

Yaps From Yarrow

Private Wolston is now recognised as the silver-tongued orator of Ward 7.

Wanted a carpenter to shingle the cow that supplies the milk to the Yarrow.

Is it really necessary for Sergt. Reid to be always inspecting the paint work at the far end of the lower floor of the west wing?

At an overflow meeting of Yarrow patients it was unanimously agreed that Trombone Smith is nearly as funny on the stage as off.

There is a curious superstition prevalent at the Yarrow that the war will end just as soon as the dining-room clock begins to go.

Who is the dingbat who told the R.P. that he would never be really good looking until a tank had passed over his face?

Pte. Renyard loafes all day,
And has an awful lot to say.
The R.S.M. he went to see,
He knows why, and so do we.
Broadstairs is too hot for him.
Good-bye Renny—Poor old Slim.

Some people are peculiarly persistent in geographical errors. We know one man who still declares that Tottenham Court Road is in Ireland.

Who is the Corp., who, on hearing the bombardment on Sunday night, snuggled down into his blankets muttering—"Go to it, Jack, we depend on you"?

Who is the French Canadian who threatened to "clink" a fellow-private because the latter was anxious about his mail? Shouldn't he read K. R. & O.? Marchant mon camerade!

Ah, Captain Withrow, it makes us reminiscently tearful to think how many times in the dull gray dawn we have vowed "Never no more," only to change our vows in the cool of the evening to "Ever, yes, always."

The Yarrowian Vaudeville Party are certainly putting on good shows these Wednesday nights. We are particularly pleased to chronicle the fact that more and more Blues (and many Ramsgate ones at that) are dropping in to join in the merriment.