



Ode to a Wright Museum Volunteer or "Thirty-Eight Misuses of a Rhyming Dictionary"

By Ian "Buck" Pentameter

Among these half tracks, he's found his niche and his nook.
I speak, of course, of the versatile Randy Cook.

Arm'd with Windex, cleaning proves to be a lark.
Our exhibit cases shine, thanks to Dan "The Man" Clark.

Weekly they demonstrate a devotion not spindly.
Robust is the service of Mr. and Mrs. McGinley.

Come Family Day, for a face painter I quoth my plight,
Coming to aid was none other than Carrie Wright.

To think otherwise, 'twould be simply absurd.
For there's none who can catalog like Richard Berg.

'Twould be reason'ble to think he could walk upon water
Given the indisputable skills of Richard Atwater.

If a Jeep should be idled, a call to him gets it runnin'.
Of whom do I speak? Th' inimitable Jack Dunham.

If there's a soul more pleasant, I shan't hardly presume,
For it's always a pleasure to see th' invaluable Els Hulm.

Though no guff-taker she, I submit to suffice
That none is more true than Dorothy Price.

Back in the archives, how oft I have smiled
From the witty rejoinders of Sid Nordenschild

Tho' hen's teeth are rare, there still, too, are fewer
Whose devotion can match Mike and Sue Wildfeuer.

Though not at all flighty, he has a sense of the whimsy
And visitors rejoice when with David Lindsay.

For the Wright kind of thrills, he comes down from the hills.
I speak of course of th'esteemed Homer Mills.

A Gray Eagle among the clouds, never would quit, he
Is a true American hero is our beloved Luther—Smitty.

A Colonel he was, that's his Marine Corps rank.
But to me, he's 5 stars—the good Mr. Frank.

Hard press'd would I be to think of one more benevolent
Than our exhibit designer—thank you to Evelyn.

An impossible feat—t'esteem any higher!
Our favorite Semper Fi-er, Sergeant Chris Stohldrier.

Our WWII stories he helps get across.
Today's young people owe a lot to the Wright's Jim Ross.

As we work on our float, I have only two words
That exemplify devotion: Bill Jernberg

In CIA days, he spied on nations most foreign.
He plans a good book sale too, my friend David Warren

When he's in the galleries, all visitors enjoy
The warm expertise of docent Rob Roy

A whole hagiography could I recite
Yet not name one so wond'rous as dear Carole Wright.

Ha-cha-cha-cha-cha, it's Frank Smith. Can't he
Bear more of a likeness to Jimmy Durante?

With a name like his, a CPA? But all joking aside—
There's few as versatile as Neil Dollarhide.

Somewhat spicy and sweet, like cocoanut Chutney
Are the husband-wife tandem, Bruce and Jan Putney.

As volunteers go, never have I had one
As thoroughly wonderful and Beatrice Gagnon.

Though talk is cheap, I'll try not to be trite
For I sincerely appreciate floatmaster Jack White.

When describing an effort all Americans believed in,
She speaks with conviction, our dear Dodie Stevens

He came through in the clutch, as part of the crew
That drives each July, the good Errold Glew.

I've looked high. I've looked low. All trees have I shook
But have yet to find one to compare with the good Don
Brookes.

The Andrews Sisters aren't dead—not even are ailing!
She brings them to life. Thanks Sharon Theling!

He makes things happen, as though with magical wand.
But that's a hammer he's swinging, thank you Warren Pond.

As sharp as a laser, in his sporty red blazer,
'Twouldn't be Tuesday without William Fraser.

PastPerfect's his thing and I couldn't be surer
Of my keen appreciation for Manny Segura.

With his full-bore support, there's no way we could weaken
I thank him sincerely, the matchless Lloyd Beacom.

While I'd give hell to Hitler and to Mussolini,
I've nothing but praise for our friend William Sweeny.

He comes in on weekends, and you are right tootin'
For I am so glad we can count on John Newton.

For your vision, your passion, and your keen foresight,
We thank you—you're always in our thoughts, David Wright.