

HORACE URBAN WOOD

(NAMESAKE: H. U. Wood American Legion Post ...Seguin)



*Portrait
of a
Patriot*

1894 -- 1918

ARMISTICE DAY, November 11th, 1918 - - inaugural day for a victorious America to celebrate the end of the Great War. The surrender by the German armies in the railroad coach of Supreme Allied Commander Marshal Foch had ended World War I.

Making Armistice Day even more festive for the families of America's young warriors who'd made possible that victory were thoughts of their return from the torn battlefields of Europe.

The Seguin area had more than its share of gallant young men involved in the War, certainly, and individual plans were being laid for each such return to be a joyous occasion.

Among those awaited was 23 – year-old Army Private Horace Urban (Urb) Wood, a highly patriotic, keenly sensitive young man who had been Editor of the Guadalupe Gazette newspaper at the time he'd first entered the service in the summer of the previous year, 1917.

Urb, together with older brother T. Vincent (Vince) Wood, had been managing the newspaper originally purchased from William Bryan in 1904 by their dad, Horace Greely Wood.

Having previously earned considerable esteem for his eloquence in speech and outspoken love of country, Urb immediately following America's entry into the war on April 6, 1917, sought to enter the armed forces. He was ultimately accepted by the National Guard a few weeks later, and his training for war commenced in a very short while.

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Urb was subsequently attached to Company M of the 141st Infantry, a unit that soon became a part of the Panther Division ... Texas' famed 36th Division.

Following several months of training at Camp Bowie, Urb's Company M along with the rest of the 36th sailed for France in July, 1918.

LETTER FROM THE FRONT

Little is known of Pvt. Wood's first two months (July, August, 1918) in France.

There were occasional contacts with home from a series of locations in France as Urb's unit neared the front line trenches. But it took until the day following Armistice Day for his parents to receive word that their son and his unit had advanced to the trenches a month earlier.

That word came in the form of a personal letter from their son, a letter received on the morning of November 12, 1918. Urb's letter was in two parts, having been started when he was billeted near a French village, and, finally, being concluded by the young soldier as he neared those front line trenches.

That portion of the letter which had been written at the French village, stated:

"Dear Mama:

"I am at present in a French village, a good distance from the fire works.

"Received your letters a few days ago – one of June 10th, one July 12th and one July 17th. Also received one from Papa containing the M. O. which I am grateful for. Had no trouble in cashing it.

"You know more about the war than I do, so will not attempt any inside information. What is new back in the United States? – 'not back in the states,' as one hears so often here. Those states we love now more than we thought we did are united and should be so put.

"Captain Stamps was here the other day; did not get a chance to see him as I was not here at the time. Frank Vaughan did, however. He had been in action several times and reported the same for 'Red' Booker Burges and that his conduct was first-class.

"Yes, my moral is excellent; let that be a substitute for the usual. Don't worry about me. I am all right"

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The additional message in the young soldier's letter was dated "September 30." This portion of the 2-part letter identified his new location as being closer to the front lines and a battle that was to be described later as one of the most ferocious of the war. That final portion of the letter read:

"I am now billeted within sound of the big guns – but not range. Have been getting a good deal of rest lately.

"Have received one more copy of The Gazette and one Bulletin. I see our good friend Mr. Horton (a writer) is still pretty keen.

"The temperature here now is what it is in California at his time of year. Of course there is more disagreeable weather here. (It had been raining heavily for days.)

"You have often heard of the spirit of France. It's here, all right.

"Everything is the same in the U. S. Will try to write again, soon. Will close to write to Vince." (That second letter never arrived.)

"DEEPLY REGRET ..."

Later at 6:03 on the afternoon of the same day in which Urb's letter had arrived, the following telegram was received and delivered to the Wood Family:

"DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT PRIVATE HORACE U WOOD INFANTRY IS OFFICIALLY REPORTED AS KILLED IN ACTION OCTOBER EIGHTH.

"HARRIS, ADJUTANT GENERAL"

Shock beyond belief struck not only the immediate Wood family, but also a stunned community that had come to admire and love their young editor. Mama Wood never truly survived the loss of Urb. She became frail, and her health withered over the next few years as she searched through every agency of government for evidence of the location or burial site of her son.

One of her surviving children told us recently:

"Deep in her heart, she felt the 'Unknown Soldier Memorial' in Arlington (national cemetery at Arlington, Virginia) was truly a personal monument to her son Urban, and that he was the Unknown Soldier. She wrote poetry for the remainder of her life, mostly about Gold Star Mothers, the war and of Urban and the futility of war."

Actual details of Urb's death were slow in arriving.

It was finally reported that Urb and a fellow soldier, Pvt. Albert Domstad, had ventured "over the top" of their trench in the late afternoon of October 8 to try rescuing a fallen comrade. Heavy artillery firing immediately intensified, causing the two soldiers to seek momentary refuge in a shell hole in "No Man's Land" between the two armies.

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Three heavy artillery shells scored direct hits within that shell hole almost at the same time.

A report written six months later, April 8, 1919, from Roffsy Yonne, France by Sgt. R. R. Johnson, of the 36th Division School, confirmed again that Urb and his fellow soldier “were both instantly killed by three direct hits of artillery fire about 6 p.m. of Oct. 1918, in extreme northern portion of a small woodland about three kilometers east of St. Etienne.”

(There’s always been some confusion over the exact death date as being Oct. 8 or Oct. 10. Soldiers in the field had more to think about than the calendar.)

Urb’s Company M, itself, suffered extremely heavy losses throughout the battle near St. Etienne, with the great majority of its officers and men losing their lives. A story in the San Antonio Light even claimed that the unit had been “betrayed by a German spy into almost certain death.” Portions of that story read:

“An outstanding feature is the bravery of the troops, and the fact that their movements were known to the Germans. For just a few seconds before the 141st Infantry went over the top, the Germans opened up a murderous fire, from their own infantry, machine guns and artillery.

“Confirmation (that the movements of Company M were known) came just two hours after the battle began, when the 141st officers found a copy of their orders on the body of a dead German officer.”

More details of Urb’s death and the intensity of that battle were described in a variety of letters and articles written by fellow Yanks, including one N. L. Birdwell sent to Seguin’s Mrs. Carrie Hollamon. The letter, which was written from Paragues, France, stated in part:

“I was only a few yards from him on that never-to-be-forgotten night of October 10.

“A baptism of fire – that’s what we got.

“The Germans concentrated their big guns and machine guns.

“Then it began to sprinkle rain and the enemies’ barrage came over. Imagine yourself in woods with the brush so thick you had to cut your way through, and so dark you could almost feel the darkness. And gas and smoke from the shells that were tearing the trees and underbrush out by their roots, while you lie in a little hole in the ground close to a Kamerad. And the earth quivering and the ground seems to rise and fall beneath you, and rocks and dirt and brush falling in on you from all directions.

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He concluded:

“Well, there were only two that went West that night – Urb Wood and his Kamerad.”

Even before America’s entry into World War I, Urban Wood had become recognized as a conscientious, highly patriotic American who was willing to lay down his life for his country, or a friend. He certainly proved it.

Among the many memorials written about the young Gazette editor/soldier was one by Seguin’s Reno Eickenroht in an article which described Urb’s keen intellect and sensitivity to noble things. Eickenroht, who wrote the article on November 19, 1918 while he himself lay hospitalized with other soldiers in France, stated in part:

“The dark and mysterious portals of destiny have lowered a shadow upon another Segunitite – a patriot and hero with a character untainted – who died on the firing line fighting for his country – Horace Urban Wood.

“News of his death sent a chill of grief through the heart of this writer (Eickenroht) while in the Base Hospital -- one who knew his traits by daily association -- his generosity and magnitude of character.”

The article continued:

“As a friend, Urb was known to no one better than to me. More than once did we grind out The Gazette on an all-night tour – more than once did we get hot coffee at midnight to keep our eyes open till the following mornings.

“Many times did we sit in The Gazette office in the late evening hours and argue over poets and writers – many an evening did he entertain his close admirers and literary enthusiasts, as they listened to his eloquent delivery of a Shakespearean play, of ‘Arrondeau’ or to the sad and searching verses of ‘My Violet.’”

Eickenroht concluded:

“A more chivalrous or more patriotic character never breathed the air of Texas than did Urban Wood. His is a loss that cannot be replaced at this hour. Almost unable to believe his death, we can find some comfort in the word that, after all, ‘God Knows Best’.”

Many such letters poured into both the Seguin and San Antonio newspapers about the fallen soldier.

Another such letter offered this description, “Not of a belligerent disposition but with an intensive love of county, Urban Wood’s patriot zeal could not be calculated. He entered military life determined to do his bit in making the world a decent place in which to live. He did it nobly – bravely; and now he has paid the supreme sacrifice.

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“He did it in the line of duty, defending his country’s honor.

“What a noble death!

“This thought alone should be a soothing balm to the frail mother, the proud father, the loving brothers and sisters.”

That letter was signed “J. McK.”

More and more such letters and articles poured into the newspapers and were received by the parents. Several contained verses of poetry especially written to describe and honor Urban Wood.

And some three years later, Seguin’s new American Legion Post was named the H. U. Wood American Legion Post, an organization that has continued honoring the memories of all of this community’s fallen service personnel through nearly seven decades of public service.

The unusualness of Horace Urban Wood perhaps can be best understood by studying his immediate ancestry. He came from excellent stock, as that saying has long described.

Urb’s father, Horace Greely Wood, could himself be the subject of acclaim as a true pioneer of newspaper journalism in Texas.

Papa Wood, for example, was Publisher of the Round Rock newspaper when the outlaw, Sam Bass, was cornered and slain atop a small mountain nearby. Lawmen had pursued Bass to that site, and Papa Wood was on hand nearby to write the original story about the incident. We’ve often heard this described, personally, by one of the surviving brothers of Urb.

Papa Wood in the late 1880’s moved his family to Cuero where he commenced publication of the Cuero Record, a newspaper that continues to serve that community well. And in 1904, Papa Wood again moved the family, this time to Seguin where he’d purchased the Guadalupe Gazette from the William Bryan family.

Urb had been born in Round Rock on December 4, 1894, and together with the family moved to Cuero, then Seguin. And in 1912 he initially left his brother Vince behind to operate The Gazette while he journeyed to San Diego, California when his parents retired there. But Urb soon returned to his beloved Seguin. Another article outlined this portion of his life:

“He was possessed of a bright mind and during the years his father was publisher of The Gazette, Urban acquired a knowledge of the printing business. So after spending a couple of years in California, he returned to Seguin and became editor of The Gazette, acting in that capacity from 1914 until 1917 (and his entry into the armed forces).

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“Generous and kind of heart, he was liked best by those most intimately acquainted with him.”

Urb's father was born in Springfield, Illinois in 1863. He died at San Diego, California in 1933.

Urb's mother, Annie Marie Dooley Wood, was born in 1860. She followed her husband in death in 1954. She was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland.

Urb's brother Vince died on Nov. 15, 1985 at Long Beach, California. A sister, Aileen Marie Jackson Martin, died in 1968 at San Diego, California.

Survivors include two other brothers and a sister.

Those brothers are L. A. Wood, of 3830 Granada St., in San Diego, and Howard Wood, now living at the Torrey Pines Convalescent Hospital, 2552 Torrey Pines Rd., at La Jolla, California.

The surviving sister is Agnes Louise Purcell, of 4111 Eagle St. in San Diego.

Howard Wood returned to Seguin several years ago to write a regular column for The Gazette while we served as its owner/publisher. And following his return West, first to Arizona for a period of years and then to San Diego, Howard has remained in contact with this writer.

We'd subsequently been told personally and read Howard's many, many stories about his brother, Urb, and about the other members of the Wood family. And we know that the presence of this good family will forever be a part of the very fibre of the Seguin community.

This article and reminder of the in-depth character, purity and courage of H. U. Wood was prepared as a part of the March 14, 1987 ceremonies in which this American Legion Post officially receives the four original American and French honors posthumously awarded Urb following the end of World War I.

Urb Wood's existence is a significant, historic fact of the past that is so important to the present and future of this community and to its American Legion Post.

John C. Taylor
Publisher Emeritus
Seguin Gazette-Enterprise

Address reply to
QUARTERMASTER GENERAL,
Washington, D. C.

WAR DEPARTMENT.

OFFICE OF THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL OF THE ARMY,
WASHINGTON.

3-3650

In Answer Refer to File No. _____

Nov 10, 1921.

No. 293.8-Cem.#38097-(Wood, Horace U.Pvt. 1st cl.)
#39149-(Domstad, Albert Pvt.)
From: The Quartermaster General, U.S.Army, (Cemeterial Division)
To: Mr.H.G.Wood, 4111 Eagle St., San Diego, Calif.

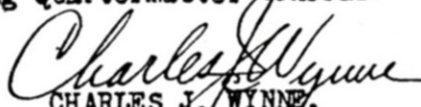
Subject: Concerning unlocated graves.

1. In reply to your letter of October 22, 1921, you are advised that the investigation instituted by this office to determine the grave location of your son, the late Private 1st class Horace U. Wood, Company M, 141st Infantry, has so far been without success. While it is impossible to state definitely at this time whether it will ever be possible to locate the grave of this soldier, this office assures you that every effort will be made to do so, and that the length of time that has elapsed since the investigation was conducted does not necessarily indicate that it may not be finally successful. As soon as favorable information is received, you will be duly advised.

2. You are further advised that the records of this office show only the so-called unconfirmed grave location of the late Private Albert Domstad, Company M, 141st Infantry, that is, the grave location reported to this office by the Officer in Charge of the burial of this soldier, but this report has not been confirmed by this office. The bodies buried in isolated graves, the original grave location of which has been confirmed by this office, have been concentrated into concentration cemeteries but there is no record in this office showing that the body of this soldier has been located at the place at which it was reported to be buried nor is there any record of the body having been placed in a cemetery.

3. The records of this office contain your request and that of the father of the deceased, that his remains be returned to this country and in the event this office is successful in its efforts to locate the grave, your wishes will be complied with.

By authority of the Acting Quartermaster General:


CHARLES J. WYNNE,
Captain, Q.M.C.

WAR DEPARTMENT,

OFFICE OF THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL OF THE ARMY,

WASHINGTON.

In Answer Refer to File No.

Aug. 24, 1922.

No. 293.8 C-R #38097-(Wood, Horace U. Pvt. 1st cl.)

~~FROM~~

To: Mr. H.G. Wood, 4111 Eagle St., San Diego, Calif.

Subject: Dental chart.

1. With further reference to the case of your late son, Private 1st class Horace U. Wood, Co.M, 141st Infantry, it is regretted to have to advise you that all efforts to locate the grave of the deceased have so far been without success. It is proposed, however, to continue this investigation so long as any hope of locating the body can be entertained.

2. To assist in this investigation, it will be appreciated if you will secure from your local dentist, who may have performed dental work for the deceased, prior to his entry into the Service, a chart showing all such work performed- this chart to include crowns, fillings, bridges, extractions, etc. Information is also desired as to whether this soldier had any fractures of bones, which you recall.

3. We are certain your son has a grave beneath the flag under which he fought and died, but we are anxious that no grave be left among the Unknown from lack of effort toward identification. These men were our comrades and we hold it a sacred duty to do all that is humanly possible toward comforting their bereaved love ones at home and fittingly caring for their last resting places.

4. Please be assured that should any favorable developments arise in the case, you will be promptly advised.

5. For your reply, you may use the inclosed envelope, which requires no postage.

For the Quartermaster General:



E. E. DAVIS,
Executive Assistant, G.R.S.

1 incl.
envelope.

A Family's Search For Its War Dead

WAR DEPARTMENT

In reply refer to: OFFICE OF THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL
293 C-R (Wood, Horace U.Pvt.lcl.) WASHINGTON

March 16, 1923.

Mr. H. G. Wood,
4111 Eagle St.
San Diego, Calif.


Dear Sir:

The Quartermaster General desires that receipt be acknowledged of your letter of the 10th instant, inclosing letter addressed to you from Mr. R. L. Hill. A copy of this letter has been made and the contents of same will be used in connection with the investigation.

Your cooperation in the matter of the investigation is greatly appreciated by the Department, and please be assured that every effort will be made to locate the remains. Should any favorable developments arise in the case you will be promptly informed.

Returned herewith is letter from Mr. Hill as requested.

Very truly yours,


H. J. CONNER,
Assistant.

1 incl.
Let. Aug. 5/20

PHIL D. SWING
11TH DIST. CALIFORNIA

House of Representatives U. S.
Washington, D. C.

Sept. 30, 1921.

Mr. H. G. Wood,
4111 Eagle St.,
San Diego, Cal.

My dear Mr. Wood:

I sympathize with you very much in the matter of your inability to locate the body of your son or his burial place. I took this matter up at once with the War Department, who has this matter in charge, and after searching their records they advised me that they had not, up to date, been able to identify the body of your son, or his grave, but that they have a special section working on this, which has continually proven successful in identifying some of the bodies which were considered to be heretofore unknown. They expressed to me the hope that they might be able still to succeed in identifying the body of your son. Of course, I hope very much that they will succeed.

Yours very truly,

PDS-MN

Phil D. Swing

WAR DEPARTMENT

OFFICE OF THE QUARTERMASTER GENERAL
WASHINGTON

In reply refer to:
293.8 C-R #38097

March 3, 1923.

Mr. H. G. Wood,
4111 Eagle St.
San Diego, Calif.

Dear Sir:

The Quartermaster General desires that receipt be acknowledged of your letter dated February 12th 1923, with further reference to the case of your late son, Private 1st class Horace U. Wood, Company M, 141st Infantry.


It is regretted to inform you that all efforts so far to locate the grave containing the remains of this late soldier have been without success and it is believed that this is one of those distressing cases in which the Department will not be able to establish an identification, in view of the circumstances surrounding the death of the deceased. The disappointment you will suffer as a result of this most unfortunate advice is realized by the Department; however, you are assured that this failure to identify the remains is not due to lack of effort on the part of this office, but is one of those tragedies of war which cannot be escaped and which the bereaved relatives should bear with the same patriotic spirit as that which actuated the soldier when he gave his life for his Country's good.

There is for you one consolation which the Department hopes will somewhat ease the pain of your loss, and it is found in the thought, that it may have been the body of your heroic son selected as the Unknown soldier, which was used to dedicate and perpetuate the heroic sacrifices of those American soldiers whose physical identities have been destroyed by the tragedies of war.

Should the remains of your heroic son ever be located in some isolated grave, you will be immediately informed.

Please accept the renewed assurance of sympathy of the Department in your bereavement.

Very truly yours,


H. L. CONNER,
Assistant.

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L
If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.	

WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM



NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L
If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a telegram. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.	

RECEIVED AT

B34GSK 30 GOVT

WA WASHINGTON DC NOV 12 1918 603P

MR HORACE G WOOD

SANDIEGO CALIF

DEEPLY REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT PRIVATE HORACE U WOOD
INFANTRY IS OFFICIALLY REPORTED AS KILLED IN ACTION
OCTOBER EIGHTH .

HARRIS

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL

350P

In Memory of H. Urban Wood

"The dead to the living"—

O, you that still have rain and sun,
Kisses of children and of wife,
And the good earth to tread upon
And the mere sweetness that is life,
Forget not us who gave all these
For something dearer, and for you!
Think in what cause we crossed the seas!
Remember, he who fails the challenge, fails
us too.

Now in the hour that shows the strong—
The soul no evil powers affray—
Drive straight against embattled wrong,
Faith knows but one, the hardest way,
Endure! the end is worth the throes.
Give, give, and dare and again dare
On to that wrong's great overthrow,
We are with you, of you, we the pain and
victory share.

So the singers of a nation
Weep as one soul this day,
Our glad child-hearted comrade
Has gone the patriot's way,
A grave in grave-encumbered France
Now wears his wreath of bay.

His youth and self forgotten
When the Great Summons came,
He knew the soldier's purpose
More than the poets fame.
Does he know today a hundred throats
Choke as they speak his name?

Tell them that we the living have heard their
call.

That we have sworn and will not turn aside,
That we will onward, till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they
died.

J. H. B.



H. U. Wood

OUR PATRIOT SON

He has left us like a ship of the ocean
To land in a more peaceful port;
He is now with the Soldiers of Jesus,
At rest in some Heavenly fort.

He is enjoying the peace he has fought for,
In the cruelest war of the world;
For no human ever worked harder
To keep the flag of his country unfurled.

We know he is resting in Heaven;
He died so others could live.
He gave all for his great love of freedom:
He gave all that a human could give.

French soil is stained with his heart's blood,
His poor body lies—no man knows where.
But no matter—his soul is in Heaven
And the Angels are guarding it there.

SUNSET and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the
bar,
When I put out to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the
boundless deep
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness or fare-
well,
When I embark.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time
and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar.
—Tennyson.

... a favorite poem
of H. Urban Wood

IN MEMORIAM

Horace Urban Wood

"There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And in the lustre of heaven's bright crown
Shine on—forevermore!"

The shocking news that Urb Wood had been killed in action in the great world war, which has just ended, filled my heart with a sadness which can hardly be expressed in mere words.

A noble, brave young man has fallen! He was picked from us in the very morning of his life, in the blush and bloom of vigorous youth.

How enchanting must have been the rainbow of promise that was stretched out before him! This blotting-out of a life of promise, this separation from his friends who loved him, this sudden sundering of the ties of affection, bow all hearts in profoundest grief.

I knew Urb well; valued his friendship; enjoyed his bright companionship. I can pay no tribute to his memory which the departed has not deserved, for in him were combined all the characteristics of head and heart which challenge admiration. He was brilliant in mind, ever cheerful in disposition. His thoughts and his deeds blended in the heyday of youth like the notes of a song-bird on a springtime morn. He was manly and courageous, af-

fable in manner and trustful and generous in his associations. Though but 25 years of age, he had the judgment of maturity none the less. How true it is: "Death loves a shining mark!"

Horace Urban Wood went down as the sun goes down in the West—without the shadow or twilight of dishonor resting upon him. Who were not willing to sweep thro' the gates of Death with such a record! In his kindly, cheery presence the gloom that erstwhile creeps into every-day life would vanish like the mists before the rising sun. The smile of his face was the light of his heart, the light of his eyes, the light of his soul!

"He gave his all."—The world has been made better, safer by such heroes as he! And the trust in the Father of all makes the world nobler and brighter and gives us the hope expressed by a great poet, that—"when this life is o'er, in the life to come we shall meet once again."

Farewell, my brave, noble young friend! May the grass grow green, the sun shine mildly and the winds blow ever gently over thy grave!

"He is not dead, but has simply passed
Beyond the mists which bind us here,
Into that serener, sublimer sphere,
Where winding-sheets are never woven
And funeral bells are never rung;
Blessed land beyond the skies,
To reach it we must die."

E. F. D.

Seguin, Texas, Nov. 20, 1918.

A Friend Gone

Reno Eickenroht.

MacArthur, C. I. O. T. S.

Nov. 19, 1918.

The dark and mysterious portals of Destiny have lowered a shadow upon another Seguinite—a patriot and hero with a character untainted—died on the firing line fighting for his country—Horace Urban Wood.

News of his death sent a chill of grief through the heart of the writer while in the Base Hospital—one who knew his traits by daily association—his generosity and magnitude of character. Nothing can stir the heart more, and flash memories with greater sadness than to hear of the death of one who for many years has been near to you, as you are lying in the snow white rooms of a Base hospital, and brave stricken men in a delirious fever, to the right and left of you, expiring in a final, herculean race against death.

As a friend, Urb was known to no one better than to the writer. More than once did we grieve out

The Gazette on an all night tour—more than once did we get hot coffee at midnight to keep our eyes open till the following morning. Many times did we sit in The Gazette office in the late evening hours and argue over poets and writers—many an evening did he entertain his close admirers and literary enthusiasts, as they listened to his eloquent delivery of a Shakespearean play, of "Arroun-deau" or to the sad and searching verses of "My Violet." Those memories are among the things we can not forget—even in the tumultuous flight of time, when the sun sets upon so many yesterdays, when so many begin to forget.

As it is, another has passed from our midst, right in the throes of affairs, when characters of his like are most necessary. A more chivalrous or more patriotic character never breathed the air of Texas than Urban Wood. He is a loss whose vacancy can not be replaced at this hour. Almost unable to believe his death, we can find some comfort in the words that, after all, "God knows best."

"For His Country's Honor"

H. URBAN WOOD

Died in Action

In France, October 8, 1918

That individual liberty and the rights of free nations might not be swept from earth millions of young men left their peaceful American homes to meet in battle to the death, if need be, the most perfect military machine autocracy had ever devised. Among those millions there was none who carried a better understanding of his duty, nor a firmer determination to do his part to the full, than did Urb Wood.

The writer knew him from childhood as few knew him; in the printing office where he learned to read and think and remember; in the swimming pool where he recreated; on the banks of the Guadalupe, with rod and line, where he found his greatest pleasure, he was our little companion. He was strong, independent, mischievous, a square, rollicking American boy. We knew his virtues and his faults. He was no better and no worse than the rest of us, and his pretensions were likewise.

He loved the little children and all the flowers and the song of the poet, and he delighted in the shades of the woodland where running waters murmured by.

All these, and more, he loved, and he loved to live; but his love for his country was greater.

From childhood Urb Wood was a non-combatant; but from the moment he saw the honor of his country attacked, and saw the rights of humanity being crushed by a military autocracy, he became a combatant of the most pronounced type, and made repeated efforts to enter the service until he was accepted as a volunteer in Company M. of the National Guard which went to Camp Bowie in August, 1917. This company was taken into the 141st Infantry, 36th Division, which went to France in June.

Horace Urban Wood was born at Round Rock, Texas, December 4, 1894, and came with his parents to Seguin in 1904. The sad news of his death was received in Seguin last Wednesday by telegram from his father to his brother T. V. Wood.

Surviving are his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wood, two brothers and two sisters of San Diego, Calif., and the brother in Seguin, who at this time can find consolation only in the fact that their loved one died as he would wish to die—the death of a hero who was willing to make the supreme sacrifice so that we, and the unborn millions, might live in peace and the pursuit of happiness.

'Neath the lillies of war-torn France rest in peace the mortal remains of this Texas boy, and tender hands of a most heroic race are placing garlands of love blossoms on his mound. The soul of a soldier who battled for right is with his God. May the memory of his dauntless spirit and generous nature abide with us always.

Horace Urban Wood

Born Dec. 4, 1893,
Died Oct. 8, 1918

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning at the bar
When I put out to sea."

When news flashed across the country last Monday announcing that war-torn Europe was again at peace many prayers were said by those in this community for the safety of their loved ones who have been a part in this conflict. So, to receive in only a few hours after these joyful peace tidings, another message conveying word that one more of our young men had paid the supreme sacrifice, seemed cruel indeed.

Only a few days after the entry of our country into the world-war, Horace Urban Wood heard the call of his country to arms. He went to Houston and volunteered his humble services to the navy. Failing to stand the rigid examination of that branch of the service he returned to Seguin. Shortly thereafter the organization of a National Guard company was started and Urb was among the first to sign up with this organization and assisted in securing other recruits.

After several months of intensive training at Camp Bowie, the organization to which he was attached became known as a part of the Panther (36th) Division, and sailed for France in July. Since then details of its activities have been somewhat meager, except that it has seen severe service and received commendation for bravery from high officials.

Details of his death are lacking. The war department briefly wired the parents on Nov. 13 that he had been killed in action on Oct. 8.

Beyond this nothing is definitely known, but it is presumed he fell when the 36th Division started its big offensive on the above date.

Not of a belligerent disposition but with an intensive love of country Urban Wood's patriotic zeal could not be calculated. He entered military life determined to do his bit in making the world a decent place in which to live. He did it nobly—bravely; and now he has paid the supreme sacrifice.

He died in the line of duty, defending his country's honor. What a noble death! This thought alone should be soothing balm to the frail mother, the proud father, the loving brothers and sisters.

Horace Urban Wood was born at Round Rock, Texas, Dec. 4, 1894. He came to Seguin with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wood in June, 1904, from Cuero, Texas. Here he remained attending school until 1912, when the family moved to California. He was possessed of a bright mind and during the years his father was publisher of The Gazette Urban acquired a knowledge of the printing business, so after spending a couple of years in California he returned to Seguin and became editor of The Gazette, acting in that capacity from 1914 to 1916.

Generous and kind of heart he was liked best by those most intimately acquainted with him.

Surviving relatives include his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wood, two sisters, Mrs. C. K. Jackson and Miss Agnes Wood, all of San Diego, Calif., three brothers, Vincent Wood, publisher of The Gazette, and Howard and Lucien Wood of San Diego, and to these the sincere sympathy of a host of friends here and elsewhere is offered.

J. McK.

Horace Urban Wood Dead

Born December 4, 1894.
Died October 8, 1919

"T IS but his body that may lie
In foreign land, but we shall keep
Remembrance fond forever, deep
Within our hearts for this true son,
Because of triumphs that he won.
It matters not where any one
May lie and sleep when work is done."

The news that Urban Wood had been killed in action on October 8th was received here Wednesday by his brother, T. Vincent Wood, and every heart in town beat in sympathy with his parents and loved ones.

Urban Wood was one of this county's early volunteers, joining the National Guards organized here the summer of 1917 and going to Camp Bowie in August of that year. The company was made part of the 141st Infantry as Co. M, and in June, 1918, went to France with the 36th Division. Soon after arriving there the Division was put into active service and the men have been highly commended by the high authorities for their bravery and fine work.

And we who knew Urb Wood know that he was where duty called him and bravely did his part in the great fight for liberty and right. That young lives have been sacrificed that "Liberty shall not perish" is both sad and glorious; sad that their earthly life should be so brief, their hopes and ambitions unrealized; glorious that they should so early have caught the vision of higher things and been willing to give even life itself that the world might be a better place for others to live in.

Urban Wood was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace G. Wood, and was born in Round Rock; the family moved to Seguin from Cuero in 1904 and he later assisted his father in the work in the Guadalupe Gazette office, being himself the editor when the other members of the family moved to California in 1914. So the greater part of his life was spent in Seguin where a host of friends will regret his death. Open hearted and generous, he will be long remembered by his associates, while his fine brain and keen sense of humor were appreciated by older people.

He is survived by his parents, two sisters and two brothers now living in San Diego, Calif., and one brother in Seguin to all of whom we extend sincere sympathy.

GLORIOUS PAGE WRITTEN IN AMERICAN MILITARY HISTORY BY RAW TROOPS

WITH THE AMERICAN FORCES NORTH OF REIMS, Oct. 16 (Delayed).—Perhaps the most glorious page of American military history in this war has just been concluded in the Champagne battle, in which two divisions of United States troops—the Second and the 36th—have done their inadequately heralded part of forcing back the German hordes facing the famous city of Reims.

The work of the Americans was more notable because one of the divisions, the 36th, entered the terrific battle at an important point. Although new to fighting and without ever having heard shellfire before, the division withstood the most bitter German counter-attacks without flinching. The efforts of the two units were so noteworthy that they were praised publicly in an order, issued by General Naul, in command of the 21st French army corps, with which the Americans were brigaded. The general said:

"On Oct. 3 the Second American division, having arrived during the night in the sector of the 21st army corps, attacked the fortified crest of Blanc Mont and captured it in a few hours despite the desperate resistance of the enemy. In the following days it made an extended advance on the slopes to the north.

36th Get Baptism of Fire

"The 36th division, a recent formation and as yet incompletely organized, was ordered into the line on the night of Oct. 6-7 to relieve, under conditions particularly delicate, the Second division and to dislodge the enemy from the crest north of St. Anne and throw him back to the Aisne. Although being under fire for the first time, the young soldiers of General Smith, rivaling in their combative spirit and tenacity, the old and valiant regiments of General Le Jeune, accomplished all the tasks set for them.

"To all the general commanding the army corps is happy to address the most cordial expression of his recognition and his best wishes for future service but the past is proof of the future."

While the French were held up by strong German defensive positions, the American Second division attacked on a two-mile front west of Somme, broke through the enemy positions and rapidly advanced a distance of five and a half miles, capturing the formidable heights of Blanc Mont and Medeah farm. This rapid advance turned the German positions in the mountain region east of Reims.

POSTHUMOUS AWARD

Word has been received by Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wood of 4111 Eagle street, of this city, that their son, Horace Urban Wood, has been awarded posthumously the French Croix de Guerre. Wood was a member of the 141st infantry, 36th division, composed of Texas and Oklahoma guard units, and was killed in one of the fiercest battles, while acting as litter-bearer.

Wood was the first San Diegan to be reported killed after the armistice was signed, the news reaching his parents on Nov. 12. He was the brother of Mrs. Charles K. Jackson.

Horace U. Wood, late son of Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wood, 4111 Eagle street, posthumously awarded French croix de guerre; fell in action, when a volunteer litter bearer with 36th division.

From the time H. G. Wood assumed the helm, The Gazette instantly jumped to the forefront among weekly papers published in Southwest Texas, flourishing through a series of adverse and prosperous years.

In 1914, Mr. Wood lured the paper over to his two sons, T. V. and Urban, who conducted the publication until it was sold to its present management. Urban, who edited The Gazette between the years 1914-16, was then the youngest editor in Texas, being only 19 years of age.

Awarded Croix de Guerre

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wood of 4111 Eagle Street, of this city, were notified yesterday by the war department that their son, Horace Urban Wood, had been awarded posthumously the French Croix de Guerre. Wood had volunteered to act as a litter-bearer and was doing his duty nobly during one of the fiercest battles fought in the war when killed by a shell.

Wood was a member of the 141st infantry, 36th division, made up of Texas and Oklahoma National Guard boys. The 141st went to the front with 65 officers, and this regiment landed last week in New York with 14 left. This shows in part the terrific struggle these boys took part in. They drove the Huns from territory which was exchanged six times by the Huns and the marines, according to the war office report.

The French government in recognition of the valor of the 141st bestowed the Croix de Guerre on all of the officers and most of the men. Mr. and Mrs. Wood feel very proud of the cross bestowed upon their son. They know he well deserved it.—San Diego (Cal.) Union, June 11, 1919.

Urban Wood was a Seguin boy, having lived in this city practically all of his young life. When the "call to arms" was sounded Urb, as his friends knew him, at once began to seek means by which he could best serve his country. At first failing to stand the rigid examination of different branches of the service, he was finally accepted in the National Guard organized here in 1917 and sent to Camp Bowie with other Guadalupe County boys. At this camp these boys remained for nearly a year, but when there they made a name for themselves as one of the best drilled units in the division, and when, finally, they reached France—and the battlefield—honor was showered upon them from all the civilized world. As they were described in one paper, "no German could stand up to these Texans."

Although Urb is not returning with the rest of the boys, honor and glory will go out from every American heart to him and his comrades who have given all that we may live on in peace and happiness.

Letter From N. L. Birdwell

Pargues, France, March 3.
Mrs. Carrie Hollamon,
Seguin, Texas.
Dear Mrs. Hollamon,

No, Urb is not coming back, for he has crossed the Great Divide. I was only a few yards from him on that never-to-be-forgotten night of October 10. A baptism of fire—that's what we got. We had reached our objective and driven the Huns from the woods and just beyond that was a prairie and then a narrow strip of woods. In and beyond that strip the Huns concentrated their big guns and machine guns. I'll never forget that night. When the roar of the big guns ceased for a time you could hear some one out in No Man's Land crying: "Water, water, for God's sake bring me water!" But it wasn't quite dark then, and the officers wouldn't let anyone go out there, for the Dutch were so tricky; they'd call you out that way and have a machine gun trained on you all the time. Then it began to sprinkle rain and the Dutch barrage came over, and imagine yourself in woods with the brush so thick you had to cut your way through and so dark you could most feel the darkness and gas and smoke from the shells that were tearing the trees and underbrush out by their roots, while you lie in a little hole in the ground huddled up close to a

Kamerad and the earth quivering and the ground seems to rise and fall beneath you, and rocks and dirt and brush come pouring in on you from all directions. Some go wild and others talk to their people. Morgan Poolie and I were together that night and we lay in one position in that hole with our gas masks on while the barrage lifted and searched for our headquarters and reserve and returned to us three times. Then we stood up and I said: "Well, I suppose we're the only two left," and my voice sounded like it was a 100 yards off. I could hardly hear. The hole we were in was partly caved in, so we moved in another one, and the Dutch barrage came over after that and finished our old hole but missed us again. When I started out of the hole the next morning part of someones body was lying near the entrance. Well, there were only two that went West that night—Urb Wood and his Kamerad. They were together. Three shells went right into the hole where they were, so you can imagine what happened. That's the way the Sammies went, so you see what made them anxious to go over and get a whack at Fritz.

Honoring Our Dead

SHALL the American braves who fell on the battlefields of France be brought home for sepulture in their native land; or shall they lie in peace where death-winged Glory found them?

In the first utterance of the answer the universal cry from the hearts of those who sent these heroes on their mission of valor and sacrifice is "Bring back our dead!" It is the personal demand—the mother's yearning appeal for the babe that drew his life from her breast; the wife's longing sob in memory of the loved one forever lost to her.

As an infant crying in the night,
An infant crying for the light;
And with no language but a cry.

BRING BACK DEAD TO NATIVE LAND, IS PLEA

Editor San Diego Union—Your beautiful editorial, "Honoring Our Dead," was truly a touching tribute to our brave sons, who now lie in shallow graves on the battlefields of France. I, a dead soldier's mother, know of no worthier sepulcher on God's earth than the same shallow grave. I also know for centuries to come, the grateful French people shall go forth with wreaths of laurel and garlands of lilies and place them with loving hands on these graves of ours. Notwithstanding these glorious circumstances my mother heart shall ever cry "Bring back my dead." They fought and died for their loved country and their country should be their last resting place. Yes, by all means, "bring back our dead."

A MOTHER.

Horace Urban Wood

Born at Round Rock, Tex., Dec. 4, 1893.
Died in France, Oct. 8, 1918.

He Died for His Country
While in the Line of Duty

Their uneasiness for us lasted for only a short while, for the way the boys of the 141st Infantry and the 142nd went into battle was great. Company "M" did some great work. Frank Vaughan told me of their trip over the top and out into the Land of Hope, where his Captain was wounded and his Major killed, and where poor old Urb paid the Supreme Sacrifice to the Stars and Stripes.

I was also very much pained to learn of the death of our best friend, Urb Wood. We had a

Horace Urban Wood, 25 years old, was killed in action in France Oct. 8, according to a telegram to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wood, of 411 Eagle street. He was a member of the 141st infantry, 36th division, and enlisted at Seguin, Texas.

SEGUIN EDITOR KILLED IN ACTION.

Special Telegram to The Express.
SEGUIN, Tex., Nov 15—A telegram was received here yesterday advising of the death of Urban Wood, formerly editor of the Guadalupe Gazette, who was killed in action in France October 8. Young Wood was 24 years old and enlisted as a private in Company M of the National Guard, recruited here and trained at Camp Bowie. He is survived by his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Wood, two brothers and two sisters, all living in California, and one brother, Vincent Wood of this city.

LOCAL BOY KILLED

Horace Urban Wood, 25, son of Mr. and Mrs. Horace Greeley Wood, 4111 Eagle street, was killed in action in France on Oct. 8, according to government notice just received by the parents.

Young Wood was a member of Co. M, 141st infantry, 36th division, having enlisted in Seguin, Tex., in what became known as the "Alamo Defenders." Besides his parents, he is survived by three brothers, Howard J., Lucian A., and Vincent T., and two sisters, Miss Agnes and Mrs. Charles K. Jackson.

Co. M, 141st Infantry, recruited in Guadalupe County, was a part of this division which did such gallant fighting. In this fight Urban Wood lost his life and H. K. Chambliss, Howard and Hardy Cone were wounded.

France. Tell Seguin her fighting sons are soon to be back in the fold, with the exception of our fellow comrade, Urb. I assure you that I speak the thoughts of all when I say that it is with grief that we start on our way home without him; no better or truer American ever lived than he, and his life was not in vain.

Best regards to all and success to you and force.

I am,
Yours for home,
"toot sweet,"
"Van."

GERMANS KNEW FROM SPY WHEN CO. M WAS GOING OVER THE TOP

Men from Guadalupe County Go Into Action at St. Etienne in Face of Galling Fire Timed Exactly With Their Movement and Perfect in Range.—Account of Battle Given in Letter From Brother of Captain Ogden as Published in San Antonio Light.

Betrayed by a German spy into almost certain death, the infantry of the 36th division—Southwest Texas' own—went into action and partial annihilation near St. Etienne, France, in October. The full tale of their accomplishments is just now drifting through to San Antonio. An outstanding feature is the bravery of the troops and the fact that their movements were known to the Germans, for just a few seconds before the 141st Infantry went over the top, the Germans opened up a murderous fire, from their own infantry, machine guns and artillery. The fact that it was timed so exactly and the range was so perfect made it evident that the movements of the 36th were known. Confirmation came just two hours after the battle began, when the 141st officers found a copy of their orders on the body of a dead German officer. These details were supplied by an officer of the 36th, who returned a few days ago.

The 141st infantry, which figured so prominently in the history of the 36th division, was recruited almost entirely from Southwest Texas. Three of its companies were recruited from San Antonio, Captain Ogden's being one; two from El Paso; one from Uvalde; another from Gonzales and others in this part of Texas. One was recruited from Beaumont as a base.—San Antonio Light.

Thirty-Sixth (Panther) Division.



The 36th Division, composed of Texas and Oklahoma Guard troops, was organized and trained at Camp Bowie. The division went overseas in July of 1918 and engaged in the Champaign battle of October, 1918. The division was composed of the following units: 141st, 142nd, 143rd, 144th, Infantries; 131st, 132nd, 143rd, 144th Infantries. 131st, 132nd, 133rd Field Artillery Regiments, 131st, 132nd, 133rd Machine Gun battalions and the 111th Engineers and auxiliary trains. The insignia of the division, the letter T upon the arrow head, is emblematic

On October 2-9 our 2d and 36th Divisions were sent to assist the French in an important attack against the old German positions before Rheims. The 2d conquered the complicated defense works on their front against a persistent defense worthy of the grimmest period of trench warfare and attacked the strongly held wooded hill of Blanc Mont, which they captured in a second assault, sweeping over it with consummate dash and skill. This division then repulsed strong counterattacks before the village and cemetery of Ste. Etienne and took the town, forcing the Germans to fall back from before Rheims and yield positions they had held since September, 1914. On October 9 the 36th Division relieved the 2d, and in its first experience under fire withstood very severe artillery bombardment and rapidly took up the pursuit of the enemy, now retiring behind the Aisne.

LETTER FOLLOWED BY NEWS OF SON'S DEATH

Mr. and Mrs. Horace Greely Wood, 4111 Eagle street, received official word from Washington the day after the armistice was signed that their son Urban had been killed in action

PARENTS RECEIVE WORD SON KILLED IN ACTION

A telegram from Washington to Mr. and Mrs. Horace Greely Wood, 4111 Eagle street, announced yesterday that their son, Horace Urban Wood, aged 25, a member of Company M, 141st infantry, 36th division, had been killed in action in France on Oct. 8. Wood enlisted in Seguin, Texas, in what later became known as the "Alamo Defenders."

Relatives in this city, besides his parents, are brothers, Howard J., recently discharged from Battery B, 65th field artillery, for disability, and Lucien A.; sisters, Miss Agnes and Mrs. Charles K. Jackson. Vincent T., a brother, resides in Seguin, Texas.

Wood was associated with his father at Seguin, Texas, who published the Guadalupe Gazette before coming to this city to live, being connected with the mechanical department.

The Dallas News in relating the achievements of the Texas troops, said, in part: "The 36th division went forward in a rough-and-tumble fight in the open. Hand-to-hand encounters were their style. They threw aside rules of warfare, making it a tooth-to-nail affair." This battle referred to was near St. Etienne, north of the River Aisne. It is supposed that Wood lost his life during this engagement.

in France about a month before.

Shortly before receiving the official communication Mr. and Mrs. Wood received a letter written by their son before he had gone into the battle; a letter full of joy at the thought that the war was being won and that the end was not far off; full of gladness that he was soon coming home to them.