

The Caduceus

"DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF
WORLD WIDE JUSTICE."

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listed Personnel of the Base Hospital,
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CHRISTMAS NUMBER

As is the custom with every maga-
zine of correct standing The Caduceus
will deliver a Christmas issue next
week, when attentions will be paid to
the bits of Christmas cheer that may
line the way of the soldier who is
looking down the vista of dragging
days towards his discharge papers.

The Caduceus cartoonists are work-
ing on pictures which will give an ad-
ded yule tide setting to our holiday
edition.

Special attention has been paid to
advertisers who have novelties and
conventional Christmas gifts for sale
and in both this issue and the next
may be found announcements which
should help in solving the annual
shopping problem.

THE DEVENS MEN.

It was a year ago that 160 men from
Camp Devens, Mass., marched from
the Southern station to the U. S. Army
Base Hospital, Camp Greene, at the
heels of Captain Carney.

Every man of the outfit was glad
to be here for the breezes of winter
had been whipping about the barracks
of the Northern camp for two weeks.
This was the land of sunshine and ev-
ergreens. And the next day it snowed.

No one can say that the Devens
men lost their nerve in the black days
of disease battle through which Camp
Greene survived last year. They may
have talked "Lil Ole New York" a
might more than was necessary, but
they have always been on the job.
Their crew has made up a part of ev-
ery baseball, basket ball and foot ball
team that the hospital has recruited
and they were fighting when the wis-
tle blew.

There are nearly a hundred of the
Devens men at the hospital yet and
you will find them in places where
there is a call for men tried and true.

WE ARE GOING BACK—HOW?

The feast of death ended with the signing of the armistice. Piping
whistles will no longer call a plunge across the bloody deluge of "No
Man's Land." There are some tag ends to be cared for and to a part of
us will come the order for continued service but the summons to face
the crimson leer of heathen rage is gone.

We are going back home; back to the city streets, with their jargon
calls and myriad lights; back to the plains where the sun smiles over
broad acres of golden plenty; back to mountain villages, which look down
upon a patch work of fruited fields; back to the home on the corner or at
the bank of the murmuring river or near the changing tides of the restless
sea. We are going back—how?

Do we expect to go with the energy of being called to do a big work
or are we to return as men whose worthy labor is all in the past? Are we
soldiers to continue to make history? Are we determined to gain a part
of the joy of the freedom we have helped to bring to the world or do we
expect to allow others to gather the full fruit from the harvest we have
made possible?

ARE WE TO BE MUSTERED OUT AS MEN OF HIGH MISSION OR DISCHARGED TO DRIFT AS DERELICTS?

We can consider that we start life over when we return to take our
places anew in the walks of trade. We can understand that we have been
given added advantages because of the strict training in the school of the
soldier. We can see that our return as men of Honor's line will mean
that we have a greater chance to lead and to serve our generation and with
the foresight of genuine leaders we can prepare for that day of our enlarged
mission.

We have struggled for army promotions when all the object of our
learning was to destroy the power of Potsdam. Now our lives take a new
turn. Will we live in the past of our petty hardships and sacrifices or will we
grasp the broader view of training with renewed zeal for advancement in
the realm of peaceful progress?

We will sooner or later be forced to face this new test of courage.

Will we strive to pull ourselves above the notch we held in the com-
mercial world before the war? If we mean to try we should read and study
towards that end now.

Will we try to perform a broader function toward society; to mean
more to those about us—to advance the brotherhood of man? If so let
us start now. There is always a chance to practice a friendly greeting
as we go about our daily work. There is always the opportunity to give
the word of encouragement to a comrade who carries burdens we may not
understand. There are countless chances to practice kindness and mercy
while still in the army.

It is never too late to begin to climb; to strive to mean more to ourselves
and our fellow man.

We are all bound to face the new epoch which follows the war. The
part we are to play depends upon ourselves—upon our strength of mind
and heart.

We are all going back—it is for us to determine how.

THE PRESIDENT AND THE SABBATH.

The President, commander-in-chief
of the army and navy, following the
reverent example of his predecessors,
desires and enjoins the orderly ob-
servance of the Sabbath by the offi-
cers and men in the military and na-
val service of the United States. The
importance for man and beast of the
prescribed weekly rest, the sacred
rights of Christian soldiers and sail-
ors, a becoming deference to the best
sentiment of a Christian people, and
a due regard for the divine will de-
mand that Sabbath labor in the army
and navy be reduced to the measure
of strict necessity. Such an observ-
ance of Sabbath is dictated by the
best traditions of our people and by
the convictions of all who look to
Divine Providence for guidance and
protection, and, in repeating in this
order the language of President Lin-
coln, the President is confident that
he is speaking alike to the hearts
and to the consciences of those un-
der his authority.—Woodrow Wilson.

Takes Down Maps.

Gone are the war maps from the
walls near the library section of the
Red Cross building. The many colored
sketches of the lay of Europe have
served their rday of interest and Miss
Marie Fox Wait, librarian, has releg-
ated the big papers to the discard.

Time was not far hence when the
maps were the seat of feverish inter-
est. The little red and blue and green
headed pins were moved backward and
forwards as the embattled hosts
wavered in that last death struggle.
Hospital patients called at the library
every day to look over the maps and
ascertain the standing of Justice in
it's grapple with Autocracy. But now
the war is over. The faltering line is
gone. There may be a new map of
Europe and who cares to gaze at the
motionless and dusty headed pins any
longer. Anyway they are gone.