

Editor's View

by Jim Hallor

Difference between a doctor and a mechanic

Janet Humphrey, who's parts supervisor at Burt Humphrey & Sons, Inc., a three-bay shop in Danbury, Conn., sent me this poem from a local paper. As Janet notes, "It was written by a mechanic who may have lost his patience a time or two, but not his sense of humor."

*There's models, makes and systems
some seven hundred strong;
And new ones coming up each year
to help the scheme along.*

*Now compare me to the doctor
whose prices make mine meager;
Yet folks revere his expertise, ever
more impressed and eager.*

*The human body hasn't changed in
twenty thousand years;
And every model works the same
from the ankles to the ears.*

*There's years of school to learn his
field and almost none in mine;
I've learned by practicing my trade
and read what I can find.*

*There's new equipment and techniques
and medicine for sure;
But this is true in my field too, as
much, or even more.*

*There's lots of books he has to read,
his procedures to define;
But for every page in his field,
there's twenty-five in mine.*

*He has no comebacks and no
warranty; you pay for what you get;
And then come back and pay again
if he hasn't fixed it yet.*

*His mistakes are often buried, while
mine come back for free;
And he plays golf on Wednesdays
while my customers hassle me.*

*We spend millions of tax dollars
sending kids to medical school;
But if you ask for some in my field,
you're treated like a fool.*

*Everybody has one body; not a one
has more;
But when it comes to autos, you
may have three or four.*

Janet told me the poem was unsigned. If anyone knows the author, please drop me a note. I'd like to give him proper credit.

