

The Caduceus

"DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF
WORLD WIDE JUSTICE."

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listed Personnel of the Base Hospital,
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TILL THE BOYS COME HOME

"Hello, Broadway; Good-bye, France."

This is the song which is shaking the shell-cratered earth, along the former battle front, as our boys throw up their "tin hats" and sing for joy.

Their hearts have abandoned the purpose of war. Their thoughts have left the motives of strategy. They are loosed from the strain of the death game. Gone are the star shells and the flaring cones of the searchlights from the darkened heavens; gone are the gas attack alarms and the trench rushes; gone are the nerve-testing cries of the shrapnel and the crash of bursting shells.

The boys are free from the trying life of the trench but a long, long way from home. Their duties now are mostly to "hang around" until the routine police service is ended and a chance afforded to return to America.

The French soldiers have some measure of recompense for their bearing the shock of the conflict through four years. Now that the strife is finished they are at home. For the British it is only a step across the channel to Blighty. But thousands of miles of ocean roll between the American lads and their "ole home town" and there is the promise that the United States will bear a full share of the reconstruction work on Europe's soil.

"Till the boys come home" is the biggest problem of the hour

America's duty to care for every man until he is released from service is just as real as her mission to support "our boys" during the days of battle. Our pride in showing our brave lads every attention now should be as fine as that in which we gloried when they marched away at Freedom's call for fighting men.

The actual work of furnishing entertainment, good books, amusement, religious services, refreshments and bits of home comfort and cheer has been taken up by the seven organizations of the Salvation Army, War Camp Community Service, K. of C., Jewish Welfare, Y. M. C. A., American Library Association, and Y. W. C. A. They are now bending every effort to raise \$170,500,000 before the end of the week in order to give that final demonstration of "somebody cares" to our sons and brothers and dear ones in the uniform of honor. They are asking that we make our dollars stand between the soldiers and the camp temptations of peace as another show of gratitude for their standing between us and the desolating Hun.

The honor roll is being carried before us again. We cannot afford to leave any name from that scroll. We cannot afford to greet the boys, when they come home, with the blush of shame.

Now is the time to dig deep in anticipation of that glad tomorrow when you can clasp each returning hero by the hand and looking him straight in the eye, exclaim—

"I did my best."

NEW MISSION

Peace brings but a new mission to The Caduceus. From the effort to furnish a stimulant for redoubled war work to a mission of calling for renewed zeal in the reconstruction labors of peace must be the duty of the soldier press.

The calling of The Caduceus to serve was never more important than now. To the public as well as to the soldiers must come suggestions and open messages from Washington as to the work to be maintained for the quickest and most effective reorganization of labor and society. It is a time when the military press will be called upon as never before in the history of the war and The Caduceus does not expect to be found wanting.

ANOTHER ANNIVERSARY.

It was a year ago today that Lieutenant-Colonel William A. Sheep, then commanding officer of the Camp Greene Base Hospital, held his first inspection of seventy-eight men who had arrived at the base hospital the night before from Fort Benjamin Harrison, Indiana.

The new comers were heavy eyed from two days aboard a troop train and from the sleepless night of their reaching Charlotte and being brought to the camp. But they squared their shoulders and looked straight ahead and the commander reported them a fit lot.

Those fellows were in on the meningitis fight and the freezing days of ward trials which the winter brought. They have been a part of every effort of the base hospital since that day. Many of their number have been sent to France with departing units and have been in on the big drives "over there." Others continue their work at the hospital and can be counted on for their share of the burden until the last minute.

The men who came from Fort Benjamin Harrison are proud of their record in no clanish sense. They have never been an organization but as loyal individuals have followed the path of duty in a way that makes the mention of this anniversary highly appropriate.

OUR SONG OF PEACE.

The battle tumult dies away,
Stilled are the deep voiced cannons
 roar.
The promise of that better day
Carries its joy to every shore.
Peace at last, the message rings;
Peace of mind and heart and soul;
Peace which breaks the yoke of kings,
And lifts the torch of hope for all.
We sing in Freedom's name again,
We sing of Justice world enthroned.
We sing the might of righteous men;
And over all our trumpets blowing
We'll keep the swing of that glad song
 going—
 Going—till the boys come home.

In all our joy, we'll not forget
The day they marched away.
With heads erect—we see them yet
In that line with its even sway.
The heathen lust and the hate we
 feared
They crushed in their heroes advance.
God knows we worship each cross
 they've reared
On the shell swept hills of France.
We'll not forget the pledge we've
 made
To our Youth across the foam.
We'll pay them for every rush they've
 stayed—
Of the cheer that's in our hearts, we'll
 give—
From our wealth of love for each lad
 we'll give—
We'll give—till the boys come home.
 SGT. V. J. HARROLD,
 The Bard of Barracks Six.