



I flew the Menestrel G-CDZR (see above) to Doncaster Sandtoft one Saturday to visit my family up there and this was my first serious cross country flight since gaining my PPL at Turweston earlier this year. The poem was inspired by the flight and is below. It is called "Making The Call." Peter Berkin.

It's all been planned for days
And the weather Gods have smiled
Wood and canvas painted white
Rolled out of hanger darkness into light
And we are ready with bated breath
To make the call
Engine vibrates and wings rock as
We taxi to the dotted lines
And check again the dials and trim
Before we try to cheat the earth
To escape her chains
We make the call
Then rolling faster holding straight
As tail lifts high propeller screams
And buoyancy prevails
As gravity fails
Man made craft finds the sky
And again we call
Turning North in climb
Fields fall far below
As course is set clock is primed
To judge our speed to friends
Who wait in anticipation
For us to call
Towns and Rivers glint and shimmer
Roads weave through green and grey
Steel blue glows overhead
Wings bounce on breezing lift
Radio crackles and whines
As others call
Dodging masts and gliding steeds
We give wide birth to danger
Wide sky scanned as wide smoking
Towers pass beneath our tiny wheels
Destination seen
We make the call
Circling high over numbered line
The earth slowly revolves ready
To grasp this little craft to ground
Yet we cheat her still until with thrill
We gently land
And making that final call
Say hello to friends who wait.