

YAPS FROM YARROW

In the Mess Sergt.-Major Cattermole has been used to playing a major part, but it is rumoured that since the tenth of July he has learned to realize that there is also a minor key.

Is it true that Sergt. Baker is placing his match savings in the Isle of Thanet Tramways with a view to qualifying as a Director? The interest he is taking in the "Staff" does not necessarily imply that he is looking for military promotion.

Sing a song of Smithy,
A bunch of worn out woe.
Baker's chum,
Keep it mum,
Baker told me so.

Baker says, "He's matchless"
Now he knows him well.
Smithy, cursed
By "Safety first"
This story sure can tell.

Trying to "lighten" Baker's path
(And Baker sure no catch is)
Baker soaked,
Smith revoked.
Now Smithy, Baker's match is.

"En Reponse"

"Why does the Orderly Room S.-Sergt. at the Yarrow worry so much about his typewriter?"

This looks like a Grand misapprehension. (Note. S.M.T.
"When you have a good thing in mind, don't sow it broadcast before publication.)

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A famous surgeon was recently lecturing to his class on the extraordinary wounds that are caused by bullets. By way of illustration he held up a skull, in the centre of the forehead of which was a bullet hole.

"Now it is a fact, gentlemen," he said, "that the bullet entered through that hole, travelled right round the inside of the skull, and came out at the same hole. It seems very extraordinary, but it is perfectly true. Now does any student wish to ask a question on the subject?"

Then the prize ass rose to his feet. "If you please, sir," said he, "can you guarantee that the bullet only went round once?"