



ARMY



NURSE CORPS NEWS

CONDUCTED BY MISS ELIZABETH P. UZELMEIER

MARRIES OFFICER

NURSE WEDDED TO CAMP GREENE LIEUTENANT.

Miss Elizabeth Crutchfield, nurse at the U. S. Army Base Hospital, Camp Greene, became the wife of Lieutenant G. M. Bolton, commanding the first company of the First Development Battalion, Camp Greene, on November 3rd, and base hospital folks have just found it out.

Mrs. Bolton left the hospital last week and her husband is also on leave. Lieutenant Bolton lives in New York, where the couple will make their permanent home.

The former Miss Crutchfield is from East Durham, N. C. She came to the Camp Greene hospital on Sept. 13th, from Camp Sevier, where she had been on nursing duty for several months.

HAD PARTY.

The night nurses gave "Judy Anne" a very pleasant surprise Tuesday evening on the occasion of her birthday. Miss Cuseck, the night supervisor surpassed as a table decorator, the color scheme used being one of red and white. Of course there were place cards, plenty of goodies to eat, etc., and a lovely birthday cake with sixteen candles which Miss Briggs had made. Miss Kleefe presented Miss Mannix with a very nice photo album on behalf of the night nurses containing a fine collection of Camp Greene snap-shots. All in all it was a most delightful party and the guests of the occasion hope that Miss Mannix will have many of them.

MIGHT BE SO.

They were having a class in bandaging, spiral reverse of the arm, at which there were sixteen designated to serve as patients and seventeen who were to practise this particular bandage. Then came the question from the one who had no subject as to what she should do in the meantime and lo! she received this answer: "Perhaps if you look, you may find someone with two arms."

RETURN HOME.

The following students nurses withdrew from Army School of Nursing and returned to their homes November 30, 1918:

Miss Patty Kuion, Miss Anna E. Norton, and Miss Mary Smith.

FRAZZLES



ON HIS ROUNDS.

Everybody knows "Frazzles."

He was spared an untimely end in the camp pound two months ago when Miss Susan G. Parish, chief nurse at the base hospital, allowed her desire for a french poodle to be known and he has made himself a "character" about the hospital by making the daily rounds of the wards with Miss Parish, as she performs her regular work.

Frazzles is white as drifted snow nine o'clock in the evening, when Miss Parish has finished his daily bath but he bears the appearance of a neglected snow bank in Pittsburg about four o'clock in the afternoon and after scurrying about the hospital grounds during the day.

The Rev. E. R. Welch who has been actively engaged in Y. M. C. A. work for the past five months at Camp Greene, has been appointed pastor of the Methodist church at Wadesboro, N. C. This appointment was received at the recent Methodist Conference held in this city.

Mr. Welch was stationed at the Base Hospital Y for three months and from there was transferred to Y 104. His many friends regret his departure to his new field of work and wish him great success.

TWENTY REPORT.

Reported for duty as Student Nurses with Army School of Nursing, the Misses Catherine J. Mason, from Danville, Pa.; Eileen Stewart, from Elgin, Ill.; Ruth Grimes from Derby, Iowa; Frances Henderson, from Randall, Iowa; Gwen Andrew from Jefferson, Iowa; Katherin Rowell, from Detroit, Mich.; Sarah A. Hall, from Detroit, Mich.; Ruby Hickok from White-water, Wis.; Susan Arnette, from Fairmont, W. Va.; Loretta Venderslice from Bloomsburg, Pa.; Martha J. Pittenger from Tiffin, Ohio; Kathleen Guilfoyle from South Bend, Ind.; Mary Kester, from Plainwell, Mich.; Olga Hovre, from Colfax, Wis.; Tressie J. Seybold, from Cleveland, Ohio; Viola Busey, from Waterloo, Iowa; Evelyn A. Merrill, from Hamilton, Ohio; Avis Dewell, from Millington, Mich.; Anna Hess, from Philadelphia, Pa.; Georgia Scott, from Darlington, Md.

WHEN SOMEONE CARES.

When you meet some disappointment,
And yer feelin' kind of blue;
When yer plans have all got side-tracked,

Or some friend has proved untrue;
When yer toiling, praying, struggling,
At the bottom, up the stairs
It's like a panacea—
Just to know that someone cares.

It will send a thrill of rapture
Through the framework of the heart;

It will stir the inner bein'
Till the tear drops want to start;
For this life is worth the livin',
When someone your sorrow shares,
Life is truly worth the livin'
When you know that someone cares.

Oh, this world is not all sunshine—
Many days dark clouds disclose;
There's a cross for every joy-bell,
And a thorn for every rose;
But the cross is not so grievous,
Nor the thorn the rosebud wears,
And the clouds have silver linings—
When someone really cares.

Sgt. A. G. Peterson.

Explained.

Civilian—"How did you get that wound stripe?"

Private—"Me heart broke when we didn't march to Berlin."—New York Sun.