

The Caduceus

"Dedicated to the Cause of
World Wide Justice."

Published Every Saturday by the En-
listed Personnel of the Base Hos-
pital, Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

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Lieutenant Walter Mitinger.

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Private Verlin J. Harrold.

Associate Business Manager—
Sergeant Arthur Rankin.

SOUND BUSINESS.

Attention is called to the business
announcements in this issue.

We have been selective in the solicit-
ing of our advertisements. We are
presenting adds of only reliable firms
—stores, shops and theatres.

The business concerns represented
in this number of The Caduceus have
shown a like confidence in our publi-
cation by taking space in the opening
issue. We appreciate their attitude.
We expect to make good for them. We
expect them to learn that they have
made a sound business investment by
heralding the value of their products
in The Caduceus. In this effort of busi-
ness reciprocity we ask the support
of all friends of the base hospital
magazine.

Read what our business friends
have to offer. Consider their wares
first. When possible, mention the
Caduceus in your business transac-
tions.

THE BLUE DEVILS

The Blue Devils, those veterans of
France who helped to bear the first
shock of the Teuton drive for world
power were in Charlotte, Tuesday, and
in the early evening were brought
through the camp in a parade of auto-
mobiles. The furore that their pres-
ence caused at the base hospital lead
many patients in the wards to think
that one of the buildings was on
fire.

"Hurrah for France" shouted hun-
dreds of the detachment men as they
ran towards the roadway where the
automobiles bearing the blue clad al-
lies were passing.

"Vive la America" called back many
of the French warriors.

Just a glimpse of those brave fight-
ers of Navarre was a stimulant not
soon to be lost. Their weather brown
faces show the marks of the exposure
along the battle front. The fact that
these men are only a remnant of the
legion of France, which dared bar
the way of the world defying war ma-
chine of the Hun in the opening days
of this struggle adds to the spell of
their passing.

To The Blue Devils and to the suf-
fering France, which today is fight-
ing with unsurpassable heroism, we
pledge our support until every motive
for which their countrymen have died
is sustained.

READY FOR INSPECTION

The Camp Greene base hospital is "prepared for inspection."

It has been made ready by months and months of tireless effort. The
preparation started in the early autumn of last year, when the first ward
buildings were reared among the pines. When the snows of winter swept
about the frame structures and orderlies were working long shifts in the
care of nearly 1,300 patients, the Camp Greene hospital was being pre-
pared to stand in the front rank of such institutions of the American army.
The arrival of each new quota of officers, nurses and enlisted men gave
added vigor to the work.

Today the Camp Greene base hospital is announced by Secretary of War
Newton Baker and by Surgeon General Gorgas as being one of the neatest
and best equipped in the United States. Even a more trying test, that of
standing inspection before the mothers and fathers of soldier patients,
who have come to see their sick boys and who enter the buildings with all
the skepticism of fond parents, has brought the Camp Green hospital the
name of giving every possible attention to the patients in its keeping.

The standing of the hospital is the expression of the loyalty and dili-
gence of all officers, nurses and enlisted personnel.

A powerful contributing force has been the personality of Lieutenant-
Colonel Sheep, who is now relieved of the command of the Camp Greene hos-
pital. His untiring energy and faith-binding integrity have been an inspir-
ation to all of those under his command. It is his admonition to "carry
on" and our absolute trust in the leadership of Major Renn, present com-
mander of the hospital, that have given us renewed zeal in our duties.

All of our officers are men of distinction in the medical profession. Men
who in most cases left a wide practice, a cozy office and a cherished family
to answer the call to duty. The members of the Reserve Nurses corps sta-
tioned here gave up good paying positions in modern city hospitals to work
in the plain wards, many miles from their homes at the bedside of sick-halted
soldiers. The enlisted men of the base hospital were lawyers, foremen,
artisans and skilled clerks in peaceful days.

The purpose of all of us here is to aid in shattering the war aims of
autocracy. We are giving our best efforts for the cause of justice.

It is but fair to state that our spirits have been lightened by the refresh-
ing hospitality of the people of Charlotte and of Mecklenburg county. The
whole hearted kindness of "the Dixie folks" who surround the army camp
has made a deep impression upon the hospital personnel and has extended
to the patients in the wards.

Into our care has been placed one of the best equipped laboratories of the
American Army medical department. We take pride in the appearance of
our wards and mess halls. We point to the efficiency of our administrative
offices and supply department.

Our base hospital has made a great record and we mean to maintain it.
Every man is at his post.

We are "prepared for inspection."

TO MAJOR RAOUL LUFBERRY.

(By Carl F. Bissell.)

From the heart of that New England
region, which is the home of many of
the enlisted men of the base hospi-
tal detachment came Major Raoul Luf-
berry that patriot aviator who gave his
life for democracy, Monday. Many of
the men here know his father who is
a foreman in the Rogers Brothers Sil-
ver Company plant.

Raoul Lufberry, always a brave fel-
low, was one of the first to respond at
the opening of the war. In war fly-
ing he had made a name along with
Guynemer, Castle and the other allied
bird men of rare daring. He was
thirty-two years old and at the time
of his death had won every decoration
held out to his branch of service.

Oh' America be proud of him, thy son--
Greatest of your winged brood,
Who with interpid soul the foe with-
stood,

And rests, his victory won.

A GERMAN LULLABY.

(By Harold Seton.)

Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber!
Mama croons a hymn of hate!
Papa's slaying, without number,
Foes whom we abominate!

If my darling were but older,
He could spread our culture too,
Shooting,stabbing, or, if bolder,
Spying, as his uncles do!

Hush, my dear, your eyes are blink-
ing!

Dream you're poisoning some wells,
Or a neutral ship a-sinking!
Mama's bosom proudly swells!