

HUNKA TIN.

You may talk about your voitures
When you're sitting round the quarters,
But when it comes to getting blessés in,
Take a little tip from me,
Let those heavy mortars be,
Pin your faith to Henry F.'s old Hunka Tin.
Give her essence and de l'eau,
Crank her up and let her go,
You back firin', spark plug foulin' Hunka Tin.

The paint is not so good,
And no doubt you'll find the hood,
Will rattle like a boiler shop en route;
The cooler's sure to boil,
And perhaps she's leakin' oil,
Then oftentime the horn declines to toot.
But when the night is black,
And there's blessés to take back,
And they hardly give you time to take a smoke,
It's mighty good to feel,
When you're sitting at the wheel,
She'll be running when the bigger cars are broke.

After all the wars are past,
And we're taken home at last,
To our reward of which the preacher sings,
When these ukulele sharps
Will be strumming golden harps,
And the aviators all have reg'lar wings,
When the Kaiser is in hell,
With the furnace drawing well,
Paying for his million different kinds of sin,
If they're running short of coal,
Show me how to reach the hole,
And I'll cast a few loads down with Hunka Tin.

Yes, Tin, Tin, Tin,
You exasperating puzzle, Hunka Tin,
I've abused you and I've flayed you,
But, by Henry Ford, who made you,
You are better than a Packard, Hunka Tin.
—From the American Field Service Bulletin,
Paris.

THERE AIN'T NO MORE.

Oh, I can scoff a dish of beans,
A plate of slum or two,
My plate is ready when they say:
"Hot Java comin' thru!"
But these are words that I hate to hear,
It always makes me sore,
If, when I'm started, someone says:
"Too bad, there ain't no more!"

Yes, I can eat a plate of spuds,
A yard of punk, to boot,
Bull, gravy, dogs and sinkers,
Are all my long suit.
One slice of canned Bill's easy;
I've often eaten four
And then have been disappointed
Because "there ain't no more."

We've turkey on Thanksgiving,
New Year's and Christmas day;
I'm first to look for seconds,
Eat all that come my way,
And never think of quitting,
Till through the kiteen door
I hear the cook a-calling:
"That's all. There ain't no more."

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