

RUTGERS COLLEGE
NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

- ✓ J. Brownlee Voorhees '96--died of wounds x Jan 8
- ✓ Bertram F. Shivler '04--died in service x Oct. 14
- ✓ Hervey C. Robins '07--killed in action Oct 17
- ✓ Joyce Kilmer '08--killed in action + Aug 1
- ✓ George W. Winslow '15--killed in action x Sept 29
- ✓ Sherman L. Conklin '16--killed in action x June 12
- ✓ Harold N. Halsted '16--died in service July 21, '17
- ✓ Walter D. Reese '16--died in service x June 9
- ✓ James B. Scarr '16--killed in action June 6
- Rudolph Elmer '17--died in service x Oct. 11
- Reimer Shearman '17--killed in action x Oct 2
- ✓ Chapin C. Barr '18--killed in action x Sept. 28
- Byron P. Croker '18--killed in action x Oct 6
- Morris B. Jackson '19--died in service x Oct. 27
- ✓ Chester C. Cubberley '20--drowned in service x Aug 13
- ✓ Harry M. Hansen '20--died in service x Oct. 13
- ✓ Norman S. Bloodgood '21--drowned in service x June 26
- Leo L. Franken '22--died in service x Dec. 1
- ✓ Herbert O. Tilton '20--died in service x Jan. 1919
- Daniel S. Smart (faculty)--killed in action x Oct. 15, 1919
- Harold Anshen '14--killed in action x Oct 21
- William J. Hudson '15--killed in action x (Sept.)

A SONNET SEQUENCE, by Dr. Louis Bevier; read at the Rutgers College Memorial Service, Kirkpatrick Chapel, February 16, 1919.

Obituaries of Rutgers men killed in the War:-

- 1 Conklin '16
- 2 Kilmer '08
- 3 Shivler '04
- 4 Voorhees '96
- 5 Croker '18
- 6 Elmer '17
- 7 Shearman '17
- 8 Barr '18
- 9 Collins '18
- 10 Winslow '15
- 11 Cubberley '20 ~~#####~~ '19
- 12 Jackson '19
- 13 Hansen '20
- 14 Hershman '20
- 15 Bloodgood '21
- 16 Scarr '16
- 17 Gray '20
- 18 Franken '22
- 19 Reese '16

A SONNET SEQUENCE.

Read at the Rutgers College Memorial Service, Kirkpatrick Chapel,
February 16, 1919.

Louis Bevier '78

The Call

To our land's youth there came across the sea
A cry for help, that thrilled the nation's soul,
And echoed around the world from pole to pole,
A cry for help to rescue liberty.

Blind force upheld the age-long tyrant's plea
Laid brutal claim to dominate the whole
Round of men's life, and bend to its control
Their wills, hearts, honor, at one man's decree.
From factory, forum, mart, from college halls,
They rushed in gay crowds, eager, unafraid;
Free men who burned to match themselves with thralls
Armed in hell's panoply - a high crusade,
Bearing a new crusader's flag, unfurled
To the free blowing winds of all the world.

The Wall of Flame.

On came the hordes of tyranny, and swept
The line of freedom back, drenched it with gas,
Scorched it with fire, and onward, mass on mass,
Slowly towards the doors of Paris crept.
Still the line held, men fighting while they slept,
Though stone and iron cracked like brittle glass,
Still the same watchword held "They shall not pass!"
A hero's pledge heroically kept.

And then, on winged feet, out of the west,
Help came at last, in ever gathering might,
Bringing new courage, and a quickened zest,
To gallant men, worn by the four year's fight.
Comrades in arms, a living wall of flame,
They stood, blazed forward, broke through, and overcame.

Long Life.

They have long life who do the will of God,
They who, in youthful ardor, place their all
At fearful hazard, glad to heed the call,
And tread the paths of old by heroes trod.

At the world's cry for help, their feet they shod
With winged sandals, sped to make a wall
Of flame invincible. Even those who fall
Are victors, though they lie beneath the sod.

They live as long as freedom lives, as long
As memories of sacrifice endure,
As long as spirit, poetry, and song,
As surely as God's sovereignty is sure.
Their years, though but a score, as blind men see,
Reach the far shores of immortality.

Chapin Crawford Barr 1918

Second Lieutenant, Aviation, U.S. Marines

Chapin Crawford Barr, 1918, Second Lieutenant, Aviation, U.S. Marines,
~~was killed in action when flying over the German lines, September 29, 1918.~~

died on September 29, 1918, from wounds received in action the preceding day. On September 28, Lieutenant Barr had made six trips across the German lines. On his return with a fellow pilot, after ^{he had} ~~accomplishing~~ ^{ed} the work which he had set out to do, his plane was attacked by seven German machines, one of which he shot down. While attacking another at close range, he was struck by a burst of machine gun bullets, which severed the popliteal artery of his left leg, shattering the knee. When finally he fought his way back to his base, the loss of blood was so great that his life was despaired of. He ^{lived} ~~lasted~~ until the following day, when he suffered a sinking spell at ten o'clock in the morning, and died at ~~11:20 a.m.~~ *a short time later.*

Lieutenant Barr was born on December 10, 1895, in Toledo, Ohio. After spending several years of his early life in Marietta, Ohio, he moved to New York when he was ten years of age. He attended the Trinity School, N. Y., for several years, but spent 1908 in California, going to school in Hollywood and La Jolla. In 1909 he returned to New York, and a year later moved to Montclair, N. J., graduating in 1914 from the Montclair High School, and entering Rutgers the following fall. In college he was affiliated with the Zeta Psi fraternity, and was a member of the varsity swimming team. He was desirous of entering commercial life, however, and left college in his sophomore year to enter the office of the West India Oil Company, New York, N. Y., taking a special course in Spanish in preparation for a trip to South America in the interests of the company.

When the United States entered the war, Lieutenant Barr enlisted in the Naval Reserves, but becoming disappointed in the delay in providing submarine

chasers, he joined the Naval Aviation forces, passed his examinations, and awaited call. The word was slow in coming, however, and during the months of waiting, he entered the employ of the Percy Kent Company, at Brooklyn, remaining with them until January 1918, when he was sent to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. After ten weeks of intensive study, he was sent to Pensacola, Florida, where he took up actual flying. From the first trip he was fascinated with the work, and after slightly more than three hours in the air, was told that he could make his first 'solo.'

In June, the Marine Corps called for volunteers to fly land machines and do 'stunts,' and Lieutenant Barr immediately asked for his transfer to the Marine Flying Corps. Shortly afterwards, he passed his tests and began trick flying at Miami, Fla.

On July 18, the First Marine Aviation Forces sailed for France on the Baron de Kalb; and on August 20 Lieutenant Barr was flying with a British Squadron from a field between Calais and Dunkirk.

During September he went on many trips across the lines, doing the most dangerous work aviators were called upon to do; strafing trenches, bombing and raiding railway objectives, and for three days dropping food to a French regiment that had been cut off without supplies. It was in the midst of these activities that he lost his ^{life} leg on September 29. He was ^{number} buried with a row of other officers, American and English, in a beautiful French cemetery. In describing the burial, the Rev. George W. Atkinson, pastor of the Grace Episcopal Church, Washington, D. C., and chaplain and secretary in the American Y. M. C. A., has written as follows:

"All the officers with black bands on their arms marched into the courtyard of the hospital, where in a lovely garden of blooming flowers lay the body of your son. I went over to the flowers (Marguerites) pulled a large bunch, and placed them on the coffin under the American flag which lay over it. The flowers went into the grave with him. I also placed a small crucifix on the coffin. It remained during the services before we started to the cemetery. I

am enclosing the crucifix for you, ^{and} ~~I know you would cherish it.~~ I am also enclosing a small 'Memorial Service' from which I read the 23rd Psalm..... The firing squad and taps ended our service. The body was put on a big military caisson, the escort leading the procession, the pall bearers on either side. We walked through the heart of the town, every man and boy uncovered as we passed, the French women making the sign of the cross.....It was very touching; tears rolled down our faces, for 'Dick' Barr was the first to go. ~~One~~ One of the officers and myself are going to the cemetery to place the one American flag in camp on Lieutenant Barr's grave. Rest assured that we will take care of the grave, and after the war the body will be shipped to you, although it rests in a lovely spot on French soil."

Norman Slocum Bloodgood '21

Electrician, U.S.N.

Norman Slocum Bloodgood, 1921, Electrician, U.S. Navy, was washed overboard and drowned while his boat, the U.S.S.C. 190, was cruising near the mouth of the Chesapeake Bay, June 26, 1918. The fleet of ~~#####~~ submarine chasers, of which Chaser 190 was a member, had been ordered overseas when news came of the submarine invasion of the eastern coast of the United States, and the fleet was detailed to hunt down the ~~invaders~~. During a heavy storm, which raged for five days, the U.S. S.C. 190 was buffeted about until her fuel became exhausted and it was ~~doubted~~ ^{doubtful} if she would make port. An English tramp steamer, which happened to be nearby, was informed of her plight by wireless, and at once answered that she would ~~###~~ try to float a line to the chaser if it could be made fast. Volunteers were called for to try to secure and fasten a six-foot line which ~~was floated~~ ^{was floated}, attached to a barrel, from the port quarter. Mr. Bloodgood and another man by the name of Walton volunteered. They lashed themselves to the forecastle deck, making the line fast through the port chock, and bringing it around the wireless tripod and capstan. Just as this line was secured, the tramp steamer hove ahead and, the heavy ~~###~~ ^{waves} throwing "190" off into the trough of the sea, the strain snapped the line, carrying away the wireless, tripod, capstan, life lines, and deck plate, and throwing the two men into the water. It was impossible, owing to the tempestuous seas, to assist them, and they were never seen again.

Norman S. Bloodgood was born in Jersey City, N.J., June 24, 1895, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel C. Bloodgood. He attended the public schools of that city until he was ten years of age, at which time his family moved to Far Hills, N.J., where he completed his grammar school education and was graduated from the Gladstone High School. Later he moved to Asbury Park, ~~###~~ graduating from the high school of that city in June 1917, and enrolling at Rutgers the following September.

In college, he was a member of the Zeta Psi fraternity. He left college in October of the same year to enter the engineering branch of the U.S. Navy, spending a short period of training at Bensonhurst, L.I., and later going to Pelham Bay, N.Y. He was admitted shortly afterwards to the Columbia University Naval Engineering Corps, from which institution he graduated with a percentage of ninety-six, and was assigned to Submarine Chaser 190, at Alexandria, Virginia. It was while performing voluntary service on that boat that he met his death.

In writing to Mr. Bloodgood's parents, the captain of Chaser 190 spoke of the boy's admiration for ^{the} his college. "We often talked of his ideals, and he very often mentioned his anticipating many pleasant and profitable days at his college in New Brunswick," the officer wrote. "He spoke of his fellows there with a deep love and a sincere admiration. He said that if all colleges treated young students with the courtesy and consideration that he had met with in his short college career, he could understand how graduates ^S loved to return to their colleges in after years and why it was the period of their life that held the dearest memory.... I mention this because his college seemed to be uppermost in his mind."

The executive officer of the ship has paid the following tribute to the young sailor: "The Navy Department long before this has informed you of the death of your son, Norman S. Bloodgood, at sea, on the afternoon of June 26, 1918. I desire to express to you my sentiments regarding one of the noblest boys who ever died for this country of ours..... Bloodgood was the finest and squarest man on the ship. He never failed to do his share of the work and was always willing to do more. It is impossible for me to tell you the duty that the ship has been performing, but I can say that there are but few ships which have been assigned duty of more vital importance to the country and to the ultimate winning of the war. Norman died as much a hero as the most famous soldier in France."

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JOHN IRELAND COLLINS 1918

Private, Infantry, U.S.A.

John Ireland Collins, 1918, Private, Infantry, U. S. A., was killed in action by a portion of a high explosive shell on the morning of October 19, 1918, while his ~~Company~~ was operating in the Bois-des-Loges, near Grand Pre, France. An hour or so before his death, Private Collins was wounded in the right leg. First aid was administered by a ~~Sergeant~~ in Company A, 309th Infantry. After dressing Private Collin's wounds, the ~~Sergeant~~ left him ^{to seek} ~~seeking~~ a stretcher. He returned shortly and, at the request of Private Collins, read several chapters from the Bible, and also said a short prayer. He then continued his search for a stretcher and returned in about a half hour to find that Private Collins had been wounded again by a fragment of high explosive shell, this time in the left side of the neck. The wound was dressed and Private Collins was carried toward the first aid station, but expired before reaching that place. The body was laid to rest near the spot where the dressing station was located, St. Juvin, France.

Private John Ireland Collins was born at Atlantic City, New Jersey, November 1, 1894, the son of Mr. and Mrs. N. J. Collins. He prepared for ~~College~~ at the Atlantic City High School, entering Rutgers with the class of 1918, and remaining in college for two years. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity. ~~From~~ 1916 to 1918 he was engaged in business in Atlantic City, and on April, 1918, enlisted in the U. S. Army, becoming a member of Company L, 309th Infantry. In May he sailed with his ~~Company~~ for France, arriving in June. He saw active service on several occasions, was popular with his ~~Company~~ and ^{deeply} ~~much~~ respected by his superior officers. On October, 1918, while Private Collins was acting in the capacity of signalier in the headquarters platoon of Company A, 309th Infantry, orders were received to enter the Bois-des-Loges and capture the same. ~~At~~ about 4.30 oclock on the morning of October 19th, the ~~Company~~ entered the woods, with the headquarters platoon leading. It was here that Private Collins

received the wound which resulted in his death.

In writing to Private Collins' parents, First Lieutenant Lewis S. Mosher, of the 309th Infantry, paid the following tribute to the young soldier: "John was a fine little fellow and an excellent soldier. He was always ready and willing to do his duty in every way, and while the death of those near and dear to us is always sad, you can ~~always~~ ^{surely} take pride in the fact that he died for his country and for humanity."

Major A. J. L'Heureaux wrote Mr. Collins, father of Private Collins, on April 10, 1919: "The gallant manner in which your son fought and made the great sacrifice ~~is~~ ^X worthy of the best traditions of the American Army."

SHERMAN LINDSLEY CONKLIN 1916

Private, Ambulance Corps, U. S. A.

Sherman Lindsley Conklin, 1916, private, Ambulance Corps, U. S. A., was killed in action in the Forest of Villers-Cotterets, on June 12, 1918. He had gone to a front-line poste de secours and was waiting for the ambulance he had driven to be loaded when a shell burst at his side, a piece of éclat striking him in the head and causing instant death. He was buried in the civil cemetery near Tallefontaine with full military honors.

Private Conklin was born at Fairfield, N. J., January 26, 1894, the son of the Rev. John W. Conklin, Rutgers 1871. He prepared for college at the Barringer High School, Newark, N. J., graduating in 1912. In 1916 he received his A.B. degree from Rutgers. While in college he was an associate editor of the Targum, a member of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs, a member of the Scarlet Letter Board, and Captain of the varsity swimming team. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon Fraternity and an officer in the College Y. M. C. A.

After graduation he became teacher of English at the Bound Brook, N. J., High School, resigning a few months later to accept a position with the Firthcliffe Carpet Company, at Auburn, N. Y. When the United States entered the war, he enlisted in the Ambulance Corps and went to Camp Crane, Allentown, Pa. In August 1917, he sailed for France. In January 1918, he was awarded the Croix de Guerre for saving the life of a comrade whose clothing had been set on fire by an explosion of gasoline. He himself was so badly burned that he was confined to the hospital for two months. Immediately after his release, he returned to duty, performing brave and splendid service until he met his death at the village of Montgobert.

In a letter to Mrs. Conklin, Sherman's mother, his comrades of the S. S. U. 635, have written as follows: "To have known Sherman was to have loved him..... His unfeeling good nature, his ready sympathy, and his eagerness to be always

doing something for some one else, were an inspiration to us all. In all the time we have known 'Cub,' as we called him, not one of us ever heard him say one word in anger, nor to express even one unkind thought of anyone We shall always be guided by the example he set us; and when we most miss him, we shall try to remember that his call found him ready and unafraid to answer, and that he gave his life in the greatest work of this great cause, the relief of pain and torture."

During his college course, he wrote verse of fine promise, and after graduation this promise was nearing fulfillment. It was as a singer of songs that his friends in France remember him best, one of whom, Marcus Sheldon Goldman, has written the following In Memoriam:

"Many shall sing the victory, but you
Who wrought so well to make the victory ours,
Shall sing no more of anything of earth.
And we may only dream of those clear songs
That you had sung among us, had the Gods
Not snatched you, as of old they snatched away
The Roman Lucan and that glorious knight,
Sidney, who fell like you for freedom's sake
In that same Flanders which hath been again
An Armageddon, leaving unto men
So small a part of all that melody
That dwelt within you and the memory
Of a fair presence and most gracious deeds.
But of all poets those who die in youth
In the red front of battle are most loved:
And their half-finished garlands of sweet song
Are deemed more priceless than the stately wreaths
Twined by the hands of masters who grew old
'Mid heaped-up honors and the world's applause.

So in life's incompleteness there is found
The last perfection - for we reach in dreams
A fairer land than any land may be,

Ah! You have had your wish, a shining death,
No sinking into numbness and gray years.
And you went glad with paens in your heart
For having known "steep hillsides and the moon"
And all the myriad joys of being young.
And you shall live with us as Kilmer lives,
And Brooke, and Seegar, and all proud high hearts
Who made fair songs and loved the rear of guns."

Byron Pennington Croker 1918

Second Lieutenant, Infantry, U.S.A.

~~Lieutenant~~ Byron Pennington Croker, 1918, Second Lieutenant, Infantry, U.S.A., was killed in action at Nantillois, France, October 6, 1918. The story of his death is told in the following letter from Lieutenant David P. Moran, of the 318th U.S. Infantry:

"It was at Nantillois, just north of Montfaucon, where Byron, my dear friend and comrade, met his death. October 5 was a very unfortunate day for us. It seemed that all the German artillery was firing on us; we lost more officers and men on that day than in any five days of our campaign.

"Due to the very excellent and daring work on the part of Byron, our men were organized and thrown into the line, which they held until the great advance of the sixth. Byron did not take part in this, for at about five o'clock of the evening of the fifth, one of the many shells included him in their terrible toll. I went to the aid station many times during the night to see Byron, and each time he smiled and said, 'How's everything going, Moran?' Never once did he lose the cheerfulness which made everybody love him.

"At about five o'clock on the morning of the sixth, he passed away. A wooden cross which I myself made marks his grave, which is located twenty-five yards north of the building that was used as a regimental station. This building is the only landmark in Nantillois."

Lieutenant Croker was born in Atlantic City, N.J., on August 30, 1895. He was graduated from the Atlantic City High School in 1914, entering Rutgers with the class of 1918. At college, he was especially prominent in singing, and during his junior year was elected manager of the Glee and Mandolin Clubs. For two years he was choir leader of the Suydam Street Reformed Church, of New Brunswick. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

In May, 1917, he left college to enter the officers' training school at Fort Myer, Va., and three months later received his commission as second lieutenant. He was assigned to the Depot Brigade, Camp Lee, Va., and afterwards transferred to the 318th Infantry, sailing for France in May 1918. On June 8, he wrote to the Alumni Quarterly:

"If I am in France just now, I don't feel as though I were. It doesn't look very much different in places than do certain parts of the good old U.S.A. However, the large number of old women with wooden shoes, which make a noise loud enough to be heard several city blocks away, the windmills, and the earth fences which are used to separate the different farms, are all interesting and new to me. It is really a most wonderful experience to ride through such country and suggests anything but war.

"I have just heard the news that submarines have sunk several ships off the coast of New Jersey. That was a catastrophe in a way, but if it wakes up the people to a realization that we are at WAR, it will have served a good purpose."

From June until August, Lieutenant Croker was drilling and training his men behind the British front, but in September he was moved up to the American lines. It was with Company F, 318th U.S. Infantry, that he met his death.

Chester Curtis Cubberley '21

Cadet, Auxiliary Reserve, U.S.N.

Chester Curtis Cubberley, '21, Cadet, Auxiliary Reserve, U.S.N., lost his life by drowning when the American oil tanker, Frederick R. Kellogg, was torpedoed by a German submarine off the Barnegat Light, on the New Jersey coast, on August 13, 1918. With a fellow cadet, he was drowned in his cabin by the sea which rushed into the hole made by the torpedo in the side of the boat. The ship was struck at 6.10 oclock on the evening of August 13, when shewas on her way from Tampico to Boston with 7,500 barrels of crude oil. There was no warning goven, and the majority of the crew were below decks. The explosion was so terrific that the tanker was broken apart, sinking in less than five minutes.

Cadet Cubberley was born in Long Branch, N. J., April 8, 1897, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac N. Cubberley. His preliminary education was received in the Garfield School and in the public schools of Long Branch. He graduated from the Chattle High School with highest honors in June, 1916, winning a scholarship to Rutgers and entering the following September. He was an exceptionally good student and gave promise of high scholastic attainment, but in March 1917, he enlisted in the Naval Reserve and was sent to Pelham Bay, N. Y., for training. In December 1917, he was transferred to Section Base Number 7, at Whitestone, Long Island, and in June was appointed a cadet in the Auxiliary Reserve. He sailed on his first trip to Texas on July 16; and on July 31, on his return trip, wrote a letter to the college, telling of his joy in the service. Less than two weeks later, he was drowned off the Jersey coast, one day before he expected to visit his home on a short furlough.

RUDOLPH ELMER 1917

Second Lieutenant, Infantry, U.S.A.

Rudolph Elmer, 1917, Second Lieutenant, Infantry, U.S.A., died of pneumonia, at Camp Sevier, Greenville, S.C., on Friday, October 11, 1918. On September 24, Lieutenant Elmer was ordered to Camp Sevier, as an instructor, and on August 4, was transferred to a second company in the same camp. He was at that time seriously ill, but with the courage and tenacity of purpose which was characteristic of all his actions, he refused to report his illness directly upon assignment to new duties. He continued at his work without complaint for two days; but on Sunday evening, October 6, walked into the camp hospital without assistance and dropped into a chair unconscious. Attending physicians declared that he had contracted pneumonia twenty-four hours before reporting. He died on Friday, October 11, being conscious until very near the end and recognizing members of his family who had hastened to his bedside.

Lieutenant Elmer was born in Egg Harbor City, N.J., on April 22, 1896. He graduated from the Atlantic City High School in 1913, and received his B.Sc. in Chemistry at Rutgers in 1917. In college, he was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity, an active worker in the Chemistry Club, and catcher on the Reserves baseball team. He was popular with undergraduates and faculty; a conscientious student and a loyal Rutgers son.

Upon graduation, he became connected with the Mondanto Chemical Company, of St. Louis; but in the fall of 1917 received an appointment as government chemist, and was stationed at Washington, D.C. He was anxious to enter more active service, however, and although exempt from war duty, made application through Rutgers College for the Fourth Officers' Training Camp. He was admitted to the training school at Camp Meade, Md., and was later transferred to Camp Gordon, Atlanta, Ga., where he was commissioned second lieutenant in Infantry. On September 24, he reported to Camp Sevier, where his death occurred less than a month later.

Leo Lidy Franken '22

Private, Infantry, U.S.A.

Leo Lidy Franken, 1922, Private, Infantry, U.S.A., died of blood poisoning at the home of his parents in Brooklyn, N.Y., December 1, 1918. His death was very sudden. A member of the Student's Army Training Corps, he contracted blood poisoning shortly before Thanksgiving and was confined in the College Infirmary. On Thanksgiving Eve he was taken to his home in Brooklyn, where he suffered a relapse and died a few days later.

Private Franken was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., July 10, 1899, the son of Leo and Loretta Franken. He attended Public School No. 39 and the Erasmus Hall High School, where he was a member of the school football team and a scholastic swimmer of exceptional ability. He graduated from Erasmus in February 1918, joining his father in business in the firm of Lee, Morris Company, New York City. On September 1919 he entered Rutgers, and in October enlisted as a private in the U.S. Army, through the medium of the Student's Army Training Corps. He was a member of the Beta Theta Pi fraternity and a candidate for the varsity football team. His funeral, on December 4, was a military one, conducted by Lieutenant Everett, of the College, and attended by a delegation of student soldiers.

Private Franken was a young man of sterling qualities and highest character. He was the youngest son of the College to lose his life during the war and the only member of the Student's Army Training Corps to make the supreme sacrifice.

William Gordon Gray '20

Private, First Class, Ambulance Corps, U.S.A.

William Gordon Gray, 1920, Private, First Class, Ambulance Corps, U.S.A., died of typhoid fever while serving the United States Army in France, on March 4, 1919. When taken sick, he was on detached service with the 61st Infantry Infirmary, having been released from his own Section in December. He was taken immediately to Mondorf, Luxembourg, where his ~~own~~ Section was ~~stationed~~ stationed, and placed in the hospital. Although he was given the best possible care, he gradually grew weaker, and after three weeks in the hospital, died quietly on March 4. He was buried in the churchyard of the village of Ellange, Luxembourg, six of his comrades in Section 560 carrying him to his final resting place.

Private Gray was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., June 8, 1898, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alan J. Gray. He attended the Hasbrouck Heights, N.J., grammar schools, and was graduated from the Leonia, N.J., High School in June 1916. He was an athlete of marked ability, ~~with~~ with special aptitude for tennis and baseball. He was a man of remarkable physique, being 6 feet 4 inches ~~in~~ in height and weighing over 200 pounds. In his freshman year at college, he was pitcher on the varsity baseball team, and in his sophomore year was center on the varsity football team. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity.

In the spring of 1918, he enlisted in the Ambulance Corps, and after a training period at Allentown, Pa., was assigned to the American Forces in Italy. He was later transferred temporarily to France.

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~~Section 560, spoke as follows concerning Private Gray's~~

In forwarding the sympathy of ~~Section~~ Section 560 to Private Gray's mother, Mr. Willard F. Place, for the Section, has written as follows: "We send you our deepest sympathy and condolence in the death of your son. When he was taken

from us we lost one of our truest and best friends, one who had worked with us and who had shared the hardships of this great war. He was admired and loved by all of us, and we shall never forget him. We are proud of his having given his life for his country, but in our hearts he is living still."

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Harry M. Hansen '20

Seaman, U. S. Navy

Harry M. Hansen 1920, Seaman, U. S. N., died of pneumonia at the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn, on October 13, 1918. Seaman Hansen was born in Perth Amboy, N. J., July 19, 1897, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Abel Hansen. He attended the Perth Amboy ~~Public Schools~~ and later entered Blair Academy, Blairstown, N. J., graduating in 1916. He entered Rutgers in the fall of the same year, taking a special course in ceramics. At ~~College~~ he was a member of the Kappa Sigma fraternity, was a quiet unassuming boy, ~~and~~ good student and highly esteemed by his classmates.

In April, 1917, he enlisted in the Naval Reserves. He was not called into active service until July, having been permitted to complete his college year. He had served only for a few months ^{when} ~~before~~ he contracted pneumonia and died after a brief illness.

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Michale M. Hershman '20

First Sergeant, Infantry, U.S.A.

Michael M. Hershman, 1920, First Sergeant, Infantry, U.S.A., died of wounds received in the Argonne Forest, on September 28, 1918. Chaplain S.M. Cleveland, of the 307th Infantry, describes Sergeant Hershman's death as follows: "It was in the Argonne, when we were making the difficult advance over those steep, brushy hills. The machine gun company had advanced under heavy shell fire toward a strong point called Depot des Machines, in the center of the forest, and were setting up one of their guns behind the wall of an old German cemetery, when Sergeant Hershman was badly wounded by the explosion of a gas shell. He jumped in front of his men when the shell started to fall close by, in order to protect them as much as possible by being between them and the bursting shell. He was badly wounded, but not killed. We took him at once to the first aid post, about a half mile to the rear, where he made one of the gamest, most uncomplaining struggles for life I have ever seen. However, before morning he passed away very happily, his last words being a request to be remembered to the dear onest at home and the hope that the man who was wounded at the same time he was, Casimere Marren, might recover. He and Warren were buried side by side near that first aid post."

Sergeant Hershman was born in Brooklyn, N.Y., March 7, 1896, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Theo. D. Hershman. He attended the Brooklyn public schools and the Erasmus Hall High School, where he was well known as an athlete, having been a member of the football, basketball, and bas ball teams. He attended Rutgers Preparatory School for one year, graduating in June 1916 and entering Rutgers the following

September. He left College at the end of his freshman year to enter business. He was inducted into service in September 1917, and was sent to Camp Upton, N.Y., where he won promotion to a corporalship and later a sergeancy. In April 1918, he sailed for France, and in June was in the front line in the Lorraine sector. On June 24, he was seriously gassed, being blinded for three weeks and speechless for ten days. After three months in a base hospital in France, he returned to his regiment. In almost his first action after his return, he was mortally wounded.

One of his officers, in paying tribute to him, has written as follows: "I remember Sergeant Hershman very well. I do not suppose there was any one first sergeant who was so loved and looked up to by the men of his command as Sergeant Mike..... May I close with a personal tribute, that in my opinion we had no better soldier and no braver man in the regiment than he."

Michael M. Hershman '20

First Sergeant, Infantry, U.S.A.

Michael M. Hershman, 1920, First Sergeant, Infantry, U.S.A., died of wounds received in the Argonne Forest, on September 29, 1918. Chaplain S.M. Cleveland, of the 307th Infantry, describes Sergeant Hershman's death as follows: "It was in the Argonne, when we were making the difficult advance over those steep, brushy hills. The machine gun company had advanced under heavy shell fire toward a strong point called Depot des Machines, in the center of the forest, and were setting up one of their guns behind the wall of an old German cemetery, when Sergeant Hershman was badly wounded by the explosion of a gas shell. He jumped in front of his men when the shell started to fall close by, in order to protect them as much as possible by being between them and the bursting shell. He was badly wounded, but not killed. We took him at once to the first aid post, about a half mile to the rear, where he made one of the gamest, most uncomplaining struggles for life I have ever seen. However, before morning he passed away very happily, his last words being a request to be remembered to the dear ones at home and the hope that the man who was wounded at the same time he was, Casimere Marreh, might recover. He and Warren were buried side by side near that first aid post."

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Morris Bacon Jackson 1919

Sergeant, ~~###~~ Medical, U.S.A.

Morris Bacon Jackson 1919, Sergeant, Medical, U. S. A., died of Influenza at the home of his parents in Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sunday, October 27, 1918. After thirteen months in service at Base Hospital No. 8, Savenay, France, he was detailed to accompany eight shell-shocked officers to the United States, and it was while on a fifteen-day furlough before returning to his duties that he contracted the disease which resulted in his death.

Sergeant Jackson was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., May 27, 1898. He was graduated from Friends Seminary, Brooklyn, in 1915, entering Rutgers in the fall of that year and electing the agricultural course. He was a member of the Delta Upsilon fraternity, was a substitute on the varsity football team, and an associated editor of The Targum. He left college to enlist in the Medical Corps, U. S. Army, in April, 1917, embarking three months later on the transport Saratoga, which was rammed in New York Harbor by the steamer Panama. He sailed late in July on the transport Finland, which was the flagship of the convoy and which sank two submarines in an encounter off the coast of France. During the winter ^{of} 1917-18, ^{Sergeant} Jackson drove a motor truck and ambulance at Base Hospital Number 8. In the spring of 1918 ^{he} was placed in charge of a 20-acre truck garden, which was part of a 120-acre farm used for the benefit of the hospital. Convalescent patients worked under ^{his} Jackson's direction, securing for themselves needed physical exercise and producing necessary vegetables for the hospital. ^{He} Jackson was relieved from duty at the farm in order to make his visit to the United States.

The following letter from Mr. J. K. Paulding, Knights of Columbus, representative at Base Hospital No. 8, has been received by the parents of Sergeant Jackson:

~~"Savenay, France, November 12, 1918."~~

"I have just heard of Morris's death, and cannot forbear writing you a line, even at the risk of intruding upon your great grief. I don't know when I met a finer boy, and I had learned to love him almost as a son. I shall never visit

the farm again, where he was stationed latterly, without a feeling of acute pain. I used to go there occasionally to take supper with the boys, and the chief pleasure to me was sitting afterwards in the doorway or on the flagging and talking with him.

"I remember the beautiful spirit in which he took an unjust criticism levelled at the conduct of the farm in which he took so useful a part. The other man there was justly angry and did not conceal it. Morris never ceased smiling and was moderate in all his comment; it seemed sufficient to him that he had done his full duty and it did not too much concern him if there happened to be somebody who could not recognize it.

"I often had occasion to recognize in him a higher spirit and one more genuinely interested in serious things than in most of the men about. Perhaps that was the result of a different and better home training, but it was surprising in a boy so fitted for every sort of outdoor delight to find him discriminating in what he read and instinctively averse to the trash that the average fellow cares for.

"I have seldom seen a handsomer fellow - what a joy to find a beautiful spirit, a lovely nature, behind the outward beauty! Perhaps, ^{free from} my dear Mrs. Jackson, you can come to feel in time, if not just at present, that he is now ^{free from} change or taint, secure in purity and serenity of his youthful manhood. His memory will always remain an inspiration to me. The world is the sweeter for his sojourn among us."

~~"After what I have written, I do not need to tell you how largely I share in the grief of his father and yourself. You have my deepest sympathy."~~

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always remain an inspiration to me. The world is the sweeter for his
sojourn among us."

ALFRED JOYCE KILMER 1908

Sergeant, Infantry, U. S. A.

Alfred Joyce Kilmer, 1908, Sergeant, Infantry, U.S.A., was killed in action by a German machine gun bullet, near the Ourcq River, France, July 30, 1918. The incidents of his death have been described as follows by a comrade in arms: "Joyce Kilmer met his end in the heroic performance of his duty..... Being attached to the Intelligence Department, it was the duty of Kilmer to precede the battalion and discover the possible location of enemy guns and enemy units. The last time I saw him alive was on the morning after he had crept forth alone into No Man's Land and had come back on a brief errand into the village. He was full of enthusiasm and eager to rush back into the woods where others had suddenly discovered enemy machine guns. A party of us moved out with him, the battalion slowly following. Then the commander sent forth a patrol with Kilmer in the lead to establish the location of the machine guns. I lost sight of Kilmer, and a couple of hours later, when the battalion advanced into the woods to clear the spot of the enemy, I suddenly caught sight of him again lying on his stomach on a bit of sloping ground, his eyes just peering over what appeared to be a natural trench..... We called to him but received no answer. Then I ran up and turned him on his back, only to find that he was dead." *For distinguished service and valor in line of duty he was posthumously awarded the Croix de Guerre by the French government.*

Sergeant Kilmer was born in New Brunswick, N. J., December 6, 1886, the son of ^{ANNIE ELLENE} ~~Annie~~ (Kilbourn) and Frederick B. Kilmer. He was educated at home and at the Rutgers preparatory school, entering Rutgers College in 1906 and remaining for two years. From Rutgers he went to Columbia where he received the degree of A.B. in 1908. Upon graduation he accepted a position as teacher of Latin at the Morristown, N. J., High School. After a year of teaching, he resigned in order to accept an editorial post on the staff of the Standard Dictionary. Subsequently he became literary editor of The Churchman, an Episcopalian periodical, and later was a member of the editorial staff of the New York Times, and Current

He was a regular contributor of both verse and prose to the Literary Digest, Book News Monthly and other periodicals.
Opinion.↑ His first volume of poetry, "Summer of Love," appeared in 1911

and established him as a poet of splendid promise. In 1914, he published, "Trees and Other Poems;" in 1916, "The Circus and Other Essays;" in 1917, "Literature in the Making," a collection of interviews with contemporary literateurs, and "Main Street and Other Poems." When America declared war, he joined the Seventh Regiment, New York, but was later transferred to the Sixty-ninth Infantry. In October 1917 he sailed for France, and shortly afterwards was promoted to the rank of sergeant.

In 1908 Sergeant Kilmer was married to Miss Aline Murray, of Metuchen, N. J., who, with four young children, survives him. In 1913, he was received into the Catholic Church, his wife becoming a Catholic at the same time. Sergeant Kilmer, who had won a substantial place in the literary world as poet, essayist, and lecturer, was president of the Dickens Fellowship, a member of the Arthurs' League, the Poetry Society, the Authors' Club, the Columbia University Club, and the Delta Upsilon Fraternity.

Edward Markham says of him ; "His death is a great loss to the forces of idealism in the nation..... Every line from his pen is an honor to his mind and to his manhood. Joyce Kilmer made the great decision. He chose to serve the good, to stand by his principles, to guard the sense of honor within his breast." Hundreds of tributes from fellow-poets, friends, and admirers have printed concerning Sergeant Kilmer. Perhaps the following poem by Joseph Bernard Rethy best describes him as his friends knew him:

"He loved the songs of nature and of art;
He heard enchanting voices everywhere;
The sight of trees against the sunlit air,
And fields of flowers, filled with joy his heart.
He knew the romance of the busy mart,
The magic of Manhattan's throbbing life,
And sensed the glory of the poor man's strife,
And humbly walked with Jesus Christ apart.

All kindly things were brother to his soul;
Evil he scorned and hated every wrong;
Gentle - another's wounds oft wounded him.
But when his country called the freedman's rool,
Forthwith he laid aside his wondrous song.
And joined in Flanders God's own Cherubin."

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And joined in Flanders God's own Cherubin."

Walter Dilts Reese '16
Sergeant, ^{Engineers}~~Infantry~~, U.S.A.

^{Engineers}
Walter Dilts Reese, 1916, Sergeant, ~~Infantry~~, U.S.A., died at his home in Westfield, N.J., on Sunday ~~evening~~, June 9, 1918. Less than a month before his death, Sergeant Reese had suffered from a severe attack of measles, from which he did not wholly recover. He was granted a short leave of absence from Camp Dix, N.J., on Saturday, June 8, and ~~spent Saturday evening and Sunday at his home.~~ and reached home that ~~evening~~. afternoon. There, on the evening of the next day, he suddenly passed away.

Sergeant Reese was born at Westfield, N.J., August 19, 1894~~4~~, ~~###~~ the son of Mr. and Mrs. C.D. Reese. He prepared for college at the Westfield High School, graduating in June 1912, and entering Rutgers with the class of 1915. A long illness in the fall of that year kept him from his studies, however; and in September 1912, he re-entered with the class of 1916, graduating with the ~~degree of B.Sc~~ from the engineering course with the degree of B.Sc. He was prominent in colleg^e undergraduate activities and was popular with both fellow students and professors.

After graduation, he was connected for a time with the engineering office of Mr. Asher Atkinson '85, of New Brunswick. He enlisted in the First Officers' Training Camp, at Fort Myer, Va. Later he was offered a sergeancy in the Regular Army, which he declined. Early in February, he was inducted into service and from February 26th until his death was located at Camp Dix, ~~#####~~ where he became sergeant in Company ~~##~~ I, 35th Regiment of Engineers.

Sergeant Reese was a splendid soldier, a conscientious worker, a good friend, and a loyal son of his Alma Mater.

Walter Dilts Reese '16
Sergeant, Engineers, U.S.A.

Walter Dilts Reese, 1916, Sergeant, Engineers, U.S.A., died at his home in Westfield, N.J., on Sunday June 9, 1918. Less than a month before his death, Sergeant Reese had suffered from a severe attack of measles, from which he did not wholly recover. He was granted a short leave of absence from Camp Dix, N.J., on Saturday, June 8, and reached home that afternoon. There, on the evening of the next day, he suddenly passed away.

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James Bernard Scarr '16

First Lieutenant, Infantry, U.S.A.

James Bernard Scarr, 1916, First Lieutenant, Infantry, U.S.A., was killed by a high explosive shell on the battlefields of France, on June 6, 1918. The story of his death and burial is told in a letter to Lieutenant Scarr's parents by Major J.G. Macomb, a fellow officer: "At 1.15 a.m., 6 June, 1918, your son, James Bernard Scarr, First Lieutenant and Battalion Adjutant, 30th U.S. Infantry, was instantly killed by a high explosive shell. Two other officers and eight soldiers were killed at the same moment and several others wounded. Your son was killed while assisting in caring for four wounded men who had been brought into headquarters..... Lieutenant Scarr died like a soldier and an officer. He did not suffer and never moved after the shell exploded..... He lies buried now in France in a little apple orchard beside his comrades. The apple trees are in white bloom. The day after the burial, a very old peasant woman came into the orchard and placed wild carnations on these graves and said a prayer. This dear old lady lost her husband in the war with Germany in 1870, and she lost two sons in 1914 in the Battle of the Marne.

Lieutenant Scarr was born in Hollis, Kansas, February 17, 1893, the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. James H. Scarr. The family moved to Mulhall, Oklahoma, in the fall of 1893, and to St. Louis in 1898. Two years later, they went to Helena, Montana, then to Sacramento, California, and then to Tampa, Florida. In 1908, when Mr. Scarr became weather forecaster for New York, they moved to Hasbrouck Heights, N.J. Lieutenant Scarr attended the Hasbrouck Heights High School for two years, and was graduated from the Hackensack High School in 1912. Entering Rutgers with the class of 1916, he at once became active in undergraduate affairs. He was for four years a member of the college debating team, was recitationist for the Glee Club, the winner of several prizes in oratory, and was connected with the Targum, the dramatic club, and the Y. M. C. A. His fraternity was Delta Upsilon.

Upon graduation with the degree of Litt. D., he joined the teaching staff

of the Hasbrouck Heights High School, remaining there until the United States entered the war. In April 1917, he took the examinations for appointment as provisional second lieutenant in the Regular Army; and in May 1917 resigned his position to enter the First Officers' Training Camp, Fort Myer, Virginia. He graduated from this course and was commissioned, but resigned in order to accept the appointment as Provisional Second Lieutenant in the Regular Army as a result of his examinations in April. In August he received his commission, and in September was connected with the 30th U.S. Infantry, at Syracuse, N.Y. In December, he was promoted to First Lieutenant and made Battalion Adjutant. Soon afterward he was appointed Intelligence Officer of the battalion and was chosen with eight other officers to precede his division to France. Arriving there in March 1918, he was given a special course of training for several weeks, at the end of which his record was "Excellent, Rank 1; fitted for instructor at corps school; exceptionally capable and well fitted." He was then sent to the front trenches for observation and instruction, and it was there he was killed while in the performance of his duty.

The Rev. Harold W. Schenck '13, in paying tribute to Lieutenant Scarr, in the October 1918 issue of the Rutgers Alumni Quarterly, writes as follows in regard to the young officers:

"Splendid in the spirit of its stern summons to duty and of the hearty response by men with faith and courage is this bit of verse which Jimmie sent home to his family a short time before his death:

"God, who gavest men eyes to see a dream;
God, who gavest men hearts to follow the gleam;
God, who gavest men stars to find Heaven by;
God, who madest men glad at need to die;
Lord, from the hills again we hear the drum;
God, who lovest free men,
Lead on----- We come! "

"Certainly such thoughts comprise a remarkable tribute to the courageous faith that inspired his efforts, to the calibre of his manhood, for it means something when a young man can look ahead into the grim uncertainty of the charge, to the mists along the river that separate Time from Eternity, and can say with the smile of 'all is well' upon his face;

"'God, who madest men glad at need to die,
Lead on---- We come."

Reimer Shearman 1917

First Lieutenant, Infantry, U.S.A.

Reimer Shearman, 1917, First Lieutenant, Infantry, U.S.A., was killed in action on October 3, 1918, while leading his men through a honeycomb ~~barrier~~ barrage near Grand Pre, France. Ordered to an exposed position to set the machine guns of his company, he and a companion were discovered by the German gunners who, sensing their purpose, at once opened fire. Both young officers were killed instantly. It happened in the midst of the Argonne Forest, in the part of the woods called Bois de Naza. For his "splendid courage, service and sacrifice" Lieutenant ~~was~~ Shearman received a posthumous divisional citation.

Lieutenant Shearman was born in Newark, N.J., February 8, 1896, ~~the~~ the son of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Shearman. His preparatory school education was received at the New Jersey Military Academy, Freehold, N.J., from which he graduated at the age of eighteen, and where he was second lieutenant in the Cadet Battalion. He entered Rutgers in 1913, but remained only for one year. He was a member of the Zeta Psi Fraternity and the Chair and Bones Sophomore Society. In the summers of 1915 and 1916 he took the Short Courses in Agriculture at the College Farm. At the outbreak of the

war he enlisted in the army and was sent to Governor's Island, N.Y. He was selected to attend the second series of officers' training camps at Plattsburg, N.Y., completing the course and winning a commission as second lieutenant in infantry. He sailed for France with the 305th Infantry on April 16, 1917, and on September 5th was made a first lieutenant. Before meeting his death he underwent varied experience and participated in considerable fighting in the front line. In one of his letters describing his experiences he wrote: "Do you know that for 37 days I went without taking off my clothes and without anything real to eat, except corn with hardtack and jam. By the way, I had on my gas mask for 4 1/2 hours at one time, and it was some job to keep it on myself as well as to make the men keep theirs on. Well, we survived our first push, and now for another! That is the way we look at it; all that is needed is to go after them hammer and tongs and we will win the war this year. I had one of my best gunners killed in our last show; he was horribly mangled and wounds were all over his body. I knelt down and bandaged him as well as possible. He knew he was dying, and once he grasped my hand and begged me to shoot him. He was a man through and through....."

In writing to Lieutenant Shearman's father, Chaplain Delican of the 305th Infantry, paid the following tribute to the young officer:

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"At last the opportunity has come for me to write you and express the sympathy of the officers and men of the 305th Infantry in the great loss which you sustained on October 3. When I recall Bob Shearman, my memory is filled with happy recollections of a happy boy and a much loved officer. Many times since, the men have so often expressed their admiration of him and their devotion to him. Always bright and cheerful, he inspired cheer in others and so endeared himself to everybody. The last time I saw him was when I was ~~#####~~ responding to the first-aid cries of a wounded man across a ravine on the opposite hill. I can see Bob still directing me and calling to me the location. Some day I hope to have the pleasure of meeting the father of such a man."

BERTRAM FROTHINGTON SHIVLER 1904

Captain, Ordnance, U. S. A.

Bertram Frothington Shivler, 1904, Captain in the Ordnance Department, U. S. A., died of pneumonia, in Philadelphia, Pa., on Monday, October 14, 1918. During the course of his duties as inspector of explosives, he was ordered to Pittsburgh, Pa., on October 7th. While there he became ill, returning on October 10th to his home at Narberth, Pa. On Sunday, October 13th, he grew rapidly worse and was removed to the Army Hospital at Philadelphia, where he died the next day.

Captain Shivler was born in New Brunswick, N. J., January 5, 1881. He attended the Rutgers Grammar School until the family removed to Troy, N. Y., when he was twelve years of age. He attended the public schools and high school of Troy, and then entered Moody's School, at Mt. Hermon, Mass. From there he entered Rutgers, graduating from the Chemistry course with the degree of B.Sc. While in college he was prominently connected with the Glee Club, and was a member of the Chi Psi fraternity.

Upon graduation, he accepted the position with the Jarecki Chemical Company, Cincinnati, Ohio. In 1905 he was married to Miss Grace Long, of East Norwood, Ohio. There was a child, Janet, born in 1906. Captain Shivler gave the greater part of his time to the wood alcohol industry, serving mostly in the capacity of chemical engineer. While in Buffalo, connected with the Woods Products Company, he also managed one of their subsidiary companies. He lectured in the University of Buffalo upon chemical technology for several years. While residing in Buffalo, he was tenor soloist for the First Universalist Church of that city.

In 1913, Captain Shivler became temporarily blind, due to the inhalation of wood alcohol. This necessitated his relinquishing chemical work for a time. Until 1917 he travelled commercially, and then accepted a position with the Seaboard Chemical Company, of Newark, N. J., when the United States entered the

war , he applied for a commission in the Ordnance Department, which was granted in January 1918. At the time of his death he had been recommended for promotion to a majority.

He was detailed to do inspection work on explosives in this country, his application for overseas duty having been denied on the ground that he was more valuable in the service he was performing at home. At the time of his death he was assistant manager of the Explosive Section, Philadelphia District Ordnance Office. He was army inspector for some twenty powder plants, and was also acting quartermaster for Garney's Point, N. J.

Captain Shivler was a 32nd degree Mason, connected with the Hyde Park Lodge. He was also a member of the Presbyterian Church. He is survived by a wife and one daughter.

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John Brownlee Voorhees, D.D., 1896

Y. M. C. A. Secretary

Rev. John Brownlee Voorhees, D.D., 1896, Secretary for the Young Men's Christian Association, died in the New York Hospital, New York City, from wounds received while on duty in France, January 8, 1919. Dr. Voorhees was given leave of absence from the pastorate of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church, of Hartford, Connecticut, in May 1918, going overseas a short time later as a Y.M.C.A. secretary. On June 19th, his right leg was badly shattered by fragments of a shell while he was on duty at the front in the section northwest of Toul, where he was serving with the 26th Division of the United States Army. With a fellow worker, he refused to leave a hut, which he had made his temporary headquarters, during the violent bombardment. Finally leaving the building as it was about to be demolished, he received a shell wound, lying for some time unconscious while shells were bursting all about him. He was later carried to the rear by three soldiers in spite of his protest that they should leave him on the field and attend to others more seriously wounded. He was removed to a base hospital and finally to another hospital in France, where he underwent treatment for his shattered limb. For a long time his condition was critical, but it was believed that both his life and his leg would be saved. For weeks he lay on his back, suffering intensely, but with a cheerful, confident spirit, so that one and another have told of the impress made in the hospital by his character and his faith. Word came in the fall that he was able to start for home, but for some reason he was delayed at Brest for several weeks. Finally, he sailed for New York on the steamer La France, reaching this country on Christmas Eve. He was taken to the New York Hospital where examination proved that septic poisoning had set in. An operation was performed, but pneumonia followed, resulting in his death.

Dr. Voorhees was born in Blawenburgh, New Jersey, January 27, 1875, the son of William Brownlee Voorhees, pastor of the Balwenburgh Reformed Church, and Eveline Platt Voorhees. After receiving his A.B. degree from Rutgers in 1896, he entered

the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, graduating in 1899. In the same year he received his Master's degree from Rutgers. In October, 1900, he was ordained as pastor of the Union Reformed Church, High Bridge, New York City; and in December, 1907, became corresponding secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions of the Reformed Church, with headquarters in New York. He continued in that work until August, 1912, when he was called to Hartford as pastor of the Asylum Hill Congregational Church. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon him by Rutgers College in 1913. In 1907 he was married to Miss Julianna Denniston Deyo, of New York, who with two young children, Jane Deyo and Evelyn Treat Voorhees, survive him.

Dr. Voorhees' death came in the midst of splendid promise for service and achievement. He had won a firm place for himself in the hearts of his congregation at Hartford, and under his leadership and guidance the church prospered and grew. The Rev. Joseph R. Duryee, D.D., in paying tribute to him, has written as follows concerning his war service:

"Then came the war. As a good soldier of Jesus Christ he answered the call of his country. Not only did he appeal to the men of his church to enlist, but left all that made life beautiful and bright to lead them to the battle line in France. Those of us who longed to go but could not, felt that in him we were there vicariously. After a few weeks spent in ministering to the wounded and dying, an enemy shell laid him low.

"Terribly broken in body, for six months he lay in constant pain in the Army Hospital. It was then that the supreme gift of divine love was realized through 'the fellowship of His suffering.' From many sources has come to us the unvarying testimony of his marvelous influence. Throughout the days and nights of agony he was light, cheer, comfort and life of a great company of wounded about him. So he won his cross. Over his grave might in truth be graven the words of Chaucer:

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Truth and honor, freedom and courtesy:

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GEORGE WILLIAM WINSLOW 1915

Corporal, Infantry, U.S.A.

George William Winslow, 1915, Corporal, Infantry, U.S.A.,
was killed in action during the battle of the Hindenburg Line, Sep-
tember 29, 1918. A posthumous citation ~~states~~^{declares} that on the day of
his death he "displayed coolness and qualities of leadership in or-
ganizing and directing groups of men in a heavy smoke barage, contin-
uing in action after being wounded in the wrist, and until killed."

Corporal Winslow was born in Atlanta, Georgia, February 27, 1893,
the son of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Winslow. He received his early
education at Bayonne, N.J., where the family moved shortly after his
birth. Latter attending the Battin High School, at Elizabeth, N.J.,
he entered Rutgers in 1911 as a student in the Arts Course. He re-
mained at college for one year, where he was a member of the Chi Psi
Fraternity. In the ~~year~~^{summer} of 1912, he secured a position with W.R.
Grace and Company, of New York, with the intention of returning to
Rutgers in the fall; but he was so favorably placed that he decided
to remain in business. He joined the Seventh, N.Y., Regiment in June
1917, leaving with that regiment for Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg,
South Carolina. He was a corporal in Company L, 107th U.S.
Infantry, 27th Division, and was killed in action when the
27th and 30th Divisions broke through the Hindenburg Line.
A letter ~~to~~^{to} his parents from a friend in the same company
stated ~~that~~ that the battle in which he lost his life was the

severest fought by any American regiment during the war.

Corporal Winslow was always greatly interested in military work, and attended the training camp at Plattsburg, N.Y., in the summer of 1915. He was a quiet boy, modest but efficient, with a pleasing personality and every promise of a life of useful service.