

TRUCK TALES.

Kicks from Kelly.

We are sorry to see our old friends doing fatigues and drill in the T.D. when we are sure they want to go to War.

We wonder how much longer we will have to run on these roads without being equipped with skid chains?

As we arrive at the top of Military Hill, and view the winding path down to Seabrook, we most invariably start to sing, "There is a Happy Land not far, far away."

Can anyone tell us when we will be equipped with rear lights and rescued from continual trouble with the M.P.'s?

Will someone please suggest a way to keep the Folkestone District Road Cars, better known as "Little Tanks," from travelling exactly in the centre of the road?

On several occasions we have narrowly escaped a collision due to their stopping in this position, without giving any warning signals.

Do they understand the Traffic Regulations?

"Gott strafe No. 43," what is her gear box made of, anyway?

Hythe Shops say, "Gott strafe No. 32." Cheer up! She came halfway up Military Hill under her own power on the night of December 16th. (Canadian History Records please note).

Who put the "ELL" in "KELLY?"

We would like to know the name of the T.D. man who tells his Folkestone friends that he is driving a five-ton Kelly, and expects to be driving a "Tank" in the near future?

We wonder if the instructional classes have been working on his mind?

Is it true that one of our number, who is now driving at Crowborough, still has engine trouble every time he passes a pub during open hours?

What should the punishment be for the fellow who allowed his truck to take part in a Lawn Tennis game a short time ago? (Give him skid chains).

Talk about the Ford running on faith! The other day a Gramme was running without a magneto. Henry's principle may win yet, even if his "Peace Ship" did come on a crooked breeze.

We have been running a little short of good margarine lately for our grease cups. The Cook swears if we need any more he will have to quit frying so much bacon.

We have heard of the chain of responsibility running through the Army. We would like to suggest another chain, possibly not quite so important but nearly so, running from the jack shaft to the rear wheel of the Kelly. The other day a weed chain had the misfortune to catch in one and take a flying trip round the sprocket. Wonderful to say neither the chain nor the sprocket showed the effect. Although the Kelly is a national-born American car, she quickly adapts herself to the British principle of never letting go under the most severe strain.