



ARMY



NURSE CORPUS  
NEWS

CONDUCTED BY MISS ELIZABETH P. UZELMEIER

LIKED THINGS HERE.

Letters from the girls who have recently been transferred from here to other hospitals are filled with enthusiasm for the work and life at Camp Greene, which they with deep regret had to leave. Most of all they miss our cheery dining room and well-cooked meals and the general atmosphere of "home" which pervades our quarters. The lack of recreational facilities such as have been provided here has also been keenly felt. We who have been fortunate enough to remain greatly appreciate the sentiment which has been expressed, for the day will come when to us, also, our work and stay here will be but a pleasant memory.

DISCHARGED.

Illness in her immediate family has caused Miss Ruth Grimes of Derby, Iowa, to return to her home. She will not return to continue her course as a student nurse.

SUCCESSFUL OPERATION.

Miss Sarah Hall of Brookline, Mass., student nurse, was operated upon on Wednesday afternoon. The operation was very successful, and Miss Hall is improving rapidly.

HER ORDERS.

(By Lieut. J. H. Crampton, Fourth Eng. Tn. Regt., Camp A. A. Humphreys, Va., in Judge.)

A very homesick darkey trooper, returning from the fighting in France, looked up, hat in hand, as the transport passed the Statue of Liberty and murmured:

"Well, lady, if you ever wants to see dis here nigger again you gotta 'about face.'"

MISS HER NOW.

The nurses in the "A" street quarters face a bleak breakfastless future. No more at 6 a. m. will we hear the cheery call, "Time to get up, girls! —Pete!" It is with sincere regret we lose our faithful bugler, Miss Schimmelman, who returned to civilian life this week.

Mrs. Cressman is visiting her daughter, Katherine Cressman, one of the student nurses.

THE PROB

They say that she was greener than a gourd  
And that she couldn't make a pot of tea;  
A broom and she were strangers at the start  
And making beds to her a mystery.  
When things began to happen thick and fast  
And some of them would try the nerve of Job;  
They have sung of many heroes in the past  
But none stand out more bravely than the Prob.

You can bet that she has nerve, and grit and sand  
You can bet that she is everything that's fine;  
She's the sister of the Man who volunteered  
And stepped out with the others into  
We have written rhymes about the gay Poillu,  
Who wades around in mud up to his knees;

And of the Tommy and the Yankee too,  
Who are now the food for cooties and the fleas,  
She used to be her mamma's darling child,  
Her father owned a railroad line or two.

But now she's giving colored men a bath,  
And sticking by the guns and fighting "Flu."

She has blisters on her hands and feet and knees.  
She has aches along her spine and in her chest;  
But she's bringing to the racked-with-pain surcease—  
And it's not her Bit she's giving but her Best.

They say she studied voice in Berlin.  
Her maid, they say, she found in Paris, France,  
And in a social way, she's strictly "in,"

And was a perfect belle at every dance.  
But now she's straining every joint and nerve  
She's cast aside the winning wiles of Corie,  
line.

ATTENDS CONFERENCE.

Miss Susan G. Parish, chief nurse, received orders to proceed to Washington, D. C., for the purpose of attending a conference on business of the medical department, held January 14. She returned Wednesday evening.

TO THOSE WHO WOULD GO BACK.

You who are weary with staying away,  
Since the work seems useless and day by day  
The hours chafe by in the old routine  
With never a glamour left nor sheen,  
Nor even a thrill in the space for play—  
You who are weary with staying away—  
Remember the will whose words are dumb,  
Remember the faith that made you come,  
You had a vision; hold to it now;  
Steady the nerve; for always—somehow—  
Out of the grime a glory may rise  
Richer and clearer and nearer the skies;  
And out of the toil that is sickening you  
May issue a spirit selfless and true.

CALLED HOME.

Miss Pauline Doherty, student nurse, was suddenly called to her home in Flint, Mich., on account of the illness of her sister, leaving this hospital January 13. She does not expect to return.

Miss Emma Schimmelman, R. N., A. N. C., left for her home in Evansville, Ind., January 15, having received her discharge orders.

In every lowly job she's putting nerve  
To win the splendid title—Army Nurse.

You can bet that she has nerve and grit and sand.  
You can bet that she is everything that's fine.  
She's the sister of the Man who volunteered  
And stepped out with the others into line.  
in The Camouflage.  
Lieut. Dorsey.