

MIGHTY BUSY

BUT STILL HAVE TIME TO MAKE UP HYMNS OF HATE.

"Hep! Hep! One, Two, Three. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~
The nurses' section of Base Hospital No. 54 is a busy organization from morning until night. The women are drilling in all their spare hours.

Miss Alice D. Agnew is captain of the company. Miss Houston is first lieutenant; Miss Condon is second lieutenant, and Miss Cairus is "top sergeant."

Yet the loyal legion of nurses find time to make up marching songs and war college yells when they are not making right turns. A few of their battle songs and their favored, "Rah, rah," follows:

THEY GO WILD OVER ME.

There's a number that we all adore
If you listen you'll hear it o'er and o'er:
You can bet with all your might
We will help our dear boys fight
The Army, the Navy, the Airmen and Marines
There is one flag that we all adore
It is now being waved from shore to shore,
And to her colors we'll be true
To the Red, the White, the Blue
We're Fifty-four, Fifty-four, Fifty-four.

There's a country that we all adore,
And each day learn to love her more and more;
It's the good old U. S. A.
And we know that every day
Brings nearer the time when we're sailing far away
For the boys we will all do our best;
And we'll leave it to them to do the rest;
But when our duties there are done,
And this wide, world-war is won,
We'll come back Fifty-four, Fifty-four.

ANOTHER BATTLE CHANT

Our eyes have seen a vision of a safe and lasting peace,
When Democracy will triumph and this war forever cease;
So we joined the ranks of service and are bound for overseas,
And Fifty-four goes on.

Oh, the North, the South, the East, the West have joined this company;
We are loyal, we are eager and we're glad as we can be
That we work beside our brothers for the cause of liberty
And Fifty-four goes on.

With the Allies we will battle for the cause of Truth and Right
And make Kaiserism perish when the world regains its sight,
That the cause of justice sways supreme in a God-given light,
So Fifty-Four goes on.

SCOLLEDGE.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Who are we? We are a unit of the A. N. C.
Are we in it? You bet we are,
Fifty-four, Fifty-four.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

One, Two, Three, Four,
Who are we for?
Fifty-four, Fifty-four.
Rah! Rah! Rah!

NEW SHELTER.

The suns burning rays can no longer play havoc with the incinerator men. Corporal Sullivan has been busy the past week putting up a shelter for those who are assigned to this duay. The shelter is made of canvass and is 12 feet square and eight feet high. It is portable and can be moved from place to place as the men desire. On the sides of the canvass are six hooks two feet apart which can be hooked over a wire. Those who have to clean the cane will appreciate this shelter when they remember those hot days less than a week ago, when it was almost impossible to do their work because of the heat.

Pvt 1st Class Bisset has been transferred from ward B-3 to D-5 as ward master

DADDY'S "OVER THERE"

Nellie Jane Roberts was born on last Saturday. Her mother has been a patient in the obstetric ward for several weeks. Her father, William Neff Roberts, a member of Company I, 9th Infantry, has been in France since last May. The daughter and mother are doing well.

ALMOST GOOD.

Tuesday afternoon we were afflicted with another of those diseases popularly known as fire drills. The boys turned out in fine style and had a stream of water on the scene of the supposed blaze, the receiving ward, in six minutes. This splendid effort brought forth the comment from Fire Marshal Lt. Harvey that the boys were almost good.

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