

JITNEY JOLTS.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.

Once more our Section has been called upon to furnish men for Overseas, and a few more long-familiar faces are lost to view. It's a cruel world when the fellows who have occupied those warm comfortable cots in Huts 3 and 4, have to transfer their sleeping quarters to the soft side of a pine-board in a tent. Cheer up, fellows, we'll let you make toast occasionally at our fire.

Our hefty friend Stewart was given a JITney to drive the other day, but when Sergt. Cook saw him sitting on the seat and noticed how the springs were sagging, he at once transferred "Fatty" to a Buick. We have to be careful of those dear little Fords!

We wonder how our N.C.O.'s liked the drill they had every afternoon recently? A lot of commands were given that could not be found in the text books, and some of the fellows thought they had two left feet.

Cpl. Malcolm has lost a pair of gauntlets. Watch your pair fellows, as the Corpl. swears he will be sporting another pair very soon!

Those new drivers have some funny notions. The other night Cpl. Lindsay was on Park duty and he had to chase a Vulcan all around the Horse Transport wagons before he could persuade the driver to come up and put his car in the Light Car Park.

Another case we hear of was a Vulcan called for a number of patients down in Folkestone about 4 p.m., and at 9 p.m. the car and patients were still among the missing.

Granny has decided to take an Usher's job in a Picture Palace after the War. Now, then, one at a time, please!

This section received a Xmas Gift in the shape of a new name, and will henceforth be known as No. 1 Section (Light Car) M.T.B.D.

The occupants of Hut 3, Room 1, had a gas attack after "Lights Out" had sounded on Dec. 15th, and were caught without gas helmets. Some late bird put his foot on the main gas pipe and broke the connection, with the result that the gas came hissing out in great volume, and then retired with his clothes on to his lowly couch. Fortunately some of the

light sleepers with a keen sense of smell detected something wrong, and immediately roused the whole room, who strongly objected to being robbed of their well-earned rest. However, after a wild search in the dark for an old sock, the pipe was successfully plugged, and everyone retired to their beds for the night, giving vent to loud applause in the shape of snores for their miraculous escape from being put out of action before reaching the Front.

Sgt. Dallimore is once more back in the fold. Is it true tears were shed when he left Brighton.

Our "Tin Lizzie" Expert, Hartness, has just returned from leave, and informs us that on several occasions he was mistaken for a General by new recruits in London.

On Christmas Day Hut No. 3 occupied by the boys of the Light Car Section was gaily decorated with Holly, Tricolored Streamers, and Flags of the Allied Nations, which lent to the surroundings a true Yuletide atmosphere.

In addition to the regular fare provided by the Authorities, the boys got together and purchased extras, so that the tables were groaning under the heavy load of Christmas Cheer, when everyone sat down, with clean faces and brightly polished buttons, to do ample justice to the sumptuous spread.

Amidst the hum of many voices and bursts of happy laughter, speeches were made—notes compared—and songs sung, which would have gladdened the hearts of loved ones way back in Maple Leaf Land, had they but caught a fleeting glimpse of the merry scene.

Our Irish Terrier Mascot, who answers to the name of "Bull," had enough bones after the feast to occupy his rapt attention for many a day to come, and voted the whole affair a huge success from a canine viewpoint.

Great credit is due to Lieut. F. A. Duchesnay and Sgt. G. Cook, for initiating and organizing the extra arrangements. The year previous, we understand, no such arrangements were made, and the boys then had a gloomy time on the whole. So here's three times three to our ever-popular Officer and Section Sergeant! Long may their reign!