

A Glider Driver Bold.

A glider driver bold was he,
A maiden unsuspecting she,
He landed one day near her home.
Demanding Tea and telephone.

Her dainty heart had missed a beat,
Steep turns at five and twenty feet
The field was very very small,
The trees were very very tall.

But there he was quite safe and sound,
Her dainty heart it gave a bound,
To see him stand so debonair,
The answer to that maidens prayer.

They dallied there for many hours,
Among the birds and bees and flowers,
And when. at last the trailer came,
Alas she'd lost her maiden name.

What followed it is sad to tell,
He drove away as darkness fell,
And tho' devotion he did swear,
He soon forgot that maiden fair.

Till after many moons there came,
A letter headed with the name
Of Swindle, Swindle, Son and Sinn,
Solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn.

Dear Sir, Our Client wishes us,
To say, that tho' she wants no fuss,
500 Smackers more or less,
Will keep this matter from the Press.

The moral you may clearly see,
The ordinary flying fee,
Is less expensive than you thought,
Compared with other forms of sport