

JITNEY JOLTS.

News from the Light Car Section.

Who is the man that hails from Orangeville, and when was it put on the map?

An enormous quantity of brass polish was used in the Light Car Huts on the evening of Nov. 19th, getting ready for the O.C.'s inspection the morning following. Every trace of a chauffeurs' calling, oil—grease—and dirty faces, was absent when the time came for them to line up.

Who is the Fresh Air Fiend that opened all the windows of Room 2 in Hut 3 one night during the recent cold spell? What will happen to him if he does it again?

Our friend, Hartness, has once more been experimenting. The other afternoon he turned his brain towards starting up a Buick. After tiring out a dozen fatigue men, who did their level best to play a tune on the crank handle, he decided that the old bus would not start without some other kind of help. He then brought into action a Ford. The Yiddisher Packhard he placed beside the Buick, and hitched up the Ford coils through mysterious channels, known only to himself, to the spark plugs of the patient Buick. For some unknown reason the trick wouldn't work. Poor Hartness looked bewildered! However, he abandoned the attempt and unhitched the Ford. The last thing Hartness was seen to do that afternoon was to reverently hang a crepe on the patient Buick's radiator.

We wonder how many drivers have qualified recently for Chelsea?

There are rumours that the Light Car Section is about to start an orchestra.

The other night a distress call came in from somewhere about High Holden that our Cadillac No. 141 had skidded off the beaten path, and was stuck fast in the clinging mud of Kent County. Cadillac No. 142, with Leveille at the wheel, started out with a couple of tow chains, and the full intention of putting the wayward one on the path of virtue once more. Arriving at the scene of the accident somewhere in the late hours of the night, Leveille tried to turn his car on the narrow road, with the result that he, too, managed to mire his car. There lay the two cars all the night long within fifty feet of one another. It was a chilly night, and the drivers were undoubtedly thinking of their nice, warm cots in Hut 3, which were vacant that night. About 11 o'clock the next morning a heavy truck from the B.D. came up and assisted the wayward ones to solid ground again. Cpl. Lindsay started for the scene of the double mishap, but feeling hungry on the road, he tarried in Ashford for dinner, and arrived at the mudhole only to view the ploughed-up mire left by the Cadillacs.

Sgt. Smith has just returned from a week-end pass to London. On being questioned as to his trip he very firmly stated that he had sworn off Booze, Smokes, and the Janes. We will have to make a trip to London ourselves to find out why these fellows swear off everything on their return.

Our Big Game Hunter Fisher had a fine bag a few nights ago. With the aid of a candle he strafed twenty grey-backed seam squirrels.

No matter how much they feed us we shall always be M.T. Get it?