

The Caduceus

"DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF
WORLD WIDE JUSTICE"

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AFTER THE WAR.

On the chevron discussion I would like to impose the prophetic words of Secretary Baker, who has the following to say:

"Ten years from now the army of the United States will consist of two classes of people, those who served in this war and those who did not. Men who have nothing on their sleeves will be those who have joined the service after the armistice, and men who were in service during the war, either abroad or at home, will wear the appropriate chevron. It will designate those who were in the forces during the war from those who were not."

A. SILVER BEARER.

WE TELL THEM

How has the removal of Camp Greene units affected Caduceus advertising?

It has a direct bearing on the nature of the business announcements we seek and carry. There is no use advertising to 40,000 doughboys of Camp Greene when they are gone. There is a marked value in presenting any article which should be brought before the people of this section of North Carolina, however, for The Caduceus continues to go into thousands of homes of this region every Saturday.

We are making our advertising appeal to merchants who want to send a message into the homes of Charlotte and other cities of the Piedmont area and our best talk is to ask those we call upon to look upon the streets on Saturday at the hundreds of blue-covered copies of The Caduceus that pass their door and which are going straight to the library tables of homes they wish to reach.

LET'S EASE UP.

There was a well-beloved chaplain in the American Army in France who has been quoted as saying: "If swearing will win the war, I'm for swearing." The war having been won, the Stars and Stripes, the official organ of our fighting men across the water, suggests that the time has come for a readjustment of the profanity output. The official organ does not advocate breaking off all at once, after the fashion of the usual New Year resolution, but suggests a gradual return to normal verbal conditions.

That our army, like that earlier army described by Uncle Toby, swore terribly in Flanders is quite possible. That there has been a lavish wartime use of what a noted magazine writer calls "the sizzling stuff," we all know. It was not confined to the army, however. It was an evidence everywhere—a result of the war tension, of overwrought nerves, of resentment against detested conditions. Now that those conditions have been abated the practice of profanity might well be cut down. When used too often it not only weakens the mother tongue, it weakens itself. It becomes, as the poet said, flat and stale and unprofitable. It may, as a supply train driver feelingly urged, be an essential to the guidance of army mules, but there is no doubt that peace can be safely adjusted and prolonged without it. The Stars and Stripes appears to have started a highly commendable demobilization.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

THAT'S ME MABLE, ALL OVER.

Sergeant—"Now suppose you found a lighted bomb on your post and you knew it was about to explode. What would you do?"

Rookie—"Turn it over to the captain of my company, sir."

—Bombproof.

SPIRIT WILL ENDURE

Camp Greene is passing. The government order to clear the former training ground is being carried out with dispatch. The ranks of every unit stationed in the camp have been depleted and several organizations, which flourished there a week ago, have been wiped out entirely.

The hand of the wrecker has already set upon the buildings. Hill sides of the great ravine, which splits the camp site, are being cleared of the tent bases that were once the floors and four walls of dwellings in the city of canvas, where thousands of the strong men of the nation were being schooled for battle.

If we are in a retrospective mood as we watch the work of pulling down the rude structures we can see among the unpainted buildings, now being tortured by axe and bar, the forms of that busy host which peopled the camp a year ago. We can feel the blood tingle of the hour when the Forty-first division, that army of stalwarts from the rugged west, was active in its preparation for meeting the war trained Death Hussars.

We can remember when the camp surged with life and resounded with the call of shouted orders; how motors hummed and hammers rang, as the drab clad men carried on their myriad processes of feeding, clothing, drilling and housing 60,000 soldiers.

We recall the regulars of the Third and Fourth divisions, from New York and Pennsylvania, and the men of the Maine heavy artillery. We recollect that gathering of 21,000 horses in the corrals of the remount station and can see again the bales of hay, heaped mountain high, in the clearing.

With early spring came the movement of combatant units and the ebb of life at Camp Greene. It was an outgoing tide that never returned. While the pioneers of the camp made glorious history along the battle front their former training site stood as a cluster of vacant buildings, but sparsely peopled by that procession of mechanics, ground aviators and camoufleurs, who were later brought here to give a touch of life.

As we watch the razing of the timber shells of Camp Greene there is a touch of emotion for those of us who knew the hum of busy days along the company streets in the hey day of that training center. The feeling is not one of sadness because we are too glad that the red struggle for which these men prepared is passed. But the ground is hallowed to us in that it was trod by our heroic comrades who displayed a spirit, when they met the steel of German hate, that gives the memory of our association with them a touch of reverence.

It is not the buildings, which fall today that we cherish; it is the work of the men who have moved among them, just common Americans, who smiled in the face of death and in their smiling set the engines of destruction to route. It is not the wiping out of the camp that creates the tender feeling in our hearts; it is the fact that this was the army city which held men that we must always admire: men of steel; men of unshakable faith; men who knew no fear as they met the war-bred subjects of autocracy; men worthy of the glory which has come to the American name.

And at this time we express an ambition. We hope that in the years when the camp and our U. S. Army Base Hospital, Camp Greene, are but parts of fruitful acres or the sites of quiet homes, that the Mecklenburg citizen who never fails to point out to visitors the places where the first Declaration of Independence was drawn up, where Washington tarried, where King's Mountain was fought, where Jackson lived, and who relates with pride about "The Hornet's Nest", will refer to the camp land as "the training ground of heroes," and pointing towards the ground where the hospital now stands, will be justified in adding, "Over there the Medical forces fought their battles against the epidemics which swept the camp. They won their fights by skill and courage that we must always admire and to the last day of the hospital's standing we looked upon it as the seat of thorough and untiring service."