

GLIDER RIDER

Bill Berle

With ninety knots
and minus flap
a crumpled chart upon my lap
It's been a race, a real quick ride
and now I'm on the final glide

An hour ago at Boron, stranded
I thought for sure I should have landed
At 400 feet my prayers went verbal
and thanks to God I found a thermal
With crew on hold and sweaty fist, I circled up toward the mist

And what about Barstow, that near disgrace
ten knots down - the whole damn place!
I made the turn
and took the picture
wished for throttle, prop and mixture

I'm not too fond of making speeches
but while I'm here I'll mention leeches
Three abeam and four behind
at Helendale they taxed my mind
I don't feel fast, I really should
their presence means I'm getting good

But that's all passed
I've laughed and cursed
I've caught the best and passed the worst
"Victor Bravo to gate ! One mile - you hear?"
my finish time is growing near

With pounding heart and muscles tense
I pull her up (to clear the fence)
my race horse bucks but I do not heed
I only concentrate on speed
And though just begun to really learn her
I pass the gate in afterburner