

# 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.

Business Office ..... Phone 1530  
Editorial Office—Building C-1, Base  
Hospital.

Five Cents the Copy.

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## SCOOPED

"We are so proud of The Caduceus," said Mrs. J. P. Caldwell, well known editor of the popular Three-Minute Interview page in The Charlotte Observer a few days ago, in talking with a member of the staff of our hospital publication. And in this story Mrs. Caldwell is "scooped," to use a well-known newspaper expression, which achievement is a marked attainment as a "scoop" on Mrs. Caldwell is a journalistic victory not to be lightly held.

Mrs. Caldwell insists that she shares her opinion of The Caduceus with many other Charlotte people, which adds to the strength of this story.

## IN LOVE WITH OUR COMRADES.

The women of Europe have fallen in love with the American soldiers and there are several reasons for it, according to an editorial comment by Frank Dilnet, in the New York Times, and from which an excerpt is quoted:

"Millions of American soldiers have taken the stamp of American personality to Europe. For years to come America must be the source of assistance and supplies to a war-stricken world. It will be an educative part for America herself; to the peoples of the other countries it will mean a new stage of existence, with all manner of alterations in outlook, in methods and, possibly to some extent, in taste.

"I saw the other day an article dealing with the new-found preference of European women for American husbands. It is not that they have fallen in love with khaki, for they had plenty of that before America entered the war. What has happened is that the new type of manhood has struck the imagination and touched the feelings of the women. Of course, the sheer newness of these men has something to do with it, but that is only a preliminary.

"Surveying the American soldiers as they went off, stalwart young citizens drawn from every class of life, I was impressed by the difference between them and the European young men. America is undoubtedly developing a race of its own through a variety of reacting conditions, where the climate, food, political tendencies, and material well-being each have an influence. These young men, on the whole, were taller than the Europeans, not so thick set, keener in the face and eye, with thinner hips and a quick nervousness all over them.

"They were more serious, too. At close quarters they lacked some of the characteristics of the English and French soldiers. They were abrupt and direct in speech. They were also less accustomed to formality, less used to the ameliorating word, and had altogether less respect for convention, as we understand it in Europe. They were also more individual. Altogether, with their omissions and their qualities, they were of a type which is as strange in Europe as some distinct race. Withal, they had the essentials of strength and manliness above everything else. The gentle women of the world have never failed to appreciate such qualities. No wonder that feminine Europe has fallen in love with the American soldier."



## THE PEACE CONFERENCE

The center of world interest is that table at Versailles where the diplomatic representatives of the strongest nations are gathered to assemble a new order of international law from the chaos of the mightiest war in history.

We could not ignore the existence of the peace conference if we would because the life of that assembly of notables is brought to our attention by the headlines of every issue of the daily press. We all know in a general sort of way that the mission of the peace conference is to establish the responsibility of the authors of the war, to punish the guilty, to fix the reparation due to the countries which have suffered from the aggression of the guilty and to set up a new standard for future relations of nations. We are a bit hazy about the League of Nations and the boundaries for "freedom of the seas."

We have no theories as to how long the conference will last. We expect our representatives to remain on the job until their work is finished. We have fastened our faith upon those who have gone to act as our spokesmen before the leading statesmen of the earth. We expect these fellow countrymen of ours to stand firm for the ideals for which we, as Americans, have given our very heart blood.

And we representatives of the Medical Department of the United States Army admit a like obligation for ourselves. The service which we have been giving in our labors of care during the war is extended to include one of the most sacred duties ever imposed by the trust of the American people.

Our function is not to set as judges. We are to take for granted that those brought to our attention have given heroically of their blood in the devotion of our common cause.

We are not to make laws. Our call is to obey the common codes of brotherhood and in our effort we need not consult the precepts of "paper scraps," drawn up in the breathing spells between national jangles. We have the warm, heart stories of comradeship which are brought to us by our brothers from the battle line. We hear from those who wear the wound stripes of Ypres and St. Mehiel how strong men carried the burdens of the weak in the days when shoulders reeled along the shell-torn roadways leading to the quaking trenches. We learn that in these black clouds of hate and death there were bits of sacrifice worthy to stand with the brotherly love of Damon and Pythias.

In the modesty with which these stories of unselfishness and courage are related by the wounded men from the front we easily gather that every man Jack of them was a hero. They have the first right to demand that Columbia's claims for justice and democracy be written into the supreme law of the nations. And, we realize now the more that while the eyes of the world are strained towards Versailles, it is for us, who have been drawn by our soldier duties into the quiet places of healing, to respond to the faith that America has placed in every man she has called for service, to cheerfully give all care to our brothers in arms and thereby add to the dignity of any peace terms that our representatives to the conference may compound.

## THE CHORUS.

What's to become of us now?  
Must we turn to the factory or  
plough?  
We shudder to think  
Of the price of a drink  
Since Congress has slaughtered our  
cow.

—Ontario Post.