

THE DART PILOT'S LOVE SONG

My friends, have you met a Dart pilot
Who didn't think that he was God?
They talk all day long about nothing
But the weather, and Sling's latest mod.

They tell you of winds catabatic;
Of inversions, occlusions, and fronts;
Their views are obscure but emphatic,
and intriguing to listen to - once.

If a Dart pilot finds he can't manage
To trap some poor sprog in the bar,
He'll go out and polish his glider.
What, fly it? 'That's going too far!

With polish and rag he'll caress it,
Then regard it with gaze fond and long;
He loves every part of his dear little Dart,
So he sings it this sickening song:

"Dart, Dart, You're dear to my heart!
I love your retractable wheel!
My heart's set aglow by your laminar flow,
And I thrill to your sensitive feel!

"Your thickness-chord ratio gives me a lift;
You're the nicest of all single-seaters!
I go mad when I scan your lascivious span
Of :fifteen or seventeen metres!

"Don't think when I lavish such care on your looks
That I mind very much how you fly.
So why do I spend so much time on you then?
If you want to know, I'll tell you why

"If you bother to think you will soon realise
That the trouble I take's no enigma.
It is just that your looks will quite strongly affect
What you're worth ••• when I purchase a Sigma!