

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.

Business Office Phone 1530
Editorial Office—Barracks Five, Base
Hospital.

Five Cents the Copy.

Twenty-five Cents per Month for Mail-
ed-out Issues.

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SOLID BASIS

Caduceus advertising is a widening
circle.

Our new base hospital magazine is
growing in circulation by leaps and
bounds.

To the thousands more who will read
our publication this week we wish to
deliver a word for our advertisers.

We are building our advertising sys-
tem upon the same solid basis that
we are constructing a permanent mili-
tary magazine. We have enrolled a
list of merchants who are progres-
sive, courteous and fair. We expect
you to receive respectful consideration
when you deal with them.

It will pay you to take note of the
products of those who tell you of their
wares through The Caduceus.

ANSWERS CALL OF TAPS

Taps has sounded for our late
comrade, Max Webb.

He is one of those whose mili-
tary record is written before
reaching the battle terrains. His
journey towards the war front
was halted by a fatal illness.

But he went down in the uni-
form of a soldier. He had been
in line. He had known the thrill
of being one who stood against
the rule of might.

We have passed our resolu-
tions of respect. We have fur-
nished an escort to accompany
the remains to the saddened
home in Springfield, Ohio. We
will place his name upon the roll
of those who died in the ser-
vice.

"THE BEST OF LUCK."

It is a cheery "good bye" that we
give to the 150 of our comrades who
are moving to Allentown, Pa.

The rank and file of the company,
which was called away, had been at
the Camp Greene base hospital but
a few weeks. But they had made
good. They had gone into strange
work in our hospital—into the wards,
the laboratory and offices—but they
took up their tasks cheerfully and
with spirit.

They gave the hospital something of
wholesome good cheer which can nev-
er be lost. They have the stuff which
is not cowed by frightfulness. Nearly
all of them hailed from the fertile
plains of Ohio and before the war is
over we expect them to add to the
lustre of the Ohio war record.

These men expect to be at Allen-
town but a short time. They have
their eyes set on that shore where
Prussianism wages its fiendish con-
quest. We expect to hear from them
when they get "over there."

And so it is a cheery "good-bye,"
mingled with envy and well wishes,
that we post to our tent mates of yes-
terday.

MADE US WELCOME.

For their very kind reception of The
Caduceus into the realm of journalism
we thank The Charlotte News and The
Charlotte Observer, both of which
newspapers gave our base hospital pub-
lication the most generous considera-
tion in their Sunday morning editions
of last week.

ONLY AN ESTIMATE.

It is estimated that the following
have applied for furloughs during the
week:

Blair, Stadler, Lamoureux, Kramer,
Wedlow, Flanigan, Howes, Sellers, Lee,
Warden, Dyer, Hensley, Hubbard,
Shaw, Morin, Lewis, Gibbons, Miles,
Hanley, Graham, Drake, Adams, Akins,
Shorkey, Dengley, Inman, Toohy,
Hoyle, O'Hara, Geiger, Savage, Wal-
ker, O'Connor, Dalquist, Sheehan,
Frank, Andrews, Fay, Bissell, Neal,
Caton, Smith, Goldstein, King, Oswald,
Farrell, Ryder, Racine, Cyr and others,
etc., etc., etc.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY

There is a new and wonderful meaning in the national Memorial
day which has just passed.

Our President had proclaimed it "a day of solemn fasting and pray-
er." It was a different message delivered in a distinct spirit. It asked
for a revival of the Puritanic faith in divine guidance. It pled for a dem-
onstration of the humbleness and trust which were properties of our
land when the foundations of this grand republic were being bullded
firm and true.

The difference in the Memorial day soul this year was felt from
shore to shore. Every state has a part in keeping the mandate of Presi-
dent Wilson. It seems indeed the final evidence of the complete reunion
of every section of our country.

The holiday vivacity, which had grown more and more to be the at-
mosphere of Memorial day, was lost this year. The occasion was a Holy
Day, in fact. To every citizen it meant more than the closing of banks,
the suspension of business, the parade, the music, the ball game, the gay
party at night.

Columbia stood with bowed head while her heroes of every war pass-
ed in spectral review.

In that spirit host marched Washington and Ethan Allen and Paul
Revere. The French patriot, Lafayette, was there. Our heroes of the sea
—John Paul Jones and Perry and Dewey were there. Every unnamed
hero who sweat in the hold of a shell-battered hulk, who suffered in the
foot weary marches, who stood with the "embattled farmers" or who
gave his life in some unmarked spot in the fight for Liberty in olden
days, marched in that grand procession of our patriotic dead.

Out beyond there were the ghostly panoramas of Bunker Hill, Valley
Forge, Saratoga, Kings Mountain, San Juan Hill and the scenes of ocean
conflicts—memory pictures of hours when Freedom was sore beset but
stood fast for principles dearer than life.

In the quiet hours of the day, which had been sobered from its insti-
tutions of waste and wanton darings, it seemed that the shibboleths and
battle cries of other years were wafted back to steel the purpose of the
new warriors for humanity—

"Millions for defense but not one cent for tribute"

"Don't give up the ship,"

"My only regret is that I have but one life to give for my country.

"We have met the enemy and they are ours."

"My country, may she always be right, but right or wrong, my country."

"Give me liberty or give me death."

The roses which Columbia heaped upon the mounds of green on
Thursday were more fragrant in their sentiments of love and gratitude
than on any former Memorial day. Through the mist of tears the "Queen
of Justice" saw the gray crosses of her fallen patriots on the hill slopes
of France.

For every American our goddess of Freedom gave the pledge anew
that none of the holy principles for which her sons have died in any
war shall be lost.

For the keeping of that vow we dedicate our last dollar; our last bit
of energy and if need be, our last drop of blood.

Such is the spirit of the new Memorial day.