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Clayton Caskey Jagersoll

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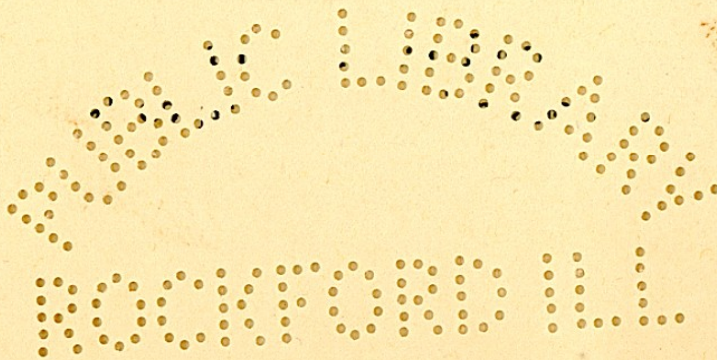
PRESENTED BY



In Memoriam

Clayton Caskey Ingersoll

1896-1918



*Whose Gold Star was dedicated
in the Second Congregational Church,
Sunday, September 22, 1918*

Murray 5-25-46 50

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Mr. W. Ingersoll,
1239 National Ave.
Rockford, Illinois.

Deeply regret to inform you that Lieut. Clayton
C. Ingersoll, signal corps, died in airplane accident
April 26th.

McCain

Salutation

I am the Resurrection, and the Life: he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. —*St. John xi 25, 26.*

Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth. *Psalm cxxiv. 8.*

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. For He knoweth our frame; He remembereth that we are dust.

Psalm ciii. 13, 14.

Opening Hymn

Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
 Forgive our feverish ways!
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives Thy service find,
 In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
 Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word
 Rise up and follow Thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!
 O calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with Thee
The silence of eternity,
 Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all
 Our words and works that drown
The tender whisper of Thy call,
As noiseless let Thy blessing fall
 As fell Thy manna down.

Drop Thy still dews of quietness,
 Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
 The beauty of Thy peace.

Breathe through the pulses of desire
 Thy coolness and Thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, its heats expire:
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
 O still small voice of calm!

—*John Greenleaf Whittier*

Scriptural Texts

From II Corinthians IV.

We are pressed on every side, yet not straitened: perplexed, yet not unto despair; pursued, yet not forsaken; smitten down, yet not destroyed; knowing that He that raised up the Lord Jesus shall raise up us also with Jesus. Wherefore we faint not, but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day. While we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal: but the things which are not seen are eternal.

I Corinthians XV.

For now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept. For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead. And as we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. Death is swallowed up in the victory. Oh death where is thy sting? Oh grave where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!

Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord.

St. John XIV.

Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.

Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Revelations XIV, XXI, XXII.

And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write, Blessed are the dead, which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea.

And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

And he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it: and his servants shall serve him: And they shall see his face; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign for ever and ever.

The Tribute

It is most fitting for us to meet as neighbors and friends to dedicate the gold star on our Service Flag and to honor the memory of one of our splendid young men, who gave his life for his country.

Lieutenant Clayton Caskey Ingersoll, was born in Rockford, May 5th, 1896. He attended the grade school and spent two years in Rockford High School, two years in Lake Forrest Academy, graduating in January, 1914, and later entered Cornell University. He left college in the spring of 1917 and entered the officer's training camp at Fort Sheridan, May 10th, 1917, and on July 21st of the same year entered the Aviation Section Signal Reserve Corps. He was commissioned as First Lieutenant in the Aviation Section Signal Reserve Corps, January 26th, 1918, and sailed for overseas duty as a member of the Twenty-seventh Aero Squadron. He lost his life, April 26th, 1918, in an aeroplane accident at Field No. 5, France, and was buried at Isson deen, France, April 28th, 1918.

An occasion like this is a solemn moment in the life of any minister, as he stands at eternities doorway to honor the departed and offer words of comfort to the living. Your upturned faces warn me that you are listening and I think I can hear you say: "This is an occasion for a large word and we are waiting to see if you will make it strong enough." Your presence here and your expressive faces and throbbing hearts tell me that ever since that gold star was placed on our flag, life has had a different meaning. It was when I was just ready to sail on my second trip to France that Mrs. Gordon wrote me of how the whole city had been shocked by the untimely death of such a splendid young man and it seemed as if from that day on our soldiers meant more to me.

The name of such young men as Clayton Ingersoll is written in the Book of Gold, that God keeps in Heaven, and who will say that their service and sacrifice has not expressed more of the real spirit of Christ than could be put in all the creeds and formulas of faith which the christian religion has produced. Their sacrifice brings us very close to the sacrifice that our Lord made for Humanity. One day while talking with a wounded boy in France I asked him where he lost his arm, and he said,

"I did not lose it, I gave it." Whenever life is deliberately given for humanity and for God, the windows of heaven open and then is seen the vision of loveliness, a great comrade in white with open arms ready to receive. It is a blunder of life for us to stand back and ask, "What am I to get out of it?" What each of us should say is, "I lay myself upon the alter for humanity and for God." We should give all in service, as this young man has done, and endeavor to reach out for the benefit of humanity and for the glory of the King. We should toil and work and fight and afterwards have the delight of the society of the King.

Clayton Ingersoll was an honor to his home, city and country. He was a young man of splendid physique, pure, wholesome character, with no sham or pretense, true and sincere to the last detail. His cheerful, sunny disposition shone in his face, rang out in his voice and made him the life of every occasion. He might have sought safety in a less dangerous undertaking, he might have offered some excuse and kept away from danger, but splendid lad that he was, he heard the call of his country and gave his life for humanity. The untimely death of such a promising career leads us to pause and think. It is hard for the young sculptors hand to be inter-

rupted by the touch of death at the moment when his chisel has all but released the statue from the marble, and we cannot help but recall the life of John Keats, composing odes equal to those of Shakespeare and at twenty-three ends his earthly career. What shall we say of Mozart, save that he dies almost before he begins his career, and Robert Burns, save that he has just begun his career as a world singer. Here is Charles Emerson, who was so admired and beloved in Harvard, that when his brother, Ralph Waldo, achieved fame, an old professor said, "God gave many talents to Ralph Waldo and then doubled the gifts for his brother, Charles," but Charles Emerson died a mere boy, a handful of unplanted roots, a bough of unblossomed buds. Here is Percy Shelley, who found the gates of Paradise opened and he entered at the age of twenty-seven. History is full of unaccomplished plans. Death stills the young orator's voice and stays the young artist's brush, but we remember that our Lord gathered all the experiences of life into thirty-three years and then made the supreme sacrifice. "It is not how long we live but how well." Clayton C. Ingersoll crowded much into twenty-two brief years, but he has left an influence for good that will stand the shock of all time.

As we stand here today meditating upon the brevity of life, how can we doubt but what God has other realms where he needs the best workers so that the life interrupted here shall be completed there. It is said that all eloquence and all music report themselves in Heaven. Then Mozart there leads his orchestra and piles up melodies like mountains. Raphael is still painting his transfigurations, for Heaven has walls to decorate and enrich. John Keats has found a "Thing of beauty is a joy forever," and is still singing it. Charles Emerson, with a soul whitened by God's praises, has fulfilled the ambition of his mother and brother. The young soldier, who has given his life for Liberty and Humanity will find even a greater life in God's other world.

Our God given affections unite us at a time like this. Death separates the bodies but cannot sunder the lives. The pleasures and joys of the past will often be lived over again in delightful memory, and often when we look at that gold star we shall find ourselves frequently recalling his preferences, consulting his opinions, doing things as he liked to have them done, and in many ways continuing the companionship of hearts, even tho in physical presence he is not here. There is perpetual joy in doing what he would have done, and in thinking how

pleased he would be if he knew it. And if the heart shall have a hope that he does know it, this is the christian's faith.

These thoughts bring to mind those very familiar words spoken by our Lord to his Disciples not long before he was taken away from them. He had been speaking of His death. They thought that His death was a calamity. Christ taught them that it was the path of His own planning. They thought that Heaven was very far away. Jesus taught them that it was but another room in the great home of whose many mansions this beautiful world was one. He was not stepping out into the dark; He was passing from one room into another in the same house. It was then that He gave them the greatest encouragement of all when he said, "I go to prepare a place for you." This then was the purpose of His going, that love might have all things ready when they arrived. When a child is born into a home here, love makes ready for it. It will be the same when we awaken in Eternity. When a boy or girl returns home after a long absence, preparations are made for the welcome, so Jesus says, "I go to prepare a place for you." I go to have all things ready for your coming. And while there may be heights and depths in the fourteenth chapter

of John, which we can never understand, yet, the heart of it is that love is getting ready to give us all a welcome.

In this great hour then, when the home and the city has felt such a loss, let us still look upward and onward and look toward your son and say, "My son, he is: God's soldier let him be. We could not wish him to a fairer death."

The Gold Star

The star upon their service flag has changed to gleaming gold;
It speaks no more of hope and life, as once it did, of old,
But splendidly it glistens now for every eye to see,
And softly whispers: "Here lived one who died for liberty.

"Here once, he walked and played and laughed, here oft his smile was known;
Within these walls today are kept the toys he used to own.
Now I am he who marched away and I am he who fell;
Of service once I spoke, but now of sacrifice I tell.

"No richer home in all this land is there than this I grace,
For here was cradled manhood fine; within this humble place
A soldier for the truth was born, and here beside the door,
A mother sits and grieves for him who shall return no more.

"Salute me, stranger, as you pass! I mark a soldier who
Gave up the joys of living here, to dare and die for you!
This is the home that once he knew who fought for you
and fell;
This is the shrine of sacrifice where faith and courage dwell."

Prayer

Heavenly Father, to whom all seeking souls are dear. We draw near to Thy Mercy Seat in the silence of love, waiting upon Thy will, earnestly desiring Thy grace. Receive us we beseech Thee, purify our souls within the tide of Thine Infinite Spirit, take us into the full ocean of Thy love and make us one therewith forever more. We thank Thee for our Country, its heritage and all the opportunities that it affords us for enriching and ennobling life. We thank Thee for our homes, our sons and daughters and all the tender affections that bind us together in the family life. We thank Thee for ambitions and ideals that link us up to life's noblest and best. Wilt thou lead us just now, O Thou friend of our hearts, to the place where there is shelter from all storms and quiet in all weather. Teach us that Thou art in dark days as well as bright, in the mystery of sorrow as well joy, in the confusions which are order in the making, in the shaking, which reveals the things that cannot be shaken. Show us that the way in which

we walk is Thy way and keep us tender, trustful and sympathetic amid all life's experiences. Save us from being embittered by whatever we have to face. Wilt Thou bless our country today and our homes which are facing so many sorrows and disappointments. And bless our young men, who have offered their all to bring order out of chaos and establish peace on the earth. May their noble service and their Christlike sacrifices inspire us all to higher ideals, nobler living and greater usefulness. We ask it in the name of Him who made the supreme sacrifice. And wilt Thou, O God in all Thy tenderness, look down upon the home that has felt so keenly the pressure of this occasion which brings us together. May the memory of this noble young life, with all its purity, bring comfort and may the consciousness of His supreme sacrifice reveal more truly the hope of immortality. And now, "The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace."

Closing Hymn

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
The strife is o'er, the battle done!
The victory of life is won;
The song of triumph has begun, Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst;
But Christ their legions hath dispersed;
Let shouts of holy joy outburst,

He closed the yawning gates of hell,
The bars from heaven's high portals fell:
Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!

Lord, by the stripes that wounded Thee,
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,
That we may live, and sing to Thee, Alleluia!

Benediction

The grace of the Lord
Jesus Christ, and the com-
munion of the Holy Ghost
be with you all. *Amen.*

Letters

27th Aero Squadron

May 5th, 1918

My Dear Mr. Ingersoll:

It is with a very heavy heart that I write to express my sincerest sympathy in the terrible loss that has befallen you and the whole of this squadron. As you have probably been told by Lt. Vasconsells, I was unfortunately away from the squadron and officers on detached duty at the time, and did not know until Friday, when I wired you immediately. I am frightfully depressed, my Dear Sir, in this awful misfortune. I know how much both you and his mother were attached to him and I feel that you placed a great deal of confidence in me when you left us that morning as he and I went to Garden City. I seemed to feel guilty for having even gone on detached service, but, of course, that is foolish because in the first place it was orders, and in the second I probably would not have been of avail had I been with the unit.

There is no doubt Jerry Vasconsells did absolutely everything to make things nice at the funeral, and I only regret that they were unable to find me as I certainly would have gone any distance to have been present had I known. Even the men of the

squadron feel badly that they were in a different locality, and I am told that it cast a gloom over the boys when they were informed.

“Pat” was my most promising officer and I am not exaggerating when I tell you that I would not have exchanged him for another. When I get back I am going to come and see you and tell you how proud he was of his parents, of his bringing up, and of the fact that I had the honor and pleasure of meeting you on the train and in New York. We have had a good deal of rough knocking about since our arrival in France, but poor old “Pat” never complained. I had several confidential chats with him just before I left the squadron, and I think and flatter myself in saying that my confidence in him was reciprocated. I cannot express my feelings in the matter. It all seems so cruel, so unnecessary. He was such a wonderful pilot, and yet so careful that I felt sure we could count on bringing him home unless a stray bullet should kill him. Accidental death never entered my head, and I know “Pat” never had any apprehension on that score or any other where self was concerned. I believe that if he had worry of any kind it was that you worried about him. Let me, therefore, for him ask you not to grieve, rather feel proud that he gave his life freely in France so early in the game.

I have just arrived back at the squadron, but while we are happy at getting together again we cannot help missing your dear son, and regretting that he did not live to be one of us in the reunion. Conditions are so much nicer now that it seems terrible that "Pat" should have been taken from us before our coming together. I know he never suffered in the slightest, and to convince you of that would like to cite the case of Lieut. Hunt of this squadron, who is now perfectly well, but who had a forced landing, bumped his head and was knocked unconscious for six hours. Now he remembers absolutely nothing of the whole affair. The last he recalls is that he was flying over a certain part of the country, all else is blank.

Please do not let this estrange you in any way from the squadron. Try to feel that you have a little interest in this particular squadron, even though it has been bought at a terrible price, and this squadron, I feel sure, will give you some account of itself and your sacrifice will, therefore, not have been in vain.

With deepest sympathy and assuring you of the squadron's greatest respect and admiration, I am,

Yours ever sincerely,

HAROLD HARTNEY,

Major, A. S. S. C.

27th Aero Squadron

May 12th, 1918

My Dear Mrs. Ingersoll:

This is Mothers' day and every officer and soldier is expected to write his mother today. In the ordinary course of events Clayton would have written you an extra letter today, and I can almost imagine how terribly you will feel when all the mothers at home are looking forward to the "Mothers' Day" letters. Let me be one of your sons for tonight and write a short note, even though there be little news in it.

Several of our officers have just come in from church service at the Y.M.C.A. Raymond and I formed a little bit of an orchestra and Dr.—(?) of Yonkers preached.

There are only two squadrons at this camp at present, and seven of my officers are still at the 3rd Aviation Instruction Centre, where poor Clayton is buried. I cannot realize that he is not one of those who is yet to join me. We all miss him and feel that our happy little circle has been broken.

I wish I could see you again, Mrs. Ingersoll, and talk to you about your wonderful boy. Nothing I

could write could begin to express my feelings. All I can do is assure you that he was worthy of all your "Mother's" love. Who could pay a higher tribute? He lived and died as pure and noble as when you sent him overseas for his country. Your sacrifice is great, but it is not in vain.

Believe me, Mrs. Ingersoll, forever your sincerest friend,

HAROLD HARTNEY,
Major, A. S. S. C.
C. O. 27th Aero Squadron