

Jitney Jolts.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.

Our friend Dudley of Jitney Service Fame, has a hoodoo machine. It only takes a dozen fatigue men to start it in the Park, and a wrecking car to tow it back home again.

We admire Brother Booth's pluck in trying to strafe a Kelly Truck in Folkestone with his side-car outfit, but these "Baby Tanks" take a lot of killing. Better luck next time "Red."

Who was the Ford Driver who swore that someone had let the air out of his tyres every time he pumped them up? Did it not occur to him that a puncture might have been the cause?

Low Gear Charlie still complains at the shortage of low gears, and curses the War vehemently as being the cause of such a state of affairs.

Is it true that "Oh-La-La!" the Hut Orderly, sleeps with all his clothes on?

We wonder how far the Cadillac Joy Riders would have got had they not experienced carburettor trouble at Ashford a few Sundays ago.

Intermediate Willie and High Speed Duggie are out to clean up all Motor Cycle Speed Prizes.

Since the arrival of the Paybooks belonging to the A.W.D. Boys, our section can now claim with just pride as being the wealthiest section hereabouts.

It is rumoured that Uncle Alker was seen down town a few nights ago making arrangements for the purchase of a "Three Balls" Sign.

Kick Starter Joe and Oil Can Sidney have not been seen round the Motor Cycle Park for some time.

Is it true that our journalistic friend generally known as "Mr. Sub-Editor" has become enamoured by the captivat-

ing charm of a certain young Folkestone damsel? If so, we should like to express our heartiest wishes for their future happiness.

In the stillness of a certain Sunday afternoon four of our dippy young drivers commandeered the O.C.'s "Tin Lizzie" which happened to be standing in the Park unattended while the driver was away having dinner.

Without further ado these four joyriders set off for Famous Folkestone and arrived there without mishap or discovery. Three of the occupants alighted and left the remaining one of their number to bring the car back home. On arriving back in camp ill luck dogged his footsteps, for he ran into the Park wall doing considerable damage to poor old Lizzie. Sure enough while he stood viewing the wreckage an officer must appear, who with gentle persuasion extracted the whole story from the victim.

Next morning four despondent joyriders appeared before an unsympathetic O.C. and received due recognition of their valuable services to their Country in the shape of 21 days No. 2. Each now utters to himself those well-known words "Joyriding Nevermore." Yes, that's what they all say.

You sing a little song or two,
And have a little chat,
You make a little candy fudge,
And then you take your hat,
You hold her hand and say good-night,
You kiss her twice, I'll wager,
Now aint that a hell of an evening
For a healthy Sergeant-Major.

I'm sorry for those words I spoke last night, she said,
Dropped her eyes and blushed, then turned away her head,
You sending me those flowers proved that you were right.
Forgive me, and he forgave her,
And as they walked and talked beneath the bowers,
He wondered who in hell had sent the flowers.