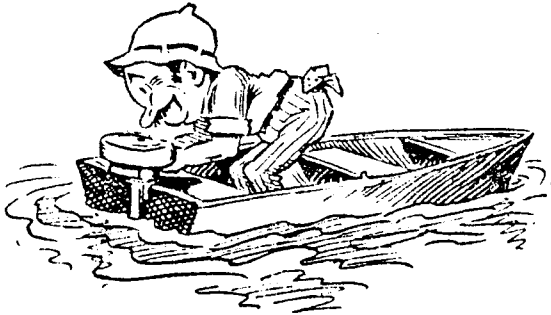


Ode To The Outboard

By Commodore Genevieve Atwood



*I sure do like my Outboard.
When I'm on a fishin' lark
I like to hear it splutter
Then spit awhile and bark.
It seems sorta companion-like--
The warmth and purr of it--
When you're out all by your lonesome.
And you've tuned it up a bit.*

*When you're trollin' 'long the bonnets
Of some peaceful southern lake,
It seems to hum so pretty
That you're half afraid you'll wake.
When you know a deep cool hole
Where the big ol' "moss-backs" lay
But it's jus' too far for rowin',
Why your Outboard saves the day!*



*Sometimes it gets cantankerous
Like others of its kind
But the trouble's usually simple
An' it don't take long to find.
Ag'in it takes a playful spell--
It's way of havin' fun
Is plain to read--tho never spoke--
"I do not choose to run".*

*An' when it comes to racin'!
Were you ever in a race
Where the little waves were ripplin'
An' the fine spray wets your face?
Then you've missed the thrillin' feelin'?
All the pleasure,--all the fun,--
That to own an Outboard gives you?
SAY!—Why don't you get you one??*

