



E. W. NASH, DAMARISCOTTA.

'T WAS the day the tires punctured and the steering knuckles bent,
'Twas the day the sparker busted and the carburetter went,
'Twas the day she leaped up skyward and came downward with a
crash;—

Oh! that dire day in "Scotta"—the day we first met Nash.

When the calamity o'ertook us, we were close by Nash's store;
We were fairly "up against it"—altogether, and some more;
And I'm yet of the opinion, as an outcome of the smash,
That we'd be still in Dam-ar-is-cotta, if it hadn't been for Nash.

At his place we filled our longings, from a wondrous store of goods;
By his telegraph we ordered all our sparkers, plugs and tubes,
By his expresses we received them, somewhat quicker than a flash;
While we motor-boated gaily in the motor-boat of Nash.

If, thru Damariscotta, you are going or in Damariscotta you should stay,
Take the advice of one who's been there and Friend Nash a visit pay;
He has done his share of business, with a vigor and a dash,
And the town owes many comforts to the hustling ways of Nash.

To enlarge his scope of business, he took up the telephone,
Helped to organize and build it, with a vigor all his own;
Always backed all business-projects that would bring in honest cash;
Hence, I say the town owes credit to a hustling man, like Nash.