

NOT A CLUE.....

Baker tolls the knell of parting day,
The binding flights wind slowly down to tea,

Instructors homeward plod their weary way,
The camp is left to cheesed off 23.

Howard's and McNulty's harried looks
Are reflected by their piles of admin books,

Williamson, Walker, Reed and Mason
Skiving cadets are endlessly chasin'.

Lonsdale and Phelps are aces, their flying is quite on a par.
Landings are easy to Murdoch, when he's solo it's easier by far.
Of Johnstone nothing can be said, he's always Iying on his bed.

Stephenson and Williams are travellers of fame,
Hollywood's their hunting ground, we wonder what's the game.

Wings examinations are chicken feed to Cross.
He's had so many check rides that the RAF are at a loss.

If anyone should chance to spend a week end in Palm Beach
McLeod is always seen there, a beer within his reach.

Beedie didn't reach Ft. Meade, instead of Co. he steered G/speed
Lane is stuck in a sandhole until his wheels are freed.

Minty and Begg on converging course, meet with some considerable force.

Mitchell and Petrie aircraft shake by inadvertent use of brake,
One puts PTs' nose in ground, the other turns AT upside down.

Siddall and Critchinson in formation, have their own ideas on station.
Griffiths and Basted at Immokalee, damage wing tips landing rockily.

The tower operator gives a start, at Cottle's "On the line 'orf and aht."

Leeds takes off with pitot cover tight, while Beck hits Xmas tree at night.

Elliott and DeVerteuil land at Stuart - its amazing.
Santer lands at Riddle, but sets his AT blazing.

Smart's R. T. procedure leaves nought to be desired.
By Foster's Very pistol A Field's grass is fired.

When O'Hagan goes on cross country, we all look with concern.
The result is a foregone conclusion, 'One of our A/C failed to return'.

T settings mean nothing to Newton, runways mean nothing to Shaw,
While Shepherd's low level cross country is a point to him very sore.

Link is a bind to Simpson, needle and ball drives him nuts,
While McGrath PT night flying, comes back with turkey in struts.

Piercy thinks gyros are perfect, but precision is 30 degrees.
Simpson comes in wheels up, watch A Field Controller's blood freeze.
Cullis does aerobatics over the tower of Lake Wales,
Evans goes to Fort Myers and gets on Mustang's tails.

Barlow as a pianist is the one that's really tops,
We wonder if Clement's take-offs will ever work on ops.

Thomas and Turnock are quite in the dark
Instead of T.M.F. they land at Avon Park.

Postlethwaite and Ruffel find Tallahassee miles off track.
Oldest inhabitant Simpson is wondering when he will go back.

DeVerteuil turns on pitot heat instead of passing beam,
Blanford burns his hand on tube, we thought it quite a scream.

At pedalling the rudders on gunnery, Cummings will tell you how.
If Hammond been on his own, he'd be looking for Immokalee now.

Looking up with half closed eyes Blair answers every query.
The Link is spinning, but Sydney sleeps, he finds the lesson dreary.

B24s and 25s are all the same to Love.
But Grainger's marks in ground school are always up above.

Anderson goes low flying and fans a waving palm.
While Singleton uses clarinet the rattlesnakes to charm,

Gregory's lost, but heads PT to base whilst in thick haze
Kirk just tries to wreck the tower, and Rainbow's in a daze.

The main street of Moore Haven looks like flare path to Brien
While Jarvis on cross country is asleep while he is flying.

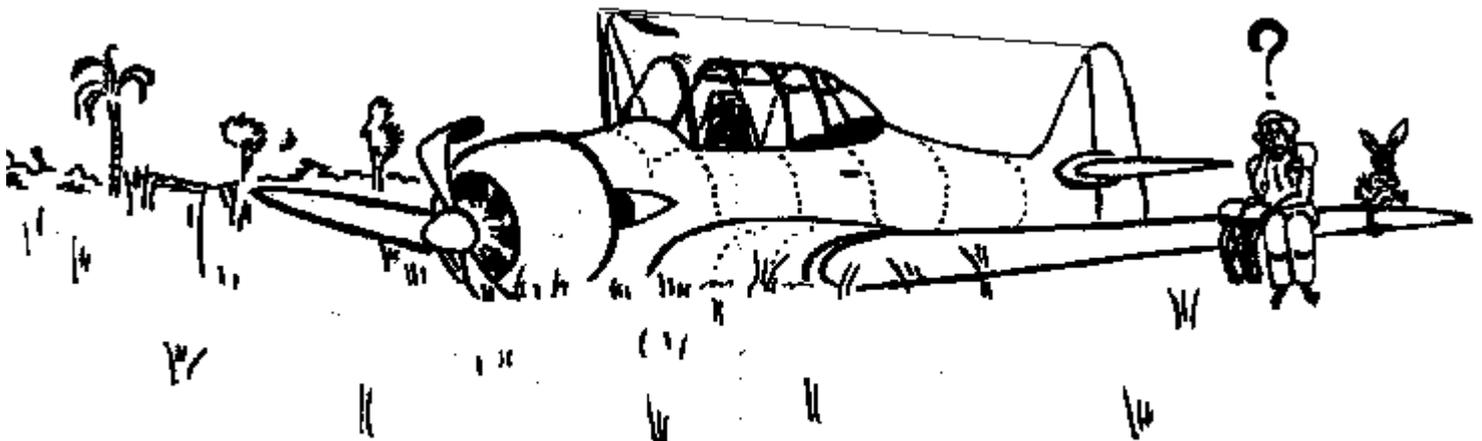
Robertson and Coulson on forced landings know the griff,
While Venus to Maccagno is nothing more than myth.

Owen can't find T.M.F. the mist is quite appalling,
While Smith loops with wheels down and wonders why he's stalling.

Garlick and Miller drag their wings on Spence's mile long strip,
Pett drags his and tower passes inches from the tip.

Craig is sometimes seen taxying, chocks firmly tied round his tail.
Atkins is wearing shoes again, his sandals will soon be on sale.

Cliff Mitchell - with apologies to Gray



I WONDER WHAT TIME THE 5 O'CLOCK TRAIN LEAVES