

## ***CARGO JIM***

*Cargo Jim* was big and bad,  
Stood 6-foot-4 when just a lad;  
He drove the *Rumble* U-Haul truck  
And loading, tubs was known to chuck.

And years ago he played some sports --  
Football, wrestling, bruising sorts;  
From *Rumblers* he did not take guff  
And too his clothes smelled likewise tough.

And sometimes Jim would steer the Shoq --  
Would guide the boat from dock to dock;  
He'd steer it into water fights  
To give the paddlers cannon fright.

And 5 AM he'd wake the troops  
With music; o'er each tent he'd stoop.  
You'd pack your tub and give to him  
As in the truck was *Cargo Jim*.

And big, bad Jim you shouldn't cross  
As from the truck your tub he'd toss;  
Was 6-foot-4 if was an inch  
And on the *Rumble* was the Grinch.

His ill repute grew far and wide  
And once he sang, which caused folks hide,  
But every year he still came through  
And led the fabled cargo crew.

G. Kittell  
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(P.S.: just kidding)