

*Original copy of this & will
be used at camp.*

Camp Dodge, November 3, 1918.

It has been beautifully said, "There is a time to every purpose under the heavens,- a time to be born and a time to die, a time to break down and a time to build up, a time to weep and a time to laugh."

We assemble today in the presence of the immortal spirits of these soldiers, who, clothed in the uniform of their country, were stricken on the way to the battle front.

Man does not live unto himself alone. Life is not an isolation. The voice of the dead in this mightiest of wars will be one utterance from all who gave their lives in battle and in camp. The voice of these will mingle in the mighty chorus of the martyr forces of the past. They will ring for human liberty throughout the ages yet to come. They ally themselves with the worthy dead from every battle-field where mortal man has fought.

These soldiers in whose memory we here gather are marshalled in that mighty army of the dead of all the ages past who had caught the spirit of liberty, of service, and of sacrifice.

With the passing of these soldiers from this world, something has gone out from all our lives. There is a void, and for the moment, it is difficult for us to regain our poise or to readjust.

We find comfort, though, in this, - they went with zeal for the glory of our flag and all it represents.