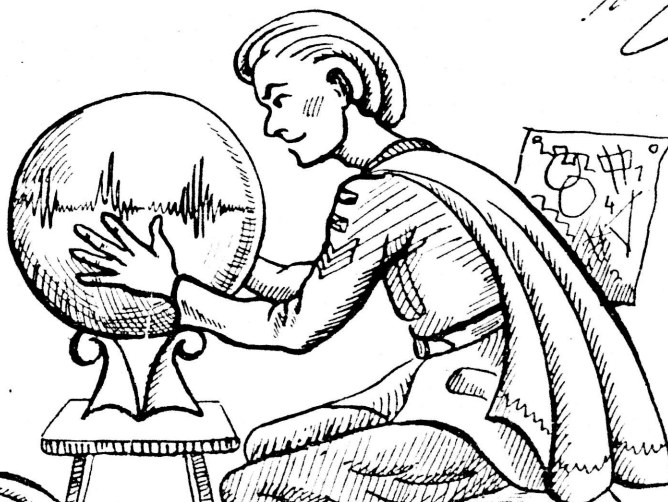
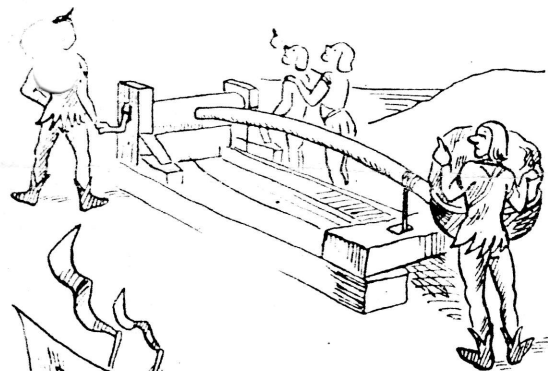
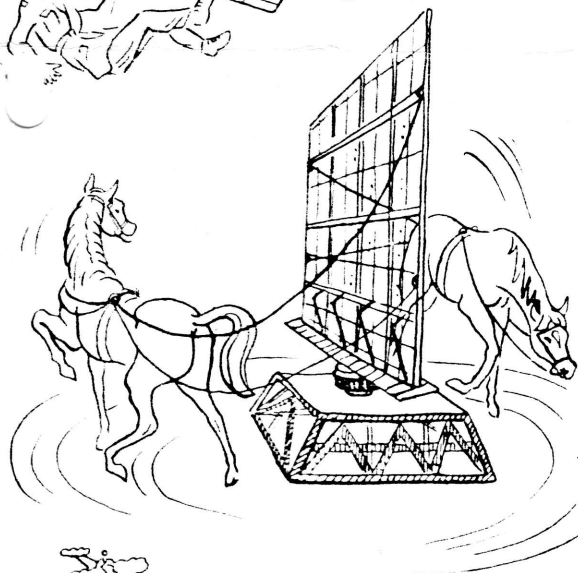
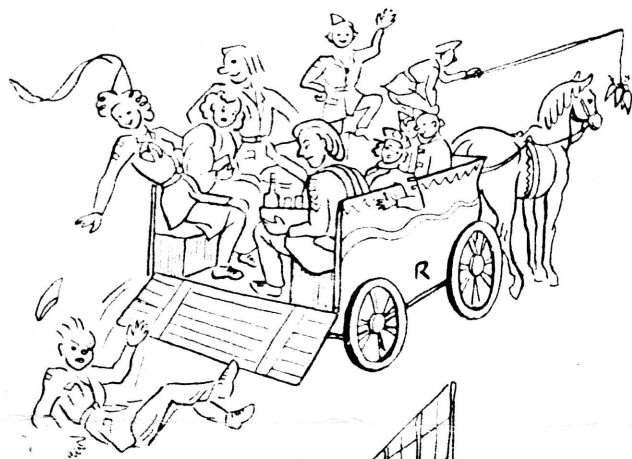


## The Radar Mech at Agincourt

A Mech ther was and that a worthy wight  
 Who wel coude sodder and jointes make ful tight.  
 To collecten gen had been his joy alway,  
 And noon ther was that might his lore gainsay.  
 Al clad in blue he was and priked with buttones bright  
 That hadde birdes winges, glistening like sterres light.  
 No helm upon his head he wore,  
 But clothen cap and badge of brass that bore  
 A rune ful rare of letters three  
 Y-wreathed round with laurel tree,  
 And crowned al with kinges crown.  
 Much hadde he been in ferne winges  
 Of Dunkirk and Alemein he oft did singe.  
 Upon his breast he bore a sterre  
 That him hath gotten in his kinges werre.  
 Ne sword hadde he nor yet longbow,  
 But lightning flashes did his craft yshow.  
 Of frigger mech knewe he alle tricks.  
 To irkes raf was he somdel strict  
 If that they swynken nat arund his backe.  
 Heavy was his honde and big his bootes blacke.  
 None ther was nor yet hath been  
 That coil could tune so sweet I ween,  
 Ne trimmer turn, nor fuse ymend.  
 His MTR he prompt would sende.  
 His lechers bright with joy were full  
 And sparkes long he wel could pulle  
 From bigge grid on tallen spire.  
 Full tight ystretched his feeder wire.  
 Ne Diesel gear for burton was ygonne,  
 But alle day right sweetly did yronne.  
 His tubes face all cler was never sene  
 But spikes long where kites had just ybcne  
 At ranges fern on every trace's ende.  
 No ship ther was that could round coast ywende,  
 But this ilke mech ful soon would wis  
 And sad were his wafies that such ship should miss.  
 I wot not his name nor heard me of his troope.  
 Fair was his mien and Sixty was his grupe.



*Chapter*