

Henry (Pappy) Strickland Yates Notes (Poem & Song)

A Poem of Hope

For one day we do know the Allies will win
And we'll rejoin our loved ones forever.

"A Plate of Rice" (by Lt. E.)

For I'm only a boy with a plate of rice on greens
Weak as piss I survive
I roll all my fags out of old cement bags
Much pleasure from these I derive
I go down the road with a pick or a spade
Always dropping and weak in the knees
I look out for root Or any such loot
And mangos I knock off the trees
When the day's work is done
We get in from the sun
Like gannets we yaffle our scam
And we talk and we shout Of things we know all about
I'm a boy with a plate of rice

