

# The Caduceus

"Dedicated to the Cause of  
World Wide Justice."

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listed Personnel of the Base Hospital,  
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## ENDORSE US

The Retail Merchants' Association of Charlotte has endorsed advertising in The Caduceus.

To those who know the rigid standing of that body of dealers and who realize that The Caduceus is the only camp paper in which advertising has been approved by the retail association, the meaning of such action is most evident.

It means that after a careful study of The Caduceus as an advertising medium the leaders of the Retail Merchants' Association have decided that a dollar spent in announcing their goods through The Caduceus is a fair business proposition to all.

It means that The Caduceus has shown itself to be absolutely fair in its dealings with the merchants of Charlotte and true to the trust of its thousands of readers each week.

## THAT MOTHERLY FEELING.

Som of the most touching scenes connected with the departure of the nurses of Base Hospital No. Fifty-Four were the farewells spoken between the soldier patients, who have been in the wards for weeks, and the nurses who have cared for them until the call for foreign aid.

There were many cases of choking voices when "good-byes" were said. In more than one instance there were unrestrained tears.

"It is the motherly feeling," said Chief Nurse Miss Parish, in commenting on the tender example of a pathetic parting between nurse and patient.

"It is a feeling which is not so marked in civilian nursing," added the chief nurse. "It is the knowledge that you are caring for somebody's boy who is far away from home and the touch of mother's hand. Your heart goes out to the loyal lad who has dared everything for his country and who is denied a mother's care in his hours of pain. It is a warm, tender pity that is limited to such trying hours as these.

"When you see the sick fallen soldier it seems that there comes a mother's charge to you to care for him and the feeling of tenderness grows with the days."

The trials of the bleak winter, when the nurses and patients endured the discomforts of the growing hospital, served to bind their hearts together with lasting chords. The boyish earnestness of a part of the patients who have daily expressed their hopes to get across the seas, has made a strong appeal for pity.

Whatever is the excuse for the tears at the parting of the nurses from the patients they have aided, it seems especially fitting that it should be such hearts as these that we send across the seas to mother the lads who fall, crippled by autocracy's hate, on foreign soil.

We know that these nurses go in that warm spirit which grants them a double mission of helpfulness to those who are pain-racked and far from home. Their lives are to be enriched by a glory that less sacrificing souls can never know. Their hearts are to be touched by a deep tenderness that will remain fine and sweet as long as life endures.

With the sick soldiers of the wards, in which these women have worked through the past seven months, we join in the passionate utterance of farewell—"God bless your mission."

## "FACTS."

To the Caduceus office has been delivered a copy of the first issue of "Facts," the new monthly publication of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce. There is plenty of punch in the method of telling of the natural advantages of Charlotte. The make-up of "Facts" and the idea of presenting the Charlotte truths in that fashion are evidences of the up-to-the-minute spirit of the Chamber of Commerce.

## THE FOURTH YEAR

Germany has just finished her fourth year of endless battle. She has reaped for another season the blood harvest from forty years of sowing the seeds of hate.

To us the opening clash is scarcely more than a terrible nightmare. We recall the wild stories of the Teuton drive straight at the heart of France. We remember the tales of Belgium atrocities, the desolated trail of ashes, ruin and death. We know how nation after nation took up the sword against the country, gone mad from lust for power. We cannot forget the Lusitania and vain efforts to maintain peace with honor.

The story of the fourth year of the struggle is measured chiefly by two events; the collapse of Russia and the appearance upon the battlefield of the United States.

Russia, torn by treason and madness, abandoned her battle ranks before the end of winter. Germany was again free to strike the western line. Her full blow fell in March and carried the peril of the superman almost to the gates of Paris.

Then America came. She was winning her race against the submarine with the same rousing enthusiasm that she had carried off the gilded trophies in the world's athletic games.

She has now landed nearly two million men who would rather give their last drop of blood than to see one acre of Columbia's land made the camping ground of tyranny.

The smashing, crashing, iron-fisted marines are there, living up to every letter of the name of "Wild Devils!" given them by the terror-stricken Huns, who fell in their way along the Marne. Thousands of regular infantrymen, scions of the patriots who used to wait for the whites of the eyes of their advancing foes, are there and have lost none of their nerve through the years. The crack artillery, the efficient engineers, the daring bird men, who sweep with the power of freedom's eagle, are there. The medical department of the United States army, admitted to be the best trained band of physicians and assistants that the world has to offer, is guarding health, saving life and nursing back to strength the wounded.

Every American trade and art is sending its men to match their skill against the war-learned subjects of Kaiserism. The sturdy farm lads are using the bayonet to harvest heaps of assailants as dextrously as they handled the pitchfork in harvest days of yore. The rought riding cow boys, who were tumbling the long horns about before the Kaiser opened his campaign of "Me und Gott" are right there with the blood curdling "Whoop-e-e!" Our southpaws are tossing bombs "right across the plate"; our express men are aiding the Teutons to hurry their baggage along towards Berlin; our football players are tackling them low and throwing them hard.

The best of every people is in the polyglot army of the United States that now casts a shadow across the place in the sun which Germany had schemed to hold. The bronzed American Indian, who did not even halt for the war dance when Big Council Congress sounded the alarm, is making two empty helmets for every scalp that once hung from his grandfather's teepee. The regiment of Hebrews strike with the skill of David. The Italians battle in the might of the Caesars. The colored troopers have yet to loose an inch of ground.

As a land of fighters we are rough and tough and "hard-boiled" and we want Germany to know it.

We admit that we can lick our weight in wild cats and twice our heft in Dutch.

We were raised on weird stories of Diamond Dick and Buffalo Bill and Daniel Boone and none of these lads had anything on the way we propose to rip and tear the Teuton line.

We do not know the meaning of defeat and are stone deaf to any such order as "fall back."

The fourth year of Germany's war ends with the United States on the job and going strong.