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He pulled the wings off in a dive,
He stove .in the bulkheads on landing.
And hoped no-one saw him arrive.

He pulled back the stick on the take-off,
And wiped the tail off on the ground,
He broke it in so many pieces
That half of them never were found.

He landed the thing in a Treetop,
And had to be rescued by crane,
Then he took the remaining club Glider,
And went round and did it again.

Said the C. F. I.. grieving and sorrowful,
Now I realise you couldn't care less,
But you might be a little more careful.,
You've :put all our Gliders U/S.

Said the Pilot “Oh,. Bloody good show; Chaps,
It’s just what I wanted to do,
For now that we’ve finished with flying,
We can :play with my little canoe”.