

HUNK O' TIN

A BALAD TO THE AMBULANCE CORPS

(With Apologies to Messrs. Kipling and Ford.)

You may talk o' shifting gear
 When you're riding far from here,
 An' you're sent to pick up wounded an' then beat it;
 But when it comes to pluggin'
 You can keep right on a-chuggin'
 'Cause FEET works an' your 'ands is free to steed it
 Where the roads AIN'T 'alf the time
 A servin' o' their purpose—Yes; its grim!
 Of all the ambulance crew
 The surest one I knew
 Was our crashin' slammin' bashed-in HUNK O'TIN.
 It was Din! Din! Din!
 You 5 & 10 cent mouse trap 'UNK O'TIN,
 Hi!! slippery—get a move on!
 Spare wheel, get it!—slum the juice on!
 You mud-bespattered milk can—HUNK O'TIN.

When we got 'er, she looked fine
 'Till one night—'bout 'arf past nine—
 A "Whizz Bank" made 'er look like junk 'an hell;
 The hood was blown to blazes
 An' the chuffer's string of phrases
 Made the atmosphere around just stink an' smell!
 When we tried to make her start
 Damn it! It most broke 'er heart,
 To 'ear 'er cough an' sneeze an' choke an' spit;
 She tried so hard to go
 And she really seemed to know
 It was up to her to do her part 'an GIT!
 It was DIN! DIN! DIN!
 Just crash, bang, biff an' sputter from within!
 We beat 'er with the tool kit
 But she wouldn't budge an inch—that 'UNK O'TIN.

She would grunt an' then skip one,
 'Till we thought she sure was done,
 An' there didn't seem no way to make 'er start;
 When another "WHIZZ BANG," bust,
 An' we thought we'd bit the dust,
 But—By Judas!—It just cured that benzine cart!
 All 'er innards 'it the sky—
 But on comin' down they kind o' fell together
 An' so 'elp me Bob!—its true,
 When my pals an' me come to,
 That damned old Flivver's guts was good as ever!
 It was DIN! DIN! DIN!
 That somehow-mended road louse seemed to grin;
 So we jumped into our seats
 And we know them ingine beats
 Weren't no "Swan Song" from that blarsted 'UNK O'TIN.

She carried us away
 All safely—then, next day
 We looked 'er over—an' I swan to man!
 The devil's own invention
 Wasn't ardy worth the mention
 'Side o' what was left o' that tin can!
 The gears was in the gas tank
 An' the front end in the rear rank,
 Like a barroom that's been "Strafed" by Carrie Nation;
 There was nothing worth to pawn
 An' the ingine—CLEAN WAS GONE!
 She'd run 'o me like that just on her reputation!
 Yes, its DIN! DIN! DIN!
 You land-locked, water-skooter plain 'as sin!
 Though I've damned an' cussed an' prayed yer
 By the 'Enry Word as made yer
 I takes my 'at off to yer!—'UNK O'TIN.

GAVE FINE SERMON.

Both the religious hours at the "Y"
 Sunday were very successful; a fine
 sermon being delivered at the 10 a.
 m. session by Rev. P. D. Brown, the
 Lutheran camp pastor, and the even-
 ing services, at 8:30 p. m., were car-
 ried out by Captain McRae of the
 aviation section.

This was the captain's first visit to
 the hospital and he was greatly
 pleased by the large attendance and

the interest shown by the boys in the
 Y. M. C. A. work. His audience was
 well pleased with his address and it
 is hoped that he will repeat his call
 before a great while.

TOO LITTLE HELP ON FARMS:

Fewer acres planted;
 Less food produced;
 Less food for the towns;
 Help a Farmer Produce Food—For
 You.

Liberty
Drug Store"The Big Store on
the Corner"Cigars
Tobacco
Soda

AND

Supplies for
SoldiersStudio and Restaurant
in connectionNORMAN & STEPHENS
Proprietors.

Your photograph for
 your friends prop-
 erly done is what
 we give you.
 A visit to

THE
Rembrandt
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Will Convince You!

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