

SOLDIERS' TRIBUTE

PAID MEN OF MATTHEWS WHO
FELL IN FRAY.

Sergeant George E. Woolard and Private Calvin Gates took part in a most impressive memorial event at Matthews, Sunday. The two men were called upon to pay a part of the tribute to two Matthews soldiers who have fallen in action in France.

The exercises were held in the First Presbyterian church of Matthews. Private Gates sang "The Holy City" as the first of three vocal numbers. He is one of the most finished singers of the camp and his smooth tenor voice brought the usual expressions of admiration.

Sergeant Woolard delivered a brief address on the general subject of the purpose of America's fighting force. At the close of his talk he presented a silk service flag, dotted with blue stars and holding two gold stars, to the community in behalf of the Ladies' Aid Society of Matthews.

An excerpt of the speech by Sergeant Woolard follows:

"In addressing you today I am speaking from the viewpoint of a soldier who has stepped out to aid in upholding America's spirit of democracy and to insure democracy for the world.

"Some of us were called quite soon after reaching Camp Greene, others later, some are still waiting to be called, but each and every one of us goes over with the sole determination to play the game, and to see it through to the victory that must inevitably be ours, and if it is God's will, we will gladly give our lives in this great fight for Freedom and Justice.

To call it a sacrifice to give up one's life in such a cause as this is a gross misnomer, it is an honor rather than a sacrifice.

"We make absolutely no sacrifice, it is the dear ones we leave behind who make the sacrifice.

"Don't grieve for those of us who may be called into the valley of the great shadow, we would not have you do so, we do not wish for sympathy, we are not to be pitied, but those who go surely are to be envied. All the honor and glory in the Heavens and on earth be theirs, they die safe in the knowledge that they have laid down their lives in saving the world from the ravages of the arch fiend in Potsdam.

"We are now marching on toward a Victory that was always ours, we are going to prove to this beast in human form that Right is not Right, we are going to prove that the exception here is the rule, we are going to reverse that maxim, and make it read that Right is Right, we are going to whip the Kaiser and his Horde of Barbarians to the point where they will never again be able to wage a war of lust, hate, pillage and piracy. We will do so cheerfully, and happy in the knowledge that those who have fought so valiantly and died have not given up their lives in vain.

"For upward of 2,300 years the Teuton race have been the barbarian antagonists of civilization, and of all the peoples of the earth who have stood for the higher and purer things, and

WARNING

STEER CLEAR OF COURT MAR-
TIALS.

The following bit of verse, with its chanting meter like the cowboy songs of the plain or the unexplainable ballads of the far north, was delivered to The Caduceus office in a greasy envelope on Thursday. The poem was "made up by the boys in the stockade" according to the writer and it appears to have slipped by the censor.

It is because of the homely, heart-felt warning to shun the guardhouse that we print the shred of native rhyme on—

THE STOCKADE.

On the outskirts of a city,
Known as Charlotte, Caroline,
Lies a guardhouse lone and dreary,
Where the lawless, they confine,

Camp Stockade is its name,
With its sentinels alert;
Discipline is its game,
And its law all but mirth.

In the morning your name is called,
Answer "HERE" and step right out;
"Slop detail and pick and shovels,"
Is the Provost Sergeant's shout.

It's all wrong with Court Martials,
'Tis what the prisoners always say,
I would make a better soldier,
If they'd just give me fair play.

There is sick call in the morning,
For the lazy, sick and lame,
C. C. Pills and Castor Oil,
Makes the inmates all but tame.

Life in the "JUG" is not a joke,
It's peeling spuds and digging rears,
"\$30" per, and always broke,
And you do without your "BEERS"

There were times in "CIVY" life,
When brooms and shovels you would
scorn,
High stiff collars and silk shirts,
For blue dinum they are shorn.

So you fellows all take warning,
This stockade you all must shun,
For these sentries are live wires,
And it's all work without fun.

unless we all put our best foot forward
they will be the dominators of the
world for the next 2,300 years.

"All we ask is that those of you
who stay over here will so live and
act, that when we return victorious,
for we shall return that way or not at
all, we want each and every one of
you to be able to take us by the hand,
look us square in the eye and tell us
that while we were offering up our
lives over there, in order that the
world may be made safe for democra-
cy, you were not only doing your bit
over here, but were doing everything
that lay in your power.

"In conclusion I would ask you once
again not to waste your sympathy
on the boys, they do not wish it, this is
no time for pity, or sympathy; theirs
is a just and righteous cause, and they
are to be envied rather than pitied."

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