

The Caduceus

"DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF
WORLD WIDE JUSTICE."

Published every Saturday by the En-
listed Personnel of the Base Hospital,
Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.

Business Office Phone 1530
Editorial Office—Building C-1, Base
Hospital.

Five Cents the Copy.

Sponsor Lieut. Walter Myttinger
Editor & Mgr. ..Sgt. Verlin J. Harrold
Associate Business Managers—
Private Theodorice Neal
Ivan H. Law.

MOST EFFECTIVE

Just as The Caduceus is hailed as
"one of the greatest American camp
publications" in its acting as a con-
necting link between the soldiers and
the outside world, so is it becoming un-
derstood to be one of the strongest
advertising mediums for those who
would reach the combined field of a
great civilian circulation and a thor-
ough canvas of the soldiers in camp.

JUST MEN

Apparently the German morale is breaking.
Four years of hunger, hardships and death have made their marks upon
the minds of the men of "blood and iron" who started out to conquer the
world in 1914.

Those who write back from the front state that there is little of the
"superman" in the way the squads of Teutons put up their hands and cry
"Kamerad." German prisoners are being captured in a wholesale fashion,
that would have seemed ridiculously impossible a year ago.

This does not mean that Germany is beaten—yet. It does not mean that
she will retreat before every advance. But her attitude is being re-
duced from that of a God-appointed plunderer to the mean state of a wild
beast at bay.

The philosophy of Nietzsche, which kindled the egotism of a smart peo-
ple is being swept to oblivion by rivers of German blood. "We must fight"
is the call of the Teuton press in the lines which once proclaimed: "We must
conquer."

They have seen that their great war machine is not invincible. They
have found that victory is not a matter of mathematics and science alone.
Verdun first taught them that. There have been many miracles since.
"They shall not pass" has come to be more than a battle cry.

And now Germany has caused to be brought to her frontier the sons
of Freedom who leave the blessed soil of America only because they hold
justice above peace and the eternal principles of democracy above all person-
al joy and gain. She feels the shock of those who battle in holy zeal for
motives as common as sunshine smiling over fields of nodding grain. The
following bit of verse by "The Bard of Barricks Six" is a version of why
"our boys" will break the sword of von Hindenburg and will crush the
power of the hoard of Nietzsche's mad followers:

OUR MORALE.

It is not for the thrill of the fighting game
That we heed the call to arms;
It is not the lure of the shock and flame,
It's the thrill of the touch of a dainty hand
Which sends us into that hell;
It's the tear-bright eyes, that in sorrow grand
Speak what the lips will not tell.

It is not a vision of world domain
That draws us across the sea.
In our hearts we hold no image vain
Of a haughty power to be.
But we bear a dream of a cottage home,
Shug in among the pines,
Where the roses red in the door yard bloom
And the porch half hid in vines.

It is not for the love of a conqueror's pride,
In bounty of gold and trade,
Nor the charm of mighty fleets that ride
At the shores of kingdoms made;
It's a finer spell that bids us step in place.
A prayer for guidance from above—
The silver threads that crown a hopeful face—
A mother's realm of love.

These, our tender pictures, never, never fade.
They form the spirit of our strength,
Which falters not in any clash or raid;
Heedless of the battle's length.
Golden sunshine on a winding, homeward trail,
With bluebirds singing rife,
Where Freedom blesses every crest and vale—
These are dearer far than life.

LESS DUST.

The road girting the base hospital
wards presented much the appear-
ance of a deserted highway on last
Sunday. The loss of rumbling and clat-
tering autos, the absence of waving
bankerchiefs and the lack of the usual
Sunday dust clouds, stirred up by the
motor vehicles, was noticeable.

The conscience of the base hospital
is clear on the Sunday gasoline wast-
ing order because it does not feel that
it harbored any marked per centage of
pleasure seeking, war-order dodging,
selfish, Sabbath joy-riding, traitors.

Orderlies and other enlisted men of
the hospital have agreed to take spec-
ial care in showing visitors through
parts of the hospital on week days and
to discourage in every way possible the
practice of "touring the hospital" on
Sunday pleasure trips.

We ask those who feel that they
must elude the government edict, to
make their amusement "spins" in oth-
er parts and not to waste the power-
giving fluid, which is surely needed for
moving troops at the front, by climbing
the hills about the hospital on Sunday.

LAFAYETTE DAY

Nearly everybody knew that Fri-
day was Lafayette Day but there was
no great stir in the land. America
has not forgotten but her expression
of gratitude is not in music and
marching and show this year. She
honored Lafayette by giving more
ships and shells and men to the
cause for which France bleeds.

Our most fitting tribute, to the
dashing young man who came to the
aid of the colonies in the darkest hour
of our revolutionary conflict was voic-
ed by that peerless leader, General
Pershing, when he stood before Laf-
ayette's tomb, more than a year ago,
and with the thousands of hardened
American marines behind him and
when with bowed head he uttered:
"We are here, Lafayette."

WOULD NOT FIGHT.

One day a man was drafted into
the army and he being a conscien-
tious objector declared to himself
that he would not fight. "You may
draft me," he said, "but I will not
fight."

He was then sent to a training
camp and run through the usual in-
fantry drill and still he said, "You
may train me, but I will not fight."

The time came when he, with the
rest of his regiment embarked for
France. Still he declared, "I will not
fight." After he had been on the oth-
er side three weeks the company in
which he had been placed was order-
ed to the front. But still he held to
his old declaration, "You may put me
in the trenches but I will not fight."

One evening, as the sun was sink-
ing in the west he was sitting in the
trenches his old black "Jimmy Pipe,"
when with a whiz a bullet sang by
and cut his pipe in two. Springing
up from his seat he cried, "Damn that
measley Hun who busted my pipe,
gimme my gun and lemme at him."

By Pvt. Ist Cl. Leslie McAfee.