



Whose Limit Is All That He Can

(1)
 This is the song of the plane—
 The creaking, shrieking plane,
 The throbbing, sobbing plane,
 And the moaning, groaning wires:
 The engine—missing again!
 One cylinder never fires!
 Hey ho! For the plane!

(2)
 This is the song of the man—
 The driving, striving man,
 The chosen, frozen man:
 The pilot, the man-at-the-wheel,
 Whose limit is all that he can,
 And beyond, if the need is real!
 Hey ho! For the man!

(3)
 This is the song of the gun—
 The muttering, stuttering gun,
 The maddening, gladdening gun:
 That chuckles with evil glee
 At the last long dive of the Hun,
 With its end in eternity!
 Hey ho! For the gun!

(4)
 This is the song of the air—
 The lifting, drifting air,
 The eddying, steadying air,
 The wine of its limitless space:
 May it nerve us at last to dare
 Even death with undaunted face!
 Hey ho! For the air!
 "OBSERVER, R. F. C."

The eyes of the army. The airplanes are going over, thousands of them. There must be more to follow, thousands of them. Let us turn our own eyes inward—search our own hearts—and see that no selfish slacker dollar remains unconsecrated to the service of the men we love.

Would We Not Die for Them— Our Fighting Men in France?

Then let us BUY for them—all the bonds we can—with the same great unselfishness with which they fight and die. This is the spirit with which they and we—fighting—working—saving together—will as God sees us, inevitably WIN!

**"Our Limit Is All That We Can"
Buy Bonds to Your Utmost!**

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