

The Argument Up In The Clouds

Bill Berle 9-16-06

(With apologies and thanks to Robert Service)

If you ever fly up above the sky, halfway 'tween the sun and the ground
You might just hear... a noise, which is queer
(since there ain't s'posed to be any sound)
But way up here in the stratosphere, sure enough there's two voices heard loud
Folks, there ain't no mistakin' and nobody's fakin'
the argument up in the clouds

As you draw close to hear, cup your hand 'neath your ear
but this battle's not anything new
See, these two old gray men, since way back when
have been lockin' a horn or two
'Cause they were the parents (named Bill and named Clarence)
of the two best planes 'ever flew
But they're no longer friends 'cause there's no amends
can be made for what went down 'tween those two

Now old C. G. Taylor was smart, but the tale yer'
to hear now is sadly quite true
That his planes were the best, but as for the rest,
in business he hadn't a clue
Mister William T. Piper could sell her and hype her
but design her?... surely you jest !
So Taylor designed them 'till Piper resigned him,
tossed him out of his own hard-earned nest

The Taylor Cub was the gripe and the rub
'tween the two who had brought it to fame
Piper said Go! Then told Jameneau "prep the Cub for the marketing game"
The financier trumped the engineer, and so the Cub got Piper's name
And Taylor was sad and then he got mad, vowing "William T. Piper's to blame !"

Piper made plans to put Cubs in the hands of the multitudes, profits galore!
But Taylor had drawn a new plane that would dawn a new era of speed, style and more
The businessman Piper had focused his sights for
production that's fast and that's cheap
But old C. G.'s new one (ask any that flew one)
would dash... while the Cub barely creped

The plane built by Taylor to be his new savior was as fast as a bullet indeed
The side by side seating (and comfort and heating)
would be something the customers need
His T-craft was certain to pull down the curtain on Piper's ambition and greed
But Clarence was hampered by time that had scampered away
while the Cub took the lead !

Though its performance pales, the Cub's thousands of sales
made a rich man of old William T.
And despite its improvements, the Taylorcraft movement
was no windfall for old C. G.

So the engineer points to facts crystal clear, that the trophy has clearly been won
As to which is more modern and which would be trodden
(if contests of speed would be run)

But the financier laughs in Taylor's ear, holding diamonds and rubies and gold
Hist'ry books does he flaunt and with glee does he taunt
that the trophy is his to hold

And way up there in the rarified air, where the two old men sit in the shrouds
of the mist and the power of cumulus towers and argue out loud in the clouds
William T. and old C. G. can't agree to be civil or fair
Though it's easy to see that it always will be
them, who put us, in the air

They battle and bicker, their fiery eyes flicker
each man won't let go of the crown
But whichever you fly when you take to the sky...
put neither Cub nor Taylorcraft down !