

## UNSELFISH LOYALTY

IS THE SORT THAT SERVES  
WHEREEVER STATIONED.

Patriotism, according to Webster is: Love of ones country-devotion to welfare of ones country; the virtues and actions of a patriot.

But I venture to elaborate upon his definition by adding a few subheads.

There are different kinds of patriotism: First, the real patriot, the men who, in the spirit that he would sacrifice all to save the honor of his mother-enlists for that same reason; to save the honor of his country-that it's past and present standards may be maintained for the coming generation-the man who in his patriotic devotion is altruistic enough to forget that he is making a sacrifice. Then there is the traditional type of patriotism, intermingled with a pride so dominant that a man feels that he can't withstand the call. There is the man who has not the courage of his convictions; the man who enlists through fear.

I have come in contact with each type since I have been in the service, and the different conceptions of patriotism-as portrayed by members of every branch of the service-have been interesting, surprising and sometimes even amusing.

Patriotism is revealed in ones attitude, and if we would have people believe in our sincerity of purpose we must develop that purpose through sources more worthy and convincing than figures of speech. And if it be true that:

"Once to every man and nation  
comes the moment to decide,

In the strife of truth with falsehood,  
for the good or evil side;

Some great cause, God's new Messiah,  
offering each the bloom or blight,

Parts the goats upon the left hand  
and the sheep upon the right

And the choice goes by forever twixt  
that darkness and that light."

Surely that great cause calls each  
of us today. Will you help to redeem  
it or crucify it?

I can't get the point of view of the doctor or nurse who states, "I never would have enlisted had I known I wouldn't have some foreign service." And yet that individual will tell you in answer to your question of "Why did you enlist at all then?"

"Why to serve my country of course." Have we no duties to perform? Do we owe nothing to those who are being left on this side? Must we be sent to the other side in order to demonstrate our idea of patriotism-have we no duties here and upon whom shall those duties devolve and why not you?

It seems to me that from some standpoints we are needed on this side to be intelligent minds and well balanced the intelligent minds and well balanced judgement of worthy men to solve the many national and commercial problems that are daily arising during this terrible crusade. We must have a large number of men and women to advance the industrial forces of the country. Food conservation is another and perhaps the most momen-

tous question: To meet the supreme need in this country as well as that of the other side. I might go on indefinitely but I want to bring my message closer home to you.

If you really enlisted to serve your country does it really matter whether you are at Camp Green or at Camp Dix; whether you are placed with a field hospital or a base hospital; whether you are assigned to surgery or medicine, whether you are assigned at home service or foreign service.

It is not just as great an honor to care for our boys on this side as the other? Are you in the army selfish or unselfish motives; for what you can get or what you can give?

Is it really because you feel that your opportunities for serving humanity will be greater over there, or is it because you see in that dramatic field of operative surgery the rare chance to develop your ability and win fame for yourself? Is it experience that you want or your services you want to give? Nurses I ask you that question.

And man or woman who does not accept cheerfully the work allotted him or her-and perform each duty to the best of his ability during this critical period, when the entire future of our country hangs in a balance, is failing utterly and should be condemned accordingly. Our boys-hundreds of them are giving their lives to the cause that we may "carry on" and yet some of you dare to grumble over your lot. Surely you do not realize the gravity of the situation.

When war was declared I was in southern France in a beautiful little French town near the Swiss border.

Dating from the first hour that the wires and press sent forth their message of horror, France lost no time in the conversation of every resource. She had before her the memory of the ravages of the conflict of 1870-she, realized what it meant, and the spirit of the day and every day that followed was "Viva La France."

How vividly I recall that afternoon, just as the sun was sinking in the west, the glory of it's warmth descending upon the heads of that little regiment-on it's way to the front. The courage of the men was splendid, but more splendid till was the courage of the women, who until the end stood in groups cheering those men on to battle.

There was no outward demonstration of grief, not even a tear in the eyes of those brave mothers, wives and sisters who were sending their loved ones away to—who knew. It was an impressive sight—a beautiful and inspiring picture—there was something almost godly in their attitude.

And then when the last sign of blue had melted into the grey twilight, and the sound of the drum had faded away in the distance—the deathlike silence that prevailed—the change of expression that of mental anguish—in the realization of it all. And the dawn of the day that followed, those same women, their faces revealed the struggle of the preceding night. but through it was evidenced that grim stoical determination so characteristic of the French woman—to see her catch up the

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