

Yaps From Yarrow

Anyway, do these two policemen think every house in Broadstairs is a free lunch counter? And, worse still, after having eaten two dinners at separate residences, to complain that the third meal the same evening was not up to the mark! And the owners not at home either! Dear, dear, this is a terrible war.

There once was a tall N.C.O.
Who on pay day must down the town go.
He came back all right,
But in terrible plight,
All covered with mud and with snow.

At 9-45 last Thursday morning, a heavy booming smote the ear and immediately, as one man, all the patients in the Yarrow recreation room dove beneath the tables. One "amp," case is said to have broken his artificial leg trying to curl himself up under a chair. The tension was not relieved until the S.-M. came down with the assurance that they were merely moving some beds in the ward overhead. Even then it was fully an hour before some old veterans would venture out.

Heard as the ambulance left for Ramsgate last Thursday: "Now then, Pte. Board, you get aboard to get a board at Granville."

Who are the two boys from Ward 5 who won leather medals at the home of two charming girls on Wednesday, by their wonderful prowess at consuming fried sprats?

A certain Scotch Corporal was standing outside the Albion tobacco shop the other afternoon, gazing fondly with one eye at the beautiful display of smokes in the window, while the other optic strayed towards a fair girl who loitered nereby. After a slight hesitation she approached him and glancing up, murmured coyly, "What cigarettes do you like best?" Mac's heart leapt within him. "Scot's Grey's" he replied, his voice tremulous with Scotch emotion. "Isn't that funny" said the fair one, "my boy smokes 'Grey's' too. Good afternoon"

He sleeps in Ward 6, and is as Welsh as they make them. With his Canuck friend he stood looking at a portrait of Lloyd George in a Broadstairs window. Religious fervour shone in his Celtic eye. Provoked by his friend's seeming indifference, he broke out, "That's Lloyd George." "Wa-al," drawled his friend, "He aint the Almighty." "Ah no," replied Taffy, "but he's young yet."

Certainly it was an extremely windy afternoon but still we should like to know what it was made the lady turn round to look at our kilted Registrar at the very moment that our Scotty turned to rubber at the lady? Of course the North Foreland parade is very exposed, but still—.