

The Caduceus

"DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF
WORLD WIDE JUSTICE."

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listed Personnel of the Base Hospital,
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WE THANK YOU

How it rained last Saturday, from morning till night! The weather offered no sunny prospect for nearly 10,000 copies of The Caduceus.

But The Caduceus spirit proved itself.

Thousands of civilians stopped in the midst of the downpour to fish out a nickle for the camp paper. Hundreds of regular Caduceus customers waited on the front porches of their homes for their salesmen to appear. It was the finest kind of support and "we thank you."

There need be no patting on the back for the fellows who supplemented their hospital work by a jaunt through the rain to stay by the job of getting The Caduceus to the public. These men, who came in water drenched, on Saturday night, ask no praise, but their "fighting it out" shows the spark of that stuff which is winning eternal fame "over there."

COL. L. W. V. KENNON

The enlisted men, as well as the official staff of Camp Greene, feel deeply the loss of Colonel Kennon, whose influence as camp commander had come down through the ranks as a spirit of gentle yet firm leadership of rarest quality.

It was the whole-hearted will of all that social activities in which Camp Greene soldiers had a part be suspended during the period covering the interment of the late camp commander.

We all feel that Camp Greene suffers the loss of one who was planning for the building of one of the best army camps in the United States and one who felt an interest in all the men under his command.

TIGHTEN UP

"Everybody, tighten up."

It is the call from Washington. It is the echo of the appeal which sounded through England and France months and months ago. It is addressed to every department of our civil and military life.

"Tighten up" brings the same thrill to every red-blooded American that it did when it rang across the athletic field in other days. It makes one think of the nerve-tingling movement when the result of the big game

hung in the balance when the rival team was weakening and the score coming good but still the game was not won—when a careless error or a moment of laxness might mean defeat—when every person in the grandstand stood up, with muscles tense and all their spirit battling for the home team. And in the moment before the next vital play the captain raised his hands to form a megaphone before his mouth and shouted, "Tighten up."

Every member of the loyal host of "rooters" would have gladly taken the place of any player in that testing moment. So is every true American wrapped up heart and soul in every act of the brave lads who are playing our greatest game. They know that the boys who do battle across the sea are expecting every support from the "democracy fans" back home.

The soldiers are forced to give their energies to war work, now that they have joined the colors, by the system of their organization. They are willing to do more. In France we have the fine example of the Sammies using the time of their leave from the front in aiding the French peasants to harvest their crops of grain.

We who have been spared the shell shock and the watches on "No Man's Land" are asked to do just a little more saving than has been our want. It is brought to us as an individual matter.

"Tighten up and win the war in 1919" is the call. Use as little sugar as possible. Conserve gasoline. Mix all flour with other cereals. Make labor count for the allies. Keep every mandate with a war winning will.

"We must strip to the bone," comes Hoover's latest appeal. "Make the great conflict your most important business."

"Tighten Up."

We should deem it a privilege to skimp and save and give for the war cause until it hurts. We must show our allies that we mean business to our last man and dollar. The liberty we promise, the justice we demand, is worth suffering for. We must consider a "bit" as a slacker's allotment.

"Everybody tighten up."

PERSHING'S BIRTHDAY.

Friday, the thirteenth, was the fifty-ninth birthday of America's war leader in France, General John J. Pershing.

It was indeed an unlucky thirteenth for Prussianism that gave to the United States that trusted leader who has so well organized the fighting sons of democracy. The Americans rubbed that fact in by carrying on a new attack upon the southern Tuto lines and bringing the gravest peril to the military machine of Kaiserism.

Germany could meet no more formidable foe in the path of her world conquest than that self made general leading a host of determined marines and infantrymen against a portion of her war strained line.

General Pershing is known as one of the best of the "Common sense" leaders as he works out his stands upon a simple military basis and not upon conjectured theories. He was born at Laclede, Missouri, in 1877 taught a negro school in his home town. He graduated from West Point in 1896 and was a captain in the 10th cavalry during the Spanish-American war. He has been in every campaign since.

On March, 24, 1917 Pershing was placed at the head of the American forces abroad and on October, 4th of the same year his commission as general was sent to France.

WAR JOKES NOW BECOME CHESTNUTS.

The joke about the firm that is making shells for the Germans and will get them over by sending them to France and let our boys deliver them.

The joke about the Irish officer who said, "You too."

All jokes about colored soldiers and saluting.

All jokes of that character which begin "The Germans have taken calomel and cannot hold it."

Exchange.