

IN THE MATTER OF THE CLAIM

of

EMMETT GALLAGHER

FORWARD

Emmett Gallagher (c1898—1955) lived at 1059 Ridge Road West, about a mile west of Kodak Park and seven houses east of 1199, the home of my grandparents. My family lived in this old homestead until I was 10 years old and we moved to the suburbs. Ray, Marie and Emmett Gallagher lived at 1059 until Kodak expanded westward in the 1950s, taking the neighborhood with it.

My mother was five years old when Emmett went off to war, and she remained loyal to those she affectionately called “the Gallaghers” until they were all gone. After Marie died, she helped Ray cope with being the last of the family, and for several years he lived with my parents. The day mom helped him pack, she found Marie’s trousseau, intact and untouched. She also found the testimonials that were given to insure Emmett received a 100% service-connected disability pension. We knew many of the people who gave testimonials for Emmett. One of the dentists was our family dentist and one of the notaries was our uncle.

To my childish eyes “the Gallaghers” were very old people, although they were only in their fifties when I was in grammar school. The youngest, Emmett, appeared oldest of all. Hunched and slow in manner, he was a heavy smoker who seemed to eat nothing but Pepto Bismol. With his long face and mellow voice and cigarette-stained fingers, he looked like a sad Humphrey Bogart.

My mother was the historian of her family and to an extent of the town she lived in all of her life. She saved these documents out of respect for Emmett and what he had endured. What follows are selections from the testimonials with some omitted or excerpted to avoid redundancy. They tell an extraordinary story in the plain talk of ordinary people.

July 2005

Martha Davis Rothstein

Martha Davis Rothstein

IN THE MATTER OF THE CLAIM

of

EMMETT GALLAGHER

Correct Copy of
Original Letter
Re: Emmett Gallagher

Headquarters, 78th Division
American E.F.

October 30th, 1918.

Mechanic Emmett Gallagher,
Company "K", 311th Infantry:

I appreciate very much your giving me the
Luger pistol, which I value the more for your having
captured it yourself. I shall keep it as a souvenir of
the war.

(Signed) J.H. Mc Rae
Major General
Commanding

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS

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FISH

Arrive every day by express from the Lakes and Sea Coast—It is not necessary to wait for Friday "only."

- Fresh Mounders, 12½c per lb.
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A word to out-of-town customers:

Finnan Haddie, Smoked Clupeas, Klippers and English Roasters can be sent to your address by parcels post.

These are only a few of our Cash and Carry prices.

Price's Fish Market
 Store 163 Case 464
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HART'S
 Self-Serving Grocery Stores
TO-DAY

Best White Compound, lb. 23c

CRISCO, 27c

UNEDA BISCUITS 6½c

Fancy Table Butter, 57c lb

All Good Selected EGGS, 52c doz.

GRANULATED SUGAR, 15c



FOUR PRISONERS TAKEN BY LONE BARNARD YOUTH

Battle Vividly Described in Letter Sent Home.

SEES HIS BEST PAL FALL

Fleet of Two Hundred and Fifty Airplanes Assist Americans in Great Drive — Complimented by Commanding General for Action

Mechanic Emmett Gallagher, of Company K, 311th Infantry, Seventy-eighth Division, in a letter dated November 13, 1918, to his mother, Mrs. John H. Gallagher, of Bridge road, Barnard, gives an interesting account of the capture of four prisoners, and a Luger pistol from a German officer, which he presented to Major-General J. H. Mellie, commanding the Seventy-eighth Division. His letter follows in part:

"France is surely a wonderful place to-night, especially Paris. The celebra-

water we had to drink from the canteens of the dead soldiers we came in contact with. After wandering about for what seemed hours to me, we came upon a large shell hole. In it were crouching two more Germans. They came out and surrendered without any resistance whatever. This added two more to my list. They fell in line and we were off again. After a time I became hungry. I noticed one of the prisoners had a bag on his back, so I asked him if he had anything to eat. He took out some bread almost black in color, some pickles and a tin of something, that I don't even know to-day what it was. Well I've had some fine suppers and dinners, but I think this was the best meal I ever ate.

"We were just about to start out again when I heard voices of Americans. Gee, it was wonderful and some relief. I called out at the top of my voice, the worst thing, I found out a minute afterwards, that I could have done. If any one ever got a shower of machine gun bullets it was us. We dropped between two fires, our own and his (meaning the enemy). Our boys finally executed and soon put that gun out of business. As soon as things were quiet we arose and I found my arrivals were Lieutenant Reed, from — company and thirty men, who were also lost. He had a compass and directed me the way in. If a lieutenant was ever good to any one he was good to me, and I feel as if I owed him a debt of gratitude that would take some time to pay.

Hun Officer Captured.

"I tried to tell the way before by one of the Hun's watches (which by the way was an hour ahead of our time) but I made little or no success at this. After a short conversation with the lieutenant an this men I started again and walked for a long distance up a path to the rear without a mishap. I kept the prisoners quite a distance in front of me and we passed quite a few dugouts on our way in. Just after the last man had passed by, one of the largest, a big German officer with a gun strapped on his side, stepped out and called to the last man something which I did not understand. He did not see me at first, but when he did turn around he was looking into the barrel of one of the best little guns Uncle Sam ever made, and believe me I held the gun. He put his hands in the air, and I motioned to one of the others to take his belt and gun off and drop it. He did and as we moved off I stopped and picked it up, strapping it upon myself.



EMMETT GALLAGHER.

tions and the joy are indescribable. I suppose old New York is fairly wild with joy. I'd love to be on Fifth avenue myself to participate in some of the wonderful times which must be in progress.

"Now that I have the opportunity, I shall try to describe to you my first and last big battle. On the night of October —th, we left our support and took a position directly under the Huns' shell fire, at the foot of a hill. I shall always remember for an hour later I lost my best pal there, who was killed by one of Jerry's rifle grenades.

"As daylight started to creep over the crest of the hill, our artillery opened fire and hurled lead onto the Germans for half an hour. And believe me it was

"In a short time we approached the same hill we came over a few hours before, and I was some glad to know that my journey was nearly ended. In the yard where I turned over the prisoners was a little shell battered garden with some of the prettiest roses all in bloom. The minute I saw them my thoughts flew all the way across the ocean to you, for I know of your wonderful love for flowers, especially roses.

"I must have been some sight when I came to my journey's end, for Colonel Budd called me over and smilingly said, 'You must have had to kill a regiment to take them fellows the way you look.' When I looked myself over I had to laugh, too. He was very much interested in the German pistol. It was a beauty and some prize. He asked me to report to him after I saw the captain, so I started on my journey back. I had just reached the company and our objective when Jerry started a counter at-

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DON'T go chasing after it. Put in a "want" ad and it will come to you.

some barrage, and if there is anything that the Huns fear it is an American barrage, for it is terrible while it lasts. Directly after the fire stopped, the word was passed to be ready. Some of the boys were smiling, some had a look of anxiety and some were pale, but every one had that look of grim determination to do or die, and each one's heart was filled with confidence.

Over with a Yell.

"With machine-gun bullets singing through the air, 'whiz-bangs' bursting and big guns roaring, we went over with a yell of, 'With the best of luck and give 'em hell!' we made our way through a clearing and into a woods, and proceeded up a narrow path for a distance of perhaps half a mile. We split up and took a different course. With me was Walter Wier, a sergeant, who was encouraging the boys on. After proceeding a short distance farther, we came in view of the enemy. Our boys opened fire on them, which drew shell fire from them. They sent a 'whiz-bang' into our midst which killed two of our boys and wounded three more. One little pal of mine, a swell chap, had his eye knocked out.

"Well, we took a little covering and had just entered it when we got another shell. This certainly did some awful damage. One chap was blown into my arms and the two of us rolled down a cliff into a pool of water. After bandaging up his head, I climbed the cliff and found Walter Wier, my pal, and one of the whitest men who ever lived, wounded. He was hit in the neck and shoulder, and the former chief of police of Saranac Lake, movie actor, dog trainer, and horse fancier, was through for the day.

First Prisoner Taken.

"When I saw him wounded it turned me into a savage. I picked up my gun, and dashed into the thickest part of the woods, and made for where I could hear voices in the distance. After going a short distance I heard a cracking of twigs, the bushes parted and a young Hun stepped out directly in my path. I felt like blowing his head off, but he threw up his hands in the air and yelled that old familiar 'kamerad,' so there was nothing left to do but make him prisoner.

"He was very young and very nervous, so he didn't cause much trouble. I started for the rear with him, thinking I knew the exact way back. After proceeding for quite a while I discovered that I was lost. I asked him in as good German as possible (I happened to know a little from my high school days) just where his lines were. He pointed first one way and then the other, so I figured we were in a pocket, and if we did not take a direct course to the rear, we surely would run into the enemy's gunfire.

"By this time from moving so fast the sweat was fairly pouring off me, so I discarded my pack and overcoat, one legging was already gone, so I felt fairly cool. I told Fritz to sit down and the two of us had a smoke, after which we resumed our journey. We kept walking and walking, sometimes we had to drop and crawl along a ditch to keep out of the way of bullets and shells. It's an awful thing to be lost in a woods, especially in this case. No one can tell just what it really does mean unless they have been lost themselves, and they alone can sympathize with me in my predicament.

Best Meal Ever Eaten.

"My captured Hun shared what water he had with me. (He drank from his canteen first). After we ran short of

mowed them down, but our casualties were awful large.

Airplanes Help in Drive.

"I lost many a pal on that hill, in fact some of the best blood in America was shed there, but we held the hill, and those who died fell in the noblest cause of all that of humanity. The next day we put over one of the terriblest barrages in the history of the war. The Huns started a general retreat and we drove them back for five days, until we were relieved. The roads, woods and fields were covered with the dead. We came across some who were overcome with mustard gas and the purple hue on their faces was awful to behold.

"One of the most wonderful sights I ever beheld was over two hundred and fifty airplanes, all flying in battle formation over us helping in the drive. Any one who was in this drive on the Verdun sector will tell you that they never beheld anything like it before. We started back, which took us some time on account of the transports. They had blown up all the bridges, railroads and had the roads mined, the wells poisoned, and in fact they had done as much damage as possible to everything. When we finally pulled into a woods for a rest, it was a sad looking battalion, for there were but a few left.

"After seeing the captain I reported back to Colonel Budd. He was glad to see me and after having supper, chocolate and a smoke with him, he asked me if I'd be willing to go back to divisional headquarters to present personally to the general commanding our division, the German pistol I had taken. I told him I'd be delighted. He wrote me a pass and the next morning I started for headquarters. I was taken in to the general who shook hands with me, telling me how proud he was of me, of the company and of the whole division.

Letter from General.

"The revolver was loaded with dum-dum bullets (barred from civilized warfare, if there is any such thing) which he was very much interested in. He wrote me a letter of thanks as follows:

October 30, 1918.
Headquarters Seventy-eighth Division,
American Expeditionary Forces, France,
Mechanic Emmett Gallagher, Company K,
311th Infantry.

I appreciate very much your giving me the Luger pistol, which I value the more for you having captured it yourself. I shall keep it as a souvenir of the war.

(Signed)

J. H. McRAE,

Major General Commanding.

"I think this is the best souvenir I have seen so far. I am enclosing the letter from the general. Take good care of it, for I surely consider it something worthy. He said, 'My boy, you've sure done your bit, and I'll see you profit by it.' I did. I received a promotion which I haven't as yet accepted. I was given a wonderful dinner and supper and plenty of good things to take back to the company, which I joined a few days later. We are resting now and I hope to see all my pals and friends again in a short time."

The age of a fish may be determined by counting the lines in the scales, which are said to be of annual growth.

The average man's intentions are several ahead of his actions.

Don't worry if your sins find you out; they will be sure to call again.

Sale of Wash Goods.

Plain white and fancy voiles for summer dresses—big bargains at Nusbaum's, 29 North Clinton.—Adv.

May 28th, 1926.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that Emmett Gallagher, while in the Argonne, and a member of my Company, was gassed, and with myself, was sent back from the front by Lieutenants Pitts of "K" Company, and Reed of "M" Company. We were taken to the First Aid Station where we received first treatment, and were tagged for the hospital. Mr. Gallagher had at this time a pass from Colonel Budd to General McRae's headquarters, and instead of going back to the hospital with me, he left the First Aid Station and went on to headquarters. I was taken to the hospital where I received medical care for twenty-six days.

(Signed)

Walter W. Quistery

310 East 2nd St.,

Oswego, N.Y.

Correct Copy
Taken from original copy on File
Re: Emmett Gallagher

F.J. Colgan M.D.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I have known and treated Emmett Gallagher since 1912. During this period he had no severe illness except an occasional cold. He was able to work every day and complained of no physical disabilities. Upon entering the service he was in perfect physical condition.

Following his service in 1919 he consulted me regarding his condition in September 1921. His complaints were trouble after eating, inability to sleep, loss of strength and weight and extreme nervousness. After a careful examination I found this man suffering with acute gastritis, nervous indigestion, neuritis and severe neurasthenia. There was also evidence of weak arches, pains in the legs back of knees and in the sacro-illiac region. These symptoms were so severe that Mr. Gallagher was totally incapacitated and unable to perform even the slightest kind of work. He was entirely unable to follow his trade which he had to give up.

I treated him for some time with but little relief of any of the symptoms. He was under my care until early in 1925 when he was examined and treated by several other physicians. While under my care I prescribed arches for his feet. He obtained these arches from an arch specialist, which he wore for over a year, with little or no relief. I also prescribed an abdominal belt which was to relieve pains in the stomach and the intestinal regions. These results were also unsatisfactory. The man's condition seemed to be

getting worse by the expression of great anxiety and apprehension and utter discouragement.

This man has been unable to follow his steady employment at his previous occupation of carpenter because of this extreme nervous condition. In fact, this man has been able to do but very little work since his discharge from the army, not being able to work at any job because of tiring very quickly. He becomes easily excited and very irritable, causing considerable concern to his parents.

Supporting statements show this man to have been gassed while at the front. He was also in the base hospital with influenza and pneumonia while in France. Any of these physical disorders usually leave their after ill effects which so many times have been so clearly shown. There are but few exceptions. Mr. Gallagher presents the same symptoms many of these boys did after the severe mental strain under shell fire and gas attack that they went through.

I can safely say that this man is in very poor physical condition and is, at present, unable to support himself.

I have been informed that Mr. Gallagher was rated as being but ten (10) percent disabled from September 1, 1921 to December 17, 1926.

Having been under my care the years preceding 1926, I am in a position to safely say that this man was in as poor a physical condition all these years as he was on December 17, 1926.

On numerous occasions he was brought into my office in great pain and distress. He suffered these attacks very frequently. As I have before stated, it was shortly after having been discharged from the army that this man had to give up his trade which he was entirely unable to follow because of this extremely nervous condition. He was not able to work at any vocation because of tiring very quickly as well as from other symptoms caused by this ailment.

Had Mr. Gallagher been examined on September 1, 1921, instead of December 17, 1926, I am positive that he would have been given as much compensation as he was awarded on December 17, 1926, if not more.

From these facts as well as from the history of the case, as previously given by me, I feel that Mr. Gallagher should be awarded at least the same compensation throughout these years as he was awarded on December, 17, 1926.

(Signed)

F.J. Colgan, M.D.

January 19, 1928.

Correct Copy
Taken from Original on File

Re: Emmett Gallagher:

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I have treated Emmett Gallagher since his discharge from the army, as I have previously stated, as well as having submitted a complete statement to the U.S. Veterans Bureau, explaining in detail the nature of his disability and also mentioning the degree of incapacity. This is a severe as well as typical neurasthenia case.

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(Signed) F.J. Colgan, M.D.

In Re: Emmett Gallagher

1059 Ridge Road West,
Rochester, New York,
August 15th, 1933.

To Whom It May Concern:

I, as the mother of Emmett Gallagher, would like to relate a few facts in regard to Emmett's condition of health.

Emmett, as well as the rest of my children, was always a healthy boy. He never had any serious sickness and when he left for camp he was in very good health.

Emmett was very fond of sports of all kinds and was always actively engaged in them, but never to the extent of neglecting his work. He was employed by his father and the work required of him necessitated strong muscles, good health and a steady set of nerves. When the war broke out he was doing very well and his prospects for the future were very bright.

When Emmett returned from France he was broken in health as well as spirits. He was frightfully nervous, could not sleep nights, was very highstrung, irritable, had severe stomach trouble, pains in his head, back and legs and, all in all, he was in an extremely run-down condition. He was very melancholy and had many spells of crying, sometimes becoming very hysterical. He was dreadfully afraid of thunder and lightning and whenever there was a storm I, or some other member of the family, always sat up with him. This was very unusual for he had never paid any attention to storms before. The things that seemed to so greatly upset him and make him nervous now, he used to pass up with a smile. Before leaving for the army he was always singing and was just as happy as any boy would be who was in the prime of life, healthy and strong.

After Emmett's return I never heard him sing and he very seldom had a smile. After much pleading and coaxing I finally persuaded him to go to Doctor Culkin's in August, two months after his discharge. I had a long talk with the doctor and he told me Emmett's condition was all caused by nervousness, outside of his teeth, and dampness from exposure that affected his throat.

Doctor Culkin was a Major in the army and had only recently returned home. He understood the boys and told me to leave Emmett in his hands and that he would do all in his power to help him. He warned me never to speak of nervousness to Emmett and to also try and tell all his friends, and those he came in contact with, not to mention it. In this he thought that this condition would change and he would regain his health.

besides several other kinds of medicine

The doctor prescribed a tonic containing pepsin, iodine and bromide. He also advised me to have Emmett file a claim. This was a difficult thing to do without Emmett discovering this nervous condition. We waited for some time before filing this claim, thinking he would improve as time went on. The doctor told me he would write a letter for Emmett without his knowledge as to the true condition of his health and when he was connected to service this nervous condition would have the proper care and treatment.

Doctor Culkin left town for a few months and Emmett went to see Doctor Slater who was a great friend of Doctor Culkin's. Doctor Slater was in the service also and was very interested in all returned soldiers. My other son took Emmett to Doctor Slater's the same as he took him to Doctor Culkin's and other places he had to go.

A few months later Emmett went to see Doctor Hillman whom he knew very well. He was so anxious to get well he seemed to want to try everything and we never discouraged him. At times his condition seemed to improve slightly for several days then, without any apparent reason, he would be back in the same state of extreme nervousness and melancholia.

Emmett's condition became rapidly worse and it was the source of great alarm to us all. He went to Doctor Jewett, a diagnostician, to Doctor Camp and to a foot specialist for a year or more. All these men did all they could for Emmett and it seemed that only time and proper care could help him. We have done all in our power, as well as his friends, to make things as pleasant for him as we can, but this nervous condition seems to be more than he can overcome.

Emmett lost all interest in sports after he returned. He never played ball and we never could get him interested in watching others play their different games. It is only natural that a man in his condition could not partake in sports so we tried to keep his interest in them by encouraging him to watch others but without any success. He was not interested in anything. He was utterly discouraged and caused us untold misery and concern.

All that was required of Emmett in filing this claim was a doctor's statement showing that this condition existed before 1925. He obtained this statement from Doctor Colgan which was only natural as Doctor Colgan was in constant attendance on him since 1921. That was all that was required. If it had been necessary to procure other evidence Emmett could have had statements at that time from these other doctors while they still had a complete record of his case. After all these years it is impossible to find these records on file, two of the doctors having passed away, and it is only reasonable that Doctor Slater cannot distinctly recall all the details after the lapse of fourteen years.

In conclusion, I wish to add that I have endeavored to give an accurate and true statement of my son's physical condition before he entered the army and his condition throughout the years following his return.

(Signed)

A.M. Gallagher

STATE OF NEW YORK :
COUNTY OF MONROE : SS
CITY OF ROCHESTER :

On this 11th day of September, 1933, before me, the subscriber personally appeared A.M. GALLAGHER, to me known and known to me to be the person described in the within instrument, and that she duly acknowledged to me she executed the same.

(Signed) S.E. Lay

Notary Public

Re: Emmett Gallagher

August 12th, 1933.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I have known Emmett Gallagher since he was a little boy. I witnessed many athletic contests in which he took part and, in all the years before the war, I never knew of his having had any serious sickness.

As Supervisor of the Town of Greece, I, on behalf of the people, presented each boy with a watch and fountain pen on the day they left for camp. I accompanied each group of boys to the station and remember very well the day Emmett left. He was in the best of spirits and was a strong, healthy boy. The boys were singing their various war songs and Emmett was leading them. This was the last time I saw him until he returned home in June, after the war.

When I next saw Emmett again he had changed so much I hardly knew him. Instead of the smiling features I was so used to seeing

In bringing this letter to a close I wish to state that, for one who had known Emmett as well as I did and knowing what a strong, healthy boy he was all his life until after the war, I cannot see how anything but the war itself could have brought about such a change and wrecked his life. He was always a good, clean-living young man and always took care of himself, as many of his friends can readily testify.

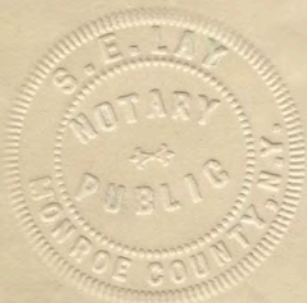
Signed

Hubert J. Paine

Sworn to before me, this 8 day of September, 1933.

S. E. Lay

Notary Public



if he (Emmett) would ever recover from the terrible ordeal he had gone through in France. Doctor Hillman died in 1921 after a long illness.

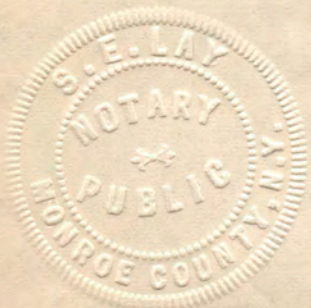
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When I next saw Emmett again he had changed so much I hardly knew him. Instead of the smiling features I was so used to seeing his face was drawn and worried. He was very thin and terribly nervous. He could not stand still while talking but kept twitching and turning, putting his hands first in one pocket, then in another. He would remove his hat, put it back on his head, and keep this up until one would get nervous watching him.

His was a sad case, for his every action gave a very vivid picture of just how cruel and terrible war really could be. It was a pathetic sight to see this man, broken in health, with torn and shattered nerves, who but just a short time before had left for camp in the best of health and strength. I could very easily see that he was a sick man for it was plainly written on his face. I remember him telling me how ill he felt and that he had severe

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EDWARD G. LINK
HARVEY J. BURKHART

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WALTER B. O'NEILL

EXECUTIVE COUNCIL

GERALD G. BURNS
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HARVEY J. BURKHART

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Rochester, N. Y.

In Re: Emmett Gallagher

ROCHESTER, N. Y. August 12, 1933.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I have known Emmett Gallagher since he was a boy. He and I went to school together. In High School he won fame as an athlete. He pitched for the ball team, played basketball, football and was actively engaged in all other branches of sport. He was a strong, healthy boy and, when he left for the war, was what I considered a perfect specimen of health and strength.

When Mr. Gallagher returned from France I happened to be in New York City and met him the day after his discharge from the army. I noted a very marked change in this man. He seemed very nervous and uneasy. He was very thin and his features plainly portrayed the great ordeal which he had gone through.

I invited Mr. Gallagher to stay with me for a few days, thinking the rest and change would do him good but he declined, saying he would rather go home. I did not insist as I thought that home would probably be the best place for anyone who looked as sick and acted so nervous as he.

Mr. Gallagher came to see me in the Fall of 1919 in regard to his dental work. I started work on his teeth but was obliged to give it up as he was too nervous and highstrung to sit in the chair.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

In January, 1920 Mr. Gallagher came to see me again and, after a long talk with him, he finally decided to have his work completed. His teeth were so very bad it was necessary to extract several of them. Nearly every tooth was extensively decayed and many teeth contained temporary fillings which had been put in while he was in service.

Mr. Gallagher was in such an extremely nervous condition it was utterly impossible for me to do much work at one time, which I have previously stated in a letter to the Veterans Bureau. On many occasions he came to my office but, because of his nervous disorder, it was impossible to do any work of any kind on his teeth. On these visits I would sit with him and try to comfort as well as cheer him up until the next patient arrived.

It took many months to complete this work which could have been done in several months had Mr. Gallagher been in a different state of health. When Mr. Gallagher was my patient before the war having teeth filled or pulled never seemed to bother him much for he always seemed quite calm and collected. Through all the years I knew him I can never remember him being nervous or sick until he returned from France.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y.

I can distinctly remember many an occasion when Mr. Gallagher, as a member of our High School team, turned what seemed like certain defeat into victory through his steadiness, control and utter lack of nervousness. He was always noted for being very cool and calm when it counted the most.

In conclusion I would like to add that, having known Emmett Gallagher all those years during school and afterwards, and being a patient of mine before the war as well as shortly after its finish, I can truthfully state I was in a position to know the condition of his health before he entered the service and to note the decided change when he returned in 1919. It is my firm belief that this man's rigorous military service was directly responsible for the breakdown in his health.

Signed

George D. Greenwood D.D.S.

Sworn to and subscribed before me on this 8 day of
September, 1933.

S. E. Lay

Notary Public



Re: Emmett Gallagher

1473 Stone Road,
Rochester, New York,
September 7th, 1933.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I, Peggy F. Scorse, have known Emmett Gallagher since he was seven years old. We were born in the same town, our homes being less than one mile apart. We went to school together as children and, in later years, kept steady company.

Throughout all the years I have known Emmett he never had any sickness of any kind until he returned from the war. As a boy, and later as a young man, he was unusually strong. On many an occasion I can remember him pitching two ball games on the same day. In the Fall of 1916 I remember him playing in a seven inning ball game and, later in the day, taking part in an opening football game. These contests took place in the Town of Ogden, a short distance from Rochester. These instances are merely cited to give an idea as to the kind of health Emmett enjoyed as well as to the constitution he possessed. He also played basketball, hockey and tennis. He starred in High School as an athlete and won considerable local fame in several sports after leaving school.

Before entering the service, and after completing High School, Emmett was employed by his father, a contractor. He worked every day and received a good salary. He was engaged in the construction of several large buildings and the work he did required strength and muscle as well as intellect.

We had the plans of a home partly completed and were planning on marriage when the war broke out.

I was with Emmett the evening before he left for camp. He was in excellent spirits and as healthy and strong a boy as I ever knew. While in camp and in France Emmett wrote to me as often as opportunity permitted. His letters at first were bright and cheerful but later on, as the war progressed, there was a decided change. I could tell very easily from their tone that something was wrong with him and I was decidedly worried. He wrote to me several times after leaving the hospital in France and his letters were not very encouraging. That the war had taken its toll was easy to foresee even before I met him on the day he returned home.

Emmett had changed so much I could not believe it was he. He was very thin and his face looked drawn and weary. His eyes were strained and tired. It was a shame to see him then, looking years older than he actually was and so terribly broken in health, when I remembered how well and strong he was when he left for camp. He was so nervous he could not sit still nor stand still but kept constantly pacing back and forth. He would sit down and no more be seated when he would arise and start walking again. His hands were never quiet but were constantly working at something. He complained of not being able to sleep nights, and the slightest noise seemed to disturb him greatly. If a door closed suddenly he would jump like a person who had been shot at. He did not seem to care anything about eating for he had no appetite at all.

Emmett usually called at my home Saturday afternoons and Sundays after he returned home and it was necessary for us to spend our time there as he appeared to be unduly fatigued most of the time and seemed to lack interest in many of the activities he had enjoyed so much before he went to France. He had terrible headaches, his eyes bothered him all the time, as well as pains in his legs, back and stomach. He complained of severe pressure in the lower stomach that caused him great pain and distress. He had neuritis in the right shoulder and pains around his heart, presumably caused by gas.

Emmett used to get spells of brooding and would tell me how much better it would have been had he never returned from France, both for him and for myself. These spells of melancholia used to develop into periods of crying over nothing at all.

The first severe electrical storm I can remember after Emmett returned from France gave great evidence as to his nervous condition. We were returning home one evening when the storm broke in all its fury. The thunder and lightning were terrible. Emmett became deathly pale and I never saw anyone so frightened as he. He was trembling so much he could not drive the automobile and had to go into a building nearby until the storm passed. This seemed so strange, for I could remember when even more severe storms had not bothered him at all. I can honestly say that thunder and lightning storms had never caused him the slightest concern before. He said it was like being in the war again with all its dull rumble and terrible flashes. To this day he is in misery during a storm, whether close by or far away, if he can see the lightning or hear the thunder.

Emmett's mother and the rest of his family, as well as myself, wanted him to go to a doctor for weeks before he finally decided to go. He hated the thought of going to doctors after all he

had gone through, and it was only after constant urging on the part of all of us that he consented to go. I remember the time very well for I was on my vacation, in August, 1919. Emmett's father was constructing a house on Clay Avenue and Emmett was there, trying to work, when his mother, brother, sister and myself arrived. We accompanied him in the car to Doctor Culkin's office. This was about three months after his (Emmett's) discharge from the army. Emmett and his mother went in to see the doctor and the rest of us waited outside. After Emmett came out his mother remained to talk to Doctor Culkin and he told her that these terrible headaches, and the condition of his eyes, might be caused by a slight frontal sinus condition. It was later proven by Emmett's visit to Doctor Ingersoll that this was not so, as his sinus was perfectly normal. Doctor Nash's report will also show that this condition did not exist from sinus trouble, but from nerves.

Emmett had two or three different kinds of medicine given him by Doctor Culkin and, when his mother rejoined us, she had a prescription for a bottle of tonic the doctor had ordered for him. Very little was said about Emmett's condition until later in the evening, at his home, when his mother had an opportunity to talk without him being in the room. Then she said the doctor had told her that Emmett was in a very serious condition from nerves, and was just like a man suffering from shell shock after having been so long exposed to constant shell fire and attacks. Doctor Culkin also told her he had said nothing about this condition to Emmett, fearing it would make him much worse. That was one of the reasons he cautioned her against mentioning this nervous condition to him, thinking that with good care and rest he would regain his normal health within a year or so. We were very careful not to mention to Emmett what the doctor had told her.

I remember the tonics prescribed by Doctor Culkin contained bromide, pepsin, as well as several other ingredients. Emmett used to get this medicine at Wagg's Drug Store on Lake Avenue, and I remember getting it for him several times when he was not able to go himself. This was a neighborhood drug store which we all patronized until it burned later on.

Doctor Culkin told Emmett's mother that Emmett should file a claim for compensation as he was going to have a lot of serious trouble and should be properly taken care of. He told her that the government had the best doctors they could obtain and, in this way, Emmett's chances to recover would be greatly improved. Emmett always thought he could conquer these various ailments and get well. There

were periods when his condition seemed to improve and he appeared to be his normal self. These periods sometimes lasted a week or more, then, without any apparent cause, he would relapse into his previous state of extreme melancholia and all the old symptoms would return. As he had a very good trade he thought he could easily take care of himself if his health and strength returned.

Emmett was so anxious to regain his health after he first visited Doctor Culkin that he wanted to see other doctors as well. so after Doctor Culkin left town for a few months Emmett went to see Doctor Slater. This was in September, 1919, just after the town gave a banquet for the returned soldiers. I accompanied Emmett when he went to Doctor Slater's as well as when he went to see Doctor Hillman a few months later.

I remember very well the first night Emmett went to see Doctor Hillman for Doctor Sanders was there, having just come to the Town of Greece to be Doctor Hillman's new assistant. The three of them, Doctor Hillman, Doctor Sanders and Emmett stood talking together in the doorway of the office and I noticed that Doctor Sanders was still in his army uniform.

Every doctor Emmett went to see did all in his power to help him but he seemed to be beyond all human aid. Later, Doctor Culkin told Emmett's mother that he would write a letter for Emmett and that he should file a claim at once. At this early date little was known as to the proper method of filing claims. His mother worried about this claim, thinking he would be much worse after finding out that all these ailments were caused by nervousness but the doctor told her his teeth were also in terrible condition, his throat needed attention and that, once he was connected to service, he would certainly be taken care of for this neurasthenia. The claim was filed and Emmett never knew from any of us the real cause of his trouble.

It was not necessary for anyone to be a doctor to know this man was suffering from severe neurasthenia. His every move and action clearly showed this to be true. I was with Emmett many times when he visited Doctor Colgan and can remember when the doctor attended him at his home also. Emmett was in such a nervous condition he had to give up driving for long periods and many of his friends, as well as his brother, always took him where he wanted to go.

Having known Emmett all his life and knowing the condition of his health before he joined the army, seeing him after he returned home and having the opportunity of observing him more often than anyone except his own family, I can truthfully say that I cannot see how anything but the war, and the war only, could have caused all this misery and suffering that he has gone through. Surely there was nothing else that could have caused all this trouble after his return. If a man were sick while in the army the very fact that he was back home with his family and friends should do more to help him recover his health than cause him to become ill. It is certainly reasonable that he could not have developed all these symptoms in two or three months before going to Doctors Culkin, Slater and Hillman.

In conclusion, I wish to say that Emmett has never played baseball, basketball or football again, his great interest in these games having gone entirely. All he has left is the memory of the days when he took part in them so actively and now remains the bitter fact that all those things he had so greatly enjoyed were gone forever. He had to give up his work entirely, having neither strength nor nerves left with which to concentrate on what he was doing.

Emmett has conscientiously tried in every possible way to regain his health but, so far, has not been able to do so.

Signed

Peggy F. Scorse

STATE OF NEW YORK :
 COUNTY OF MONROE : SS
 CITY OF ROCHESTER :

On this 11th day of September, 1933, before me, the subscriber personally appeared PEGGY F. SCORSE, to me known and known to me to be the person described in the within instrument, and that she duly acknowledged to me she executed the same.

(Signed) SEW Lay

Notary Public

In Re: Emmett Gallagher

Spencerport, New York,
August 1st, 1933.

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I (Joseph Cook) first met Emmett Gallagher on April 28th, 1918, the day he and I left for Camp Dix. I remember him very well, as he was in charge of the boys on the journey from home to camp. We were assigned to the same company and served in the same one during the war. He was very well and strong at camp and on our journey to France he boxed with different members of the battalion every day and took part in all other athletic activities. He also played on the company ball team until we left for the front. When we entered the lines in France he was, in my estimation, a perfect specimen of health.

We were in the front lines from September until just before the Armistice. Gallagher was chief mechanic of our company and had charge of all our gun equipment. I saw him at least once a day and, on many occasions, two or three times. We had considerable trouble with the French automatic rifles as well as with our own guns. Pull-throughs were constantly breaking off, blocking the barrels, and the automatics were jamming from steady firing. He had to visit each platoon and rifle nest as well as our outpost to check on our guns. If they were not working Gallagher soon had the damage repaired and our guns back into action. Our safety and success depended on his knowledge of them. His task was an important and a very dangerous one. How he escaped death while crawling from one platoon to another, night and day, always remained a mystery to me as well as to the entire company.

We moved directly from the front in St. Mihiel to the Argonne. I can remember very well the strain showing on Emmett about the middle of October. I also recall him being treated at the first aid station and field hospital just before entering the Argonne forest. This was the first time I ever knew him to be sick since we left home.

We entered the Argonne battle, went over the top several times, gained our objective and, after heavy fighting and constant shelling, Gallagher's nervous condition became so severe he was sent out of the line to our first aid by Lieutenant Pitts, who commanded the company. He was in a very highstrung condition and violently ill from gas. He, as well as several others whom we never saw again, was removed. The following day our commander, Lieutenant Pitts, collapsed from nervous exhaustion and, raving like a man suddenly gone mad, was taken away also. Lieutenant Mills, our only surviving officer, took over the command of the company. I never saw Lieutenant Pitts again until he was able to return from the hospital a short time before we sailed for home, in May.

The enemy started their great retreat a day or so later and we followed them until relieved by another division just before the Armistice. I next saw Gallagher a few days before hostilities ceased, when he returned to our company. He seemed a little better after his rest, which would be expected, but the continual strain of war, nights and days of terrific bombardment, the agonized moaning of the dying and the pitiful sights of the seriously wounded were too much for this man and his condition became so serious that he, as well as myself, was taken to Base Hospital Number Sixty.

Gallagher did not want to go to the hospital and it was only at the last, when he was so sick and weak and unable to get up, that he was sent there, but he should have gone long before. We were put in the same ambulance and quartered in the same ward, his bed being next to mine. Another boy named Terris, also from our company, was sent with us and had the bed on Emmett's right. He raved all the time in his delirium and died a few days later, in great agony. As well as I can remember, five of our boys died the first day we were in the hospital and scarcely a day went by that two or three more did not pass away. The death of Terris upset Gallagher greatly for he liked him very well. He was such a fine boy and it was a shame to see our comrades pass away before our eyes. He (Emmett) kept telling me that he also would never live and, from his condition, I certainly believed him.

I became much better after a few days and can recall the events very clearly. Night after night and day after day Gallagher would rave and carry on about the war. He used to sit up in bed as well as get up and pace the floor until the nurse and orderly, and sometimes myself, would put him back. We had to use force when necessary. He was forever inquiring as to the condition of our rifles, the location of the enemy, and if we thought we could hold them. This raving would keep up until the nurse and orderly came in. They would sit with him, and so did I, trying to comfort and help him.

On many occasions it was necessary for the nurse to send for the doctor during the night and he would give him medicine to quiet him. I can remember the doctor saying that it would have been much better for Emmett had he gone to the hospital when he was sent from the lines instead of presenting a gun to General Mc Rae at General Headquarters, and I fully agreed. Gallagher's condition was a pitiful one and every nurse and doctor showed us real kindness and did all in their power to comfort and help us.

Gallagher was plainly suffering from shattered nerves and broken health, and as the flu seemed to be the prevailing disease in the hospitals everywhere, it was not surprising that he fell victim to it, as well as many others with him. The flu and pneumonia cases became so numerous that each battalion had to take care of its own men so we were removed from the base hospital in an ambulance back to our own battalion hospital. We were quartered there for weeks afterwards but, finally, I was discharged and returned to the company. Gallagher's condition was such that Captain Archibald, our new commander, found it necessary to relieve him from all active duty until we left France.

I saw Gallagher quite often after we returned home. He was in very poor health and constantly under a doctor's care. He had what I considered a typical nervous disorder, for I had seen many cases in France and his was an exact duplicate of them.

In closing I would like to add that, knowing personally of Gallagher's splendid physical condition when we left for camp and on the way to France, and to see and talk to him after his return, I could not believe it possible for so great a change to have taken place. He did not look nor act like the same man.

Signed Joseph P. Cook

STATE OF NEW YORK :
COUNTY OF MONROE : SS
CITY OF ROCHESTER :

On this 21st day of August, 1933, before me, the subscriber personally appeared JOSEPH P. COOK, to me known and known to me to be the person described in the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

S. E. Lay
Notary Public



July 29th, 1933

To Whom It May Concern:

I, Edmund Weitz, of 93 Bartlett Street, Rochester, New York, being duly sworn, depose and say that I have known Emmett Gallagher since 1915. I remember him as being very active in baseball, football and other forms of athletics. I never knew of his having had any sickness of any kind. He was always well and strong.

Gallagher and I had our army examination at the same time. We were examined in pairs, Gallagher and I being drawn together. He was found to be in perfect health. One month later, on the 28th day of April, 1918, we left for camp. We were assigned to the same company and, following the war, were discharged from the same, having served together throughout the entire war except for a few months when he was attached to the British First Army where he was sent to study. We served together through the St. Mihiel battle, the Argonne and were at the front in the Hazebrook Sector. Gallagher, as well as myself, was never away from the company in any of these battles. We went over the top and fought until we were relieved.

Gallagher was Chief Mechanic of the company and was responsible for keeping the pistols, rifles and automatic guns in action. This was one of the most dangerous tasks in the army. He had to constantly visit each platoon and rifle nest to check on our guns. In doing this he was always exposed to snipers and the enemy's shell fire. During the night the enemy kept our front line and No-Man's-Land as bright as day with rockets, flares and verry lights. It was a nerve wracking journey from our front line out across No-Man's-Land to where our outpost and listening posts were located. Our success and safety consisted of always having our guns in proper working order. This in itself would be a terrible strain on anyone and Gallagher, night or day, never failed.

When not engaged in this line of duty Gallagher was doing all in his power to help the wounded and dying. He brought in many a soldier badly wounded and helped in bandaging and placing them on stretchers. This greatly increased the man's chances to live for much time was saved and he reached the Field Hospital in much less time than he would if left for the first aid men who had so many cases they could not half take care of them. Gallagher brought in Potter when he had the side of his face blown off, as well as Shorty Mc Keon whose arm was blasted off, also Walter Weir with a torn spine, and dozens of others. Many a boy died in his arms. He took care of Kotsky who was badly shell shocked. Kotsky's was a bad case which greatly upset many of the company as well as Gallagher. His work in this line, which was outside his line of duty, was probably the means of saving many a boy's life.

The first effects of this nervous strain began to show on Gallagher after we were relieved at St. Mihiel. This is the first time I remember his being treated at any first aid station.

We were at the front in St. Mihiel all during September and part of October and went directly from there into the battle of the Argonne Forest in Verdun. We attempted to go over the top on the heights above Grand Pre on a Sunday late in October. We reached the top of the hill but the shell fire from the enemy's artillery was so intense we had to abandon the attempt after many of our boys were wounded and a dozen or more killed. With the aid of a heavy barrage from our artillery we went over in the morning and gained our objective, a sunken road about two miles out from our jumping-off place. In less than an hour the enemy started a counter attack. Before night-fall nearly half of our company were either killed or wounded before we subdued this attack.

During the first three days and nights the fighting on both sides was intense. On the afternoon of the third day the enemy sent over a terrific barrage of high explosives and gas which lasted into the night. This was done to cover their men so that they could place machine gun nests directly in our front. Many of our guns were put out of commission and Gallagher's task was extremely difficult.

When we had a check on the company that night Gallagher was in a state of nervous collapse and suffered great distress from the poisonous gas. He, as well as Austin, Sprague and several others, was sent to Talma Ferm by Lieutenant Pitts, commander of our company, and Lieutenant Reed of M Company. Talma Ferm was the location of our first aid station. We had lost our captain and Lieutenant Pitts was commanding the company. Gallagher was in such a nervous condition he had to be assisted to the rear by the first aid men. In all my experience in the line I never saw anyone in such a nervous state as this man. He was like someone who had suddenly lost his mind.

To give some idea of this terrific battle, Lieutenant Pitts, our commander, collapsed the next day and was taken out of the line, leaving us with but one officer, Lieutenant Mills. It took two or three men to control Lieutenant Pitts, his mind having gone entirely, and he did not rejoin the company again until just before we sailed for home late in May.

Gallagher had the honor of taking our first prisoner. Colonel Budd, hearing of this three days later, sent a pass to him, sending him to General Headquarters to present a gun he had captured from the first prisoner to General Mc Rae, Commander of the 78th Division.

Gallagher did not join the company again until a few days before the Armistice, after we had been relieved by the Sixth Division. He had a letter of thanks given him by General Mc Rae. He said he had been treated at the first aid station and tagged for the hospital as well as Austin, Sprague and the rest. We never saw Sprague again. They spent the night and next day at the first aid waiting for the first available ambulance to transfer them to the hospital. Gallagher was anxious to present the gun to the General and, as everyone knows they will not allow anyone to leave the front with any gun or ammunition of any kind, his only chance was to present it then. He said the General noticed his highstrung and nervous condition and kept him at General Headquarters to rest. He stayed at General Headquarters until just before the Armistice, as I have already stated.

After the Armistice Gallagher's nervous condition grew rapidly worse until he was in such a weakened state Captain Allen, head doctor of our battalion, sent him to Base Hospital Sixty. I remember how sick and nervous he was as he was quartered in the same building with me. We were both in Headquarters Company. Gallagher could not sleep and cared little or nothing about eating, or about anything else. He used to get up and walk the floor nights, talking to himself. He was very moody and was brooding all the time.

Two other men from the company were sent to the hospital with Gallagher, Cook and Terris, a boy from Brooklyn. Terris died in the bed next to Gallagher's. I was sent from our company and, as bugler, had charge of the firing squad at his funeral. I went to see Gallagher while there and found he had contracted the flu. Anyone in his condition would have been subject to almost anything.

I remember Gallagher being sent back by ambulance a few weeks later when he entered our battalion hospital established a few days before. He was there for about a month when Captain Archibald obtained a pass for him for Paris, thinking a change might be very beneficial. He sent me to accompany him.

This was the first pass Gallagher ever received since joining the army. He was too sick to take advantage of the leave granted the entire company after the war. The rest of the company were sent in groups to Nice where they stayed for three or four weeks. Hotels, trips and entertainments were provided for all the soldiers free. When Gallagher did not take advantage of this leave it will give a

fairly good idea as to how he must have felt. Captain Archibald was very kind to Gallagher and, after he returned from Paris, he did all he could to make things easy for him. He had very little, if anything, to do until we sailed for home in May, 1919.

After returning home we kept in close contact with each other, being together at least once a week. Gallagher was so nervous he had to give up trying to drive an automobile. I used to go and take him to different places he wanted to go. He was a sick and broken man, far from the one who had entered the service in good health and strength. He had terrible headaches, pains in his back, legs and feet. His eyes effected him. He had very bad attacks of indigestion and gastritis, could not sleep nights and was restless, irritable and highly excitable. He was entirely unable to do any work whatsoever. The war had surely left its mark on this man.

I remember Gallagher going to several doctors and, on numerous occasions, I accompanied him. He went to Doctor Culkin as early as August, 1919, as well as to Doctor Slater and Doctor Hillman during September, October and throughout the following winter and summer.

In closing, I wish to state that, to the best of my ability, I have endeavored to give an absolutely true statement regarding the experiences of Emmett Gallagher in the late war.

Signed Edmund Weitz

Sworn to and subscribed before me on this 3rd day of August, 1933.

Howard G. Cooper
Notary Public



DR. EARLE E. MAYNARD

DENTIST

1210 LEWISTON AVE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

August 17th, 1933

Re: Emmett Gallagher

To Whom It May Concern:

This is to certify that I have known Emmett Gallagher all of his life. I was born in the house next door to his and have lived in this vicinity all my life.

A vacant lot between us served as a playground. During vacations, as well as afternoons after school, we could always be found there playing baseball, football and other games. This lot was a vast field and afforded us ample opportunity to enjoy all forms of athletics.

Emmett was always a strong and healthy boy and no sport seemed too vigorous for him. He pitched many an exciting game of ball and played many a game of football on this field before entering high school where he enjoyed fame as an athlete.

Emmett's tendency to inherit and enjoy good health was very pronounced with nothing but health and strength prevailing so strongly in the family.

In closing, I sincerely believe, and can truthfully say that, if this unfortunate war had not happened, Emmett would be as healthy and strong today as he was before joining the army for I know of no other reason for the condition of health he is in at the present time and has been ever since his return from France.

Signed

Earle E. Maynard

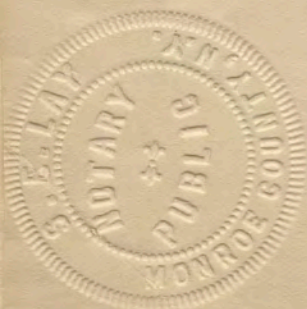
Sworn to and subscribed

before me on this 7th day of

September, 1933.

S. E. Lay.

Notary Public



DR. EARLE E. MAYNARD

DENTIST

1210 LEWISTON AVE.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

of athletics, which he had previously enjoyed, and tried to avoid contacts with his best friends which was very unusual for Emmett was always very friendly and a splendid mixer. It was hard to believe that he was the same man I had known so well as a boy throughout all those years.

After much persuasion on the part of Emmett's family and friends he finally decided to see a doctor. I remember very well his calling on Doctor Hillman in regard to his nervous disability as the doctor lived only a short distance from our homes. I can also distinctly recall him being attended by other doctors after the death of Doctor Hillman.

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Emmett was always a strong and healthy boy and no sport seemed too vigorous for him. He pitched many an exciting game of ball and played many a game of football on this field before entering high school where he enjoyed fame as an athlete.

When Emmett left for the service he was in perfect physical condition. I recall the day he left and remember the day he returned. A great change had come over him. One glance was enough to tell the condition of health he was in. He looked tired and weary and was extremely nervous. He complained of severe headaches, pains in his legs and back and his eyes bothered him

March 15, 1955

501811-K ✓ Marie G. Gallagher, Committee, Emmett
912684-K ✓ Gallagher, Incompt.
32-460-261 ✓
32-480-449 ✓
32-490-217 ✓
32-535-056 ✓

Miss Marie G. Gallagher
575 Ridge Road West
Rochester, New York

Dear Miss Gallagher:

In making the customary periodic examination of our Rochester, N. Y. Branch Office, our records reveal the below listed securities belonging to the above estate held in our custody as of March 14, 1955:

2 - U. S. Svg. Bonds, Series "G", issued August 1, 1945, due twelve years from date of issue, Nos. M3 513 668G and M3 513 669G, \$1000. each, registered in the name of Miss Marie G. Gallagher, Committee for Emmett Gallagher, Incompt.

3 - U. S. Svg. Bonds, Series "G", issued August 1, 1945, due twelve years from date of issue, Nos. C3 497 279G, C3 497 280G and C3 497 281G, \$100. each, registered in the name of Miss Marie G. Gallagher, Committee for Emmett Gallagher, Incompt.

2 - U. S. Svg. Bonds, Series "G", issued March 1, 1949, due twelve years from date of issue, Nos. M6 507 277G and M6 507 278G, \$1000. each, registered in the name of Miss Marie Gallagher, Committee for Emmett Gallagher, Incompt.

U. S. Svg. Bond, Series "K", issued December 1, 1953 due twelve years from date of issue, No. M33 472K, \$1000., registered in the name of Miss Marie G. Gallagher, Committee for Emmett Gallagher, an Incompt.

501811-K Marie G. Gallagher, Committee, Emmett Gallagher,
912684-K Incompt.
32-460-261
32-480-449
32-490-217
32-535-056

I shall appreciate it if you will check the foregoing with your records and advise me if the above are correct. This communication is being sent you in duplicate and would ask that you sign the duplicate copy in the space provided below and return same to me by return mail in the enclosed stamped self-addressed envelope.

Very truly yours,

W. W. KAISER,
TRAVELING AUDITOR.

I hereby certify that the above securities are in accord with my records.

DATE _____

Marie G. Gallagher, Committee
Emmett Gallagher, Incompt.

This must be signed by Miss Gallagher personally
IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THIS BE RETURNED PROMPTLY.

POSTSCRIPT

Although I knew nothing of the information in these testimonials until long after his death, I knew Emmett very well. He was like an uncle to me. I occasionally visited the Gallaghers when I was out playing in the neighborhood. They always had a very large jigsaw puzzle waiting to be finished on the table in the bay window. Ray and Emmett appeared to be in permanent retirement, and Marie on permanent duty in the kitchen. In time I somehow became one of their favorite children, and Emmett's favorite in particular. I was allowed to go to the movies with Emmett on Wednesday nights -- once a week, once a month, I don't remember -- but often enough that I became steeped in the black and white films of the 40's. Ida Lupino became my idea of a mature, intelligent woman, and each film provoked discussions about plot and character. Emmett talked to me about the films as if I understood them. As I remember it, the only thing I didn't understand was why he hated to see people eating on the screen.

The movie theatre was near Kodak Park. Emmett drove us in his old Buick. It would cause suspicion now, and in fact I remember wondering what the parking lot attendant thought of an old man and an 8 year old girl going to the movies on a school night. But Emmett never touched me and he treated me as if I were a person with opinions and feelings. Although I never argued with him, I remember feeling skeptical when he quietly remarked that childhood was the best time and I would miss it. He was the adult I talked to about why people were they way they were and what mattered in life, although the discussions were in the abstract or prompted by the films, and never close to home. I didn't ask him about his life, past or present. I just wondered why he didn't marry Peg, the woman I sometimes heard him talking to on the phone who lived with her mother a few miles away. But then none of the Gallaghers seemed to me interested in marriage, and every week Emmett talked to Peg in a tone of voice that seemed more intimate than any used by Marie or Ray. It was no longer true, as his mother testified, that Emmett stopped singing after the war. He sometimes sang "Peg of My Heart."

We moved when I was 10 and I didn't see much of the Gallaghers beyond a few visits to them in their modest home in the city. I was about twelve when mom told me that Emmett had died in the VA hospital near Rochester. I remember the cause as something to do with gastric problems. When I was at the University of Rochester, I took part in a VA Hospital program for student volunteers. To my surprise, the hospital where Emmett died was exclusively psychiatric. The possibility that he was a suicide or went on a hunger strike borne of depression shocked me. I never thought of him as a mental patient. He was lucid and articulate and rational. To my child's eyes the sadness just seemed part of his stoicism and world-weary view of life.

In retrospect, the trips to the movies must have been some of his happiest times. His sister doled out his pension money to him, honoring the role that was formalized by the VA: Marie Gallagher, Committee, Emmett Gallagher, incompetent. Remarkably, in all the formal documents, there is no statement from Emmett himself. But he did leave one - a short story, subtly autobiographical, with the plot of an old black and white movie.

Martha

The Wrong Train

The early Spring of 1918 found Camp D-- in the midst of an unseasonable heat wave. For the third consecutive day the mercury had gradually risen until it had established a new all time high. The rays of the merciless sun had turned the sandy parade grounds and unshaded company streets into a veritable inferno.

Nightfall of the third day found the morale of the troops seriously threatened as murmurs of discontent approaching open rebellion were heard from all quarters.

Although more than an hour remained before the sounding of taps, a glance through our barrack revealed few unoccupied bunks. The same rigid schedules that had been in force throughout the preceding months were still in effect so, after a hard day's drill, the tired, weary and perspiring troops were taking full advantage of this early opportunity to rest.

The vacant cots belonged mostly to that group whose duties confined them either to the barrack or its immediate vicinity. As this offered a small degree of comfort, I was fortunate to be one of them.

Seated at my desk checking a list of supplies, my attention was attracted to a conversation taking place

I explained that it was far from my intention to be eavesdropping but that, under the circumstances, it was rather impossible not to overhear their conversation. The chap who had decided to depart became very angry as well as sarcastic. He remarked at this stage:

"Say, Pal, don't you think you'd better return to your little desk and finish your home work?"

He was a handsome young fellow, despite his pallid features, tall, slim and very intelligent looking. Too brilliant, I thought, to decide upon the course he had chosen.

After conversing for some time the anger and bitterness left his voice. He explained that it was not the heat that was bothering him, but that he did not have the constitution required for the hard drills. He told of how he had enlisted under peculiar circumstances and seemed amazed to find he had not collapsed long before this. As he spoke a slight but dangerous cough seemed to verify his words.

A happy thought came to me. In my detail was a young Chinaman, whose main ambition was to become a first class cook. Why he had never thought about the laundry I will never know. A transfer could easily be arranged, sending him to the kitchen and replacing him

just outside the open window. A crane game had evidentially taken place earlier in the evening, and the winner was turning his share of the spoils over to the losers, informing them that they probably needed it far more than he. This was an unusual speech but not nearly as unusual as this generous young soldier turned out to be.

When the conversation continued I discovered, as I had already suspected, that this soldier had made up his mind to desert. Despite his pals' earnest endeavors to sway him, he was determined to depart at day-break.

Here was a boy, I thought, that the heat had finally beaten. He was but one of many who would soon follow unless something, as yet unforeseen, were to check this unbearable weather. I was mistaken, however, as I soon found out.

The situation was far from pleasant. Here was a young soldier who had reached a decision that, if he carried it out, would ruin his entire life. Fully convinced that his companions' pleas were hopeless, I decided to intervene. I arose and walked over to where they were standing.

with this man. I explained this to him and, after due consideration, he agreed to at least give it a fair trial. With a much lighter heart and unburdened mind I returned to my desk as the first notes of taps penetrated the warm night air.

Morning found the temperature still unchanged, but shortly after noon a slight breeze, developing gradually into a near gale, brought the mercury down. Clouds began to dot the sky and in the distance the faint rumble of thunder could be heard. The morale of the troops was re-established and once more life seemed worth while.

The transfer having been accomplished, I was standing in the rear of the barrack explaining the new duties to our latest recruit when the storm broke in all its fury. We rushed inside just in time to escape a drenching.

All activities having been curtailed by the storm, Jerry (this is not his real name, but it will do) and I were sitting on a bunk discussing the passing events when we were joined by Tommy Hall, a friend of mine. Jerry seemed to take to him from the beginning and, as the three of us were all members of the same outfit, we became great pals in the days that followed.

Four uneventful weeks passed, then one night Jerry invited Tommy and I to be his guests over the week-end. We accepted and Saturday afternoon found us at the Polo

Grounds squeezing for the Giants. Following the game we attended a musical comedy and, after the final curtain, Jerry invited us back stage to meet some of the girls he knew. A shade on the hard side but, nevertheless, they proved entertaining companions. Accompanied by a few of them we departed for a cafe.

It was rather an elaborate place filled with distinguished looking people. Tommy and I felt somewhat self-conscious, but not Jerry. The waiter was taking the order for drinks, with scotch and soda holding a big edge, when he reached Jerry. Asked what he would like Jerry replied:

"Soda, without the scotch."

"Just plain soda, sir?" asked the astonished waiter.

"No, you'd better make it chocolate."

When the laughter had ceased the day's events started flashing through my mind. A thing that seemed strange to me was all the people Jerry seemed to be acquainted with in a city of this size. He seemed to know men in all walks of life. Although he obtained the most expensive seats at the ball game and the theater as well, they cost him absolutely nothing. A strange character, this Jerry. While these thoughts were running through my mind Jerry made his apologies and joined another man seated at a table directly in front of the bar.

A short time after Jerry's departure two men entered and as they passed our table I noticed they were a couple of tough looking gorillas and thought to myself that, if we seemed out of place here, the same went for them double. In a few minutes things began to happen.

Standing at the bar the two late customers finished their drinks and turned suddenly toward Jerry's table, whipping out guns as they did so. He was too alert for them, however. Sensing what was about to happen he slid under the table, overturning it at the same time. It provided an excellent shield for the shots that followed. Smart boy, this chap. They were not alone in their shooting, for Jerry was now firing from his place of shelter. His aim must have been excellent for I saw one of them clutch his wrist as his gun crashed harmlessly to the floor while his companion, uttering a cry of pain, joined his accomplice in his mad dash for the street. Things were happening fast. The firing had hardly ceased before the entire place was plunged into darkness. A few seconds passed, when I heard Jerry's voice, and felt his hand on my arm.

"Grab Tommy and follow me," he coolly said.

This was easily accomplished, as Tommy was seated next to me. Guided by Jerry, we retreated as rapidly as possible to the rear. As the hysterical and terrified

patrons dashed toward the nearest exits, the only thing hindering our progress was the over-turned tables and chairs, coupled with the inky blackness. Finally, overcoming these obstacles, we reached the bar. I had my hand on the rail when, suddenly, a panel just below me slid open. A dim light, shining in the basement, aided us in climbing through and, as the panel was sliding back into place, the shrill blast of police whistles could be heard above the clamor and confusion. We scrambled down a flight of stairs into a dimly lit passage. Jerry obtained a spotlight from a near-by shelf and, guided by its rays, we proceeded for some distance, finally arriving before a heavy steel door, locked by a dial.

It was quite apparant that whoever owned the cafe must also have been the owner of the adjacent property. We traveled through at least five or more basements before our passage was blocked by this door.

Jerry's deft fingers soon spun the dial to the correct position and we stepped into what must have been the cellar of a warehouse. It was crowded with merchandise, and on the opposite side was a doorway leading to an elevator which we quickly entered.

While ascending Tommy broke the silence for the first time.

"Say, Pal, if it ain't asking too much, would you mind telling us just where we're heading for?"

"A hotel," Jerry replied abruptly.

"Well, isn't this sort of a roundabout way to get there, or do you usually take this route?"

Jerry just smiled.

"And another thing," continued Tommy. "If you must shoot some one, can't you wait until we get to France?"

"If I didn't do some shooting maybe I'd never get there. Those two birds probably thought I was someone else.

"Oh, sure. They were, no doubt, a couple of enemy spies figuring you were the brains of the War Department and, having successfully disposed of you, the war would be practically over," answered Tommy sarcastically.

The elevator's abrupt halt ended further conversation. We walked out and mounted a stairway leading to the roof. It seemed good to be out in the fresh air once more. Crossing several roof tops we came to a sky-light and, after descending two flights of stairs, found ourselves in the corridor of a hotel. Jerry produced a key and we entered the most beautiful suite of rooms I had ever seen. I was about to comment on their grandeur when I noticed for the first time that he had been wounded. Two scarlet stains on his left sleeve disclosed the fact that he had not escaped the gun play entirely unharmed.

When asked what he intended doing about the wounds he said that a young medical student, who lived nearby,

would dress them. Then, to our utter amazement, he informed us that he was returning to the cafe to find George, his cat. Having heard him scream during the fracas he wanted to see just how badly he had been hurt. We were unsuccessful in our attempts to discourage him, and he departed after assuring us that no danger would be encountered.

Tommy and I were discussing the night's happenings when a knock sounded on the door. We were startled at first, then, when it was repeated a few seconds later with the announcement "Dinner, Sir," we breathed easier. Jerry never seemed to forget anything.

We finished our delayed dinner and were wondering how Jerry was progressing when we heard a key turning in the lock. The door slowly opened and he entered, carrying a suitcase and, to our complete astonishment, he was attired in a gob's uniform. It was one of the few amusing things that had happened that night.

Tommy broke into a hearty laugh and said:

"Well, admiral, where's your battleship? Don't you think the marines are going to be just a little bit sore when they find out how you've turned them down?" Then he added, "I see you look alright. How's George?"

"I'm a little disappointed in George," Jerry replied with a smile. I should have called him Georgette.

I found out he had a bunch of kittens a few weeks ago, but he is O.K. someone just stepped on his paw.

He then outlined his plans for the next day. The suitcase contained two extra uniforms that he wanted us to wear, adding it would be safer. We could change back into our own uniforms in the station, before entering camp, he explained. We were to proceed down the street to the nearest garage, enter, and continue through to the river's edge, where a motor boat would be waiting.

At this point Tommy interrupted him.

"You don't mean to say you've had a canal dug back to camp since you have been gone?"

Jerry ignored this remark and continued his speech. He would be waiting, when we arrived, in the boat which we were to board and arrive, eventually, at Jersey City.

We prepared for bed and, when Jerry was removing his shirt, we observed that the young medical student was quite an expert when it came to dressing wounds. Tommy remarked that he should be a pretty fair doctor by the time he received his degree. Jerry nodded, saying that he thought he was fairly good.

Needless to say, we slept very little that night. After an early dinner next day we departed from the hotel, and, following Jerry's instructions, reached camp after an uneventful trip.

A few weeks after our return from New York, Jerry and I were sitting in a canteen when he informed me that he was going to be transferred to a machine gun company. I wondered why he had not thought of this before. He told me that a friend, at his (Jerry's) request, had made the arrangements and wanted to know if I had any objections. I informed him I had none. Then he said that he had always wanted to handle one of those things legitimately, and this was his chance. He had debated long before deciding, his friendship for Tommy and I holding him back, and finished by saying that it would prove best for all concerned. Perhaps he was right.

As he started to leave I looked at him and said:

"Jerry, I wish you had missed that train."

"You mean the one we took to New York?" he asked.

"No, not that one. I mean you're just another kid who is riding on the wrong train, the one that's carrying you to destruction. The first step you took in the wrong direction put you aboard, and you've been riding ever since. You've had thousands of opportunities to get off and have taken advantage of none. Some day that train is going to crash and you may escape, slightly injured, as you did a short time ago. You were lucky then, and you may be again, but other crashes are bound to follow. You can't survive them all. The big crash is bound to come and your only way to escape is to be off the train when it happens. Why don't you climb off while you're altogether?"

Jerry thought for a moment, then answered in rather a sad tone, "Maybe I will, Pal, if I ever come to the right station."

Several days passed and I had not seen Jerry. Although a member of another company, nightfall usually found him in our midst. When nearly a week had gone by without him making an appearance, Tommy and I decided to investigate. We located his sergeant and he described Jerry's latest and final episode.

Standing at the roadside, midway between the camp and the firing range was a large bill-board. It depicted a beautiful girl, seated on a crescent shaped moon. Her outstretched hand held a package of a well known brand of cigarettes. In the farther corner, and to her left, stood a farmhouse, lights beaming from its tiny windows. A background of dark blue sky studded with gleaming stars completed the picture. This glamorous young lady led to Jerry's downfall.

"We were returning from the range late one afternoon," the sergeant explained. "Jerry had succeeded in delaying the last truck until at least a mile separated him from the rest of the convoy. When they finally arrived at the bill-board he informed the driver that the rear tire was soft. Bringing the truck to a halt, he alighted to investigate. Jerry turned the switch, pocketed the key, and sprang towards the guns. He had prepared everything in advance. As the driver was inspecting the tire, which had been purposely deflated, he was startled by shots. When he arose to an upright position Jerry was firing at the bill-board."

"After shooting out the stars he plunged the farmhouse into darkness. Turning to the girl, he tattooed bracelets around her wrists and ankles, put a band on her hair and shot the package of cigarettes from her hand. Then, for good measure, he sent the moon into a total eclipse, leaving this charming creature unsupported in mid-air. As a final touch, he autographed his work and, with a "So-long, Pal," disappeared into the near-by hills."

"The army's lost the greatest machine gunner I ever saw," continued the sergeant. Then, in conclusion, he added, "I wonder where he acquired this knowledge."

"I wonder." repeated Tommy in a voice that left the sergeant perplexed.

We thanked him for his information and returned to the barrack.

Midsummer of 1920 found me recovering from effects of gas and injuries received in the Argonne where I had lost my pal Tommy. It was hard to see him go this way but far better than the way Jerry went as described in the evening papers.

I never saw Jerry again and, the paper assured me, I never would. The headlines told the story:

PUBLIC ENEMY NO.1 SLAIN IN LONELY MOUNTAIN RETREAT.

VICTIM OF GANGLAND BULLETS.

BEAUTIFUL BLONDE COMPANION SOBS INCOHERENT STORY.

He died as he had lived, the hard way.

He was off the train.