

LIFE IN THE WESTERN STATE * * WARD L

Listen my friends and I'll relate
Just what we do in the Western State.
Retire at eight and arise at five,
Then wonder that we're still alive,
When sleeping on a bed of hay
It's strange one lives to see the day.

You wash your face if only you can--
Each fifteen patients have only one pan!
Then out on the hall you go with a rush.
To clean the floor. You grab a brush -
You rub, you mop, you sweep the floor;
You go right back and rub some more.

You listen for the breakfast bell;
What's on the table you know full well.
Molasses, oatmeal, graveyard bread,
And what you think is best unsaid.
Then comes the sewing; you must do your share -
Towels, sheets and nighties to spare.

Then comes the call to the midday meal;
Thru rain or sleet or snow to reveal
Turnips or cabbage, beef or beans,
Syrup and bread and margarine.
Then back again you climb the hill,
Back up the steps to old "ard "L".

The evening meal - Let's not mention-
Tis not worth while to claim your attention.
Bread and molasses - 'lasses and bread,
The bill of fare! Enough has been said!

It's "tumble day", ladies, every two weeks;
Now that's the way we get clean sheets.
You beat with a broom and spray with a gun;
The bed bug knows that his day has come,
So he crawls in a hole and hides his head.
For he knows full well he will soon be dead.

At night we gather in the hall
And listen for that welcome call
Of, "Medicine, ladies." Whatever you do
Get your dose of Number Two -
Milk of magnesia, alophen pills,
Axel grease; these cure all your ills.
Then if you should get sick a-plenty
Dr. Campbell writes an order for "4-10-20."
Then it's "Ladies, you must go to bed,
"It's half past eight:" Enough's been said!
"Lights out, be quiet, it's very late."

OH, such is life in Western State. A.M.