

Yaps From Yarrow

We hear a lot of Whelan, these days, from Ward 1, over an iron boot.

How would the loose-ankled clog dancers in ward 9 like to stomp up for the broken gas-mantles in the ward beneath?

Wanted to know the name of the swift Day Orderly who turns in at 10 a.m. on some patient's bed and sleeps until the dinner bell wakes him up.

Patient in Ward 4, wishing to say farewell to a chum who is going back to Canada in the morning: "Be sure to wake me up old man whether I'm asleep or not."

The best reading for young ladies: Daily Mirror.
" " " " old maids: Daily Mail.
" " " " everybody: The Hospital News.

It is really extraordinary how some patients and members of the staff fill in their spare time. "Trombone" Smith has been busy during the last two months on a treatise dealing in a most scientific manner with the difference between tapioca and rice.

They heard some most melodious sound
Afloating on the breeze;
Said they, "Whence come those weird strains,
What eerie notes are these?"
Then Cattermole that S.M. bold
Stepped in and this is what he told:—
"It's only Captain With(e)row
A-playing on his piccolo."

It is rumoured that, reversing their previous practice, the authorities have decided in future to send all fit men back to Canada, the unfit returning to France. Since the news became current at Yarrow, many formerly confirmed cripples have cast their crutches aside and begun taking long hikes and jumping hurdles.

A rather unhappy mistake took place in the X-Ray Department at the Granville on Wednesday. A certain 44th Battalion Corporal from Yarrow was sent to have his left foot X-rayed. By some error his head was put under the searchlight instead and the following report duly sent up to the M.O.: "Find loose bones in the region of his cranium, also a substance in the form of sawdust thickly scattered throughout his brain."