



“AIN’T GOIN’ NOWHERE”
 Published everytime the RED LION
 Jumps over the BLUE-GREEN MOON,
 And ETHYL claps her hands at them.

When this War will end – no one can state,
 But this we know, as sure as fate:
 Our Boys are Valient, Strong and Brave,
 They sure will win, and our country save.

It’s a far flung front, from here to there,
 They fight on Land, on Sea, - in Air.
 They carry on in Freedoms cause,
 Seven days each week, without a pause.

No wonder that they stand agape,
 At folks back home, who hesitate
 To purchase Stamps for Liberty,
 And Bonds to insure our Victory.

They give their all for Fifty Bucks,
 And fight our battles mid Jungle Mucks.
 Lets cease our strikes, and petty greed,
 And give our ALL in their great need.

And Folks – It’s not a violation,
 For you to take a short Vacation;
 To build you up – a better Man,
 And thus work better for Uncle Sam.

Altho its true – that many a station
 Has closed its doors for the duration,
 You’l find DUNMOVIN open here,
 To sell you Gas – and Food – and Beer.

Our cabins still are comfort PLUS;
 So plan to stop, and stay with us.
 We serve you Buttermilk and Ice Cold Melon,
 And Sandwiches so good – our trade is swellin’.

With Coffee HOT – Hamburger fryin’
 With GILMORE gas – The Roaring Lion;
 We’re here to to greet you – come one come all;
 In Winter – Summer – Spring – or Fall.

