

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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Hospital.

Five Cents the Copy.
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Lieutenant Walter Mitinger.
Editor and Manager—
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Associate Business Manager—
Sergeant Artaur Rankin.

WE CAN AFFORD IT

The success of The Caduceus is as-
sured.

With each issue the circulation of
our base hospital paper grows by
hundreds of copies.

As a magazine which is being per-
manently established, we can afford to
be discriminating in accepting adver-
tising.

We cannot afford to cheapen our pub-
lication by taking business announce-
ments of questionable institutions.

Two applicants for advertising
space in THE CADUCEUS were re-
jected this week because we could
not heartily support the business they
represented. We could not afford to
take those adds.

You can be sure that you are mak-
ing your dollars count when you trans-
act business with the firms THE CA-
DUCEUS represents.

8 MONTHS ON THE JOB

This week marks the anniversary of
eight months of service at the Camp
Greene base hospital for the 250 sons
of New England, who came to the
camp in October of last year. These
men from Connecticut, Massachusetts
and Maine had been stationed at Fort
Ethan Allen, in Vermont, before be-
ing summoned to Dixie.

"The Ethan Allen Bunch" as they
are generally referred to have been
through most of the hardships and gay-
times of the base hospital. They
manned the wards and worked in the
offices and served the meals when
entire enlisted personnel of the hos-
pital. They took all the care of pa-
tients for several weeks before the
first trained nurse arrived at Camp
Greene. They have been an impor-
tant part in meeting every fuel and wa-
ter crisis that have visited the big
institution.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sheep has paid
many a verbal tribute to these men
who have stayed so loyally at their
post since the first day they arrived
at Charlotte and made the hot, dusty
march to the hospital grounds. Major
Renn has stated that his confidence in
them is not to be questioned.

They have deserved every word of
approval awarded them. They have
fought every kind of disease and by
their faithfulness, have saved many a
life in critical times, when a bit of
carelessness would have meant
death. They have been the back bone
of the base hospital and today they
are keeping up the fine work in every
line of activity.

"The Ethan Allen Bunch" repre-
sents the best blood of New England.
Their great-great grand-fathers were
signers of the Declaration of Inde-
pendence and left their bloody foot
prints in the snows of Valley Forge.
They are descendents of men who
have always stood for liberty and
the family name has not been dimmed
by the Camp Greene record of "The
Ethan Allen Bunch."

MOTHER-LOVE.

It is unselfish and everlasting, pa-
tient and ineffaceable; it never tires,
never gives up; time can not weaken
it, ingratitude itself can not kill it.
Even in this cold world the mother
will not forget the son whom she has
borne. * * * * He may have
placed the early wrinkle on her brow,
and sown the silver streak upon her
hair; he may have planted thorns in
her pillow, and made her heart ache
with very anguish for his follies and
his crimes; still she remembers only
that she is his mother. When all her
schemes have failed, when his sins—
as sins always do—have found him
out and dragged him down, when the
hand of sorrow has bowed him to the
dust, his mother's hand is there to
sympathize, his mother's love is there
to pour balm into the wounds that
sin and sorrow have inflicted on his

Contributed.

ONE PURPOSE

We have taken on the big job of reducing the world's greatest war
machine to junk.

It is such a big job that every patriot in all the United States must
find his work and do that work with all his might. All parts of our mil-
itary turbine must act in absolute unison if that engine of power is to de-
velop its full strength.

The tented fields and barracks' rows of our training camps must be
the sacred plats where the sons of Freedom rally for mutual preparation
for battle. There must be but one purpose; one unfaltering aim. This
government of the people, by the people and for the people must not
perish from the earth.

There must be no misunderstanding about the respective importance
of the several army departments now. Such bickerings must be lost in
the sober work of crushing the ambitions of tyranny. We must all co-
operate to kill Kultur.

There must be no hard drawn lines between "dough boys" and "mule
skinner," between the mounted fighters of the cavalry and those who ride
the cassions, between the Medics and the Motor Macks. All our energies
must go toward the winning of the war.

There will be a comradeship which time cannot efface after we have
suffered together on the shell wrecked battle front. Let us start that
brotherhood at home.

It is not the color of the hat cord that counts. It 's the color of the
blood.

The Medics of the American army have made their name before all
the world. The splendor of their record is based upon comradeship. Their
glory was won and is being maintained in the bandaging of the wounds
of the "dough boys"; their name was made when they stumbled across a
cannon-swept front, heedless of a reputation, to rescue a fallen flag bear-
er; their honor was fixed by silent labor in the ward and on the field.
They are working in their appointed places and will be everlastingly on
the job until Prussianism comes from under the ether dream of world
dominion.

Out in the other training camps our brothers, our schoolmates, our
best friends of yesterday are at drill and practice; training in their way
to develop the fighting power of a great nation. We know them from
days of old and know they will make good on the job whatever it is. We
are ready to risk our lives and give of our strength to protect them from
disease and death.

We want it understood that we have thrown down the departmental
bars.

We must all be Americans now.