

# 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.

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Editorial Office—Building C-1, Base  
Hospital.

Five Cents the Copy.

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## THE CADUCEUS

### BUILDING ANEW

The Caduceus, after being penned in by the recent quarantine, is rebuilding its circulation in the territory about the camp.

Nearly 10,000 copies were sold by the hospital men in the cities of the Piedmont section on last Saturday. The promise for this week is that of continued interest.

While the U. S. Army base hospital, Camp Greene, remains there is work for The Caduceus and no place along the line of the magazine staff is there evidence of slacking.

### VICTORY DAY.

A joint resolution has been introduced in Congress making November 11, the date of the signing of the armistice, a national holiday and designating it as Victory day. Advices from Paris state that the same action has been undertaken in the chamber of deputies, and no doubt the example will be followed in England, Italy and other countries.

It is very probable that November 11 will be added to the list of American national holidays, and that it also will be so recognized in all of the allied countries. Marking as it does the greatest event in history, the passing of autocratic government from the face of the earth, it deserves to be made one of the fixed feasts.

July 4, Independence day, heretofore has been regarded as the greatest and most inspiring of all American holidays, commemorating the independence of the American colonies. Victory day, broader in its significance, will commemorate the independence of the world, and thus assume a status, in the United States at least, equal to that of the Glorious Fourth. It marks a new epoch in the world's history.

## OUR BIGGEST JOB

A great crisis has passed—and another is just ahead.

There was a stupendous war problem, involving the transforming of American industry and the use of millions of men and billions of gold, which has been solved in the collapse of Germany's military power. But there is a great peace problem, involving the readjustment of mills and factories and the returning to trade of four million soldiers, which is born of the well earned victory.

It took a year, even with the matchless loyalty of American labor, to prepare for the grand triumph of democracy's cause. It will take time, no matter how rapidly congress works and regardless of the speed with which the plan for demobilization is put into action, to discharge our great hosts of the army and navy.

The period in which we now stand is the most trying time in the life of the soldier. His job is mostly to wait.

Some conjecture has been made as to whether it is not much easier to repose in a shell-shaken trench and await the minute when the whistle call will sound a hazardous rush across the cratered and wire covered terrain of No Man's Land and in the face of the spiteful clatter of Boche machine guns or if such a period of inactivity might not be considered a real respite when compared with the waiting for discharge papers after the fire of war is dead and the memory pictures of home and dear ones haunt both waking and sleeping hours.

"Waiting it out" at the bat has won many hard fought baseball games but the men who can be counted on to coolly "wait it out" are few. It is a nerve trying test which proves too much for those unseasoned in the game.

So this period of waiting for definite orders for demobilization is a severe test of our soldiery. How we individual soldiers behave during these trying days of uncertainty is the best test of our abilities for self-discipline.

We know that readjustment cannot come in a week. Industry cannot return to a peace basis over night. There is the promise that soldiers will be returned to private life as soon as possible and we have the assurance that it is a promise from that loyal will which said, "We will beat the submarine."

We have no reason to doubt the good faith of those in authority. They have cared for us too well during the months of battle. We also know that it is we soldiers who make the momentous readjustment problem for the government. We are the men who will cause the change in millions of jobs. We know also that this transition cannot be too rapid if business is to follow an orderly course.

Be patient—is the plea of congress, which is working on a demobilization schedule. The civilian public, which has provided war funds without stint and who have only asked that we show results, are urging patience among the soldiers while the readjustment problem is being solved. Patience is asked by the heads of the army and navy.

Our peace conduct can be such as to overthrow much of the heroic work of Freedom's warriors. We must curb our own selfish plans for the day and patriotically do the little jobs that come with this waiting period if we are to prove true patriots. We can help to the utmost at this stage of the social and industrial reconstruction by just being patient.

### ARMY LIFE.

Yep this army life is a pretty good life, when they keeps you on the run,

When you swing into line at a snappy quick time and your shoulder carries a gun,

And it ain't so worse though you sweat and curse when yer swinging a pick in a ditch,

And you can walk your post cheerful almost though the night's as dark as pitch.

Though they feeds yer slum that ain't half done yer always ready to go, For you feels just right with an appetite when yer hears the mess call blow.

Sure you soon can learn it's no good to yearn for the good old red-eyed booze

An yer keep a smile through many a mite of mud that's over your shoes.

Yep, this army life is a pretty good life when there's somethin' for you to do.

It's the time that's yer own when retreats been blown that makes a feller blue.

If you goes down town an yer bums around, there's nothin' but strangers there,

An the thoughts of home comes into yer dome and you wishes that you wuz there.

If you sticks with the crowd an yer laughs aloud at some guy's darn fool jokes

And yer sing an shout you can't keep out the thoughts of your old home folks.

Then yer writes to yer dad an tells him your glad your here and all is well

But when yer alone to yerself you'll moan "This army life is hell."