

JITNEY JOLTS.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.

Who is the driver that lost his "Tin Lizzie" at Christmas time?

Hartness has taken a violent dislike to ladies' muffs since his recent unpleasant experience. A miss is as good as a mile, Harold.

Grainger looks the other way now when passing ownerless property lying in the roadway. Safety First.

Who is the Reo driver that has a penchant for discovering German Spies in our midst? Sometimes they hide behind bushes.

Our genial friend McLeod is practising for the role of Public Speaker on his return to private life. "Shorty" Seward ably assists him in his morning address.

How did Halliday obtain the decorations to his nasal organ?

Mulligan seems to be bursting with happiness these days, and has a kindly greeting for everyone. Can it be that he has at last found a home away from home?

Cpl. Alker, otherwise our Millionaire Non-Com., was greatly perturbed the other morning when he nearly lost £50 in real money. "Put two men on the door," was his cry to his colleague, Cpl. Lindsay.

Birch wishes us to announce that he is prepared to give instruction in the art of playing the mouth organ for the nominal fee of half a cigarette. Now, then, all you musical stars, here's your opportunity to secure fame.

Who is the man that was ten hours overdue on his last leave, and how did he like doing fatigues after feeding out of the lap of luxury up in "The Smoke?"

Has "Dad" Delorme found out who wrote the anonymous note making an appointment outside the Victoria Hotel, and is it true it cost Dad 1s. 6d. to kill his disappointment at the party in question not showing up?

There's an honest man in the section, Admiral Day ex-Commander of the Famous Vulcan Fleet. May his efforts be suitably rewarded.

Our old friend "Finny," better known as Cpl. Finmark, is back again at Napier. "How to Change Guard" is his hobby now.

Our sympathies go out to Cpl. Malcolm on his recent indisposition. Beauty Spots on the back of the neck are certainly annoying. We bet he will boil when he reads this.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED.

A reward is offered for the recovery of one Ford, alias Jitney. Last seen disappearing around the corner of the B. D. Workshops. A description of the mechanism has been censored. Finder will have to resort to his own imagination. Any parts returned will be appreciated.

Oh where oh where has my little Jit gone,
Oh where oh where can it be,
With its tires blown out, and its engine
the gout,
Oh bring back my Jitney to me,