

The Caduceus

"DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF
WORLD WIDE JUSTICE."

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listed Personnel of the Base Hospital,
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THE CADUCEUS.

NEARS 10,000 MARK

This issue of The Caduceus carries the circulation of the base hospital magazine almost to the 10,000-mark. With the refilling of Camp Greene there is every surety that 15,000 copies of The Caduceus will be needed to carry the spirit of battling America and the camp news to approximately 50,000 readers.

The obligation of making the words count grows with the enlarging circulation. The need of presenting the advertising of only the best business firms is most apparent. We expect the telling results of The Caduceus business announcements to grow with the booming popularity of the magazine.

LABOR DAY.

Monday is the day set apart for paying a tribute to labor.

Such a recognition of the spirit of toil was never more fitting than now.

Labor in America has shown that its ideals are as strong as its steel-like strength. The men who drive and forge and construct have shown themselves to be patriots every one.

They have looked above their work to the vision of a finer day, but one to be bought by strength and toil. They have placed the union of the allies' purpose above the purpose of the union of their trade. They have spurned the golden lure of strike calls to stand by their job. They have answered the country's plea for ships and guns and shells and have run the figures of their output beyond all expectations. They have reared cantonments almost over night. They have plowed and sowed and will soon reap the greatest harvest in America's history.

They have given every ounce of their brawn and skill to crush the power of war scheming despots. They have brought the grandest of triumphs to the dignity of toil.

Let us all in spirit shake the horny hand of labor, on Monday, with a warmth which means:

"Well done, brother."

THE HOSPITAL BAND.

Nothing requires more courage of a certain intangible sort than forming a band.

With the first blasted notes of the unwieldy trombone and the uncertain thumping on the bass drum there is sure to come the royal "razz."

Base hospital folks are no exception. The partly formed hospital band has been getting its share of jeers. Two hundred dollars worth of silver plated horns have been all scratched up by being dragged through the briars to the woods for practice. Even then the "ump-pah-pah" has been half timid as hikers have noted when they came upon the tyro musicians engaged in the serious business of "learning to play."

But there is a brighter day coming. Almost before we are aware there will be a band concert and the three beats on the base drum will come in just at the right time and the "band boys" will nod to their friends and we who "razzed" will be awfully jealous.

However these are the trying days and the band should be given every possible support. The hospital needs such an organization and the day when we will not have to send into the camp for a band will be another triumph for the progressive spirit of the U. S. Army base hospital, Camp Greene.

THE SIMPLE FACTS.

While watching a crowd of negro draftees about to entrain for camp, an old ducky on the platform recognized a friend. "Howdy, Rastus," he called, "where you all gwine?"

"Ah ain't gwine," said Rastus, "they's takin' me."

SCHOOL DAYS

School days are here again.

From the pine clad hills and fertile valleys of Dixie and from the road-sides of the middle west, where every turning of the highway is lost in the tidal wave of nodding corn, and out upon the sage marked ridges of that northern prairie, which blends into the giant forests of the Oregon, there is the sound of clanging bells.

It is the reawakened voice of the little red school house. It is Liberty Bell ringing again. It is the musical call of Freedom to the care-free children of democracy.

As we watch the bright-eyed girls and boys go tripping towards that open door, which has held the school room in silence during the weltering summer days, we con upon the hours, golden even in their most painful moments, when we were "kids."

How well we recall the master's clanking hand bell, the birch rod and the big 'gography. We can see the long initial-carved benches, the great paper globe and the chalked figures of 'rithmetic problems. We let our fancy wander out across the worn door still into the sunlight of the trampled play ground where shadowy figures race at "blackman" and "one 'ole cat."

We think of "Red" Jonsie and "Skeeter" Smith and "Wooley" Stevens. They are all mixed up in the big war game now. "Red" is throwing grenades as accurate as he used to stone the preacher's barred rocks. "Skeeter" is aviating a "heap site" better than he did the day he jumpd out of the loft with his pa's black parasol. And old "Wooley" is treading the deck of a submarine chaser.

Anyway they have all joined the fight for liberty and for the traditions of "the 'ole Wild Cat school." They are causing the Boche more concern than they ever heaped upon the stooped shouolders of the venerable master of cherished days. They are living the thrills of their youthful dieties of Andrew Jackson, John Paul Jones and Daniel Boone.

So we know that the ministry of the little red school house has not been in vain.

We know that the girls and boys who skip to school at this season are to learn why labor sings, why men look towards the clouds, why children laugh, in the land of the free. They will learn why Toil is not a crouching figure as it sows and reaps and builds and why strong men work and sweat and are happy. They will learn why mother and father sometimes stand, hand in hand, upon the home threshold in the twilight and gaze in mutual rapture across the cheery meadows with the flush of contentment and hope full upon their faces.

These school boys and girls will learn of the puny sailing barks which braved the ocean storms to reach the haven of the free. They will read how the school house and the church flourished side by side on the first clearings; how their undaunted forefathers bulded firm and strong the foundationos of our republic. They will know how the tempests of passion have been met and how every foe has been vanished.

The class room will teach them the full meaning of "Old Glory" which nods from the white staff above the door. They will learn why mothers are brave as they give farewell to the son who marches away to battle for democracy. They will know the beauty of the service flag and the deep meaning of the toll of the Angelus, calling a liberty united people to prayer for a common cause.

It is the teachings of freedom that we protect with our lives today. We battle to keep the class room free from the poison of selfish conquests and the blood-bought rights of "Supermen." We are united to give our every aid to our schoolmates of other days who are following the symbol of liberty towards that better hour of world wide justice.