

THE PREFECT PILOT

*The Common Skylark Pilots thermals clockwise to the Sun,
And many other pundits do the same.
But by the Prefect Pilot this is very rarely done
Although he tries again and yet again.
Rooted to the ground he stays, waiting for his turn to fly,
Or else he spends the day at Mid-field Bat.
A thousand circuits later, he's no better off at all,
Just broke, down hearted, and probably grounded for hill soaring at 399 feet!*

Said the young prefect pilot to the kind club instructor
You see that your girl there, I hear you've just ... taught her to thermal
I wish you would teach me how in the hell you
Stay up or I'll finish up chair-borne like Bellew!

Away in the Capstan they flew side by side
The instructor thought Hell! Still I've got a free ride
The young lad is keen, so I'll just let him be
He'll never learn anything useful from me.

Around and around they went climbing apace
The Pupil was flying, a smile on his face.
They seen got to cloud-base at quite a good lick
When low and behold, the Instructor was sick!

They landed in silence, not one of them spoke
But as they touched down the Instructor awoke
He said "Yes that's good, you're a promising lad,
Don't land in a quarry and you'll not do too bad!