

**DINSMORE ELY:  
ONE WHO SERVED**

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Dinsmore Ely: One Who Served by Dinsmore Ely & James O. Ely

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**DINSMORE ELY & JAMES O. ELY**

**DINSMORE ELY:  
ONE WHO SERVED**





**Second Lieutenant Binsmore Ely**  
**1894-1918**

<sup>c</sup>  
**DINSMORE ELY**

*ONE WHO SERVED*



*"It is an investment, not a loss, when a man  
dies for his country"*



**CHICAGO**  
**A. C. McCLURG & CO.**  
1919

KJ 159



*Albert A. Sprague*

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1919

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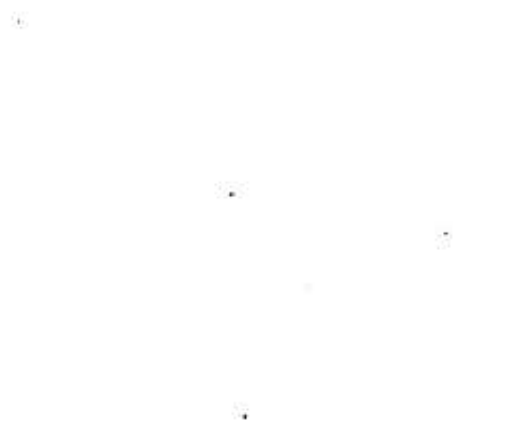
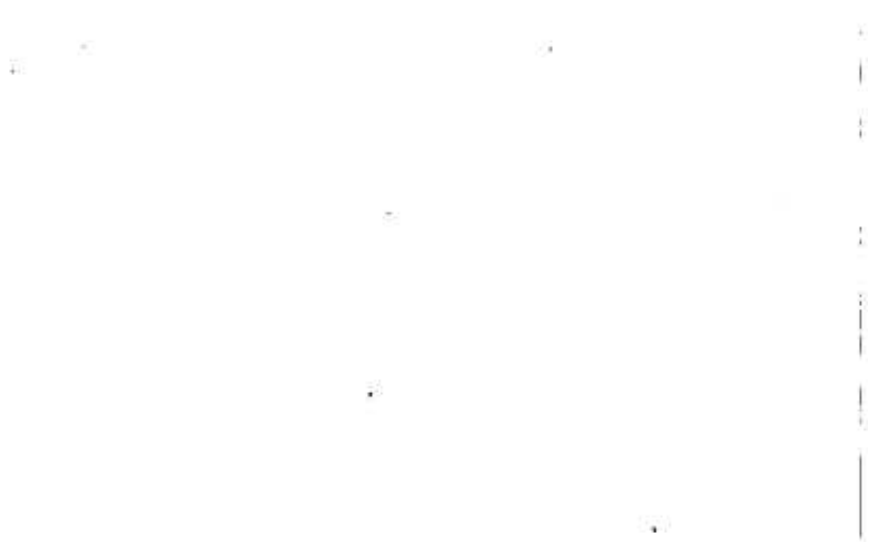
## PUBLISHER'S FOREWORD

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In the battlefields of France there are thousands of American graves; graves of our best and bravest; sacred places to which we shall make pilgrimage in the years to come and over which we shall stand with tears on our faces and with pride in our hearts. Our heads will be bared because the ground is consecrated; the last resting place of heroes who gave their young and beautiful lives for their country's cause.

Dinsmore Ely was one who gave. His was the Great, the Supreme Sacrifice. Never was Crusader of old inspired by higher and holier motives. In his letters home, which we have the privilege of giving to the public, there is revealed a knightly soul: the soul of a Bayard "without fear and without reproach."





## PRELUDE

BY DR. JAMES O. ELY

### MY SON

Of old Scotch-Covenanter blood he came.  
Into the Presbyterian Church he was born,  
and at her altar dedicated to the service of his  
God.

Taken back, when four years of age, to the  
old home in the Pennsylvania hills, he was  
present at the Centennial Celebration of the  
church where his ancestors have worshiped  
for five generations.

Called on to say his little speech — I can see  
him yet — he marched bravely down the long  
aisle of the crowded auditorium, climbed up  
the pulpit steps, too high for his short legs  
and, facing the great audience, the childish  
treble rang out true and clear, as he volunteered  
for his first service under the banner of the  
Cross:

My name is Dinsmore Ely, I'm only four years old;  
I want to fight for Jesus and wear a crown of gold;  
I know he'll make me happy, be with me all the day;  
I mean to fight for Jesus, the Bible says I may.

Twenty years passed. His country called. Among the first to answer, he volunteered in the American Ambulance Field Service that he might secure immediate passage to France and go at once into active service. Arriving there on the fourth of July, 1917, on the sixth he volunteered and was accepted the same day, in the Lafayette Flying Corps.

Taking his aviation training for a fighting pilot in the French schools and leaving the last school in January, with the reputation of wonderful skill as a flyer and aerial gunner, he volunteered at once for service with a French escadrille, serving and fighting with it from January to April in the Toul Sector near Verdun, when his escadrille was ordered to Montdidier, then the center of the great German drive.

On reaching Paris, he was notified to report at American Army headquarters to receive his commission in the United States Army. Having received it, at his own request, he was assigned as a detached volunteer American officer to go into battle at once with his old French escadrille.

On the following day, in closing his last letter to his parents, he wrote, in a single short sen-