

**IN WHITE ARMOR: THE LIFE  
OF CAPTAIN ARTHUR ELLIS  
HAMM, 326TH INFANTRY,  
UNITED STATES ARMY**

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In White Armor: The Life of Captain Arthur Ellis Hamm, 326th Infantry, United States Army  
by Elizabeth Creevey Hamm

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**CAPTAIN ARTHUR ELLIS HAMM**

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326TH INFANTRY, UNITED STATES ARMY

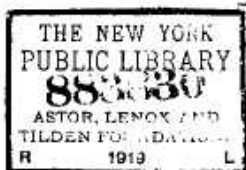
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In Memory of  
MY HUSBAND

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*" And one there was among us, ever moved  
Among us in white armor, Galahad.  
' God make thee good as thou art beautiful !'  
Said Arthur when he dubbed him knight."*

*Peabody, 17 June 1882*

## FOREWORD

CAPTAIN ARTHUR ELLIS HAMM was killed in action on the Lorraine front on September 14, 1918, a few weeks after his twenty-sixth birthday. That is an age at which many life-histories are just beginning to be written, but, saith the Book of Wisdom, "Honorable old age is not that which standeth in length of time, nor is its measure given by number of years."

Captain Hamm's achievement in his short span of life was so remarkable, and his personality was so complete, that I am justified in publishing this sketch of his life and character.

He was an ideal American soldier—one of two million such perhaps—but by virtue of his dash and brilliancy and remarkable beauty he may well stand for the type of all that is best in the American, man or soldier. He was physical perfection, tall, slender, and of kingly bearing. His carriage was erect and easy, every muscle fit and supple for chivalrous service. His hair was chestnut brown with glints of gold, his eyebrows were black and drawn with a master sweep of the Great Painter's

brush, and his deep-set eyes were a peculiar shade of dark, warm gray. The strong lines in his cheeks deepened into dimples when he laughed, as he did a great deal. Altogether his was a figure of distinction and a face of powerful magnetism, a face in which fire and sweetness, gentleness and strength were blended.

Arthur Hamm typified the best of Americanism in that he was in every fiber a self-made man. The forces which made him were his own inner forces, that America simply gave him the opportunity to develop and wield. His personality was vivid, and has left in the hearts of those who knew him a rare vision of human grace and beauty. He seemed to them a shining ray of youth and sunlight struck aslant the world, lent to us for a brief space, too rare and lovely to endure. "Being made perfect, in a little while he fulfilled long years; for his soul was pleasing unto the Lord; therefore hastened he out of the midst of wickedness."

His marriage was the culmination of his life, and it has been impossible to write of him without regard to his great and tender love of wife and home. From the few letters I have selected to share, I could not altogether cut the personal note, without wholly losing Arthur. He himself mounted a high tower like the Muezzin of the