

Yaps From Yarrow

Is it true that the fellow who bought the watch from Private A. Cox has been late on every parade since?

There once was a R.P. named Laurey,
Who said—"I'm awfully sorry
To run in a Blue,
With his pass overdue;
He must hurry up kissing his Florrie."

Who was the N.C.O. who got leave the other day, as he was expecting the first addition to his little family, and said he was going to call the little stranger "Kitchener Hughes," but arrived to find he was the father of girl twins?

There once was a private named Gay,
Who said in his own cheery way,
"I'm going back west
To have a long rest,
Playing patience all night and all day."

Who is the private in Ward 9 who every night murmurs a girl's name in his sleep, and who when spoken to by an N.C.O. on Wednesday, unthinkingly replied, "Yes, darling," and retired blushing?

There once was a major named Russell,
Who never got into a bustle.
He remarked, "Just keep cool,
You may think me a fool,
But wait till I've tested that muscle."

What was the matter with the patient who on Tuesday, when his blue band came off near a well-known hotel, hurriedly sewed it on again, but round his leg instead of his arm?

There once was a young C.M.R.,
Who remarked, "While I never go far
Without Stetson and swagger,
Gilt spurs and a dagger,
Yet they won't let me into a bar."

We would like to know the name of the Scotsman who lately took a couple of newly arrived chums down to the Y.M.C.A., and stepping up to the counter asked for one soft boiled egg and three spoons. Does he belong to the Ward 3 or the staff?

From a letter from the front received by a Yarrow Blue:—

You'd like to know where we are? Well, we're not allowed to say where we are, but I may say that we are not where we were, but where we were before we left here, to go to where we have just come from.