

YAPS FROM YARROW

Canadian version of a great song : Gee I'm longing for my ain folk.

Pte. J— says When he looks at Sgt. Travers he can see 'it' coming.

Did Cpl. Doak succeed in peddling all the rubbish he dug out of Smith's cupboard ?

Pte. Larbey, the great war economist, "How many peas did you say for each man, Sir ? "

Pte. Selkirk says there was not a bit of jam on his nose. (No, of course not, it was only a "rumour.")

New game at the Yarrow. From the Clink to the Police ; then from the Police to the Clink, to be continued for the duration.

Three Broadstairs ladies write asking why the West Promenade Romeo, Trombone Smith has transferred his affections to Rams-gate ?

Oh, it's nice to lie in the trenches
Waiting to "charge" at dawn
To make a dash o'er "no man's land"
Wishing you'd ne'er been born
And when the shells are flying
And the bullets whiz by your head
Oh, it's grand to be in the army
But it's safer to be in bed

Who is the black faced patient police corporal who was going to clean up the guy with no feet, for stealing his girl in the clock tower ?

Pte. Carter says it does him good to see Lowry work ; and Pte. Lowry says he is tickled to death to know that Carter has some bed-patients,

Who are the two French patients who spend their mornings in the Yarrow grounds catching worms and beetles to feed Scottie and White-eye ?

Pte Peat, (1st sitting, patients' mess,) "Well, Covey, what did you have for dinner today ?"

Pte. C., (2nd sitting, do.) "Oh we had nothing."

Pte. P. "Well, I'll be —! that's what we had too."