

body disappeared from the streets. I thought that siren was the ccream of a shell—never having heard one. During a lull after the first bomb I emerged from the store and reached the post-office, thinking it was all over. But it had only begun. Another bomb fell, this time very close and accompanied by a rattle, the rattle of destruction. A gendarme came running in commanding that all lights be put out, "Vite, vite!" Then the anti-aircraft guns began. The bombs continued mingling with the reports of the guns, but it was easy to distinguish them by the crash and rattle which came with explosions of the bombs. The post-office is a three-story brick building and offered good protection especially in the hallway where there were no windows. In fifteen minutes all was quiet again. Returning to the hospital I had not quite reached the ward when the rain began again. This time the refuge was a five-story main building of the hospital. Doctors, nurses, and all who were not busy in the wards or operating rooms congregated in the inner corridor, all lights out again, and it was nearly half an hour before we ventured out.

Three taubes had been seen. Sixteen bombs had fallen. Nine were killed and about twenty-five wounded. It is the habit of the soldiers near the beach to run into the sea during an air raid where the bombs do not usually fall. One of them had been wounded on the run and when carried in was wet all over. Apparently he had drowned, for his wound was not of a fatal nature. Among those brought in from the village was a woman. She had been in bed in her little tiled-roofed, one-story fisherman's cottage, her baby two weeks old beside her. A bomb had struck her squarely through the roof. The next day she died in the hospital. The baby was uninjured.

PIGEON FLYING AT CAMP.

Some of the signal corps men are now confronted with an entirely new line of work, namely, that of caring for the pigeon messengers that are now included on their routine of duty.

"Pigeon liaison" as this system of communication is termed in the army, is a new feature that has been added to training activities at camp, but recently and requires considerable care and careful study. In furtherance of this, pigeons have been released from the neighboring towns within a radius of thirty miles about the camp and the great majority of them have returned to their cages as was expected, however, in some cases their inborn sense of direction became confused and a few have not returned.

Any of the birds found in this immediate section of the country with the mark U. S. A. on their leg bands should be held and their numbers reported to Lieut. Jos. H. Sands by telephone at Camp Greene No. 33. The pigeons should not be killed or injured in any way, for there is a heavy penalty against holding them without the proper care.

OPEN LETTERS

THANKS EXTENDED

Office of Camp Medical Supply Officer,
Base Hospital, Camp Greene, N. C.

July 17, 1918.

To Members Detachment,

Camp Medical Supply Depot.

Through the columns of the Caduceus as a medium, let me sincerely thank you for your kind expression of sympathy extended to me in the last issue of the Caduceus.

My mother and sister join me in acknowledging our sincere appreciation for your beautiful floral token sent North upon the death of my father—it was indeed thoughtful.

Any words that I might utter would fall far short of expressing my true feeling. All I can say is, I thank you.

Sincerely,

SID L. DARLING,

Captain, Sanitary Corps, N. A.

SUNSHINE LETTER

Boston.

Capt. J. H. Way,
Base Hospital,
Camp Greene,
Charlotte, N. C.

Dear Sir:

I wish to thank you and also all the officials and nurses at the Base Hospital, especially of Ward B-4, in which my son was confined during his severe sickness. I can not express myself in this letter for the great kindness and care given him, as I am positive that if he had not had the best of treatment he would not have been alive today.

Again thanking you for your great kindness, I remain,

Yours sincerely,

A. E. BURLAND.

OUR OWN SUNSHINE LETTER.

Editor of The Caduceus.

Dear Sir:

Permit me to congratulate you on the splendid work of The Caduceus. To my mind this is the most interesting as well as instructive camp paper that I have had the pleasure of examining.

My sister, Miss Ethlynde E. Smith, nurse at the base hospital, sends me The Caduceus, which keeps me well informed as to the conditions at Camp Greene.

If this communication counts for anything give it space in your valuable paper and let me tell others of the goods deeds of The Caduceus.

Sincerely yours,

DR. C. BARRINGER SMITH,
406 E. Franklin St.,
Richmond, Va.

THANKS NURSES.

I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to the nurses of the base hospital for their liberal contribution in the recent rally for our church, Little Rock Zion Methodist, Charlotte, in which we raised \$3,347.37.

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