And it had no proper flight controls if the plane should pitch or drift
Oh the agonies I suffered as others laughed about the flight

And designer who could never fly a hand made, gale blown kite
In later years, when talk had turned to crashes on the hill
I walked away, ashamed to hear, my self esteem at nil
Until I moved away from home and other hills had trodden
And the memory of the plane crash was almost totally forgotten
Then years later I went back, and in woods where it was darker
While walking with my grandchildren, we found a plane crash marker



Placed on the spot, up on the hill, where a Halifax had crashed
Killing all the occupants as through the trees it crashed
While trying to clear the Chiltern Hills a task it could not manage
For the plane had just bombed Nuremberg and suffered too much damage
So on the Chiltern Hills there stands a tribute to the crew
And the memory of my father's fate is also laid there too
For all my childhood misery that my father was a joke
Was utterly unfounded, he was just a normal bloke
Who had the guts to go alone and give it one big try
As he pursued his childhood dream of taking to the sky
So the trials and tribulations of all airmen we should hail
For the modern Royal Air Force is also built on plans that fail
As well as triumph and success in peace time and in war
The future always rests upon the lessons of before

No matter shape of fuselage, of tail plane, wing or spars

Per Ardua Ad Astra, from adversity to stars



Dedicated to all who served in the RAF,

especially Bomber Command,

to the memory of my father, 906967, LAC Baker. W.S who died as a civilian worker at RAF Benson in 1977,



also to the crew of 51 Squadron Halifax bomber, LW579, (MH V),

which was based at RAF Snaith in Yorkshire

and which crashed on March 31st 1944 in Cowleaze Wood, Oxon.,

when returning from the disastrous Nuremberg raid.

Pilot Officer Brooks. J

Flight Sergeants Churchill. D.A. and McCormack. D.P.

Sergeants Connell. T.S., Glass. S., Kelly. R.F. and West. G.W.

Lifted to the Heavens on Wings of Adversity