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**ARMY**  
**NURSE CORPS**  
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**N E W S**

BY MISS MARY LaSELL

**PICNIC DAY**

Picnics are quite in vogue now at the nurses home. Especially those enjoyed by the equestrians. There are all sorts and kinds of conveyances to the picnic grounds which really make the poor little Fords look lonely. The buckboard reminds one of the pioneer days when our grandmothers traveled by means of such non-shock-absorbing carriages. As Miss Schermerhorn will tell you the experience was worth while, but Wenke says to watch your step when alighting or otherwise you may take a sudden dive into the grass. Never mind Wenke we all know that you have not fully recovered from the last fall.

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Miss Penderon is most anxious to know how to concoct an oyster cocktail. Will some one kindly give the desired information.

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We really think that it would be wise to insist that Miss Condon always wear some sort of identification disk as she seems to have the faculty of getting lost and getting into the wrong places. Glad that the horse knew the way home.

**LATEST WAR NEWS**

The nurses' cavalry made a daring raid on a small farm house about four miles from their headquarters early this morning. The charge was very successful as the troop captured the poor farmer's breakfast which consisted of ham and eggs, hominy, hot biscuits, and very good coffee. The nurse cavalry commander was decorated with a medal of honor.

The nurses all agree that the government should at once supply mantle pieces for the comfort of amateur equestrians.

**ANOTHER ARRIVES.**

Miss Sally Ottoman, Reserve Nurse, Army Nurse Corps, from Albany, N. Y., reported for duty this week.

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An invitation is out for a dance given to the nurses by the officers of the Casual Camp on Friday night. We know we will have a delightful evening. They are splendid entertainers.

**ENJOYABLE DANCE.**

The impromptu dance given at the nurses home on Tuesday proved to be quite a brilliant affair. We were glad to see so many of the officers from camp. Music was furnished by the Motor Mechanics stringed orchestra.

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The problem is at last solved. We now know who it is that Capt. X— from the Officers Ward is most interested in. Up to the present date it has been a mathematical problem, but the Dietitian can now give us the answer.

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Miss Cairns, Miss Landon and Miss Damont left this week for a ten days leave of absence.

**MID COTTON BLOOM**



TRULY DIXIE.

Four of the nurses ambled out into one of the large cotton fields, which surrounds the hospital, soon after their arrival at Camp Greene last fall. These women, who thought that they were soon to start across seas are still at the base hospital and have proven a valuable part of the organization during the winter.

The nurses in the picture above are: Misses Shaffer, Fuller, Lepalla and Schermerhorn.

**DO YOU KNOW?**

“When can a man find a cap for his knee;  
 Or a key for a lock of his hair;  
 Can his eyes be called an academy;  
 Because there are pupils there;  
 In the crown of his head, what gems are found;  
 Who travels the bridge of his nose,  
 Can he use, when shingling, the roof of his mouth;  
 The nails in the end of his toes;  
 Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail;  
 And, if so, what did he do;  
 How does he sharpen his shoulder blades;  
 I'll be hanged if I know, do you?”

Seen in Liberty Park by Miss “H” and Miss “D”:

Captain Blank on a slim “scruggly” hobby-horse, light green in color and Captain Blank on a fat “strong” one, bright red in color. When we saw them they were moving at a rather reckless pace. We hope they did not fall off.

Leutenant “D,” after a fierce combat with Miss “D” and her usual line of southern banter: “Look here, how am I going to take this stuff, anyway? Miss “D”: “Well diluted with ten grains of salt.”

**HOSTESS HOUSE OPENED.**

The hostess house is now opened for the soldiers' use. It is hoped that all men who have their relatives or near friends to visit them at the camp will make use of the new entertainment center which is located in the beautiful oak grove on the Tuckaseege road, near the present aviation headquarters.

**TO A RED CROSS NURSE.**

I was never strong for fighting,  
 It didn't appeal to me;  
 So when I wasn't drafted  
 I said, “I'm glad I'm free.”  
 But since I saw your picture  
 In the paper yesterday,  
 I've changed my mind completely.  
 I want to join the fray!  
 If you were by my bedside,  
 Getting shot wouldn't be so worse—  
 If I up and join the Army  
 Will you be my Red Cross nurse?  
 —Cornell Widow.