

**RAY ELWELL**

*58 Barton Street, Rochester, N. Y.*

RAY ELWELL was born in Rochester, N. Y. He entered the service, in this city, July 25, 1918, at the age of 20 years, as a Private, being assigned to 39th Company, 10th Battalion, 153rd Depot Brigade. He was trained at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J.

Died of broncho-pneumonia, October 2, 1918, at Camp Dix, Wrightstown, N. J. Buried with military honors, October 7, 1918, in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N. Y., S. Grave 56, R-162, B.B.

**WILLIAM SMITH ELY**

*501 East Avenue, Rochester, N. Y.*

WILLIAM SMITH ELY was born in Rochester, N. Y., November 18, 1895, son of Dr. William Smith Ely and Helen Lincoln (Gamwell) Ely, of Rochester, N. Y. His grandfather, Dr. William W. Ely, like his father, was a well-known physician. Ely himself expected to enter Harvard Medical School on graduating from college and prepare himself for what may be called his inherited profession. He received his preparatory education at the Kalbfus School, Rochester, and St. George's School, Newport, Rhode Island, where he won prizes in mathematics, Latin and Greek, and in his fifth form year won the Binney Prize for the best scholarship in the fifth and sixth forms. The books which he won as prizes have been given to the school by his mother and are preserved in its library. In the memorial volume, "St. George's School in the War," from which the material for this memoir is chiefly drawn, it is recorded of him that "he was respected by the faculty and beloved by his many warm friends, particularly in his own form." At Harvard he completed his studies in three years. He rowed on the freshman crew of his class when it defeated Yale, but was prevented by an injury from making himself the notable oarsman he bade fair to become. His friendships in college were many and warm. He was an athlete fond of all sorts of sport. He was a member of the Institute, D.K.E., Hasty Pudding, Iroquois and Spee Clubs, and treasurer of the last of these in 1915-16.

On the outbreak of the war, abandoning his plans for the study of medicine, he promptly entered the service in the Aviation Section of the United States Signal Corps, at Boston, Mass., and in May, 1917, was assigned to the Ground School of Military Aeronautics at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he received his preliminary training. He was permitted to continue his studies at Harvard and was graduated from Harvard in the class of 1917, in his uniform. He embarked overseas, July 19, 1917, on the transport *Orduna* and arrived at Liverpool, England, July 30, 1917. Later he was sent to the Aviation Headquarters in Paris, France. On November 27, 1917, he received his commission as 1st Lieutenant. He was then detailed to England for special training as a Squadron Leader, and was stationed at Northolt, and at Port Meadow, Oxford. In a letter to his mother under date, September 9, 1917, he said, in part:

"Ten of us have been on duty at headquarters in Paris. We have to work very hard, but that is what we are here for and the work is interesting. When we do have any time to ourselves we usually go sightseeing. I do not remember much of what I saw when I was here before,—too young, I suppose, but now and then I find a familiar object.

"One day I went over to the rooms of the Surgical Dressings Committee to help unpack some boxes which had just arrived from America. Looked to see if there was anything from Rochester, but they told me that your boxes would probably be over at the main room on the Rue de la Faisand-erie. I thought it would be one of the strange 'fortunes of war' if I had unpacked in Paris the boxes which you had packed in Rochester.

"Just now I am at the above 'somewhere' on a motor trip through southern France—on business of course. I am with Lieutenant Thaw, U.S.A., brother of the famous aviator, William Thaw. We have a staff car with a spread eagle on it and a military chauffeur who always drives at seventy or eighty miles an hour. However, we do manage to get a glimpse of the country now and then, and it is perfectly beautiful,—a very pleasant change from Paris, which was quite hot and dusty when we left. We stopped one night at Pau, where we stayed at a marvelous hotel—Hotel de France —and from our windows we had a wonderful view of the Pyrenees. The country round here, as you know, is famous for its fox hunts; they have fine horses, excellent dogs, and in peace time they have great hunting in the season. There are almost no wire or stone fences, the divisions are hedges which are ideal for jumping.

"We are evidently some of the first American soldiers to appear in this part of France, and we are the cause of great excitement wherever we go.

Crowds gather around to watch us, and it is a bit thrilling, but also quite touching, to see what confidence and hope the peasants and the people in these little French towns have in America. We often hear the women calling their children to come and see the 'Americans who have come to save France.'

"I little thought I should ever be paid to take an automobile trip through the most beautiful part of France, but though it may sound like a pleasure trip, we are working very hard. Three days last week we worked from half past six in the morning until after one the next morning, and though today is Sunday, hard labor is the rule just the same.

"I had my first real flight a few days ago, and the sensation is wonderful. You have no feeling of danger at all, and no sense of forward motion until you look at the ground and see how fast you are moving. The pilot who took me up is one of the most expert in France, and he did all sorts of tricks and stunts in the air. We have visited all the flying schools in this part of the country and have studied the methods of instruction. We have met a good many French officers,—bully chaps they are, too. Everyone is heartily sick of the war and small blame to them, but we are impressed with their grim determination to stick it out until they beat the Boche. One of the officers told me that no matter how realistic the moving pictures are of an attack with the men falling mortally wounded all around, they can't give even a faint idea of the real horror of the terrible noise and screaming of the guns, and the groans and shrieks of the wounded and dying. He almost wept as he said he hoped that America would be made to realize how necessary it is to get big armies over here and at once.

"I have seen a lot of German prisoners and a very healthy lot they are. I have seen with my own eyes how well they are treated and I have heard from eye-witnesses of some of their acts of atrocity. They are too horrible for me to write."

He was killed, January 2, 1918, at Port Meadow, Oxford, England, as a result of an aeroplane accident. In the afternoon, after he had finished his day's work, he was invited to go up as a passenger with an instructor, a pilot who was considered an expert flier. "What happened is not exactly known, but the report of the inquest states that, "by an error of judgment the pilot stalled the engine in turning when about three hundred feet in the air." The machine crashed to the ground and both pilot and passenger were instantly killed. He was buried in Wolvercote Cemetery, Oxford, England. A cenotaph headstone was erected for him in the family plot in Mt. Hope Cemetery, Rochester, N. Y., N. W %, 23 V.

On January 11, 1918, a beautiful memorial service was held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Rochester, N. Y., to honor Lieutenant Ely. The Rev. Dr. W. A. R. Goodwin, rector of the church, was the officiating clergyman, and the memorial address was made by Dr. Rush Rhees, President of the University of Rochester. The ushers were representatives from the New York Guard, the British Army and the Adjutant General's office. New York Guard. In his address, Dr. Rhees said, in part:

"This is an hour of triumph! One of our beloved young men, standing at life's threshold, with every promise for happiness and usefulness held out before him, dedicated himself gloriously and to the uttermost, to the cause of righteousness and honor and liberty, in order to win abiding peace on earth, and has made the supreme sacrifice to that cause. This is an hour of triumph in the deep shadow of unutterable grief.

"We do not often see the 'hidden man of the heart/ Our modern life is not so open with its sacred places as was common a generation or two ago. But sometime a glimpse is given. I have the privilege of reading here a poem which his Mother found in Lieutenant Ely's desk recently:

"I would be true, for there are those who trust me;  
I would be pure, for there are those that care;  
I would be strong, for there is much to suffer;  
I would be brave, for there is much to dare;  
I would be friend to all—the foe, the friendless;  
I would be giving, and forget the gift;  
I would be humble, for I know my weakness;  
I would look up, and laugh, and lift."

Owing to the prominence of Lieutenant Ely's family, and the fact that he was among the first of our local men to fall, his death made a profound impression in Rochester. An editorial in the *Times* said:

"He gave his life with the same freedom that his father, the late Dr. William S. Ely, gave of his strength, his skill and his sympathy in ministering to the sick during his long and distinguished career as a leading physician of Rochester. Dr. Ely's memory will always be cherished by those who were privileged to know him, for he was loved as are few men. His son had a splendid heritage, and to it he has brought added honor. The name of William S. Ely is linked, and will be while records last, with the finest traditions of this city, which deeply mourned the father, and which now mourns the son, to whom it pays the homage due one who has made the supreme sacrifice for the nation of which he was a citizen."

The *Post Express* said editorially:

"This young man with every prospect in life bright before him, chose to take the risk of that life in behalf of the democracy of the World. An athlete, handsome, vigorous, young, wealthy, he enlisted to fight humanity's battles, in the most dangerous branch of that service. Now he has fallen, a hero just as much as if he had fallen in a charge upon the enemy. He made the sacrifice of his life. He leaves behind him a memory that is fine, and the manner of his death softens the blow that has fallen upon his mother and friends."

### CHARLES A. EMERICH

*Greece, Monroe County, N. Y.*

CHARLES A. EMERICH was born in Ogden, N. Y., son of Mrs. Hattie Emerich. His name appears on the Honor Roll of Lake Avenue Baptist Church. Prior to the World War he was employed by the Eastman Kodak Company. He entered the service at Rochester, N. Y., April 12, 1917, at the age of 23 years, as a Private in the National Guard of New York, Company H, 3rd Infantry, later Company H, 108th Infantry. He was trained at Pelham Bay, N. Y., and Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C. Embarked overseas, May 17, 1918, on the transport *George Washington*, and arrived at Brest, France, May 31, 1918. He was engaged in action at Le Catelet.

He was killed in action, September 29, 1918, at Le Catelet, near St. Quentin. Buried in British-American Cemetery, at St. Emilie, France.

### CLARENCE J. EMERICH

*67 Bolmes Street, Rochester, N.Y.*

CLARENCE J. EMERICH was born in Rochester, N. Y., May 19, 1894, son of Martin F. and Sophia Emerich of Rochester. He received his education in Blessed Sacrament School, and was a member of the Holy Name Society. He was the first member of the congregation of Blessed Sacrament Church to be killed in action in the World