



# THE FIRST WORLD WAR

28 JUL 1914 – 11 NOV 1918



## STORIES FROM NORTH CASTLE

Accounts of those who took part in the First World War, offered by their friends and relations, as a memorial to their service and their sacrifice.

Collected and edited by St. Stephen's Episcopal Church  
on the centennial of the signing of the Armistice.

NOVEMBER 11<sup>th</sup>, 2018

## CONTENTS

Ralph Bradley.....	Page 3
George Craft.....	Page 6
Abel Gregg.....	Page 7
Albert Schering.....	Page 8
Douglas Campbell.....	Page 9
John Jones.....	Page 11
George Wood.....	Page 11
Edwin Pouder.....	Page 12
Harry Pouder.....	Page 13
Joseph Wago.....	Page 14
James McGlynn.....	Page 15
William Turner.....	Page 16
Bertram Chittenden.....	Page 18
Webster Schmaling.....	Page 19
Samuel McRoberts.....	Page 20
Bailey Halstead.....	Page 20
Arthur Collin.....	Page 21
Howard Johnson.....	Page 22
Geraldine Lanfair.....	Page 23

# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## Ralph Bradley

---

*Story contributed by his daughter, Betsy Sluder, a member of St. Stephen's*

---

I did want to forward my personal story of my father, Ralph Bradley, who served in the 14th Engineers Battalion of the U.S. Army. Below is a copy of his vividly described and very emotional letter to his mother, dated November 15th, 1918, after witnessing how Paris responded so joyously to the news that the armistice had been signed.

My father's Battalion was hurriedly mustered out of employees of the Boston and Maine Railroad and of other railroads and sent to Europe to build and operate desperately-needed light, narrow gauge railroads across the extremely soft, muddy area behind the British trenches to supply the front-line troops with ammunition, food and water and take back the wounded and dead. The outfit was the very first contingent of American soldiers to arrive in Europe and it was under fire on August 3rd, 1917!

For many months these American soldiers were exposed to the dismal, strategic outlook for the British and French soldier-survivors in 1917 and 1918. The huge Russian army was defeated. The western allies recognized that the Germans would soon be able to throw their entire eastern army against them. The prospect of defeat after these three years of futile, bloody, and horrific battles was very real.

When the American army did arrive in much greater numbers in the summer of 1918, my father was transferred from the British to the American army, then he caught the infamous Spanish flu in the late summer of 1918. He miraculously survived and was granted his first furlough since he joined the army. He took his rest and recovery in southern France and returned to the American Army headquarters in Paris before 11:00 am on the day of the armistice.

---

### Headquarters American Expeditionary Forces

Nov. 15, 1918

My dear Mama

I arrived at Hqts of the Light Ry Dept. and reported for work this morning. The vacation at Nice and Fontainebleau and above all the two days in Paris following the signing of the armistice have been splendid. The term is not sufficiently expressive. No work nor thing could express the wave of rejoicing and emotion which has stirred the soul of the great capital of France.

I arrived in Paris on the morning of Nov. 11. The doctor at Nice had granted me a few days' extension to my sick leave but I was so anxious to get back to my new job with 1st American Army - all this time I have been in British area mind you - that I



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

passed up the additional week and dug off to Paris. When I left Nice the armistice had not yet been signed and I acted on the assumption that it would not be signed. Nobody was sure that the armistice had been signed when I arrived at Paris and it was not until about 11 a.m. when a number of cannon shots were fired that the city showed any particular signs of excitement. The effect of those booming guns was magic.

Within an hour the streets were blocked with the surging singing crowds. Never, never has such a sight been seen. Stores, banks, and business houses of every kind closed down immediately and it seemed as though people flowed into the street from every door. Where there was room to move people danced in couple in great ziggag processions or in 'ring-around-the-rosies'. Soldiers of every rank and nationality were acclaimed with shouts of joy, embracings and tears of gratitude.

Americans especially were hailed. I sometimes felt that as many processions of French soldiers, students and people of every kind and description were headed by American flags as by French flags. Everywhere there were the cries of "Vive l' Amerique!" Everywhere whether there were Americans in evidence or not. Street urchins, poilus, young girls, old men and middle aged ladies seized my hand and blessed my country for having been 'les sauveurs'. How many times I was kissed on both cheeks by soldiers and civilian and plumb on the lips by the midinettes and young girls I could not say. Every kind of vehicle that could move at all was covered with the people that rode on the roof, on the hood, on the steps and mudguards. Those on top usually had a great flag, or several, and often a poilu or a Tommy or a Yank with a bugle or trombone or something. In the evening I was fortunate enough to get Miss Parker and her attractive roommate. They had both of them been left in the lurch by their beaux who never showed up to take them to dinner. I wonder how I managed to get to their apartment. Armed thus with a pretty girl on each arm I sallied out into the crowd that was sweeping up the Champs Elysees and through the Ave de Triomphe the chains around which had been asunder.

Darkness had come to Paris but every window was a blaze of light and suddenly one by one the great arc lights on the main squares and boulevards burst forth after a gloom of years. By some extraordinary luck we managed to get a place at a cafe restaurant on the Rue Royale. Our seats were next to the window so that we saw everything that occurred close by in the street as well as what happened inside. What a celebration. Women leading the singing from chairs, chains of Yanks and Poilus marching in lock step filing in from the street and parading among the tables. Wine flowed, of course, but one did not feel as though its influence was of any consequence, so complete was the intoxication of everyone who merely mingled with the throng. After dinner the crowd engulfed us carrying us this way and that in its current. In the open spaces, that occurred here and there for some unaccountable reason, we

# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

broke into a dance or skipped like kids. We jumped the steps of cars already over loaded and climbed the tops of auto trucks. Sometimes I had my two ladies on my arm, sometimes I had somebody else's friends. How we did not become permanently separated I cannot understand. Imagine how surprised the Back Bay would have been to see its daughters astride the barrel of captured German field artillery pieces being towed by the mob and singing Madelon and The Marseillaise. It didn't surprise us!

At last after a cracking good dance on the smooth surface of the Champs Elysees the girls were taken home and I returned to my hotel. Oh what a night. My room had been sublet by error to two Red Cross women who were already in bed. It was 1.00 am and my baggage was in the room. Some fifteen men and women were sleeping in the hotel lobby. No other rooms could be had for love or money in Paris that night. I know. I never went to bed but tramped the streets of the great city for the entire night. At 3:30 I danced to a couple of fiddles and an oboe in the Place de l'Opera. At 4 o'clock I danced with the crowd at Les Halles, the great market place where the country produce was being unloaded from railroad cars by the light of great flares. The enthusiasm when I, an American, made my appearance on the outskirts of the dance was overpowering. The crowd surrounded me, yelling its delight. I shall never forget the faces of those that hemmed me and the great number of arms that were stretched forward, between and over shoulders, to shake my hand. Almost every woman was draped in flags. Where they got them or how they got them heaven knows. The effect was stunning in the dancing flare lights. Shortly after 5 am I was once more on The Boulevard having finally escaped the crowd at the market were every poilu of every description pressed me to drink a health to L'Amerique, La France, et la Victoire. The Boulevards by that time were fairly deserted except for those who for lack of accommodation in hotels slept or chatted or sang on the benches. I counted at least ten captured German guns on the Boulevard. They had been dragged from the Place de la Concorde. Near the Madeleine an 8'2" howitzer was progressing at a snail's pace mostly in circles propelled by the efforts of twenty very tipsy and talkative but thoroughly in earnest citizens and sailors. The only policeman that I recall having seen the entire day and night was one who hailed me to shake his hand down at the market place! Breakfast I had at a little place near Montmartre. Already the streets were filling up with a crowd similar to the day before!!

I have laid so much stress on the buoyancy of spirit that perhaps I have not said enough about those who watched the rejoicings and tried to smile through tears. I saw the soul of France, I think, that day and it was splendid.

Affectionately,  
Ralph

# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## George Washington Craft

*Story contributed by his son, Bill Craft, a member of St. Stephen's*

George Washington Craft was born 05/02/1889 in New York City, and died 07/13/1968 in Mt Kisco Hospital.

Prior to WW I he lived a rather exciting life as a cowboy and homesteader out west, a farm hand in upper New York State, and then trained as an automobile Chauffer/Mechanic. In the early 1900's chauffeur had to be a trained mechanic) sometimes to make and replace broken parts and to



maintain each unique automobile as a whole, as well as to drive on dirt roads and city streets of the time. There were no auto repair shops then. Most automobiles were designed and individually hand built by carriage makers.

He was a chauffeur in New York City during the early part of WW I, prior to the United States entry into the war. He enlisted [volunteered] in the US Army Signal Corps, which was the forerunner of the US Army Air Force and subsequently the US Air Force. He received the rank of Sergeant upon entering the Service due to his references as a capable chauffeur and

for his knowledge of engines and mechanics. He served as a flying mechanic throughout his enlistment.

Stateside he was stationed at Kelly Field, San Antonio, Texas and at Ebits Field, Roanoke, Arkansas. The US-trained pilots stateside flew the Curtiss JN-4 Jenny biplane which had a 90 HP VS engine.

He was then assigned to the 125th Aero Squadron and shipped across 'The Pond', as he called it, with the AEF [American Expeditionary Force] and was assigned to the Handley Page Bomber Squadron in Chichester, England, until the end of the war. One of the missions of the squadron was to bomb German submarines operating in the English Channel between England and France.

He received his Honorable Discharge from Service on 12/18/1918. He was a proud life long and charter member of the White Plains VFW [Veterans of Foreign Wars]. Post-war he met his one and only, Alma Emily Thiell. They married in 1924. I (George William (Bill) Craft) came on-board in 1928.

Two of his brothers-in-law [my uncles] from White Plains also served in WW1. They were Fanington Thomson Gray Sr., US Army, AEF, and John Anton Schroff, USMC, Sergeant, AEF. Both fought in France, both were Honorably Discharged.



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## Abel Jones Gregg

*Story contributed by his son, Don Gregg, a member of St. Stephen's*

Both of my parents were born in 1890, my mother in April, my father on July 1<sup>st</sup>. My father, Abel Jones Gregg, graduated from Colorado College in 1913, and shortly thereafter joined the Colorado National Guard. He was assigned to a medical unit attached to National Guard troops operating along the Mexican border in futile pursuit of insurgent leader Pancho Villa. The attached picture of my father, in his national guard uniform, was taken at that time, 1914- 1916.

In 1917, the United States was drawn into World War I. Our response was very powerful, with thousands of young men joining our armed forces. Approximately four million military personnel were mobilized. My father was one of those men, and in November 1918 he was in France, with an infantry unit marching toward the trenches. I have a copy of the last letter he wrote to his family in October 1918, before shipping out to France. In it he says "I am looking forward to my trip with a mighty anticipation. A Western boy sailing overseas to have a hand in the biggest event the world has ever seen. I am quite happy to go so that I can hold my head up during the years ahead."

On November 11, 1918, my father's unit was stopped in its march, and suddenly bells began to ring from the nearby churches. Then cheering was heard, and thus my father learned of the Armistice agreement ending the fighting, and as he put it to me, "essentially giving me back my life." Dad got his army discharge in France, and studied at the Sorbonne in the University of Paris. Upon his return to the United States, he rejoined the Young Men's Christian Association, where he had first worked in 1912. In 1931 he was named Senior Secretary for Work with Boys, a position he held until his death in 1944.



*Abel Gregg*

November 11 is now called Veterans Day. When I was growing up it was called Armistice Day, and the Gregg family to this day is so grateful that World War I ended when it did. My father was quite certain that had fighting continued for a few additional days, he might well have been one of the over 116,000 American men killed in the trenches.



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## Albert Schering

*Story contributed by his second cousin, George Pouder, a member of St. Stephen's*

In April 1917 the United States declared war on Germany. Albert, 17, enlisted in "The Fighting 69th" regiment of the New York National Guard on October 1, 1917. This regiment was absorbed into the 42nd Rainbow Division as the 165 Infantry, and sailed off to France on October 29, 1917.

Rainbow Division supported the weary French army, exhausted by four years of heavy fighting. Records show that Albert participated in battles at Luneville, Baccarat and Chateau Thierry.

He was posthumously cited for 'gallantry in combat' on May 28, 1918, was wounded and died from his wounds six weeks later on August 3, 1918. Three months later, the "War to End All Wars" ended.



*Albert Schering*



*Albert's mother*

Albert was buried in the American National Cemetery of Aisnes/Marne, near Belleau Wood, in Plot A, Row 8, grave 68. The cemetery holds 2288 American burials, 251 unknown, and a monument honors over 1,000 missing in action.

In time, 75,000 American soldiers would be killed in France. From 1930 to 1933 wives and mothers of soldiers killed in France were entitled to an all-expenses paid trip to visit their sons' graves in "The Gold Star Pilgrimage." Seven thousand women participated in this federal project. One of these was Albert's mother, Theresa Schering (pictured, left). Congress allocated \$5 million for this journey. The women were accompanied by chaplains, doctors and nurses and stayed in luxury hotels. They traveled on chartered ocean liners, trains and buses. An Army officer accompanied each to their soldier's grave to place flowers.

Aisnes/Marne cemetery is also revered by the U.S. Marine Corps because the first marine casualties are buried here. A marine squad is stationed here, a flag flies every day, and "Taps" is played every night. The cemetery is well maintained by the United States and welcomes visitors.

The Rainbow Division came home to a rousing welcome in Manhattan. The Chaplain, Father Duffy, had served in the trenches with his men. The troops idolized him. His statue can be seen in Times Square. Albert Schering sleeps, forgotten, among his comrades in France, and 18 year olds still fight the wars.



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## Douglas Campbell

*Story contributed by his cousin, twice-removed, Doug Campbell, a member of St. Stephen's*

Douglas Campbell (June 7, 1896 – October 16, 1990) was an American aviator and World War I flying ace. He was the first American aviator flying in an American-trained air unit to achieve the status of ace.

Campbell was born in San Francisco, California. He was the son of famed astronomer William W. Campbell, the head of the Lick Observatory and future president of the University of California. At the time the United States entered World War I in April 1917, he was a student at Harvard University noted for his



*Douglas Campbell (center) poses with fellow 94th Aero Squadron aviators Eddie Rickenbacker (l.) and Kenneth Marr (r.). The aircraft in the background is a Nieuport 28.*

athletic prowess. Campbell and close friend Quentin Roosevelt, the son of former President Theodore Roosevelt, immediately dropped out of college and enlisted in the United States Army. He would receive an A.B. Harvard Class of 1917.

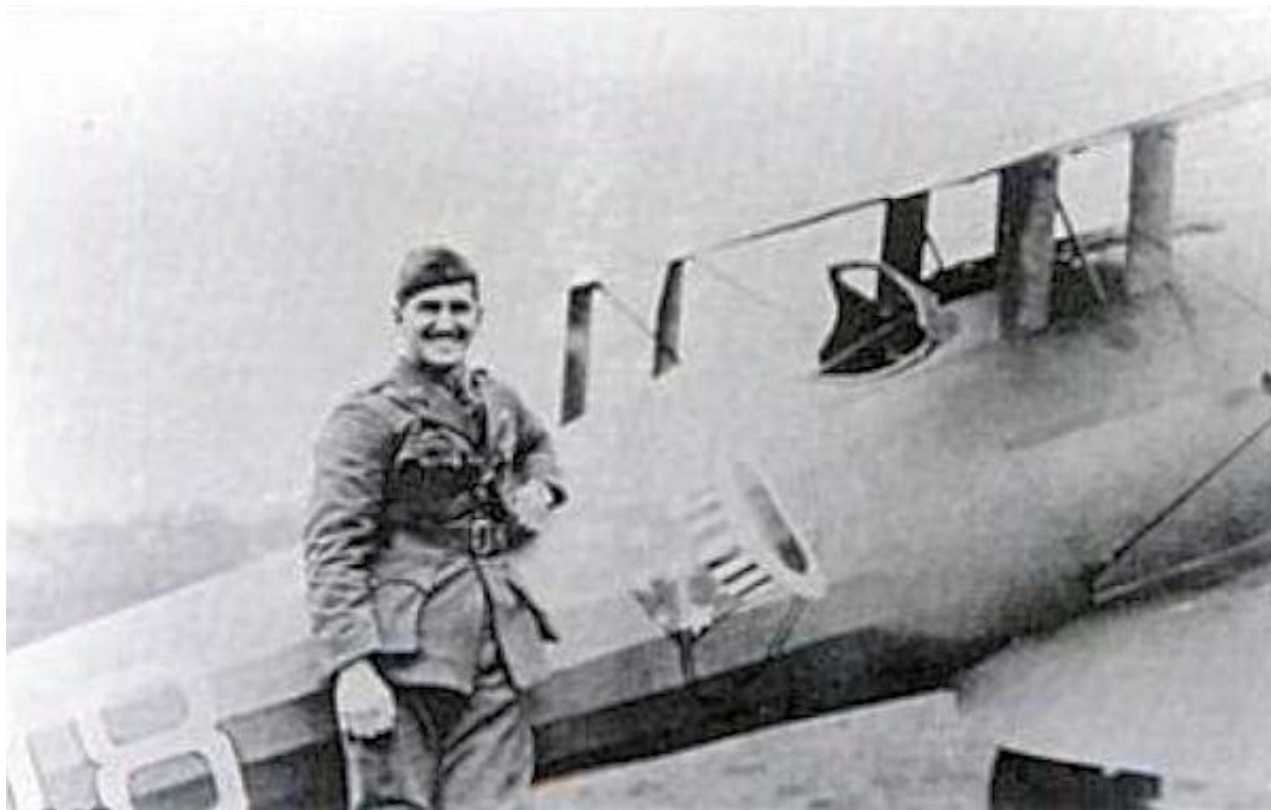
Assigned to the Air Service, Campbell learned to fly in a Curtiss Jenny aircraft and was later trained in a Nieuport fighter. He was assigned to the famous Pursuit 94th Aero Squadron (the "Hat in the ring" gang) – at this stage flying Nieuport 28 fighters. He was noted for several firsts in his service. He flew the squadron's first patrol along with two other famous aviators, Eddie Rickenbacker and Raoul Lufbery. Due to supply problems, the trio flew their first mission in unarmed planes. His first kill came while flying in an aircraft armed with only one rather than the usual two machine guns.

# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

He shared credit with Lt. Alan F. Winslow for the squadron's first confirmed victories, which were the first victories by fighter aircraft of an American-trained flying unit in the war. Campbell and Winslow each shot down and captured a pilot from Jasta 64w on April 14, 1918. He became the second Air Service ace and the first by an American-trained aviator when he downed his fifth enemy aircraft over Lironville, France on May 31, 1918.

Campbell was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster for bravery in aerial combat over Flirey, France on May 19, 1918. He was also awarded the Croix de Guerre avec palme by the French military. He scored his sixth and final victory on June 5, 1918.

During this last action, Campbell was wounded by an exploding artillery shell and was sent back to the United States to recover from severe shrapnel injuries to his back. During his recuperation, he made appearances at numerous war bond rallies. Campbell hoped to return to combat and was reassigned to his squadron in November 1918. By then however the war was winding down and he saw no further frontline



action before the Armistice of November 11, 1918. While leaving active service the following year, he continued to hold a commission in the reserves until 1924

After the war, he took a job for W.R. Grace and Company.

Douglas Campbell began work in April 1919 in New York. Two years later he arrived at the Hacienda Cartavio in Peru where he worked as an accountant. Cartavio was a farm where sugarcane is grown and where W. R. Grace & Co. had built the first mill to produce sugar at the end of the nineteenth century. He worked for about eleven years there. After he became the Vice-President of Pan-American Airways in 1939 and was named the airline's general manager in 1948. He died in Greenwich, Connecticut at the age of 94.

# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## John Fletcher Jones

---

*Story contributed by his granddaughter, Nancy Woodyard, a member of St. Stephen's*

---

John Fletcher Jones, of Amboy, Minnesota, was in Company B of the 1st Battalion of the 5th Regiment, U.S.



Marines (1/5). On 25 May 1917, the battalion was activated and deployed to France on 1 June 1917. 1/5 participated in the following World War I campaigns: Aisne, Aisen-Marne, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, Toulon-Troyon, Chateau-Thierry, Marabache, and Limey. 1/5 made its most notable contribution at the Battle of Belleau Wood on 6 June 1918, when it conducted the first offensive actions of the battle in seizing Hill 142. The battalion, at first with only two companies due to the other companies not being relieved in time, assaulted the open wheat fields of the hill with bayonets fixed under the fire of German machine gun and artillery fire. In a battle that claimed 325 lives in the 1/5. Gunnery Sergeant Ernest A. Janson became the first Marine to earn the Medal of Honor in World War I. From December 1918 to July 1919, the battalion participated in the occupation of the German Rhineland.

It then re-deployed to Marine Corps Base, Quantico, Virginia and de-activated in August 1919.

## George Neal Wood

---

*Story contributed by his grandson, Ed Woodyard, a member of St. Stephen's*

---

George Wood of Pittsburg, Kansas, served in Germany, mostly with the occupation forces, from October 1918 until three months after the armistice.

He is pictured, right, in Koblenz, Germany.





# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## Edwin G. Pouder

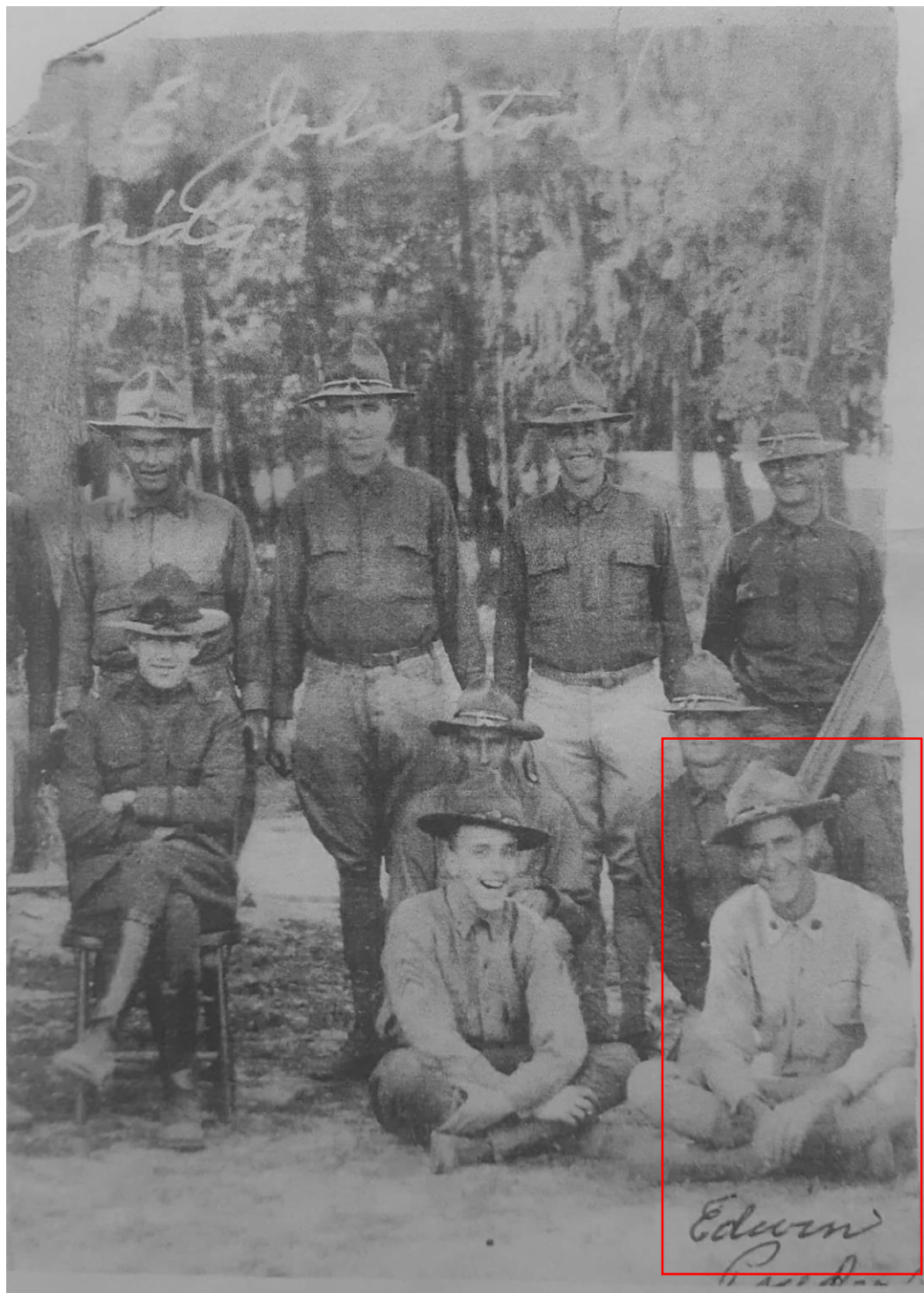
*Story contributed by his nephew, George Pouder, a member of St. Stephen's*

It came as a surprise to learn that my Uncle Edwin, my father's older brother, had served during World War I. I had never known this as a child, never heard it mentioned, even when my brother and I served in World War II.

Of course Edwin was seldom mentioned... he had died in 1925. It was a total surprise to me when idly I Googled his name and found him in "Military," ancestry.com, in January 2015.

One month later his great-nephew, Leonard, found six photos of Corporal Pouder in a box he'd rescued from his grandmother's attic. Edwin, single, clerk, 28, was drafted into the army on June 24, 1917, serial number 2,906,002, described as "tall, black hair, black eyes, slim." He was assigned to a medical training unit stationed at Camp Joseph E. Johnston, near Jacksonville FL.

He did not go overseas and was discharged January 8, 1919. Several months later he married Margaret Webster.





# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## G. Harry Pouder

*Story contributed by his cousin, George Pouder, a member of St. Stephen's*

Private Pouder was drafted, sent overseas and assigned to the American army base hospital #114 at Beau Desert, France.

He was rapidly promoted through the ranks to Master Sergeant and was a candidate for second lieutenant when the hospital closed in July 1919. He came home to pursue a second degree at Johns Hopkins University.

Harry was a renaissance man with a multitude of interests and talents in art, theater, literature, history, business and government until his death in 1971.



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## Joseph Wago

Record contributed by Sharon Tomback, Co-Historian of the Town of North Castle

Joseph Wago was the grandfather of Barbara DiGiacinto, who is a member of St. Stephen's, and serves on the Town Board of North Castle as a Councilwoman.

31-4-22-C REGISTRAR'S REPORT

HEIGHT			BUILD			COLOR OF EYES	COLOR OF HAIR
Tall	Medium	Short	Slender	Medium	Stout		
21	22 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	23	24	25 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	26	27 <i>gray</i>	28 <i>Brown</i>

29 Has person lost arm, leg, hand, eye, or is he obviously physically disqualified? *No.*

30 I certify that my answers are true; that the had read to him his own answers; that I have read and that all of his answers of which I have knowledge are true.

Date of Registration *Sept 12*

LOCAL BOARD FOR WESTCHESTER CO. (STAMP OF LOCAL BOARD)

(The name of the Local Board having jurisdiction of the registrant has his permanent home shall be)

REGISTRATION CARD

SERIAL NUMBER *1736* ORDER NUMBER *2731*

1 *Joseph Wago*

2 PERMANENT HOME ADDRESS: *Valhalla Westchester NY*

(No.) (City or town) (County) (State)

Age in Years *36* Date of Birth *Aug 19 1882*

RACE

White	Negro	Oriental	Indian
5 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>	6	7	8

U.S. CITIZEN

Native Born	Naturalized	Citizen by Father's Naturalization	Declarant	Non-declarant
10	11	12	13	14 <input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

15 If not a citizen of the U. S., of what nation are you a citizen or subject? *Hungarian*

PRESENT OCCUPATION

16 *Laborer*

17 EMPLOYER'S NAME *Joseph Wago*

18 PLACE OF EMPLOYMENT OR BUSINESS: *Valhalla West NY*

(No.) (City or town) (County) (State)

NEAREST RELATIVE

19 Name *Mrs. Elsie Wago*

20 Address *Valhalla West NY*

(No.) (City or town) (County) (State)

I AFFIRM THAT I HAVE VERIFIED ABOVE ANSWERS AND THAT THEY ARE TRUE

P. M. G. O. Form No. 1 (1-1-17)

(Signature of Registrar or Clerk) *Joe Wago* (OVER)



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## James McGlynn

*Story contributed by his grandson, Neal Baumann, a member of St. Stephen's*



These are photos of my maternal grandfather, James McGlynn, who served in the U. S. Army in WWI. A 'Doughboy'<sup>1</sup>.



He was an immigrant from Ireland in the early 1900s and came in through either Boston or Montreal and settled in NYC. He and my Grandmother applied for citizenship through legal channels and they were granted citizenship.

I believe he married my grandmother Mary McGlynn (nee Cullinan) in Worcester, MA, then settled in NYC. He became a trolley car driver in NYC, until his sudden death on December 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1940. He raised three daughters: Mary, Della (my mother), and Dorothy. As far as I know he never saw combat.

<sup>1</sup> **Doughboy** was an informal term for a member of the United States Army or Marine Corps, especially used to refer to members of the American Expeditionary Forces in World War I,



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## William Bradford Turner

*Story contributed by his great niece, Charity Lunder, a member of St. Stephen's*

Born in Boston in 1893, William Bradford Turner attended the Pawling School and Williams College. Upon graduation in 1914, he lived in Garden City, Long Island, and enlisted in the New York National Guard, where he began training. At a 1916 Williams College reunion which included other members of his squadron, a telegram arrived announcing their unit had been called out to the Mexican border, and they were ordered to report to the New York armory at 6 o'clock that evening. The reunion broke up as Brad and other guard members rushed to the 1 o'clock train.

After some weeks of drilling and camping at Van Cortlandt Park, National Guard departed. Brad's squadron's train, consisting only of day coaches and cattle cars, traveled south through unrelenting heat for five days. Dust and soot covered the men, with no food but tinned tomatoes, no drinking or washing water, and no sleeping areas; there was little sleep and great discomfort. The men later said the worst of the trenches wasn't as bad as that trip south and subsequent duties. They believed their inexperience, augmented by the unpreparedness of the US government, caused their hardships. But "the value to the country in the World War of the lessons learned by all concerned in the Border campaign can never be underestimated."

The New York troops arrived in McAllen, Texas in July 1916, where they worked ceaselessly in heat they found indescribable. They pitched tents, cleared growth, dug ditches, cared for horses, erected and cleaned picket lines, patrolled the river, chased phantom bandits, etc. The New York city boys were unaccustomed to such labor or such heat, and found Brad a model of tireless good humor and a model of soldierly dependability.



After six months, and their return to New York, Brad was offered a commission as lieutenant in the World War, assigned to a Machine Gun Company, due to his experience with such weapons on the border. Each company was busy recruiting to expand to twice its pre-war size, and they were drilling new recruits in Central Park's Sheep Meadow. Brad was serious and painstaking in his preparation, and strict with discipline, which didn't endear him to his company until later. Brad sailed for France in May 1918, as a First

# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

Lieutenant in the 105th Infantry, 27th Division. With his regiment he entered the front line trenches in Flanders two months later, between Ypres and Mount Kemmel.

His last letter home said, "We are still back of the line having a theoretical rest, but in practice we are chasing about over hills all day and coming back pretty well tired out. I have been in command of the company for about three weeks and it has kept me pretty busy..." In command of Company M, "making preparations with utmost care, working without rest, constantly looking out that his men were receiving all the rations and supplies etc. they should need," his last message was a request for his men: "Please let me know if we can have some water? The men have had none since yesterday."



Brad took part in the allied counter attack as commander of a unit which was to make the farthest advance into Germany's main defensive fortification, the Hindenburg Line. On September 27, 1918, "he led a small group of men to the attack, under terrific artillery and machine gun fire, after they had become separated from the rest of the company in the darkness. Single handed he rushed an enemy machine gun which had suddenly opened fire on his group and killed the crew with his pistol. He then pressed forward to another machine gun post 25 yards away and had killed 1 gunner himself by the time the remainder of his detachment arrived and put the gun out of action. With the utmost bravery he continued to lead his men over 3 lines of hostile trenches, cleaning up each one as they advanced, regardless of the fact that he had been wounded 3 times, and killed several of the enemy in hand to hand encounters. After his pistol ammunition was exhausted, this

gallant officer seized the rifle of a dead soldier, bayoneted several members of a machine gun crew, and shot the other. Upon reaching the fourth-line trench, which was his objective, 1st Lt. Turner captured it with the 9 men remaining in his group and resisted a hostile counterattack until he was finally surrounded and killed".

Brad was posthumously awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor, the highest decoration of the U.S. government. In the World War, 78 of these medals were awarded, one for every 15,400 soldiers in action. Brad was also awarded two other medals of honor, the Croce al Merito di Guerra by the Italian government and the Medalha da Cruz de Guerra by Portugal. He is buried at the Somme American Cemetery in Bony, Picardie, France, not far from where he fell.

My father, Robert Turner, remembers attending a memorial service for Brad when he was small. He remembers his mother, Helen Turner, crying over beloved Brad, and Dad was surprised to learn that mothers cry. He'd never seen such a thing before. My much loved grandmother, who I remember well, lived until the 1980s, and suffered from Brad's death. A war one hundred years past sounds so distant, yet members of our own families were devastated by that war. It really isn't that long ago.



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## Bertram Leonard Chittenden

*Story contributed by his grandson, Nils Chittenden, the Rector of St. Stephen's*

Born just south of London, United Kingdom, in 1889, Bertram Chittenden volunteered for the British Expeditionary Force in 1914, serving as a private in the East Surrey Regiment. He served in every battle on the Western Front throughout the First World War, surviving the entirety of 'The Great War'. Upon his discharge, he married his sweetheart, Lillian Dencer, and in 1924 they had a son, John, who went on to become both a Church of England clergyman, and my father.

During his time in the trenches of Flanders, my grandfather endured many hardships. He was gassed with mustard gas; he was hit by shrapnel, some of which embedded itself in his head and could not be removed, leading to periodic headaches for the rest of his (long) life. On one occasion, a shell blast was so near, and produced such a shockwave, that the jolt popped one of his eyeballs from its socket. He obviously had little choice other than to push it back into its socket, which he did. His eye was apparently none the worse for the experience.

Prior to the war, Bertram Chittenden had been an engineering technician for a railway company. After the war he asked to return to the railway engineering shop and was told that he couldn't as he had – in their view – walked out of his job in 1914. The reality of the situation was that, in fact, he had done so in order to volunteer for the British Expeditionary Force at the start of the war, before general conscription had come into effect. Instead he went on to a variety of jobs, culminating in starting his own wine, beer and spirits store. He tried to volunteer for the Second World War but was told he was too old. Instead he joined the Local Defence Volunteers (for a while alongside his son, my father, until my father was old enough to join the regular army in 1942).



My grandfather died in 1974 at the age of 85 – a ripe old age considering all that he had been through – and taking into account the fact that he, along with many of his peers, smoked heavily his entire life.

# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## Webster Schmaling

*Story contributed by Sharon Tomback, Co-Historian of the Town of North Castle*



The Log Cabin, Armonk, was built by Frank D. Webster on land that was part of his father's farm, was located on Route 22 in the village of Armonk almost opposite today's Armonk Garage. It was a famous roadside stand, restaurant and nightspot where, for many years, famous bands and entertainers performed.

Frank Webster's nephew, Webster Schmaling, managed the Log Cabin. He was very interested in aviation and was a flyer himself. He was a WWI veteran having served in the aviation division as a motor expert. At one time he built a plane at the Log

Cabin and moved it over to the airport where it had its maiden flight. (Years later he taught cadets for the US Government in Ohio.) The Log Cabin burned to the ground in December, 1965.

## Samuel McRoberts

*Story contributed by Sharon Tomback, Co-Historian of the Town of North Castle*

General Samuel McRoberts served in the United States Army Ordnance Department, heading the newly created procurement division, during World War I. His job included securing food, clothing, arms and equipment for all the soldiers of the Army. On October 19, 1918 news releases reported that he was being posted overseas to join General John Joseph (Black Jack) Pershing's staff.

He earned the rank of Brigadier General for service to his country during the war. In recognition of his contributions in World War I as a Brigadier General for the Procurement Division in the Office of the Chief of Ordnance, the United States Government conferred upon Mr. McRoberts the Distinguished



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

Service Medal and the French Government made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

The President of the United States of America, authorized by Act of Congress, July 9, 1918, takes pleasure in presenting the Army Distinguished Service Medal to Brigadier General Samuel McRoberts, United States Army, for exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services to the Government of the United States, in a duty of great responsibility during World War I, as Chief of the Procurement Division of the Office of the Chief of Ordnance, in which capacity he was charged with the procurement, by purchase or manufacture, of all articles of ordnance supplied to the United States Army, and the execution of the necessary contracts in connection therewith.'

Mr. and Mrs. McRoberts called their estate 'The Ledges'. Later on the estate was also called 'Soundview' because from the upper floor one can see Long Island Sound on a clear day. Today the estate is a privately owned residence on NYS Route 22 northeast of Armonk. It has been lovingly and beautifully restored using the finest craftsmanship, period appropriate antiques and furnishings.

## Bailey Halstead

*Record contributed by Sharon Tomback, Co-Historian of the Town of North Castle*

Last Name <b>Bailey</b>		First <b>Halsted</b>	Middle Init.	Address	
Date of Birth <b>November 22, 1893</b>		At		War <b>World</b>	
Date of Death <b>August 11, 1921</b>		At		Cause	
Date of Burial <b>August 14, 1921</b>		Cemetery <b>Rural, Middle Patent</b>		Section No. <b>East Drive</b>	
Grave No. <b>6</b>	Book No.	Page No.	Next of Kin		
Date of Enlistment		At		Date of Discharge	Branch of
Rank			Type of Marker or Stone <b>Family Stone, A.L. marker</b>		
War Record					
Additional Comments:					



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

Arthur L. Collin

Record contributed by Sharon Tomback, Co-Historian of the Town of North Castle

Last Name <b>Collin</b>	First <b>Arthur</b>	Middle Init. <b>L.</b>	Address <b>Box #263 Armonk, N. Y.</b>	
Date of Birth <b>April 17, 1865</b>	At <b>Chateagay, N. Y.</b>		War <b>World</b>	
Date of Death <b>Jan. 16, 1930</b>	At <b>Hudson River St. Hospital</b>		Cause <b>Cellulitis due to Staphyl</b>	
Date of Burial <b>Jan 19 1930</b>	Cemetery <b>Burial at Mt. Kisco, N.Y.</b>		Section No.	
Grave No.	Book No.	Page No.	Next of Kin <b>Mrs. Martha Box #263</b>	
Date of Enlistment <b>April 21 1917</b>	At <b>New York City</b>		Date of Discharge <b>Sept. 28, 1917</b>	Branch of <b>Hdqt 3 U.</b>
Rank <b>Carpenters mate 3rd class</b>			Type of Marker or Stone	

War Record

Additional Comments: Body was removed from hospital by undertaker of Poughkeepsie who shipped remains to undertaker M. W. Fish, Mt. Kisco, N. Y. Buried at Mt. Kisco, N. Y.

# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

## Howard S. Johnson

*Record contributed by his grand-niece Karen Johnson*

A WWI Navy Veteran, Howard Johnson was my great, great uncle. My great grandfather Charles Johnson was his uncle (Charles was married to Phoebe Kipp) and my great, great grandfather Rueben Johnson was his grandfather (Rueben was married to Hester Ann Merritt).



Howard S. Johnson was born on April 14<sup>th</sup>, 1895, along with his twin brother, Harold, to parents George and Matilda Johnson. Prior to enlisting, he was a farm laborer and was single. He enlisted on February 1<sup>st</sup>, 1918 at the Navy Recruiting Station, New York, as an Apprentice Seaman. On March 6<sup>th</sup>, 1918, he was promoted to Seaman 2<sup>nd</sup> Class. He was discharged on February 17<sup>th</sup>, 1919 at the Naval Training Station, Newport, Rhode Island. He married Mildred Elizabeth Williams and they had one daughter: Mildred Elizabeth Johnson (1922-), who married Robert George Holloway (1918-). As per the 1930 Census, he was living in North Castle, working as a plumber's assistant. By 1940 he was resident at the Veterans' Administration facility in Huntington, NY.



# NORTH CASTLE & THE FIRST WORLD WAR

All of the stories and records so far in this book have focused on the men who went to the trenches in Europe or in other ways manned the war effort which supported those troops in the European theatres of war.

However, the 'home front' here in America was also important, and also impacted by the events of 1914-1918. We therefore conclude this book with the story of such fighter on this home front of North Castle.

## Geraldine Lanfair

---

*Record contributed by Sharon Tomback, Co-Historian of the Town of North Castle*

---



*Geraldine Lanfair's grave in St. Matthew's Cemetery, Bedford*

Mrs. Geraldine McCoy Lanfair came to the East Middle Patent One Room School as Miss McCoy. She married the local postmaster and continued to teach at the School for her entire teaching career. The School was saved, and now stands on the property of The North Castle Historical Society at 440 Bedford Road, Armonk.

During both World Wars she taught her pupils - boys as well as girls - to knit squares and then sew them together into blankets for soldiers. In World War II the children collected milkweed pods and removed the seeds from the silk which was then used to make parachutes. They grew Victory Gardens, rolled bandages and sang patriotic songs.

Mrs. Lanfair instilled patriotism, loyalty to the flag and made them feel proud to make sacrifices to aid soldiers overseas.

She would ask, "What are you doing for your country today?"