



WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

or I've Got The Junk-Yard Blues

There was a day (so long ago!)
When motoring's trials measured us,
When roads were rough and detours tough
And just arriving pleased us.
The four-wheel brake was yet unborn,
The ignition unaccountable;
There were no frills, no chromium grilles,
And rims were styled "demountable."

O sing a song of Moon and Star,
Of Marmon and of Stanley!
Maxwell drivers traveled far,
And Stutz chauffeurs were manly.
Aye, and he who drove a Dort
Could hardly ask for better sport.

That was the time (the years roll on!)
Of goggle and of duster,
Of flooding chokes and wooden spokes,
And quickly fading luster.

Such points as Auto-Poise Control
Were mentioned then in no case,
Nor found a sign of flowing line—
The style's now known as "show-case."

Then think a thought of Willys Knight,
Of Chalmers, Chandler, Viking!
Some loved the Jewett; others quite
Found Franklin to their liking.
And he who piloted a Paige
Was all the envy of the age.

There was an era (past and gone!)
When people drove alluring cars
With strips of brass to give them class,
And one-man tops on touring cars.
When lights went dim or blankly out,
Attempt was made to disregard it.
It was a lark to work the spark:
You could advance it, or retard it.

O shed a tear for Whippet, say,
For Rickenbacker, Peerless,
Diana, Saxon, Oakland, Gray,
And other breeds as fearless!
The giddiest sight this town has seen
Was Father in his new Moline.

—Robert L. Bates

When he isn't writing light verse, Professor Robert L. Bates of the department of geology at Ohio State is writing books like *The Geology of The Industrial Rocks and Minerals* (Harper), scheduled for publication this Spring.
