

The Caduceus

"DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF
WORLD WIDE JUSTICE."

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THE CADUCEUS.

PLEASANT PASTIME

Have you followed the pleasant
pastime of nothing The Caduceus car-
ries during the last few weeks? The
game of keeping count of the number
who bear the "blue covers" has lost a
part of its zest because the count is
mostly on the side of "heyyyyyyyy"
mostly on the side of "he does."

The Caduceus scope of action has
spread to most of the towns and cities
within a radius of fifty miles of Camp
Greene. Last week the out of town
sales record was:

Gastonia—1,000 copies.
Salisbury—900 copies.
Concord—400 copies.
Kannapolis—500 copies.
King's Mountain—200 copies.
Mount Holley—200 copies.
Belmont—150 copies.

POINTS FALLACY

SOLDIERS DO NOT NEED SWEET-
HEARTS IN EVERY PORT.

To The Caduceus:

I was much interested in the article,
"About Sweethearts," which appeared
in your issue of last week. I was in-
terested most because I have a daugh-
ter who is just passed seventeen.

The author, "Jim" of the sweetheart
treatise, is a clever writer. He suc-
ceeded in burying a tragic possibility
beneath a covering of emotional
phraseology. His major premise was
true. I also think soldiers need the
sweet influence of one who loves them
in their desolate house of war service.

But soldiers do not need sweet-
hearts in every "port," so to say. They
do not require the "Blessings of a
lover" from maidens in every town
into which they wander or camp.
Most of the soldiers now at Camp
Greene have sweethearts "back home."
There is already one "true of heart"
who waits for their return. Yet the
lads would have the innocent girls in
every town and city in which they halt
think that they are the first love. It
is in open deception that they call
them "sweetheart."

Young girls are naturally moved by
pity and sympathy. They are stirred
by the sight of the uniform. They are
apt to be misled by articles calling
for "Soldier Sweethearts."

I am in favor of soldiers having
sweethearts in the camp cities only
after the girls and their parents have
every assurance that the men are
playing fair.

A MOTHER,
Elizabeth Avenue.

ARE READY

Today is registration day for all young men who have become of age
since June 5th.

It means that 150,000 more real fighters are placing themselves subject
to call. By their act of signing they are proclaiming—

"We are Americans—We are ready."

The atmosphere of this registration day is different from the spirit of the
like occasions that have gone before. There is no quibbling about prospec-
tive exemptions. There is no hanging back. For the young men who are
now called upon to register there is none of the selfish whinings that ac-
companied the signing of many in response to the first call.

The personal ambitions and egotisms have been lost in the months of
war trials. Self-pity has been convicted of high treason by the evidence
of Germany's battle aims and the horrors accompanying her lust for power.
High sounding reason of demagogues and Teuton agents have been refuted
by the overwhelming and awful facts. It is with genuine enthusiasm that
the new-found manhood of our land steps out today with this Kaiser-quelling
message—

"We are Americans—We want to help America's cause."

Gone are the restraining fears of parents who thought first of their
pride in the youth who stood before them when the initial call was made for
registration, a year ago. Parent love has grown through the hell-filled days
of German hate to be a love for all humanity. The desire of every true
mother now is to give—to give even that which is dearer to her than her
own life—to the cause of human justice.

Parentage in this land which offers today its every resource to aid the
triumph of personal freedom and fairness is given a glory that the world
has never known before. It is sublime, and yet but natural that the fathers
and mothers of Columbia, which has been spared the ravages of autocracy's
red wrath only because of the miles of restless ocean, should speak with
one voice today—

"We are Americans—We offer to America's cause the son who has
grown strong in the sunlight of her liberty."

Gone are the prattlings of compromisers and dreamers of early peace at
the price of gold and barter. Every citizen of the United States realizes now
that the greatest principle of man is in the balance. The fight is to the
death. The feudal ideals of might ruled empires must go down or the peace
of civilization's fairest hopes are to be destroyed.

Germany, bearing the steel standard of ages gone, has issued the chal-
lenge. The United States, armed in the might of law and justice, must be
the last to quit the struggle against such a foe. In the crisis our country
calls upon her youth, over whom she has lifted the light of hope, and the
response is—

"We are Americans in ideal and courage of purpose."

The young men are eager to be part of that new brotherhood which is
to follow the night of battle. They want to give of their labor to bring
about that finer peace of mind and soul. Strong of heart, firm of motive,
men of undaunted wills, they step out, today, with—

"We are Americans—We are ready to serve."

THE STRETCHER- BEARER

(By Eliot Kays Stone.)

I see him yet, plodding the Flanders
mud—

A field of carnage, a field of blood—
Where the Maxims whine and the Big
Guns roar

In man's modern improvement on hell
called war.

Not much of a hero to look at, I guess,
Muddy and bloody and weaponless,
But where shots fly thickest he dog-
gedly goes
Exposed to the fire of both friends
and foes;

For he gleans the fields where the
windrows lie
By Death, the Reaper, piled high, piled
high,
And he plucks from the outstretched
hand of Death
Some stricken mortal who still holds
breath.

Sing ye of heroes whose brave deeds
shine
On many a crimson battle line,
But for me the bearer of stretcher cot,
Who is daily a hero and knows it
not,