

## Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

### Section 1, Pages 1 - 30

Around 1919, the Kansas State Historical Society and the American Legion solicited biographical information from returning veterans (primarily members of the 35th and 89th infantry divisions) and the families of those who died in service, notably from the Gold Star Mothers. Each veteran or family member was asked to provide letters, photographs, a biography, and military records. This file contains information on Tracy Sheldon Blair, Company E, 353rd Infantry, 89th Division. Tracy was injured in combat on November 2, 1918 and died on November 3 from those injuries.

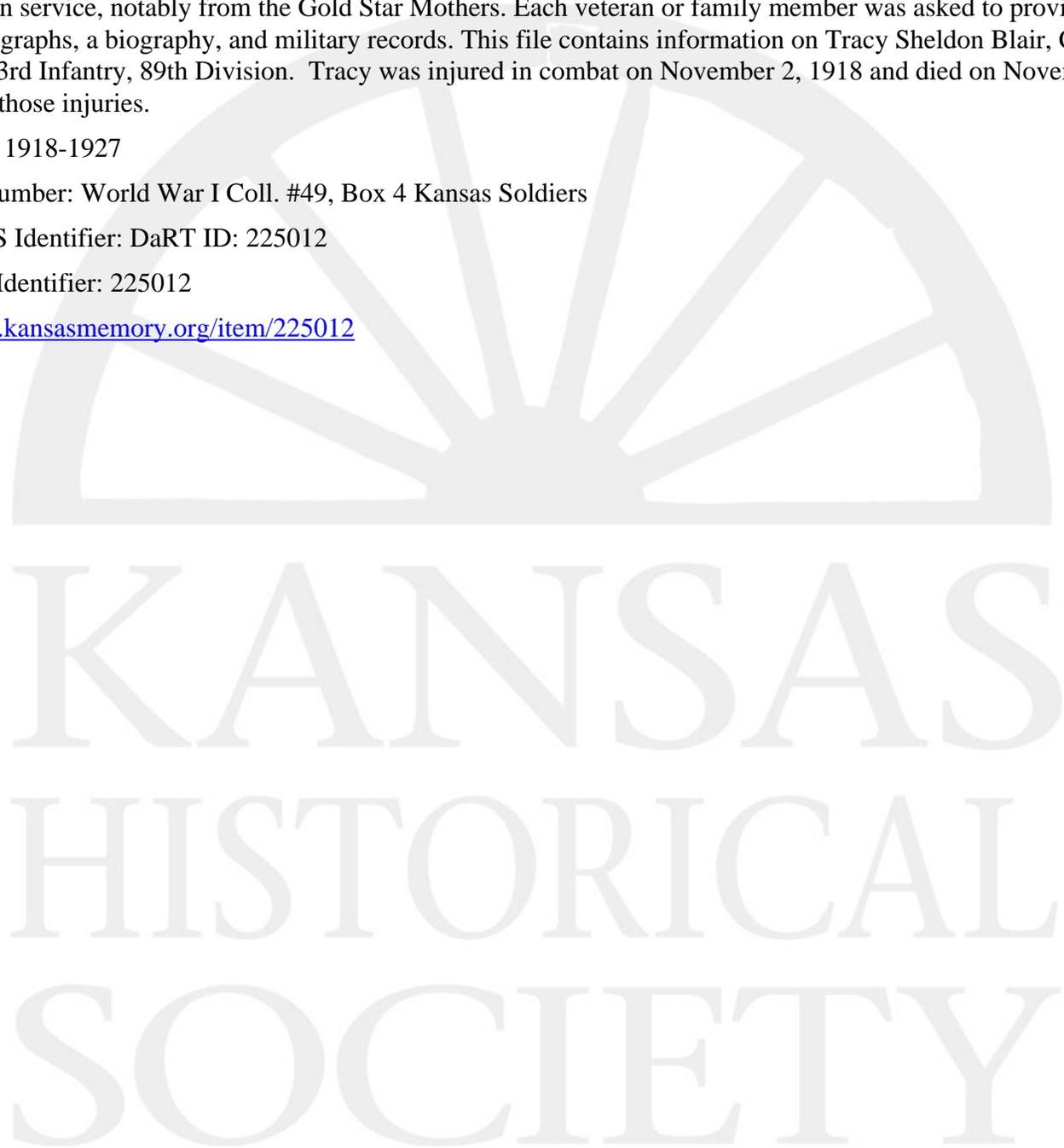
Date: 1918-1927

Callnumber: World War I Coll. #49, Box 4 Kansas Soldiers

KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 225012

Item Identifier: 225012

[www.kansasmemory.org/item/225012](http://www.kansasmemory.org/item/225012)



KANSAS  
HISTORICAL  
SOCIETY

Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier



Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

Sentimental :

Please return when  
through with this  
Mrs. Mary C. Blair  
Catter, Iowa

Cpt. Tracy S Blair

E Co 353 Inf 89th.

## Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

### MEMORIAL SERVICES FOR CORPORAL BLAIR.

Opening Song—My Country Tis of Thee, Congregation.

Invocation—Rev. S. M. Finch.

Vocal Duet—Perfect Day, Ethel and Ada Finch.

Five Minute Talks, G. A. Kibbe and C. W. Lee.

Vocal Duet—Some Day, Ethel White and Jessie Spencer.

Memorial Address, Rev. S. M. Finch.

Solo—There's a Long Trail A Wind ing, Jessie Spencer.

Benediction, Rev. S. M. Finch.

The above is the program as rendered at the memorial services for Corp. Tracy S Blair at the M. F. Church last Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Kibbe, the first speaker, referred to the deceased corporal as a very close and personal friend. He spoke very feelingly and his remarks revealed the close and long friendship existing between himself and Corp. Tracy S. Blair.

Mr. Lee spoke of the business associations of Corp. Blair. He went back over the twenty years, to the time when Tracy was in school then as an employee of the State Bank of Buffalo, where he was employed for sometime. Mr. Lee also referred to Tracy's work in Canada where he spent two years, finally returning to the States and then to Buffalo in 1917. It was at this time that Corp. Blair was made secretary-treasurer of the Travelers Oil & Gas Co. of Kansas City, which position he held until he was selected for army service.

These gentlemen both rendered a very fine tribute to their friend and co-worker and their remarks were appreciated by the large crowd present.

In the memorial address, Rev. Finch used as the basis of his remarks, the topic, "He Gave His Life For Me."

Rev. Finch began his address by quoting the words that fell from the lips of the world's greatest teacher, orator, philosopher, man and hero, Jesus Christ, when he said "All they that take the sword shall perish by the sword." Germany in 1914 drew the sword—today the Germany of 1914, is perishing by the sword. This war could not be avoided. There was no territorial quarrel between nations. This war began simply because the long cherished ambition of Germany broke loose. The result we all know: murdered babes, raped women and girls, butchered men and boys, lands laid waste, churches, cathedrals and homes devastated, until we in America cried out, "How long, Mr. President how long?"

Then came that memorable day in April of 1917 when our country declared war on Germany the murderer of the innocent. Soon our boys were responding from every state in the Union to the call to arms.

No state responded better than Kansas and no town or city, in point of population, responded better than Buffalo. We are proud of our sacrifice. Buffalo mothers and fathers and relatives have every reason to be proud of their soldier boys. Tracy S. Blair, on being selected for the army, was sent to Camp Funston and there enrolled in the 89th Division, Co E. 323rd Infantry. This division was soon sent overseas to France. The 89th soon made an enviable name for its fighting qualities. From time to time they were mentioned in war dispatches. The division suffered heavy losses men fell everywhere but on went the brave 89th. Our young friend was in several battles; going over the top for the first time the St. Mihiel salient. On the first of November

1918, he was killed in action somewhere north of the Lucy sector. He fell, and as he fell he gave his life for you and for you. Some where in France his body lies buried, killed by the enemy, but his spirit, that the Germans could not kill lives on. Thus our first, and we trust our only Buffalo soldier died, making the supreme sacrifice. Rev. Finch conveyed the thanks of Mrs. Blair for the very kind letters of sympathy forwarded to Cotter, Iowa by the many Buffalo friends. This good mother had hoped to welcome back her soldier boy but like many others it was not to be.

Mrs. Blair, although sorrowing for one who is not, yet is proud to have a son who fought bravely for such a cause, and in dying "Gave his life for you and for me."

The floral decorations, as donated by the business men and friends, were beautiful. A large wreath of carnations and foliage and bouquets of roses and carnations filled the front of the platform. These were forwarded to Mrs. Mary C. Blair, and family, after the services.

Special printed programs were distributed to the audience to be kept as mementoes of the occasion.

—Taken from the Buffalo Kansas Blade.

## Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

### Tracy Blair's Grave Found.

Cotter, Iowa, Jan. 30, 1919

REV. S. M. FINCH,  
Buffalo, Kansas

DEAR PASTOR AND FRIEND: I am in receipt of a letter from the Lt. Col. Charles E. Pierce, Chief Quartermaster A. E. F., Graves Registration Service. He states that the burial place of Cpl. Tracy S. Blair, Co. E. 353rd Inf'y., lies in the American cemetery, Cheppy-sur-Meuse, Meuse. He wrote in part: "You have probably received official advice concerning the death of one whom you gave to your country and the world for the saving of civilization. You will be comforted to know that his body has been recovered—that it lies buried in a spot which is under our care and control, and that there will be no danger of its loss or neglect. Please be sure of our earnest desire to guard your interests in every possible way, and our satisfaction in being able to care for the resting places of our dead. All graves are marked with a cross or regulation headboard, such as is used in the national cemeteries in the United States.

When the war ban is lifted on the war photography then on application to the Chief Graves Registration Service, A. E. F., photographs of the cemetery and graves will be furnished the friends of their loved ones. Our government has undertaken to do every thing humanely possible for its sorrowing people and for the brave men who suffered martyrdom on the battlefields of our European operations."

Signed,  
Lt. COL. CHAS. C. PIERCE.

This information has been a great

*This is a copy of a letter received*

Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier



## Memorial Services

Sunday, January 5, 1919

for

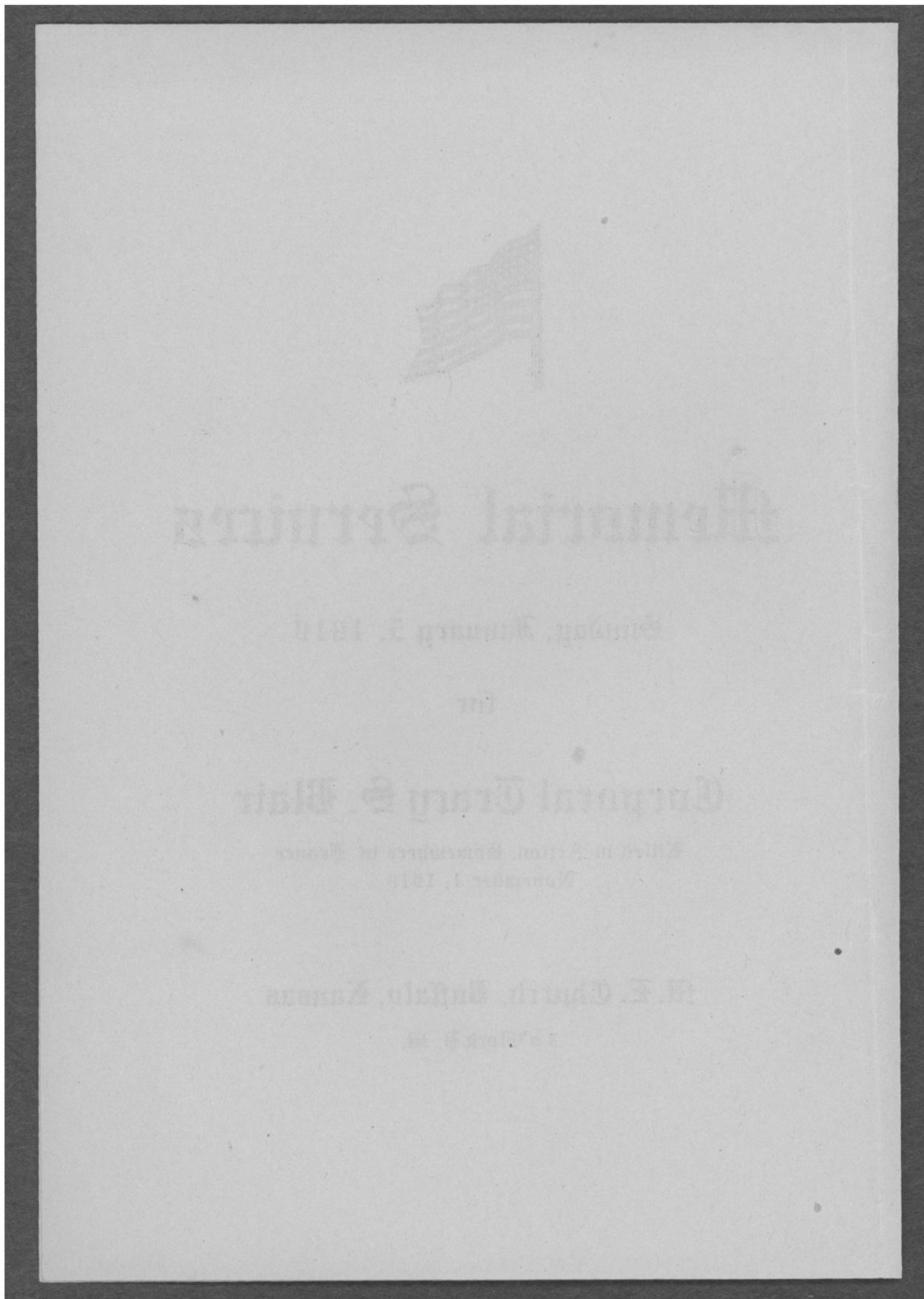
Corporal Tracy S. Blair

Killed in Action, Somewhere in France  
November 1, 1918

M. E. Church, Buffalo, Kansas

3 o'Clock P. M.

Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier



Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

## Program of Service.

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OPENING SONG—

PRAYER—Rev. S. M. Finch

VOCAL DUET—"Perfect Day," Ethel and Ada Finch

FIVE MINUTE TALK—G. A. Kibbe and Chas. W. Lee

VOCAL DUET—Jessie Spencer and Ethel White

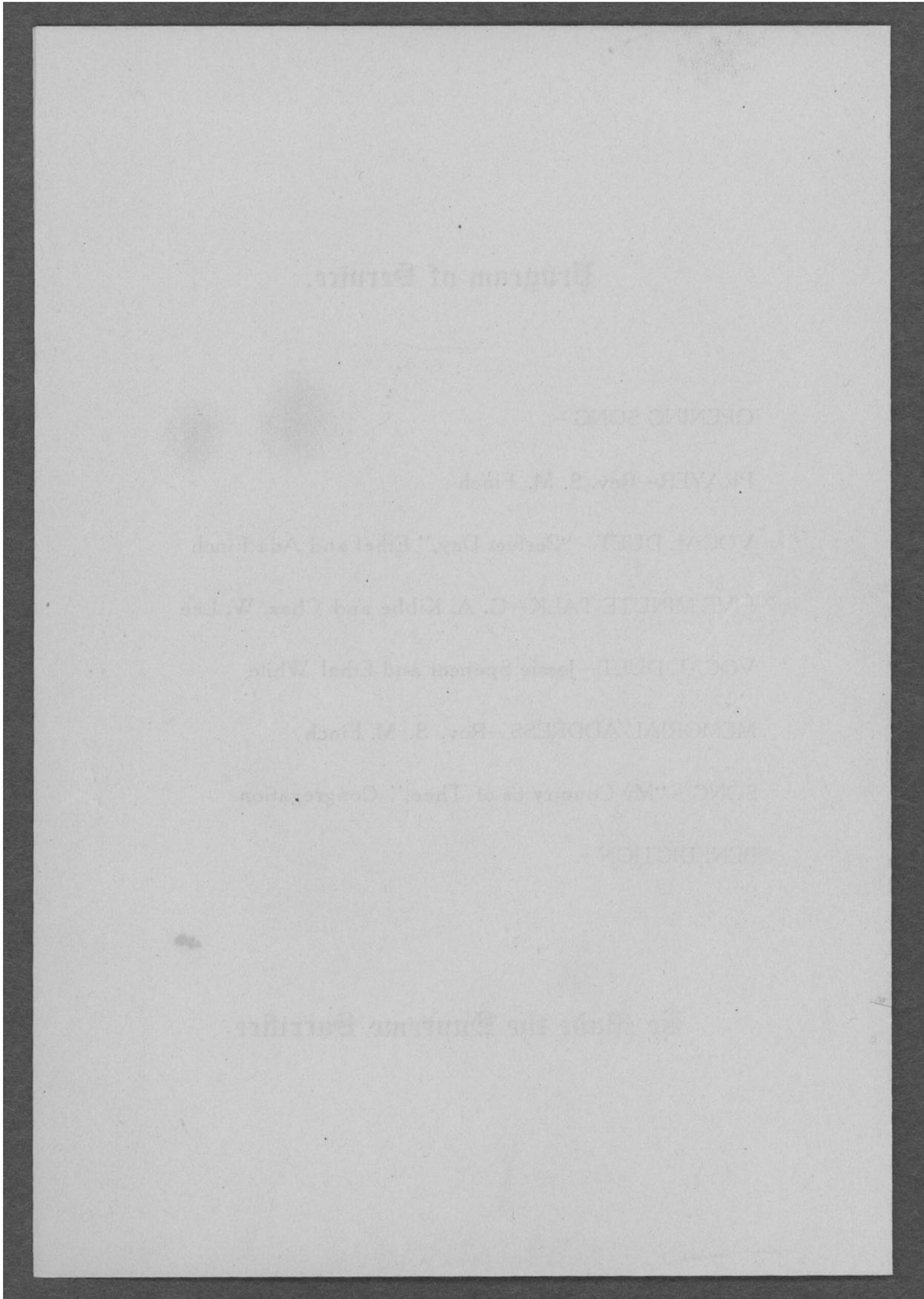
MEMORIAL ADDRESS—Rev. S. M. Finch

SONG—"My Country tis of Thee," Congregation

BENEDICTION—

## He Made the Supreme Sacrifice

Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier



## Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

353 Infantry, A.P.O 161, A.E.F.  
January, 18, 1919.

Dear Mrs. Blair:-

This in reply to your inquiry regarding your son. You are right, Tracy was one of the best of soldiers. I can tell you this from personal experience with him.

As you know, we went over on November first for a big gain. We were in support until 2:30 P. M. when we went ahead, pushing through a very dense woods, the Bois de Barriecourt. In the woods three platoons of the company were on the right flank of the division and in going through the woods we rather lost contact with the rest of the battalion. But we pushed on to our objective, the farther edge of the woods, near a little village, "Les Tuileres". We arrived there on schedule time, but the American Artillery evidently expected it to take longer, for they were still shelling in our section. I sent up rockets to tell them where we were, but I doubt if they could see them, so I decided to go back through the shelled area to the Battn. headquarters, where I could telephone back.

Your son volunteered to go with me, so we managed to get through our own barrage all right, and got the word through to our Artillery. The Major ordered me to try to get connection with the 90th Div., which was supposed to have advanced to our right, and to find out if there were still Germans around and beyond the Village Les Tuileres. We went back to the company and I got them organized. As I knew the mission of reconitering the country was to be a dangerous one, yet I wanted to know just what the situation was, so I decided to go myself, taking a couple of men with me. Tracy Blair was the first to volunteer to go. As I have said before, it was very foggy, and gathering dusk, which comes about 4:00 P. M. at that time of year over there. We went down a strip of hedge toward the village.

From the situation I decided to have one platoon move forward to cover the road and village, so I sent word back by the other man to have this platoon take up this position. We went around to the edge of the town, when Corporal Blair saw four Germans running down the street. We kept on past the town, and about half a mile beyond it. Rounding a curve in the ridge we saw about a hundred or so Germans resting about 200 yds. from us, but they were just getting ready to move. We atonce stole back without being observed, taking a short cut through the village, but meeting no one. I got one platoon to move out across the hill in the hopes of cutting off the German force and ordered the rest of the company to mop up the village and come up in support of us. But we were not able to cut them off, but gave them a good stiff fire for about five minutes which gave them a good hurrying up. The rest of the company came up, after capturing three officers and six men in the town.

Our position beyond the town was a ver dangerous one, being down in the valley and many Germans could be heard to the right rear of us, and one big artillery piece was still in operation not half a mile away, so I ordered the company back to the woods on the hill, organized with outposts to prevent counter attack, and we got what rest we could that night

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The next day at one o'clock P. M. the Battalion got orders to attack again, this time more to the north of the woods, instead of to the east where we had gone the night before. Again we were on the right flank. The second platoon had just cleared the woods when the Germans opened up in full force with their machine guns. Your son was fatally wounded in the first volley, the bullet going through his right lung. I was not with him at the time, being with the leading element of the platoon, while his group was more to the flank. Another soldier, only slightly wounded, and a first aid man got him into a shell hole and dressed his wound. The weather was very bad, but they fixed him cover for that night, and the next morning he went back on a stretcher to the Regt. First Aid. But Pvt. Bothwell, who was the other soldier with him, tells me he was very weak and could only live a few hours. He says he was very patient in spite of the pain. So I have no doubt that he died with a smile - like the brave soldier he was. We received notice a few days after that he had died of wounds in the field hospital. He was wounded Nov. 2 at 1:15 P. M. and died Nov. 3rd.

This has been rather a long letter, but I thought you might be interested in the events with which he was connected in that last and deciding battle that brought Peace so quickly. It may interest you to know that the machine gunners were all captured or killed, and we reached our objective that night after another hot fight.

Corporal Blair was recommended for a Distinguished Service Cross for his bravery and faithfulness that night. If it is awarded, you will receive the medal. But I am sure he was as much entitled to the honor as I, and I was fortunate enough to be so "decorated."

Though your son sleeps beneath one of those innumerable crosses that mark the road from the old line at Avocourt to Stenay, yet no American mother can be more proud of her son than you - for a finer, braver one never paid the supreme sacrifice for the victory that is ours.

Your letter fell into the right hands. As it happens, I am a Mason too, although a very young and inexperienced one.

From one who knew what a son you had, for we travelled unknown dangers alone together.

Francis M. Morgan,

1st. Lieut. 353 Infantry,

Commanding Co. "B"

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Cotter, Dorra  
1-21-1919.

William E. Connelley -  
Sec. of Historical Society,  
Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Sir, I am in receipt of your message of sympathy from the Historical Society of the State of Kansas, the same of which I appreciate very much, and am proud to think the Great State of Kansas remembers its soldiers and the Gold Star Mothers of their State. As to your request for the Society for the photograph of my son Corporal Tracy S. Blair and an autobiography of his life, service and extracts from letters written by him while in the service I will gladly submit to the Society but must ask for a little time for I am taking some photographs taken

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and will send the desired information when I receive the photographs. My son wrote me the eve he was leaving Camp Funston - "Mother he said I will make as good a soldier - as I know now." - and I know he did - we all know he did for he made the Supreme Sacrifice for us all. He had the honor of belonging to Co. E. 363<sup>rd</sup> Infantry 89<sup>th</sup> Division of which we Kansas<sup>ans</sup> are all proud. I am at present at Catter, Iowa, and if there is any information you should desire you can address me here, I will forward the material desired as soon as I can. I am expecting an answer to a letter forwarded to the Chaplain of Co. E. soon after having Officially notified by the War Dept of my son's death.

Sincerely -

Mrs. Mary C. Blair  
Catter, Iowa.

## Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

Catter, Dorra  
April 19-1919

Dear Sir,

As per request for photos, extracts from letters and biography of the late Corporal Tracy Sheldon Blair (soldier name Tracy S. Blair) killed <sup>in action</sup> somewhere in the Lucy sector, Argonne Meuse, battle Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1918, I submit the following I have culled over my son's letters, which were mostly descriptive of the country and the letter where he had been! Over the Top! Near the St. Mihiel Offensives I do not know whether this is what you wanted or not I am enclosing copies of Lt. Francis M. Morgan, Pvt Bothwell, and Cap. Eugene A. Bond letters. The letter from Wm. E. Bothwell written to Miss Througman she was ~~my~~ my son's fiancée and

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*Cashier of Buffalo Bank*  
Mr. B. C. Bond, was Tracy's employer, and Lt-  
Morgan letter was an answer to a letter from  
me for inquiring about him. Also a copy of the  
of the letter from the Grave Registrar which I had  
printed. The Grave Registration Records Office, states  
that my son was buried in an American Cemetery  
(@ happy-sur Meuse.) Meuse. I had no picture in his  
Uniform (a fact of which I regret very much. I know  
he would of looked fine in his soldier clothes for  
he was a handsome, well built young man, he  
stood six feet in his stocking feet.)  
I am hoping this is what you need  
for your historical society. During the war I got  
the appointment for the Carter Post Office and have  
held the Office until now I have resigned and am  
going to my children in Ranger, Texas. Sincerely,  
Mrs. Mary C. Blair

Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

Copy of a letter that  
Miss Pearl Throughman received  
from Pvt. Wm. E. Bathmill, the soldier  
that was with Tracy.

Doxweiler, Germany  
March - 11 - 1918

Dear Miss Throughman -

I received your letter a few days  
wishing some information about  
Tracy Blair. I will be glad to tell  
you what I know about him.

He was wounded  
Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> he was acting Corporal  
and was the leader of my group  
in battle formation. We were in a  
big shell hole at the edge of some  
woods, until came for us  
to start. When the word "forward"  
sounded we jumped out of the hole  
and started. I didn't much more  
than get started until I was hit  
with a machine gun bullet. It  
was only a slight wound but I  
went back to the shell hole and  
my leg became stiff. I heard a  
voice, I looked up and saw  
Tracy. He was calling

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for help. He came over where I was and wanted me to do some thing for him, His wounds had already been dressed so I limped back through the woods to get a stretcher to carry him back. I got him some shelter, though before I went back

When I got to the first aid station, they were so short of men to carry stretchers and were so busy, they said they didn't know how soon they could get to him.

I told them I would help all I could, even if I was lame to get my Corporal taken care of. but we didn't get him until the next morning. When he saw me coming that morning with the stretcher he was so amazed, He was awful weak but still conscious and talked to me, He thanked me very much for what I did for him

I was surprised to hear of his death for he thought he would live and and I thought so myself. He was shot through

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the lungs + right shoulder.  
Tracy was a faithful  
and brave soldier and showed  
great bravery among his comrades  
and I think his Mother will receive  
a medal.

Well, Miss Thraughman  
I hope these few words will be  
some help to you, I realize how you  
feel about him.

I am  
With sincere regards,

Very Respectfully,

Pvt Wm. E. Bathwell

Co., E, 253rd Inf.

American S. F.

A.P.O. 761.

## Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

### Tracy Sheldon Blair

Tracy Sheldon Blair was born near Catter, Dorra, on the old Blair Homestead, which also had been <sup>home</sup> the of his Great Grandfather, and Grandfather. He was born Feb. 20<sup>th</sup> 1891 and died Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> 1918 some where in France. He was the son of William Thomas and Mary Colton Blair and at the age of eight years moved with his parents to Buffalo, Wilson, Co. Kansas where the family resided until recently. His father passed away from this world May 20-1916. He is survived by his Mother One brother, J. Scott Blair and two sisters Mrs. Eliza Miss Jr and Miss June F. Blair <sup>all</sup> of Ranger, Texas. He received his education in the Buffalo Schools, he had two years of High School work. And at the age of sixteen he entered the employ of the Buffalo.

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State Bank where he was employed for four years. He spent two years in Alaska and Canada, and a year prior to his <sup>going</sup> into the Army he was Secretary & Treasurer of The Travelers Oil & Gas Co of Kansas City which position he held until he was selected for the Army service.

In a letter written to me from Kansas City he wrote "Mother I leave in the morning for Buffalo, to entrain for Camp Funston. And Mother I am going to try and see just how good a soldier I can make, I am going in as a private and let Uncle Sam use me as he sees fit."

I am the first drafted man in Wilson, Co. Just my luck Tracy wanted to enlist prior to this but I objected and his employer <sup>etc</sup> persuaded him to wait for the draft as there was no stigma attached to our selective draft (Morgan C. Blair)

Then in another letter written from Camp Funston he said he had chosen the Infantry

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For it was a <sup>B</sup> active services he wanted"  
Then from Camp Mills  
he wrote me. "That he soon would be  
going "Over There" and he felt that  
there he would be doing his whole  
duty or as much as any one could"  
I am glad I am going when I am  
for I am with a fine Outfit  
Splendid Officers-and Men."

Then in a letter  
from Over Seas dated July 2<sup>nd</sup> said  
he was in excellent health and had  
long ago gotten accustomed to all  
things and conditions of Army life  
That he was still proud of his Outfit  
and Officers; For Mother it means  
a lot to the Soldier how he is  
Officered. In other letters he wrote  
they were descriptive of the Country  
He spoke of the quaintness  
of the cities-and towns, and their  
narrow crooked streets, the low,  
thatched building. He said I take  
from your letters you think this

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(41)  
is some place for beauty and that  
I am lucky to be Over Here seeing the  
the sight (I guess I too was of the same  
opinion - about it being such a beautiful  
Country but I find I am disappointed  
it is different (the interior) from what  
I had expected to see "Mother the roses  
fruits, Sunshine, quaint old towns  
good looking girls, chivalrous men  
-and etc, that we have all heard about  
is all a joke or at least I haven't  
seen anything such - as that  
and we have come clear across  
England and spent two nights  
-and days by rail across France  
to sides what we have picked it and  
we should have seen a little. I  
don't care very much for English  
towns but the pastoral scenes  
-are beautiful, The trees are grand.  
There is only one thing I can see  
that they can beat the U.S.A. in  
and that is in fine horses. Their

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horses are beautiful, so big, strong  
and fine, They use horses <sup>and oxen</sup> for everything  
you seldom see an Auto even in  
the larger towns, In driving  
horses usually three men go with  
every horse, One to ride, one to drive  
and one to hold it. (Can you beat that?)  
I don't think they can do anything  
as well as the Americans (really I  
mean it) The towns Over Here are  
from one to three miles apart and  
all the houses have the appearance  
of old age - and are built close  
together - and out of either brick or  
stone, In the houses the family,  
cows, horses, chickens, and pigs  
live, I don't know how they look  
on the inside - as I have never been  
in one but they look like the Dickens  
on the outside, And Mother they are  
minus the vines - and roses you  
read about, These towns are mostly  
without railroads.  
The girls I will not  
try to describe but no one can ever

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convince me, that <sup>16</sup>Paris is the fashion  
plate of the world or any bunk  
either these French girls being  
such beauties. The women work in  
the field, drink wine, work and act  
just like men."

Then in another letter  
he said "Mother I am a long ways  
from where I was when I wrote you  
last - am on another Front  
altogether, where I am now the land  
is rocky, hilly and about equally  
divided between timber and open  
land. And Mother I have been "Over  
The Top." as it is called. I'll never  
forget the night we were told that  
at the zero hour, we would go over.  
Our Officer said "Boys I have not  
much to say to you but there is  
one thing I want you to remember  
now, tomorrow and all times. "You  
are all American's - and the ~~German's~~  
German's are in front of you.  
The 85<sup>3rd</sup> started two

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(71)  
two Companies wide (E + F) in the  
lead) and a Regiment deep. I guess  
we did all right anyway we kept  
a going took lots of prisoners,  
guns - and towns and lost lots  
of men and some Officers but we  
were (rarin to go). This is sure - a  
fine Outfit, Officers and all.

The Marines call us  
the Kansas Farmers, Ha, Ha, I guess  
they have about called the turn  
all right. The Marines were in the  
drive too. We both went Over at the  
same time (5:00 in the morn) It rained  
all night - and mud it was six  
inches deep and it was hard to  
plow through and we were mud  
from head to foot. You should  
of seen the flares the Dutch  
shot up in front of their barb-  
wire, It was - a most wierd sight  
to look a head. The flash of the  
big guns, bombs & sky rockets.  
At the zero hour <sup>the</sup> great barage  
began and words can never

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Describe that barrage. <sup>(4)</sup>

However when we started - across we soon gave them something else to do. They turned their trench mortars and machine-guns close on us which shot as high as 600 shots to the minute - and believe me they were whizzing all around. So I guess they had them on high and their minds on their business. Just across their second line trench one had a plow fitted up in a tree to shoot from. The last I saw of him he was hanging from a limb where he had dropped to and he didn't know it either. In this drive we lost a lot of our men and some Officers, but there wasn't a man of us that wasn't willing to make the Supreme Sacrifice for Civilization - and the good old U.S.A. - for she is worth it. Genl Sherman was right this was Hell and

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them some" In <sup>191</sup> another letter in  
answer to the question, "What he thought  
and knew of the Germans?"

"What I can  
see or know of the Germans is this  
"The Germans will stand right up  
and fight you in the front line  
trenches until you get right on them  
and they will either surrender or pull  
the baby stars, or tie themselves to their  
guns or wrap a red cross band around  
their arm and tell you they don't  
want to fight but are made too,

However I notice they will  
shoot all of us they can and don't  
seem to give much about it or  
run when you reach your  
objectives. In a letter written  
Oct. 26-1918. We have heard that  
Bulgaria has been given peace  
and that all the U.S.A. seems to  
think that the war will soon be over.

Well, it may but I have my  
doubts about that, anyway I know the  
Germans are still on the job where  
I am. As to having plenty to eat and

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near, yes the very best all sad but true  
nevertheless. You can judge for  
yourself when the War will be over  
It is to much for me I  
dont and another thing I dont give  
a d--- I can stand it if they  
can!"

Then in another letter Oct. 18<sup>th</sup> he  
sent me his Official form for  
his Xmas box. "And he said Mother  
I do hope I get the box and just  
and Hershey Chocolate Bars  
And Mother dearest do not worry  
about me I am all right in  
good health and have long  
ago got accustomed to all  
conditions of Army life, so  
please dont worry for it would  
only make me feel bad to  
think you were grieving for  
me. I am sitting on a side  
hill writing this on my knee.  
Oh! Mother, I do hope I get my  
Xmas box."



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Copy of Captain Bond's  
- Letter - Prussia, Germany  
Feb. 27-1919

Mr. Ben. C. Bond  
% Home State Bank  
Junction City  
Kansas:

Dear Sir:

Your letter in reference  
to Corporal Tracy S. Blair, Co.  
"E." 953<sup>rd</sup> Infantry, has been received.

I was not in command  
of Co. "E." at the time of the <sup>death</sup> of  
Corporal Blair.

I am unable at  
the present time to locate the  
place he was buried. However,  
I have written to the Central Records  
Office, Grave Registration Bureau,  
A. P. O. 902 American E. Forces  
and asked them to notify  
you of the burial ground of  
this soldier.

Investigation among  
the Officers and men who  
knew Corporal Blair shows  
that Corporal Blair met his

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his death Nov. 2<sup>nd</sup> at the time  
Company E. was making an  
advance out of the Bois de Parriouart.  
Corporal Blair was shot in the  
lungs by a machine gun bullet  
and owing to the conditions prevailing  
it was impossible to evacuate him  
for several hours. I am told  
that Corporal Blair died just  
before he was to be removed to the  
Field Hospital. He had received  
First Aid treatment however.

Lieutenant Francis M. Morgan  
had Corporal Blair with him all  
day during the attack of November 1<sup>st</sup>  
and they were together on some  
very <sup>dangerous and</sup> important patrols.

Corporal Blair's  
conduct at this time showed  
extreme heroism and has been  
the cause of frequent comment  
the Officers and men of his Company.

Corporal Blair was  
conspicuous for his <sup>coolness</sup>  
in action and his courage.  
Reports to me show that his  
conduct in the St Mihiel

Tracy Sheldon Blair, World War I soldier

Offensive, as well as the Meuse,  
Argonne, was splendid

Above is all the  
information I can give you.  
Chaplain Otis Gray div. Chaplain  
89<sup>th</sup> Division, may be able to supply  
you with something further

I am unable to get  
Chaplain Gray at this time

I will be pleased to call  
on you if I ever get back to  
Camp Funston. As I recall  
I have a relative by the name  
of Ben. C. Bond who was raised  
and was still located in Canon,  
Georgia, I was born in Royston  
Georgia,

Yours Very Truly  
Eugene A. Bond  
Capt. Co. 363<sup>rd</sup> Inf.