

Yaps From Yarrow

Is Jack Savage still feeling as brave as he did on the morning of the heavy gun fire?

Private Scott says that having now mastered the rudiments of chess he can beat Pte. Walsh without Jane's assistance.

Some men blush when they don the Kilt
And are nervous of drafts and cracks
But Private Finch turns the color of a beet
When he has to appear in slacks.

Who was the man who, on hearing a door slam heavily, rushed down the corridor shouting: "It's an air raid"?

We wonder if he has been to France.

Who was the patient "in Blues" who took another patients Khaki while the unfortunate owner was having a bath?

As they passed-bye they gave the glad-eye
(The night it was dark it was true)
Then they utter'd a cry and died with a sigh
For the girl was only a "Blue".

The Boys from Wards 1, 2 and 3 are anxious that their little tea party should be duly acclaimed. Sisters Birkett and Frier were the hostesses at this delightful little affair which convened in Ward 1. It followed that held in Ward 6 only in point of time, but as to excellence the boys from the two wings of the hospital are still in argument.

There once was a Private named Cram
Who for meat didn't give a small damn
But his chums all fell dead
When they saw him eat bread
His own, and *their* butter and jam.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

We acknowledge with many thanks the gift of Mrs. B. Parry, The Bungalow, Stone Gap, Broadstairs who has kindly augmented her recent gift of an invalid chair to the Yarrow by one of a verandah lounge with mattresses and footrest complete. Also that of Sir Alfred Yarrow, who has most thoughtfully presented a bath chair and a special chair for patients' use at the same Annex

We take much pleasure in thanking the well-known author, Mr. J. B. Harris-Burland, for the gift of several of his works. Rattling good stories such as these are always at a premium in the wards.