

GET WASHBOARDS

IS ADVICE TO NURSES WHO GO OVER.

My Dear Miss Parish:

I am sure you will be interested in hearing of the "trials and tribulations" of your 31 nurses who are now in Base Hospital No. 61. We are thirty now as you probably know that Miss Fields was called to Camp Merritt a few days before we sailed, or rather, we are 29, for poor Miss Smith contracted the Spanish Flu (as we call it over here) and was taken to a hospital in New York an hour before we left for the boat; we are all hoping that she will join us here.

We certainly had a busy two and a half weeks in New York getting our equipment. Every day there was some place to go to get something and as you know it is always and forever alphabetical order in the Army and it is no fun to have been born a "W." While in New York I was kept extra busy helping our Chief Nurse with the paper work. The amount of paper work connected with taking 100 nurses overseas is unbelievable and I was sincerely glad that my knowledge of type-writing made me of service to her.

Right here I would like to suggest that if you ever send any more nurses out to tell them by all means to purchase a small washboard, a fair sized basin, a few towels, all the warm underwear possible and a small flat pillow is an article they will learn to worship. I carried mine in my suit case and I would certainly have died without it because traveling in France is quite different from travelling in the good old U. S. A. You may smile at my suggestions but I don't believe there are 10 washboards among our 100 nurses. If I told you that our laundry is not yet in running order, that we are on duty at least 12 hours a day, sometimes longer, that warm water is at a premium, and that it rains all of the time in France you may appreciate my suggestion. There are just loads and loads of other things too numerous to mention that I wish I had included in my outfit.

Our trip over was an awful nightmare, so many sick nurses and hundreds of the troops ill of the dreadful influenza. We, who were lucky enough to escape it, and I am thankful I was one, worked awfully hard on the boat with not a thing to do with. Oh, it was pitiful, but I can not tell you about it—rules must be obeyed.

After we left we were placed at Base 65 for a week and truly I fear to shock you if I tell you some of the things we had to do; I'll tell just one thing and leave the rest to your imagination. I went on night duty one night after working all day, went into a ward of 48 patients—all pneumonia and influenza; the first morning no faces were washed—the second, I was near crying with joy over a pail of hot water, one pan, a small piece of gauze and one sheet. In Camp Greene, I would have blushed to say that I used the same little piece of gauze and one

sheet to wash 32 faces and hands, but in France I did it cheerfully and every boy among them thanked me.

But thank fortune we are better off at our Base and has a lot to do with in comparison, and I truly believe the experience was good for us, for we certainly appreciate this place. We have very little influenza here—mostly our wards are surgical and such cases as no one in the United States ever dreamed of. These boys are from the Front and when they get well a great many of them will go back again, and such wonderful spirit and cheerfulness as they show! Never a murmur or a whisper when those horrible dressings are done. Can you imagine three nurses in a ward of 98 patients, with at least 45 of them getting Dakin irrigation every two hours, and so many dressings to do that it takes us usually two days to get around? And time off? Why it is an unknown quantity—and with all that I don't believe there is a nurse among us who is sorry she came.

I have told you more of the professional part of our lives because that I know would interest you. If I had time I'd love to tell you of the quaintness of France—it is really a beautiful country. We saw a lot in our two days trip to our "home." The fields are so beautifully kept, the foliage just turning red and yellow. The farms of the peasants were usually prosperous looking. I mean there were always large gardens and a great many had finely kept stock. The people themselves are a study; wooden shoes and lace caps and red cheeks; the children particularly and usually dirty. But always they were smiling and waving to us and at one place we stopped and a little girl brought two rosebuds which she gave to Miss Soper in our compartment and to another nurse in another car. It was all very interesting in the day time, but the nights we slept sitting up with our head on our neighbor's shoulder, so rest assured when we reached here at 10 p. m., found a hot supper and a real bed with two sheets waiting for us we were the happiest girls in the universe.

Well, I must draw this to a close, leave room for the censor's signature, but first I want to wish everybody at Camp Greene the best of health and happiness and send them the love and regards of the 29 nurses of 61.

Ever yours in the work.

NELLIE M. WOOD,

A. N. C., Base Hospital, No. 61.
American Ex. Forces.

GET FURLOUGHS.

Some of the men fortunate enough to secure the coveted slip granting a leave of absence for a period of ten days and who left for home during the past week were: Nicholas Henley, Wallace Judd, Fleetwood Woolfrey, Edgar Smith, Albert Sullivan, Carl Liljeblad, Arthur Shiere, Henry Anderson, Henry LeClaire, Charles Goddard, Herbert Mills, Maurice Knight, John Hoffman, Charles Westgate, Howard Mays, Roger Downey, Edward Dingley, Jack Doyle, George Zecha and William Doherety.

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