CAMP DEVENS, MASSACHUSETTS

BY JANE G. MOLLOY

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands establish thou it. Psalm XC:17.

Camp Devens is named after General Devens, of Civil War fame. It is in the 76th Division; up to the present instant it has adopted no nickname. Its development is a feat of engineering. Within three months a densely wooded stretch of country was changed into a modern city.

The camp is spread over 10,000 acres; twenty miles of road were laid; four hundred miles of electric wiring were done; and sixty miles of heating pipes connected, all in less time than is ordinarily taken to build our municipal buildings.

Figures will not give an idea of the camp as a whole; neither, as far as I know, will anything else. It is a little world that one must see for herself. The hospital itself is a little town. Its corridors measure three and one-half miles. They are enclosed, and each is named or numbered as are streets in a well-laid-out town. The wards are numbered just as are houses in a city block. These wards are well lighted, well ventilated, well heated and well filled.

The nurses' quarters might be described in the same words. We, the nurses, received much unmerited sympathy during the winter. In the hospital and quarters the mercury never fell below 65 degrees, F., although in the open it fell as low as 35 degrees below zero. Friends who came to sympathize, went away envying us.

Our quarters are very comfortable, considering that we are at war. It is true, we are crowded, but we have a delightful living room; a good piano; a cheerful tea table, well supplied with everything needed; a goodly supply of reading matter, calculated to satisfy a wide range of fancy; and, take it all in all, it would be hard to find just cause for complaint.

Military life, especially in a training camp, is so different from the everyday life of a civilian, that there is no ground for comparison. Even the language is different. Indeed, "What is that in the vernacular?" is no unusual question.

If I wished to be facetious, I would say that the bugle sounds the military note in the Army. I have heard the bugle defined as a musical instrument that tells you what to do, and when to do it, for instance:

"First Call" tells you to get up, and this is how it does it:

"Awake—awake—it's time to get up—to get up—to get up."

Then "Reveille":

"I can't get 'em up—I can't get 'em up—I can't get 'em up in the morning. I can't get 'em up—I can't get 'em up—I can't get 'em up at all. The Sergeant is worse than the private, and the Captain is worse than 'em all. I can't get 'em up, etc."

Then the ever welcome "Mess Call"—

The sweetly solemn "Church Call"—

"Retreat"—

And "Taps"—

The duties of Army Nurses are such as are usually performed by trained nurses in civil hospitals of like general character.—M. M. D.

If there were no patients, there would be no need of nurses.

I do not believe that any nurse is ever "overworked" in the Army. This is due to the fact that the nurse is completely and gloriously "off duty" when she leaves the wards. The nurse taking her place assumes the responsibility, to be relieved in turn at a given hour.

This complete dropping of all responsibility, and the opportunity to relax and enjoy the interval between the hours of duty, has much the same effect on the nurses that the shedding of its bark has upon the lime tree.

The air of London is so charged with deadly acids that the lime tree alone flourishes there, for the reason that it sheds its bark each year, thus casting off the defiled garment.—Newell Dwight Hillis.

There is no dearth of entertainment in a military camp. There is something going on at all times. It is work for the company to "drill," but it is entertainment for the observer. I have yet to see a play staged that can compare with the "Awkward Squad," as a laugh producer. Many will be surprised that most of the best plays of the

season have been produced at our camp theater. The Boston Symphony Company gave one of its finest concerts here during the winter; and the "movies" are always to be seen.

And yet, above, around, and behind all this, the great, the stupendous work goes on: the training of brawn and muscle, of mind and will, of all the country's manhood, that *we* may win the great fight; the fight of right, of justice. I say *we* because this is the time for the womanhood, as well as the manhood of our country, to show the material of which it is made. The Army changes no one, it simply proves what we are. To quote Newell Dwight Hillis again:

Nature permits no flower or fruit to conceal its real self. The violet frankly tells its story; the decaying fruit frankly reveals its nature.

"But the strongest man needs to 'await occasions.' The essence of all good work is timeliness," and this is our time—our opportunity. The time for, "Oh, if I were only a man!" is passed. Vast issues are involved. The world is not all a man's world. We have our part; and now is the time to "play well" our part. Our country needs our skill, our gentleness, our patience; all the virtues that centuries have stored up in us. Our womanhood is called upon for its "gentleness that is not weakness," its gentleness which is controlled strength; for its energies wisely trained, wisely used. The test of all great work is the ease with which it is done.

As I began with a quotation, let me finish with one from "The Man Without a Country":

Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country; and that you belong to her as you belong to your own mother.

JOIN THE NAVY AND HELP SAVE OUR BLUEJACKETS!

BY MARY J. MCCLOUD

You will never regret any sacrifice that you may make in taking this advice. Sacrifice is the slogan of the day. Our American boys have given up positions, pleasure, and home in exchange for privation, loneliness, perhaps sickness and untimely death; all for patriotism. It is our duty as nurses to keep these boys from the clutches of that grim spectre, death, so far as we are able. How gladly should we answer our country's call to service! Let us not stop to analyze the conditions of this or that Naval Hospital, nor to think of the financial value of our service, but let us give freely and cheerfully of our wealth of knowledge and experience to the cause of humanity.

In the northwestern corner of the United States of America