

THE AERONAUTICAL ENGINEER'S LAMENT

ONE OF OUR SIMPLE PROBLEMS

By Al F. Davis

"Design a plane" the head men say,  
It must be built in such a way,  
That the dumbest mug can fly hands off,  
Make the hardest landing still feel soft,  
Make up for the brains that the pilot lacks,  
Make the seats lean forward and still lean back,  
Supply and demand will be the thing,  
Forget the span and chord of wing.  
The spar must be just six feet long,  
For scraps of spruce cost but a song.  
The fuselage can be tied with a string,  
Or by similar method hung to the wing,  
It must be safe and in the main,  
Be able to withstand a hurricane,  
It must be fast and not land hot  
(What a 'helluva job the designers got!)  
Fast and light and comfortable too,  
With a cruising range to Timbuctoo.  
Of course this is no common hack,  
For it must carry the load of a ten-ton Mack.  
It must climb straight up and land straight down,  
But the pilot must scarcely feel the ground.  
Yes, Flaps and brakes and retractable gear,  
Hell's Bell's! They must think the millenium's here  
And one last word the head men say,  
"It's gotta be finished by yesterday."  
On second thought there's one thing more,  
They'll have to sell at the ten-cent store!

Note: Fred Marchev found this ditty in an old  
Paper [published in 1920. It is still good today.