

DAVIS COUNTY GENEALOGY SOCIETY

PO BOX 94

BLOOMFIELD, IOWA 52537

VOLUME XIX NO. 4

OCTOBER

NOVEMBER

DECEMBER

DAVIS COUNTY GENEALOGY SOCIETY REGULAR MEETINGS THIRD SATURDAY OF THE MONTH. BLOOMFIELD PUBLIC LIBRARY.

President: Patricia Howk

Vice President: Mary Kay Stephenson

Secretary: Lana Doll

Treasurer: Dorothy Goldizen

Corresponding Secretary: Dorothy Goldizen

Happy Holiday!

Can it be? The year is coming to a close and 2003 is looming fast. In June we had a 40th wedding anniversary and my 40th year class reunion, in September we celebrated all month the 30 years that we have owned and operated the True Value Farm & Home Improvement store in Bloomfield, and we are now celebrating our Lord's birth and our youngest daughter's family being home for Christmas for the first time since 1991. Milestones are wonderful! I have been collecting, from all over the house, pictures and such to make a memory book of the past 40 years. It will be worth it when it is all done.

We will be sponsoring a new feature at the Davis County Fair in July. We will have an exhibit area available for all members and Davis County residents. There will be ribbons and prize money. All of the details are not worked out yet so watch the newsletters for updates or send me your e-mail addresses for a quicker response. Some of the categories will be pictures of people or building; documents including legal, school, religious; genealogy research material; and maybe others. We are hoping to hear from other groups that have done this to see what they have tried and what works best.

We have several new members this year. Member Debbie Barker has been sharing her knowledge of computers and the capabilities of using them to keep and record our genealogy. Last month she shared her family CD of pictures, documents and data that she will be giving her family for Christmas. Most of us feel we have a way to go to accomplish or understand it all, but at least we are learning. We send our thanks to her for her patience and willingness to share. We have changed our meeting dates to the third Saturday of the month, April through December hoping that it will be easier for older members or those from a distance to attend. They are still held in the public library, but at 1:30PM. Dues are \$7.50 per year and are payable now. See back of newsletter for more information.

One of our long time members, Archie Rupe passed away in the early part of December. Our condolences are extended to his family.

Please check out the website that Debbie Barker has set up for Davis County.

<http://www.showcase.netins.net/web/daviscounty/> She has some interesting items.

Remember you can reach me at bhowk@netins.net if you have any questions, suggestions, or comments. Our first meeting in 2003 will be Saturday, April 19th. Hope to see you then.

Happy New Year, Pat Howk, President

ANNUAL TREASURERS REPORT 2002

Balance as of 30 November 2001 \$2061.72

INCOME 2002

Dues	652.50
Copy Machine	357.80
History book sales	150.00
IGS-Cost Share Project	84.28
Donations	<u>154.50</u>
Total	\$1409.08

Transferred from Savings \$881.50

EXPENSES

Microfilm Reader	\$3222.50
Postage-Newsletter	228.51
Sales tax	3.75
Rent on PO Box	38.00
Paper & Ink Cartridges	285.33
MISC	<u>30.29</u>
Total	\$3808.38

Balance on hand as of 31 December 2002 \$543.92
 Balance in Savings Account \$1770.68

EDITOR'S NOTE

I will start working on the surname list and surname index in February 2003, if you have any additions, corrections or have never had your surnames listed please have the information to me by the end of January. On the back page of this newsletter is a form you can use to fill in the information. If you have moved within the last year please let me know so I can get addresses updated. Thanks for your help in keeping this listing current. Sue Spilman

This newsletter is from clippings of the Davis Co. Republican and the Bloomfield Democrat 1918 and 1919. All of the material pertains to Davis County people in World War I. Our Society has many 3 ring binders full of newspaper clippings from local papers. The collections contains births, deaths, marriage and articles about news items of the day. The earliest year is 1895 and goes up to last year. We also have newspapers on microfilm for those who wish to use it. Many of these notebooks have been indexed but it is interesting to just pick a year and start reading.

WAGONER LEACH TELLS OF FRANCE

Has Been in Lots of Interesting
Places. Other Davis County
Boys Write.

Nov. 24, 1918.
Dun-Sur-Meuse, France.

Dear Dad:

This being Dads Day give me the first privilege of writing that I have had for a long time. We have been on the move for a long time, in fact ever since the big march was started, and believe me, dad, have seen some sights, and have many more in store for us as we are on the verge of starting through Germany.

We are now at the Dun-Sur-Meuse. Now get your map out, and our next stop will be Luxemburg.

The censor has been eased up on us now so we can tell about all we know.

I have been in all the big drive areas except St. Mihiel. I was in Chateau Thierry, at Riddy Farm, Joulgonne, Jouvigny, Soisson, and the entire drive between the Argonne Forest and the Meuse, and prior to the first of July we were in Alsace, so I have covered this old battle front pretty thoroughly from the Swiss border to Noyon. I have been in Verdun, and in fact I have been in this vicinity since Oct. 1st. We were at a little town by the name of Sivry la Perche when the armistice was signed, and there was great excitement around there.

We are in fine shape. It is really amazing how well the army has been kept up. We have never lacked for anything in any way what ever that I know of. We have clothes galore, plenty to eat, supplies of any and all kinds, and this seems more like a huge picnic than a war, but some of the boys can't say that for the trip from Montfalcon to Sedan was hell, but the Yanks went thru, as I knew they would, and it surprising to know how few were lost considering the difficulties.

I guess the rapidity with which things came to a close was rather a surprise to you, wasn't it? but from my view point I could see that it was bound to come this fall, and I have had some heated argument on that subject, but I knew that if the objective (Sedan) of the Meuse drive was reached by Dec. 1st, it was all off with the kaiser, and it was.

I was much in hopes of being back in the States, by Jan. 1st, but I have almost given that up now, since our unit is to be a part of the army to take up the Wacht am Rhein, but it is evident that the boches don't want us sticking around them any longer than is necessary, and they will speed up their preparation for the signing of peace.

DEN

Y. JANUARY 31, 1919.

have not heard from J. D. for some time passed, but I don't believe his unit ever got to the front before it was finis. I had a letter and post card from him soon after he landed here, but of course he couldn't say where he was, so I have no idea where he is.

I suppose we will be sent back to Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Mich., as my unit, the 32nd division, is composed of National Guards from Michigan and Wisconsin, and were mobilized at Custer, then trained at Waco, Texas, and I with several other medcs, were assigned to them: after we arrived in France. We were commanded by Major General Wm. C. Haan, and with the Trench. We have been named "The Terrible Brigade" and take it from me, they have earned the name.

I have not had any mail for a long time and have not heard from my baby girl for a month or more, and the last letter I had she was just recovering from the "flu", and of course I am much distressed for I fear she has taken a relapse, but it is possible that it is because of my moving so much.

We boys have just this minute had a heated argument about the last time we had an egg to eat, and one of the boys, a long, lean, lanky gink from Denver, told me that I had eaten six of his highly valuable eggs once last summer, and he finally made me remember it. It was when we were on a fifty mile hike which ended at Chateau Thierry. He had by considerable clever management and much preservation, and probably some stealth, gotten hold of a doz. egg, and having no way to carry them himself put them in my wagon, and of course I had to charge him cartage, and now he accuses me of getting the lion's share, and maybe he is right for a fellow sure learns to look out for No. 1 here, and what brought up the argument was some of the boys bringing back from the advanced zone, where it is now beyond the city of Luxemburg, there boukoo (much) eggs to be had there, but they are the grand

(Continued on Page Eight.)

price of one franc (19c) each, so I hardly expect to eat many.

My trip over here has been one of wonderful interest to me, and being something of a globe trotter, I have derived wonderful pleasure from it. To begin with, we left Camp Merritt on April 2nd, went to Jersey City by train, crossed over to New York City by ferry and got right off the ferry onto the S. S. Aquitanice, a British vessel, the largest afloat, except the Vaterland, and in half an hour we were cleared, leaving New York, at 12:30, noon, and we were absolutely alone up until the last two days of the voyage, when five destroyers met us to guard us through the Irish sea. We were 9½ days enroute, and landed at Liverpool, England, on April 11th. There were 7500 of us abroad and we had a fine trip, were laying in the harbor at dawn.

We got off the ship about 9:30 a. m., and directly on a train and passed clear across England to Winchester, where we rested for 5 days and then took the train to South Hampton, 14 miles, and went aboard a ship to cross the English channel, and it was reported that two ships had been sunk that day, and the one we were going on was fired at, so you may guess yours truly was guessing some. We left South Hampton at 6:30 that night and were laying in the harbor of La Harve, France, next morning, sort of glad we had given Fritzzy the slip. We remained aboard until 4:00 p. m. that day, waiting our turn at the landing pier. We stayed that night in an English camp and next morning entrained again for a two day and two night trip to Blois, (pronounced in English as spelled Blow-ah) which has been a casual, and replacement camp, and we remained there 7 days, after which we were assigned to the 107 Sanitary Train, F. H. No. 128, 32nd Division, which was taken in the tenth area under intense training, near Langrese, to which place required 3 days and 3 nights by rail and talk about a trip, trips in France by rail for soldiers are hell, and no joke, we traveled over here in box cars, and the box cars are not half as large as ours, and on the side of each car is a sign, thus, 40 hommes 8 chevaux, meaning in French, 40 men or 8 horses, to give you an idea of the length of the cars they stand the horses length wise of the car, and there is about 4 feet between their heads and their rear to the end of the car, and when 40 men get into one of them, there is about 4 inches between their heads and after spending three days and nights in one of them with only room enough to cross each other in you can bet they are doing a plenty of it, and that is the only kind of a car I have ridden in in France, and I have ridden bukoo miles, but dad, you know it took all that and a lot more to whip the Huns and nobody is kicking, for they are whipped for keeps. Well, dad, I will cut it for this time and give you more later.

Regards to all, as ever your son.
Wagoner Ralph W. Leach,
Field Hospital Co. No. 128
A. E. F. A. P. O. 734

A DAVIS COUNTY YANK IN GERMANY

MARCH 7, 1919.

Waggoner Ralph W. Leach With Army of Occupation
Writes Father John C. Leach, of Bloomfield.

Sayn, Germany.

January 31, 1919

Dear Dad:

I will drop you a few lines to let you know I am still among the living and better than that, I am enjoying the very best of health, but that is about the only part of this army of occupation I am enjoying, for I know my little girl needs me at home awfully bad.

However, I am having it pretty soft now. I am with one of the entertaining troops. We have in our 107th Sanitary Train a show troop, as do all the other organizations in the division, and we go about giving shows to the different companies. I think there are 17 shows in our division and we all play the round, and in that way each Company has an opportunity to see from two to six shows a week, and it is a big help to the boys for they find it fearful lonesome over here at the best, and it is indeed surprising the good shows that have been built up all out of the ranks. We are putting on a nigger minstrel, all black face, with a personnel of twenty-five men. We have vocal and instrumental solos, a quartett, a string band and a good recitationist, then the four end men comedians, the latter of which I am one, and if I do say it myself, we are putting on a good show.

They are now making a contest of the affair and the three shows who get 1st, 2nd and 3rd most votes are to go into the other areas of the A. E. F. and give their show. The voting being by the officers in charge of recreation and to date out of a possible 15 votes, we have received 7 first and 2 seconds, which assures us a trip over the A. E. F., which will be great for one will get to see a lot of the country in that way.

But there is a lot of new dope going the rounds now about us going to start home soon, the best sounding one is, that we leave here in 15 days, but I am not believing everything I hear, and if that be the case we will not get to make the trip, but I will gladly forego the trip for a chance to go home, for I have seen all this man's country I want to see, unless I have to stay over here, than I would rather be on the move for it gets fearfully monotonous and like this work very much for we are excused from all military duties, and it is more like a job in civil life.

We are getting along fine with these wooden shod kraut eaters over here. They treat us fine and one would never think we were flying at each others throats a scant three months ago, and take it from me, they have lots of respect for old U. S. A. and they all want to go to America but I am glad Congress is shutting the gate.

Dad, I wish you could see the people over here in their native state. They live like hogs. Their houses as a rule are clean enough, but like France, their house and barn and all are one building, according to their wealth, size of the family and amount of stock they have. The house will be in one end of the building and usually the cow stable is just divided from the kitchen by a partition, and they keep their cows in the stable all the time and all that you know make the house smell very sweet and nice, and everybody in this country lives in towns, or rather in groups. You never see a house in the country here. Every mile or so is a small village and every 10 or 12 miles a fairly good sized town, but there is one consoling fact in existence here now, since we are billeted in the houses, they have no livestock left anymore, and I expect they are homesick for the fragrance, and I know they are hungry for milk and butter, and eggs here are 15 marks a dozen, \$3.00, their way of reckoning marks. To us the marks are worth \$1230 cents. Our last two pays were in German money. We got 8.30 marks for a dollar, that is eight marks and thirty phenig, one hundred to the mark. We call the paper money (1, 2, 5, 10, 20 and 50 mark pieces) soap wrappers and we value them just about as highly.

There is but one thing over here to eat that is plentiful and that is potatoes. They have some fresh meat, but it is rather suspicious, sometimes beef, and sometimes horse with occasionally a dog thrown in.

I was living in a house when we first came here and one afternoon I noticed several men outside my window into a door in the rear of the house. So out of curiosity I had a look too, and I saw they had a sick horse, so I went on about my own affairs, and thought no more of it, but that night when I came in I saw Mr. Horse in a wagon, all skinned and quartered up nicely, ready for the butcher's block, but you know anything like that won't daunt a hard-boiled soldier. We eat their nice roast (horse) beef just the same, and they make fine hamberger.

Some of the boys went to a cafe here a few days ago and ordered a rabbit supper. Well, I was knocking around the building where my Co. is quartered, which is just behind said cafe, and I found a fresh cat hide. I swiped the cat hide and took it into the billet, and asked the boys what they had for supper, and they said rabbit. I said was it good? Fine. Fine. Then I showed them the cat skin and they are not real sure now that it was rabbit, neither am I.

We are having fairly good eats now occasionally we run short of some things, but we are doing very well. We have had no winter here at all until a few days back, it has been a little cold, has frozen ice about 3 inches thick and scarcely enough snow to make the ground white except Christmas morning we had about 3 inches of snow, and it was the most beautiful sight I ever saw.

This is a very mountainous country here, and the mountains are covered with beech and a few pine. All timber here is artificial, that is, they plant it, and every time they want to cut any of the timber they must get a permit to do so, and agree to plant as many new ones as they cut down.

I don't know whether all of Germany is like what I have seen or not, but if it is it bares out the economic reputation the Germans have, for it is all set up on edge so they can use both sides of it. But it is a most beautiful country. I have seen mountain views here that California or Colorado or any place else has a thing on. But it is not the Germans fault, it is nature, however, the kaiser did say "him first." But in things modern they are a thousand years behind. They do not know what a straight street in a town is. Seldom do you see a street that you can see for more than half a block until it winds out of sight, and they are usually wide enough for two of our trucks to pass in them, but often not, and never two streets parallel. I think this is done for military use. France is the same.

I have no idea where I will be mustered out, but I see by the paper that Waco, Texas, is trying to get the Government to send us there, as the division did all of its training there at Camp McArthur before coming across, and that would about suit me for my partner is at Dallas, which is only about 60 miles, but any old spot in the States will look good to me and the sooner I see it the better it will suit me.

I see by the Bloomfield paper that one of Cele Moughler's boys got knocked off over here, as we call it, and I expect I saw quite a number of boys I would have known if I had made their acquaintanée, but I have never seen but one man since I joined the service that I ever saw before. He was a young man whom I knew in Dallas, but he was with a New York unit.

Well I will cut it for this time for I don't want to take up anymore room, it might keep some poor wayward Yank from getting home.

Give my regards to all.

As ever your son

Waggoner Ralph W. Leach

Field Hospital Co. No. 128

A. O. A. P. O. No 734

JAN 31 1919

PRIVATE ARTHUR SAPP

Private Arthur Sapp, a son of Mr and Mrs. Hiram Sapp, of this city, gave his life for his country. Arthur went to Camp Dodge from Davis county and was later transferred to Camp Cody where he went into training in the infantry. His company was sent overseas and was in the thickest of the fighting. It was at Chateau Thierry where Arthur's company stormed ahead, right thru the midst of a retreating French division, yelling like Indians, ardent, young, irresistible in their furry of battle. Some of the Frenchmen called out a well-meant warning: "Don't go in this direction; there are boches with machine guns." The company shouted back: "That's where we want

SERGT. ANDREWS IS HEARD FROM

Unharmed Was One of First
Unharmed... Was One of First
Fifty Thousand.

The following letter from Willibee Andrews, son of Mr and Mrs. J. W. Andrews, of near Mark, is the first word that has been received from him since last August. Andrews was one of the first of the Davis county boys to enlist. He went to France with the First Division, the first division to cross the ocean. He landed in France June 25, 1917. Other Davis county boys who went over with the first fifty thousand, were Will Moore, Faye Ashby, Charles Francis, Wm. Cree and Walter Caswell, of these all but Caswell went over in the First Division. Andrews went to France in the 18th Infantry, but his address is now the Second Machine Gun Battalion.

Somewhere in Germany
Dec. 17, 1918.

Mrs. Fred McMains
Bloomfield, Iowa.

Kind Friend: I will try to answer your letter that I received some time ago. I was very glad to hear from you. I expect you thought I was never going to answer your letter, but I have been so busy, that I have not had time to write to anybody. But times are gayer now, so I will try and make up for lost time.

I am well, and enjoying the best of times in Germany.

I was one of the lucky ones in this war. I went through every battle the First Division was in, and that was a good many, and never got a scratch. We were in lots of fights, and some hard ones, too, believe me. But I think our fighting days are over now.

We had a good time on our march down the Moselle river. Saw lots of beautiful scenery. At present we are on the Rhine river, about ten miles from Coblenz, in a town of ten thousand population, called Gremzhauser. This is a fine country here, but nothing like the good old U. S. A.

I do not know when I will be home but I think it will be a longtime. However I hope it will not be very long. I think I have done my duty as a soldier over here, and I am ready to come home.

I saw Charlie Francis two days ago. He was the first person I have seen that I knew before I enlisted in the army two years ago next April. He is in a battalion of the 6th Field Artillery, in the same division that I am in, so you see how busy we have been, not to see a friend in my own division.

I suppose you are preparing for a big time Christmas. I will close for this time.

With best wishes,

Sergeant Willibee Andrews,
Co. C., 2nd Machine Gun Battalion,
American E. F.

Feb. 7 1919

U.S.A.
A Letter From Wesley Clayton
Somewhere in France
December 20, 1918

Dear Home Folks:
Just received your most welcome letter, have missed getting one. Your last letter was No. 4. Well how are you all getting along? How is the new boy coming? Suppose he will be driving the car before long. Oh, this is moving day for us! We have been over in Germany, or what used to be, it was in the Alsace, Lorraine district the town we were in was all torn to pieces. When the Germans left the town they burned the whole town with the exception of the railroad station and a hotel. We were billeted in one of the hotels. It was a modern one for this country. Hot and cold water toilet in the building. We are operating railroads here, have been most of the time since we landed and have been working in the shop most of the time. We were about 15 kilometres from the front. When we first landed were the big guns were making some noise at night and we could hardly sleep at first. We were about 10 miles from Mount Sex, that was where the French lost 80,000 men in 15 minutes and had to retreat. The Yanks then took it up and captured it and held it. If this goes through it will give you some idea of what I am doing. Will tell you more in a few weeks. This leaves we all o. k. with the exception of a little cold, have not lost a day. The talk is we will be home in a month or six weeks. Of course can't tell guess I have written you all the news I can this time so write soon and as often as you can. Got some papers from Fred the other day. Was glad to get them. Have never got a Democrat since I left the states.

Merry Christmas to you all and a happy New Year.

From your son and brother

Wesley Clayton.

I just came from the Orderly room and got the package you sent me, many thanks for them, they were just the fit. And I got the first Democrat with the box. I suppose most of the boys are home from camps. Have you heard anything of Chas. Burton? Did he come across. We had the first snow this year here yesterday. It does not get cold here or it has not yet. It just froze a little ice here once or twice. We are "setting pretty." There are five of us in a room, bunks and a nice big stove and all the coal we want to burn so we don't suffer with the cold. Clarence Burtness is with me. Well guess I will close again as I have to go on guard as I have it perfect. Good-bye. Tell all hello for me as I will be home before long.

Wesley.



go. That's where we have come ree thousand miles to go." And ey did go, into the very teeth of a deadly machine guns. In defiance all precedent they stormed, with le and bayonet against mased maine guns, as the story is told by to H. Kahn. They fought like dems, with utterly reckless bravery l they paid the price, alas! in heavy ses, but for what they took com- sation in over-full measure. They med of themselves a spearhead at point nearest Paris, against which enemy's onslaught shattered it, and broke. They stopped him, y beat him back, they broke the ll of his advance. It was Pri- e Arthur Sapp's company that as- ed in starting victory on its ch. A new and mighty force had e into the fray. The French ed. Side by side the Americans French stood, and on that part he front the Germans never ad- ed another inch from that day. was during this battle that Pri- Arthur Sapp was severely nded and after receiving treat- in the base hospital was sent tes and finally to Ft. Des ies, here he contracted influen- und passed away. His brother er also died in France. Thus and Mrs. Hiram Sapp have given sons to their country—more, yes, than any of us has given and Excelsior honors them for it.— esburg Excelsior.

Nov. 14 1918

Dec. 30 1918

WHOLE COUNTRY JOLLIFY MONDAY

WAR PRACTICALLY OVER- DRAFT CALLS CANCELLED- MUSTER- ING BEGINS SOON

Monday morning about 3:30 the glad news spread that Germany had signed the armistice and that hostilities were over for the present at least, and later the news came that Germany would be in no condition to resume the fight if she wanted to after complying with the terms of the armistice. This was the news the public had been hoping for, and as soon as it was officially known bedlam broke loose everywhere. Bloomfield started the noise about 10 o'clock, adjourned at noon and resumed operations at 4 in the afternoon and at night the big noise began and lasted until midnight. Everybody happy and everybody glad.

All the towns of Davis county put on noisy celebrations. Troy observed the event Tuesday night. The martial band of Bloomfield went down to assist, as did H. C. Brown, who was the speaker. A big bon fire was a feature.

Auditor Patterson received a telegram to cancel all draft calls, but to continue the classification of registrants. This work is practically completed. Late news from Washington indicates that all the men in cantonments who have not completed their training will be sent home, and as soon as practicable all the men in camp or on the other side will be returned. It will be necessary to keep a large force overseas to assist in the reconstruction, but this work will be a picnic compared with the fighting which has been going on the past four years and more.

The need of money to carry on the necessary work of reconstruction will require another bond issue at least and the new revenue bill will continue in effect until a good portion of the bonded indebtedness is lifted.

SOLDIER LAID TO REST

The funeral services over the remains of Burney Demuth who died at sea, were conducted on the lawn at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Demuth Monday afternoon by Rev. H. B. Scoles who read parts of the 4th and 5th chapters, Corinthians. Rev. Scoles spoke of how quickly passes away the strength of life and how the messenger of peace surrender all on the altar of supreme sacrifice and their lives become the richest memories we have. God is using our sons for a purpose, somehow to bless men and "Let not your heart be troubled, in my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you." Ellsworth Rominger made a few remarks in conclusion. A quartet composed of Walter Davis, A. B. Welch, Prof. H. C. Brown and Dr. H. C. Young sang "Nearer My God to Thee," "Jesus Savior Pilot Me," and "Rock of Ages."

The G. A. R. membership and the Modern Woodmen attended in a body. After the body was lowered in the grave at the I. O. O. F. cemetery W. H. Craig and Jack Shelton sounded taps.

The pallbearers were Emery Stogdill, Frank Kline, J. C. Wood, Jerome Karr, Fred Lowenberg and Seymour Rogers.

BURNEY FREDERICK DEMUTH

Was born July 23, 1897, and died Oct. 8, 1918, aged 21 years, 2 months and 15 days.

He enlisted in the National Army at Ottumwa, Iowa, on June 27, 1918, and ordered from there to Jefferson Barracks near St. Louis, Mo., from which place was later transferred to Ft. Barrancas, Florida, being assigned there to Battery D, 75th Railroad Artillery in which command he went aboard ship on Sept. 27th and died on the Transport on sea Oct. 8, 1918, from pneumonia. He was a member of Blomfield Lodge M. W. A.

A NOBLE SON

Died Fighting in France for Principles He Loved

John Craig Russell, fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Russell, was born June 27, 1897, and died on the field of honor, Oct. 20, 1918. At the time of his death he was 21 years, three months and twenty-one days of age.

John was born on the farm west of Milton and spent his entire life there until the day of his entrance into the service of his country. When a small boy he united with the M. E. church, and has often since expressed his belief in the divinity of a higher power.

At the declaration of war John was a senior in the Milton high school, and left his course uncompleted to answer the call. He enlisted at Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, in April, 1917, just a few days after the declaration of war. He was 19 years of age when he made his noble, yet fatal offer.

Shortly after his entrance into the service he became an expert marksman and was chosen to be a member of the sniping team. He left for France in June of this year to serve overseas as a sniper. He enjoyed a furlough of ten days last Christmas, which he spent at home with his people, together with his older brother, then a member of the same organization.

A letter from the front gives but scanty particulars of his death. He was injured by a shell, and the sergeant from whom the letter was received, states that his comrades remained at his side until he passed away. He has sent a message to his people which will be brought back by his organization.

He leaves to mourn his death a father, mother, six brothers, and two sisters. Four brothers, Clarence, Reed, George and Paul are at home. William is a student at Iowa University and Carl is at Didsbury, Alberta, Canada. His sisters, Mrs. H. W. Plank, of Bloomfield, and Mrs. C. O. Plank of Eldon have also received the sad news. In addition to his immediate family he leaves a host of admiring friends and other relatives.

OBITUARY

John H. Kerr of Company A. 140 Infantry, American expeditionary forces. He began his military training at Camp Funston, Oct. 3rd, 1917, and landed in France on his twenty-second birthday, May 7, 1918. He was killed in the battle of the Argonne Forest on August 29, 1918, at the age of 22 years, 3 months and 22 days.

The first lieutenant of his company reported to his parents as follows: "A party sent out by this company to look for graves of missing men found Pvt. Kerr's grave 800 yards due south of the Exermont church steeple along a thicket of brush. Pvt. Kerr was a brave soldier and his loss is

deeply regretted by his comrades in this organization."

In the battle of the Argonne Forest our boys broke the Hindenburg line driving the Germans from trenches they had held for four years against the combine efforts of French and British armies and by doing so brot the war to a close one year sooner than it hoped to do so. Private Kerr was a brave soldier and did his part grandly, he fell in battle line fighting the most devilish system of government that ever disgraced the human race, the German Autocracy. Eternity alone will tell the good that will result from the battle of The Argonne Forest where John H. Kerr made the supreme sacrifice.

John H. Kerr was the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles W. Kerr of Cantril, and leaves to mourn his death three sisters and two brothers and a host of friends. He was converted and joined the Methodist church when a small boy and remained a faithful Christian until death. The remains will be brought back from France and buried in the cemetery near the home of his boyhood.

ENSIGN ROWE RETURNS

Ensign D. M. Rowe and wife arrived home Monday evening, and will now take up their residence in Milton again. Mr. Rowe enlisted in the navy a year ago and has been stationed at South and Whittell Naval Station, New

April
18,
1919

TWO SOLDIERS LAID TO REST

TRAPS SOUNDED FOR ORES JARVIS AND VERNON PIRTLE—YOUNG MEN OF GREAT PROMISE

The funeral of Ores Jarvis was held in the Court House Park Sunday afternoon at 2:00 o'clock. A very large crowd of citizens from all parts of the county attended. There being no church auditorium in the city, large enough to take care of the assemblage the exercises, a beautiful service was held in the open air in honor of the deceased soldier. The body arrived from the U. S. Naval Rifle Range at Caldwell, N. J., on Sunday morning. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. W. E. Overturf, a former pastor of the First Baptist church here. A large choir composed of members of the different churches of the city sang beautiful hymns.

The service was opened by prayer by J. E. Leyda, a prominent member of the North Union Baptist Association and a warm personal friend of the deceased, who had written and received many letters from him while he was in the service of his country. Rev. H. B. Scoles of the Methodist church read the scripture lesson. Then followed a short address by E. Rominger, Chairman of the War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A., who took for his theme "Shall These Soldier Boys Have Died in Vain." He said that six of the soldier boys of Davis county have died in cantonments and on the battle line: Everett Mustard, Verne O. Reed, Kenneth E. Moore, Ores S. Jarvis and Vernon Pirtle. Mrs. Della Sowers spoke for the Red Cross of Davis county, and of the thoughtful concern we have had and do have for our boys who have left to serve their country and protect and preserve the honor of American womanhood. Rev. Overturf spoke from the viewpoint of the church in which the deceased had been so faithful prior to his enlistment as a soldier in the navy.

The closing hymn, the favorite of the deceased, "We're Marching to Zion," was sung by the choir. The Grand Army of the Republic, under command of Capt. Batin attended the funeral in a body. A guard of honor, Lt. Forrest Collier, Lt. Wendell Gox of the aviation corps and Private Ed Pearce stood by the hearse during the service. The body was taken to the Inskeep cemetery for interment, followed by a multitude of friends.

Ores Sereno Jarvis, the second son of P. P. and Rosa T. Jarvis, was born at Mark, Davis county, Iowa, on June 5th, 1892. He passed away at Hillside Hospital, Mount Clair U. S. Naval Rifle Range, Caldwell, New Jersey at 10 a. m. October 1st, 1918, aged 26 years 5 months and 26 days.

The deceased united with the First Baptist Church of Bloomfield in 1903 at the age of eleven years. He retained his membership in this church until about three years ago, when he removed to the farm south of Bloomfield and being located more convenient for church purposes, changed his membership to the North Union Baptist church at Mark. He gave much of his time to faithful service in the church. He was president of the B. Y. P. U. of the Baptist church in Bloomfield at the time of his removal to the country. After changing his membership to Mark he organized a Baptist Young People's Union in that church and served as president of the society for six months.

He graduated from the Bloomfield High School with the class of 1911 at the age of eighteen years, standing third in his class. He attended the Southern Iowa Normal for six months after his graduation in the High School. He was associated with his brother for two years as foreman of the Bloomfield Independent which they published, then removed to the farm with his father near Mark.

Fired with the true spirit of patriotism on June 12, 1918 he enlisted in the United States Navy as a volunteer and was accepted on June 13th, stating to his friends that he was no better than any other boy and believed it to be his patriotic duty to fight for the preservation of home and country. He enrolled at the Des Moines recruiting station and was sent to Camp Perry at Great Lakes, Illinois, and was soon afterward assigned to Camp Logan at Zion City, Illinois. From Camp Logan he was transferred to the U. S. Naval Rifle Range at Caldwell, New Jersey, where he was in practice until stricken by disease which caused his death.

In his letters home he expressed a desire to return at the close of his service in the navy but assured his mother, whom he always sought to make happy that he was true to his parental training. That father and mother could rest assured that he would be faithful to his faith in God for he said "I see more need to be faithful to my Redeemer since I have joined the navy than I ever did before. If we all had followed the teachings of our Savior this great struggle need not to have been. I try to live so if I fail to ever see your faces in this world, I will see father and mother and brothers in Heaven. While I am very anxious to return home where it is a happier place than where I am. Your letters are such a comfort to me as well as those of my friends. I want to stay in the service, even if it is a sacrifice until the world is given a broader freedom and the principles of democracy prevail."

The deceased leaves a father and mother and one brother to mourn their loss. One brother, Otto A. Jarvis, died June 20, 1914. A multitude of friends and relatives are saddened by the death of this young man who passed away while wearing the uniform of his country.

Hiram Vernon Pirtle was born in Moulton, Iowa, April 2nd, 1896. He was the second son of Mr. and Mrs. Melborne Pirtle living near Bloomfield and here they have lived for a number of years. Vernon graduated from the Southern Iowa Normal in the summer of 1914 and afterward taught school in this county. He taught for two years at Percival, Iowa, and the patrons and officers were very insistent that he return for another year. The writer visited him while there to address a graduating class from his school and while there learned that the people loved him and expressed to him and myself their admiration of his manliness and worth. He was an exceptional young man, the sunshine of his home, ever mindful of his parents and ever ready to contribute to their comfort and yielded always to their wishes. His young friends recognized the worth of his manhood, not only was he a good moral man, but he was a Christian and a member of the Bloomfield Christian church. Three years ago he walked down the aisle one Sunday morning, gave me his hand and God his heart. His life corresponded with his profession. He entered the service of his country a few months ago. He was not permitted to enter the regular army, but was engaged under government orders at the Edgewood arsenal in Connecticut. While at work he contracted the influenza, which developed into pneumonia. His death occurred at Stamford, Connecticut, October 4th, 1918. He leaves his devoted parents, his grandparents and two brothers, all of whom are relatives.

The brothers are Roy of Houston, Texas, Eltington Field, and Harold, who is at home. Another young life is ended upon earth, why we do not know, but thanks be unto God we shall have victory over death and the grave and shall live again.

He was a member of the Masonic Lodge and his white apron was kept unspotted. His death to them was untimely and yet to him, O! timely death.

MILITARY FUNERAL

Ernest McVey, Returned Soldier, Dies at Grove Township Home.

Ernest Elmer McVey, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. H. S. McVey of near Stiles, was born July 21, 1892, in Davis county, Iowa, and lived with his parents until his death, Saturday, October 4, 1919, aged 27 years, two months and thirteen days.

As the youngest of a family of four brothers and four sisters, one brother having preceded him in death, he was inducted into the U. S. National army May 24, 1918, and served with his company, Co. A., 351st Infantry of the 88th Division until the demobilization of the division on June 7, 1919.

About three weeks ago he took down with typhoid fever, and was successfully combatting the fever when he contracted pneumonia, which probably caused his untimely death. He was tenderly cared for during his illness by his immediate family, and later by members of the American Legion in Grove township.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Thurman Andrews of Lancaster, Mo., Monday morning at the Pleasant Grove Baptist church, near Downing, following a brief song and prayer service at the McVey home. The interment was made in the cemetery adjoining the church.

At the request of the family, eight of the members of the Bloomfield Post No. 78, of the American Legion, formed an escort and guard of honor, six serving as pall bearers, under the direction of the post adjutant. The members of the escort were Orville Rhodes, Jacob Bohj, Robert Cox, Arthur Rhodes, Doy Rayburn, Omer Nemitz, Bertram Rominger and John Teed. These young men conducted the services at the grave, with a prayer by Rev. Nickerson, and rendered military honors at the close. The casket was covered by an American flag, presented by the Bloomfield post, a last tribute to the young man's service so recently terminated, as well as a number of beautiful floral offerings from friends and neighbors.

A host of friends with the relatives were sad attendants at the service, and their presence bespoke the esteem in which the deceased was held in the neighborhood.

DARREL DODGE ENROUTE HOME

Darrel Dodge, of Drakesville, who enlisted from this county in October, 1917, was discharged recently and is now on his way home from China, the location of his former outfit.

He spent about a week at Jefferson Barracks, Mo., and was then sent to Manila, Phillipine Islands, where the regiment stayed about two weeks before being sent to their station at Tientsin, China. The following letter from his company commander at the time of his discharge is self-explanatory.

Company "H" 15th Infantry,
Chinwangtao, China,
August 12, 1919.

Mrs. Nellie Dodge,
Drakesville, Iowa.

My dear Mrs. Dodge:

In a few days your soldier will receive his honorable discharge and start for home.

He is bring back many fine qualities of body and mind which he has acquired or developed in the military service.

The army has done every thing it could to make him strong, fine, self-reliant, yet self-controlled. It returns him to you a better man.

You have been an important member of that great army of encouragement and enthusiasm which helped to make him and us all better soldiers. You can now be a great help in keeping alive the good qualities he is bringing back from the army in making him as good a citizen as he has been a good soldier.

His fare and necessary expenses to his home will be paid by the Government. He will receive all pay due him. He may, if he wishes, wear his uniform for three months from the date of his discharge. The Government will also allow him to keep up for the benefit of his family, his insurance at the very low rate he is now paying.

His return to civil life will bring new problems for you both to solve. The qualities he brings back will help you now as your encouragement helped him while he was away, and in your hands and his, rests the future of our new country.

As his commanding officer, I am proud of him. He has done his duty well. I, and his comrades, will bid him goodbye with deep regret, and wish him every success after he returns home—that spot in every man's heart no other place can fill.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed) A. R. Sanders,
2nd Lieut. 15th. Infy.
(I, also, am from Iowa, Burlington.)

HONOR THEIR DEAD

Methodist Church Has Memorial Service for Fallen Heroes.

A memorial service for the six soldiers whose blue stars were changed to gold, on the Bloomfield M. E. church service flag, was held at the church auditorium Sunday evening.

The six who gave their lives on the field of battle or in the camps were: Verne Reed, Kenneth Moore, Burney DeMuth, Otto Krewson, John Bezenberger and Robert Lorenz.

John Teed, wounded in France, played the piano, for the musical numbers.

Rev. Scoles, pastor of the church, read a short biography of each of the six heroes who died that the world might be free. H. C. Brown spoke of the lads in whose memory the service was held, as one who knew them personally, and who knew their splendid qualities of manhood.

A high school quartette composed of Misses Pauline Fenton, Pearl Campbell, Maurine Colliver and Kathryn Gilmore, sang an appropriate selection.

T. E. Bence was to have spoken as the representative of the Salvation army and its work in the war, but was unable to be present.

Mrs. Sowers delivered a splendid talk on the war and its sacrifices from the basis of the viewpoint of a mother. She read a poem appropriate to the talk written by Mrs. David Bisham.

Little Florence May Shreve recited a poem, "When the Blue Star Turns to Gold."

Mary Barickman sang a solo entitled "Let Us Have Peace."

Ellsworth Rominger spoke as the representative of the War activities work in this county, and gave a splendid and able plea for the League of Nations ideal, in order that the sacrifices of the soldiers and sailors, and of the peoples backing them in this world war, might have not been made in vain.

In connection with the service Frank Grider presented to the church a cut leaf birch tree to be planted on the church lawn, as a living memorial to the gallantry of the six sons of the church who gave their lives to their country, during the great war.

Dec. 5, 1918

NOV. 11 1918

ANOTHER SOLDIER DIED DOING DUTY

BLOOMFIELD LAD GIVES LIFE WHILE AIDING WOUNDED IN FRANCE.

Last Thursday morning a message came announcing the death of Otto Krewson, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Krewson of Bloomfield, died while doing his duty in line of action on the battle fields of France. No details were given, simply the message—"died of wounds."

More specific information was given in a letter received Monday from one of his comrades. The letter reads: To J. M. Krewson,

Bloomfield, Iowa, October 30.
To the Loved Ones of the late Otto A. Krewson, Field Hospital, Co. 353.

At the suggestion of a mutual friend of your boy and myself and upon the information he was able to give me, I am giving you some information which otherwise you might not be able to get.

At Field Hospital 353, yesterday afternoon, about 2 o'clock, your son was on duty with others aiding wounded men, and a high explosive shell burst near them. Your son was the most seriously injured, his right leg being blown off between the hip and the knee. He was given immediate attention at the Field Hospital, and sent by ambulance to the evacuation hospital. Examination showed that he had lost a great amount of blood. He was given every possible attention. He steadily weakened and the end came at 11:20 p. m. Your son was buried in our little cemetery this afternoon with religious rites and military honors. Being a minister in civil life and because there is as yet no regular chaplain with this organization, it became my duty to officiate. May God comfort and sustain you in your bereavement, and may you be proud of your son's sacrifice for the cause. The mutual friend is Private Carl Conrad of Crete, Nebraska. He sustained a slight wound in the thigh. The other two boys are out of danger, one may possibly lose his foot after the war. I can give you particulars as to the burying place, although the government is keeping a very accurate check. My home is Henson, Nebraska, where my father is the present pastor of the M. E. church.

May I again tender my sincere sympathy to you in your loss.
Very Respectfully,

Lloyd F. Worley,
Evacuation Hospital No. 10, A. E. F.

Otto Krewson enlisted soon after this country became involved in the struggle. He was under twenty, but just as eager to go and fight as the most courageous, and was not content until he had finally volunteered to serve, being assigned to the hospital corps. He was an exemplary young man, studious and careful of all his habits, an industrious and ambitious lad. His death on the battle field, came as a severe blow to his parents and many friends, but the consolation remains that he died manfully doing his duty and bravely to the end. It is given to some to die in the battle front, leading the charge, but no more glorious death could possibly come than to the man who braves the storm of the battlefield to aid the distressed and dying, and this was where young Krewson met his final order to report to the Great Com-

DIED FIGHTING IN FRONT LINE

SON OF MAYOR BEZZENBERGER KILLED IN ACTION ON OCT. 4 OTHERS DEAD IN FRANCE

Tuesday of last week Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Bezenberger received a telegram from the War Department, briefly stating that their son, John, was killed in action on the 4th of October. The information gave no details of how, save the few words "killed in action." They are anxiously awaiting more information.

Johnny Bezenberger enlisted soon after the declaration of war and was among the first sent over. He was selected from a large number for special duty abroad and we presume was for the purpose of giving information to the officers on this side of how the fighting was done overseas, and to give suggestions that might prove of benefit to the United States soldiers in conducting a warfare entirely new to this country. He was not allowed to state exactly what this duty was, but in letters to his parents gave enough information that they could easily determine the import. He saw the battle lines from every angle, and participated in many actions. He died just as he had said he wanted to die, if he was to give up his life while the war was going on, right in the front line striving to do his part to defeat the enemy. So another Davis county youth gave up his life that our country and its liberties might be saved, another reason why all Davis county should be proud in their sorrow.

John Bezenberger enlisted in April, 1917, and crossed to France in January, 1918. He was sergeant in the machine gun section of the 28th infantry, and was in the thickest of the big battles. His letters describing his experiences were most interesting, and his parents prize these highly. The last letter to his parents was dated September 27th.

He was 26 years of age, born, October 10, 1892. His parents and two sisters survive. They rejoice that he had the opportunity to prove his value to his country.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Sapp of Marion township received a message informing them of the death of their son Marshall. No particulars are available. He sailed for overseas last summer.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Comer of near Floris received word Sunday that their son Clyde was killed in action, November 12th. He received his training at Camp Dodge.

Jesse J. Bryan, son of Mr. and Mrs. James Bryan of Drakesville, died November 13th of pneumonia in France. We expect to give more details of the death of these three fine soldiers in our next issue.

OTTO A. KREWSON

In the Republican of last week we gave an account of the death of Otto Krewson in France. A brief summary of his life is contained in the following:

Second son of J. M. and Esther M. Krewson, was born in Scotland, county, Mo., July 18th, 1899, and died of wounds received in action in France, October 29th, 1918, aged 19 years, 3 months and 11 days.

Otto came to Iowa with his parents in 1902 and to Bloomfield in 1903. He completed the course of study in the Bloomfield public schools, graduating from the high school with the class of 1917. In the following summer he took the teachers' course at the S. I. N. and received a county certificate to teach school. He had but completed this course of study and received his certificate when he enlisted in the army of the Republic in the great battle against autocracy. He enlisted Aug-



ust 6th, 1917, and was sent to Jefferson Barracks at St. Louis, Mo., later to Ft. Riley, Kansas, then to Camp Funston. Here he remained until he was sent to France June 1918. He was the Captain's orderly, in the 314th Sanitary Train, Field Hospital No. 353, almost from the time he was sent to Fort Riley till the day of his death.

Otto was a member of the Young People's Bible class of the Methodist Sunday school and in March 1915 gave his heart to Christ and on April 4th, (Easter Sunday) 1915 united with the church.

Otto Krewson was an upright open-hearted gentleman. He was a consistent Christian, and as he had been a loyal soldier for his Lord so he became a loyal soldier for his Country. He was generous and kindly among his fellows, and a favorite with all who knew him. He was devoted to his home and found his chief joy in making home happy for those who loved him. He leaves to mourn his death his father, mother, one brother, Harry now in France with the A. E. F., and one sister at home, Freda Mabel, also a large circle of friends.

NOW IS THE TIME TO RENEW YOUR MEMBERSHIP FOR 2003. REMEMBER THE MEMBERSHIP DUES ARE \$7.50 FOR THE YEAR.

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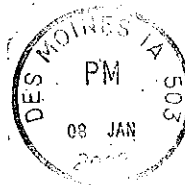
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