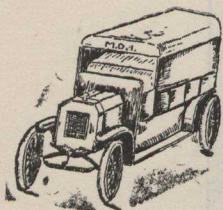


C.A.S.C. News

Jitney Jolts.

Laughs from The Light Car Section.



The old saying, "Joy riding chickens and sporty hens certainly will come to a sad end," applies to three of our noted speed artists, who did not only do considerable damage to a valuable piece of Government property to wit—one ambulance—but also received severe injuries.

Glad Hand Joe, our Cadillac Expert (he of the soft cap) expects shortly to go to the R.F.C., Joey was always a high flyer. What will his Dover "War God-mother" do?

They tell us that "Mulligan" is always in a "Stew."

A boxing bout is shortly to be arranged in the Light Car Office, between one Scotch Comedian and a Trained Kangaroo.

The nocturnal escapades of our Benedicts have been cut down to thrice weekly, at this rate it will take "Red," who recently joined this "Noble Army of Martyrs," the duration to get over his honeymoon.

Our Hut Orderlies ought to apply for permission to be paraded before the Food Controller to have the new Ration saving Laws explained. In the meantime summary explanations will be given by the O/C.

Our new name D.D. very appropriately explained the Jitney Expert, "Dare Devils," or "Duty for Duration."

The following Publications will be put on the market after the great war is over:—

Joy rides and results, by Jitney Harrison.

The Old man pays again, by "The two Warrens."

The Lead, and how to Swing it, with Poems, by Bobby Burns, by One Who Knows.

How I made a Fortnue on the Crown, by Baker.

Many are called but few get up, by Pte. L. Braird.

Oh-La-La is with us again, after his long and expensive vacation.

One of our noted Jitney drivers told the O/I/C Lt. Car Section in answer to his question: What car are you driving? I'm driving the tin lizzie at night, Sir.

Our friend from the Lt. Car Office and his millionaire friend, Jay "Gould," were in a nice mix up recently. Jay had an appointment with two fair damsels from a local Hospital and took his friend along. In the meantime two flashy-looking damsels appeared on the scene.

Our Romeos immediately took charge, but on the appearance of their original appointment, they found themselves in an awful mess. Gee its h— to be popular.

Our Section Stock has fallen since we bade good-bye to the wealthy Cpl. He left us to do "missionary" work at Bramshott.

We are pleased to state that Pte. V. Dobro, L.C. and A. Section, stationed at Ramsgate, is now a proud father. Congrats old Top! from all your M.T. Friends.

Big Slim was rather proud of his spats issued to him by the Q.M. He will be some sport when he gets to the R.F.C.—Swank.

Our Section stock has fallen considerably since we lost the Pawnbroker and the Gambling Gent.