

## Yaps From Yarrow

Who was the Sergeant who wanted to take a blind patient to the picture show on Monday?

Who was the individual wearing the King's uniform who left the concert last Wednesday during the singing of the National Anthem?

Was it Corporal Crosbie who, when surrounded on Monday by a bunch of snowballing girls exclaimed eagerly, "I shall slap you all if you don't throw another?"

Sergeant Baker rides on the car  
All day long yet doesn't go far,  
Of course the attraction's a lady friend—  
Is she on the car, or at t'other end?

There was once a Corporal called Lacey  
Who remarked "I just love to look racy,"  
But he lost all his vim  
When they put him on gym.,  
And got tired and sloppy and lazy.

The conditions in the trenches were dreary in the extreme after the drenching and continued rainfall, but the irrepressible spirits of the "Pats" were not yet entirely quenched when the order came to leave.

"Hurry up out of this, my gallant soldiers," was the cheery call of the Captain to his waist-deep and rain-sodden men.

"Soldier!" came the derisive answer from one of them. "I'm not a soldier; I'm a blooming bulrush!"

Private Gibbons to Chatham goes,  
And when he comes back he tells his woes—  
How he had to do this and had to do that,  
And turn cart-wheels upon the mat;  
But he swears in his rage as he doffs his clothes  
"I'll never stoop down and bite my toes!"

There once was a private named Millier,  
Whose language grew sillier and sillier,  
So they put him to bed  
With block ice to his head—  
Till his temperature grew chillier and chillier.

## A MUCH APPRECIATED GIFT

We acknowledge, with thanks, the gift of an invalid wheel-chair from Mrs. B. Parry, The Bungalow, Stone Gap, Broadstairs. Apart from the solid value of such gifts, the knowledge that our neighbours are taking such a kindly interest in their welfare helps not a little to cheer our patients' convalescence.