

Gardner Newsletter

VOLUME 13, ISSUE 51

SUMMER 2010

WE NEED YOUR ARTICLES FOR THE
UPCOMING HOLIDAY 2010 ISSUE

Aunt Nita's Grandchildren: Living Life to the Fullest!

Special points of interest:

- *Whatever happened to David and Ann Ames' children?*
- *Take a look at the cleaned and refurbished Lang gravestones.*
- *Read letters to Grandma and Grandpa Gardner written from the battlefield of World War I.*

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The family of David and Ann Ames has gone through quite a few changes in the last few years!

Ann still lives in Newport, Vermont, and works at the MSA helmet factory. Her mother moved into the apartment below Ann, so she has more company in the quiet times.

Matthew has been in the Air Force since 2002. He met Amy Johnston while stationed in Valdosta, Georgia, and they married in July 2007. They have since then been stationed in Bellbrook, Ohio, and have a new son, Noah David, who was born in May 2010.

Sarah and Marie both married in the summer of 2009.

Sarah graduated from Eastern

University in May 2007. She moved back to Newport after graduation, and was hired at the Old Stone House Museum in Brownington shortly after. She met Chuck at church in 2006 and they started dating in spring 2008. When Sarah married Chuck in August 2009, she became stepmother to Chuck's four children: Tyler, Taylor, Trevor, and Travis. They bought a house in June 2010, and live in Newport. Chuck is the computer programming manager at Tivoly, Inc., in Derby Line.

Marie attended Southeastern University in Florida and returned in 2009 to marry her high school sweetheart, Philip Cargill. She and Phil married in June 2009, and they live in Morgan, Vermont, in the house that Phil's grandmother once owned.



Ann Ames (right) and her mother, Clair

They are now in the process of renovating the house. Marie works in Human Services in Newport, and Phil is a construction worker with Shawn Austin in Morgan.

By: Sarah Dumas

(See recent pictures on page 2)

Work Completed to Preserve Lang Gravestones

The Gardner Newsletter, Uncle Raymond Gardner, and Richard Colburn, Sr., Curator of the Charleston Historical Society, joined forces in the restoration of some of the Lang markers in the Buck and Hillside cemeteries in East

Charleston, Vermont. Richard enlisted the services of Garon-St. Sauveur Granite Company in Newport, Vermont to complete the work. They are experts in cemetery lettering and cleaning.

According to Richard, "They (Garon-St. Sauveur) made a form and put Samuel's (Samuel Lang) broken stone together and laid it flat on the ground. It was in such bad shape that it was the only way to save it. They leveled Jacob and his

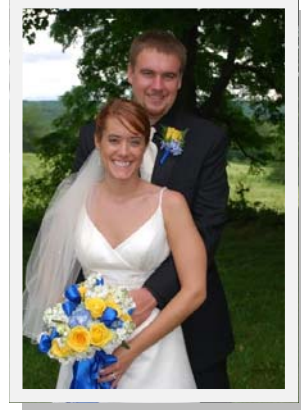
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Sarah and Chuck Dumas with Tyler, Taylor, Trevor and Travis



Amy, Matthew and Noah David Ames



Marie and Phil Cargill

Work Completed to Preserve Lange Gravestones (continued)

“Sarah Dumas drove around with Richard Colburn, Sr. to take the cemetery pictures you see in this issue.”

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wife’s (Sarah) stones and the two big Lang stones in Hillside and cleaned them all. They did a good job.”

Thanks to Sarah Dumas (Aunt Nita’s granddaughter) we are able to show some “before” and “after” pictures of the markers. Sarah drove around with Richard Colburn to take the cemetery pictures that you see in this issue.

Be sure to log onto www.gardnernews.org and surf over to the Lang-Johnson-Eggleston Connection page to see some of the pictures more clearly.

Here is a list of the Lang gravestone markers that Uncle Raymond visited on his August 2010 journeys to the Hillside and Buck cemeteries in East Charleston, VT and to the Protestant cemetery in Island Pond, VT.

1. Jacob Hurd Lang and Sarah Sherbourne, Buck Cemetery, East Charleston, VT. (These stones were leveled and refurbished in 2010.)
2. Samuel Lang (1819-1859) (Son of Jacob and Sarah Lang, Buck Cemetery, East Charleston, VT.)
3. Janett S. Dolloff, Protestant Cemetery, Island Pond, VT. (Janett was the first wife of Andrew Lang.)
4. Alson Lang (1857-1861) Protestant Cemetery, Island Pond, VT. (Alson was son of Andrew Lang and Janett S. Dolloff. Gravestone is laying flat on the ground [2010]. Gravestone inscription reads: *“Without their tones of joy we miss our daughter fair and our little boy.”*)
5. Alice C. Lang (1858-1861) Protestant Cemetery, Island Pond, VT. (Alice was daughter of Andrew Lang and Janett S. Dolloff. I did not get a pic-

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Cleaned and Leveled Jacob and Sarah Lang Gravestones in Buck Cemetery

Aunt Lilla Gardner Passes Away

LILLA M. (PARADIS) GARDNER ESSEX JUNCTION - Lilla Mae (Paradis) Gardner, 84, passed away Friday, June 25, 2010, at Starr Farm Nursing Home in Burlington with her loving family by her side. She was born in Island Pond, March 29, 1926, daughter of the late J. Oswald and Mildred Rebecca (Bemis) Paradis. She was raised by her mom and stepfather, C. Earnest Rivers, known as Pop. She graduated from Brighton High School, Island Pond, Class of 1945. She worked as a telephone operator before marrying Adelbert C. Gardner in Island Pond on Jan. 26, 1952. They had a farm in Morgan for many years where all her children were born. In 1968 they moved to Essex Junction. Her husband predeceased her on March 17, 1996. Lilla Mae, Mom, Ma and Grammie, ALWAYS put her family first. She was the definition of Love. She was a dedicated wife, mother and grandmother. She was always in the kitchen preparing meals and baking wonderful desserts, especially pies. Birthdays were always a special occasion - a family tradition, with a special cake and everyone in attendance. This happened every month of the year and then there was Thanksgiving and Christmas. There was never a dull moment raising a family of nine. She happily carried on these traditions with her grandchildren and great-grandchildren. As a child, Lilla Mae loved the time spent at Trails End on Lake Seymour in Morgan with her Mom and Pop, extended family and friends. As Wife and Mom she loved family

gatherings, flowering plants, gardens and squirrels, car rides in the country, sunrises and sunsets. As Grammie, she loved games, anything to keep the children engaged. "I Spy" was a favorite of all. And for her time at the Starr Farm Nursing Home, wheel chair rides with her family along the Burlington Bike Path with views of Lake Champlain and word finds. With tear filled eyes we say thank you. Thank you for your unconditional love and your gentle spirit. A special, special lady. We miss you already. Lilla is survived by her nine children, Adele C. Dusablon and husband, Bruce, of Milton, Lorraine M Gardner of Williston, Rebecca O. Beaudoin and husband, Russell, of Essex Jct., Robert D. Gardner and wife, Debra, of Fla., William A. Gardner of Essex, Cynthia D. Dezotelle and husband, Randy, of Belvidere, Diane Gardner and Dana Steinberg of Essex Jct., Thomas C. Gardner and partner, Thomas Watkin, of Bradford, Milton L. Gardner of Essex Jct.. She is also survived by 17 grandchildren, Richard and wife, Cindy, Kevin and Megan, Jennifer and Justin, Jeffrey and wife, Jen, Nicole, Tyler and Chantelle, Justin and fiancé, Jamie, Brendon, Bethany, Heidi, Nathan, Hillary, Megan, Zachary, Isaac, Stephanie, and Monica; nine great-grandchildren, Ashlyn, Kylee, Katelyn, Abigail, Skyler, Regan, Riley, Willa, and Landon; many nieces, nephews, and cousins, including special cousins, Charles Burroughs and Marion Cole. She was predeceased by brother Glendon Paradis and wife, Edith, and three other

brothers, Olan, who was lost at sea in World War II, Colan and Ralph. She was also predeceased by a grandson, Brent, on Dec. 26, 2009. Family friends include Karen D'Agotino, Sharon Martin, Bruce Anderson and Brian Seeholzer. Visiting hours will be held on Tuesday, June 29, 2010 from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m. at A.W. Rich Funeral Home, Essex Chapel. Funeral services will be held on Wednesday, June 30, 2010 at 2 p.m. in the First Congregational Church in Essex Jct. with the Rev. Mark Mendes officiating. Burial will follow in the family lot in Fairview Cemetery, Essex Jct. Memorial contributions may be made in Lilla's memory to Starr Farm Nursing Center, 98 Starr Farm Road, Burlington, VT 05408. Those who wish may offer online condolences by directly visiting www.awrichfuneralhomes.com. Arrangements are by John D. Workman of the A.W. Rich Funeral Home Essex Chapel, 57 Main St., Essex Jct., VT 05452.

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"Thank you for your unconditional love and your gentle spirit."



Uncle Adelbert and Aunt Lilla's (9) Children

Letters to Will & Olive Gardner from a World War I Soldier

Since so much of this issue is devoted to the “Langs” of the Lang-Johnson-Eggleston connection, perhaps we should publish some more letters written by Captain Earl Lang of World War I fame. Earl was the half-brother of Will Gardner and brother of Edith and Edna Lang. We devoted a whole issue to him back in the spring of 2007. It’s *Gardner Newsletter* Volume 10, Issue 38, if you care to review.

To recap, Uncle Raymond reminds us: “Earl H. Lang was brought up on the Farm, born in 1895. He was a member of the National Guard in 1916 when he was called up. He spent the summer of 1916 in Eagle Pass, Texas. General Pershing and the National Guard were sent to Texas to punish Pancho Villa for mounting an attack on Columbus, New Mexico. They never did get Panch Villa, but declared victory and went home. Earl worked for a time with the Boston & Maine Railroad and also worked in construction. The National Guard called him up again on April 2, 1917. Earl died in a construction accident in 1929. The newspaper serial,

Ripley’s ‘*Believe it or Not,*’ featured him as the youngest captain commissioned in World War I.”

These letters are called the “Somewhere in France” letters because Earl traveled extensively throughout the country during the war. Censorship was very strict and actual locations had to remain secret. He addressed the letters to “Will and Olive” who were a young married couple at the time. In fact, Will and Olive Gardner had been blessed with only three (3) of the Original Gang of Ten – Aunt Ruth, Aunt Elizabeth, and Aunt Lois.

Somewhere in France: October 27, 1917

Dear Will & Olive,

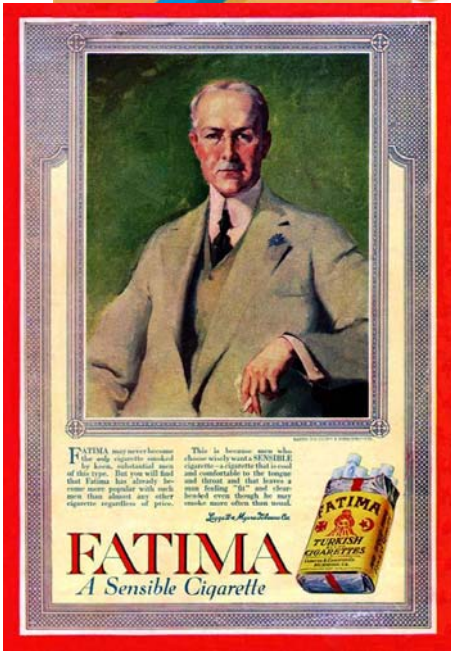
Just a line this morning to let you know that I am feeling fine. This is a wonderful country. There is something new to see every day. I am not working much now, but I expect to go to work again soon. We are boarding at an officer’s mess and living first class. It costs us a little over a dollar a day if we have butter; but we don’t mind that so long as there is plenty to eat. We are so far from town that it doesn’t pay to go, - so all I do is eat and sleep. I go to bed at 7:30 (which is 2:30 in the afternoon in Ver-

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mont, or 12:30 in Texas), and I don't get up until 6:45, so I'm having some rest.

You ought to see me with my new "SAM BROWN." It is a heavy leather belt about three inches wide with a narrow strap over my right shoulder. I look like a pack-mule when I get all harnessed up. I went out yesterday afternoon with my field glasses and I had a lovely time. The country around here is simply grand. The only trouble is that it isn't safe to go far without a rain coat. I'm wearing the one I bought off you and it is proving fine. I also have a pair of sixteen inch Bass shoes that I bought in Burlington for \$15.00 – some price for a pair of shoes – but I wouldn't give them up for \$25. If you want to send me anything, send me some **FATIMA CIGARETTES** and some **7-20-4 CIGARS**. I am smoking one of the cigarettes that I got over here and it fairly makes me ugly. I look at it twice before I put it in my mouth to decide whether to smoke it or throw it away.



Have you been to Lyndonville lately? I am awfully glad that I went home when I did for it was only a week after that when I left. I would like to drop in at a certain place in Lyndon that I know, but don't expect I will be able to again for some time.

Will you be able to pay my insurance? Do you think the two policies will amount to about \$50? One comes due in January and one in March. Mother will endorse it on your notes if you will and I don't want to drop them now anyway. I think we will have the chance to take Government Insurance at the rate of \$8 per year, per thousand dollars; and, if I do, I am going to take at least another five thousand, for it might come in handy.

Don't forget to write really often. I haven't got any mail yet, but expect to have some before long.

Lots of love to you all.

Your loving brother,

Earl

The 7-20-4 Corona is a cigar that most people may not remember, or may have never heard of. The cigar was originally created by R.G. Sullivan, who was rumored to be the largest maker of 10 cent cigars back in the early 1900's. The cigar was named after the original R.G. Sullivan factory address; 724 Elm Street. The original 7-20-4's were blended from 1875 until the R.G. Sullivan factory closed its door in 1963. Kurt Kendall, the owner of Twins Smoke Shop, with locations in Londonderry and Hooksett, New Hampshire, has decided to bring this brand back, blending tobaccos from Nicaragua and Honduras. I was lucky enough to get in on a box split of some of these cigars, and I thought what better way to honor what Kurt is doing, than to give him a review of this cigar?!

Somewhere in France: January 27, 1918

Dear Will & Olive,

Your very welcome letter received a few days ago and, needless to say, I was very glad to hear from you again and that you were all well. I think, by your letter, that you must be having a very cold winter in Vermont. I guess it is colder and more snow all over the States than usual, by reports in *The New York Herald*. They print daily editions in Paris so we are not entirely out of news from the States even if we are somewhere in France. I have been very busy lately and I am going to have more to do again very shortly, for it is nearly time to figure payrolls and pay the men again. I have just finished the billeting payrolls for the month of December. That is the payrolls for the civilian population for use of their houses as billets for the officers and men. I handled between \$40,000 and \$50,000 for the month of December. Now I have got the same to do for January. They are pulling wires to get me into the Division Disbursing Quartermaster's Office where they handle over \$1,000,000 per month. I sure would like the work, but there is some responsibility. I think I wrote you in my last letter that I have satisfactorily

passed my examination for promotion to first lieutenant. Now I am just waiting for my papers to get back from headquarters. This will give me an increase for pay of \$27.50 per month, or a salary of \$2,200 per year for overseas service. Not too bad for a kid, is it?! The one thing that makes me feel as though I must be making good is that I am in a strange outfit and I am going over the heads of second lieutenants who had commissions when I was a private. I expect my first lieutenant commission by February 1st. And, if I do, this is my record:

- Enlisted in First Vermont Infantry March 6, 1916.
- Appointed Private First Class on July 1, 1916.
- Appointed Corporal from Private First Class on March 28, 1917.
- Appointed Supply Sergeant from Corporal on May 1, 1917.
- Commissioned Second Lieutenant on May 7, 1917.

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- Transferred from First Vermont Infantry to 101st Ammunition Training Division on August 23, 1917.
- Promoted to First Lieutenant on February 1, 1918.

That isn't very bad for less than two years service, is it?

I have had some very nice letters from Verna and from home also, and several nice boxes. But I am afraid the box that you people sent me has been lost. Sill, I am watching the mail for it just the same. Well, guess I had better ring off for there is a shortage of paper in France already. Ha. Ha.

Love to you all,

Your loving brother,

Earl

Somewhere in France: February 18, 1918

Dear Will & Olive,

Just a line this afternoon to let you know that I am still among the living - but too busy to write a letter, so I'll just send a card. Haven't had any mail for so long that I have almost forgotten what it is, but I am still hoping.

Lots of love to you all.

Your loving brother,


Earl

Somewhere in France: February 27, 1918

Dear Will & Olive,

Your very welcome letter of January 15th arrived this morning. And I assure you, I was very glad to get it, but very sorry to see by it that Will wasn't feeling well. And I just received a letter from Mother dated February 4th saying that Will had been having a **QUINCY SORE**. You have my heartfelt sympathy if they are anything like what I have heard that they were. Mother wrote in her letter that Edith had been sick too. I hope you are all

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 Quinsy is an abscess between the back of the tonsil and the wall of the throat. It's also known as a peritonsillar abscess. It happens when infection spreads from a swollen tonsil to the area around it, usually during a severe case of tonsillitis.

The symptoms of quinsy are similar to tonsillitis and include:

- a worsening sore throat, usually on one side,
- fever,
- difficulty opening the mouth
- difficulty swallowing
- drooling rather than swallowing your own saliva and
- swelling of the face and neck.

Quinsy is now rare because most people get effective treatment for tonsillitis early enough to prevent it. Quinsy may be suspected if you have a sore throat that gets a lot worse very quickly, or tonsillitis with more severe symptoms than normal.

Quinsy is treated in hospital. The abscess that has formed has to be aspirated (the pus is sucked out) and antibiotics may be needed to prevent the infection spreading.

An operation to remove the tonsils (tonsillectomy) may be recommended a few months after quinsy.

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well by this time. If you are not, you had better all come to France and live with me, for I am feeling fine.

They say that this is a terrible war, but I say that I have just as good a war as anybody had, for I have plenty to eat and a good bed to sleep on and rather a nice room, considering a little bit. I mean by that, in my room I have what used to be a steam radiator to look at and a window two feet square and a few other comforts too numerous to mention. And, for the exception for a few shell holes in the walls, I have very comfortable quarters. I have made this sound a little worse than it is, for, on the whole, I really have a very good place.

I have the same old job as Agent Officer for the outfit. And tomorrow I cease sleeping for a week or ten days to figure payrolls, so don't be surprised if I neglect to write again for a few days.

I received a very nice letter from Verna this morning and, nicer still, she said she was sending me a box of my old favorites – **7-20-4 CIGARS**. You see that will help lick the Germans, for I can't work if I don't smoke and I

can't get cigars here that are any good. And, of course, "Uncle Sam" could never do without me to help him. Ha. Ha. They tell me in letters from home that "Betty" has gone to Florida to work in a hotel. Can that really be possible? I can't imagine it. I am sure I was sorry to see by your letter that you had to kill Rosie, for horses must be gold over there now. But, of course, if she had gotten so that she was of no use, it was perhaps the best thing to do.

Well, I must close now and go to mess. I'll say good-night.

Lots of love to you all.

Your ever loving brother, *Earl*

Somewhere in France: October 15, 1918

Dear Will & Olive:

Just a line this afternoon to tell you the good news. My transfer to the Air Service has come through at last. I leave tomorrow morning to report for my examination. So probably by the time that you receive this letter, I will be playing with the birds.

Did you know that I was in the hospital for awhile with the mumps? Yes. And I had a great time too, for they sent me to a French hospital where nobody spoke a word of English and I was the only American there. I wasn't sick at all, but they kept me in bed for a whole week and it seemed like ages. I feel fine now, though, and I guess the rest did me good for I really got fat. I weigh 150 pounds; and though that is five pounds less than I weighed when I came over, it is more than I have weighed for a long time.

The only thing that worries me is for fear that the war will be over before I can get my training and get into the line again in my new branch of the service. If I can get in and make good, I intend to follow the game because I think you will see the **AIR SERVICE** turned into the **US MAIL SERVICE** and the fellow that is in it at the start ought to land a pretty good job. I just love that game and when I get

up, I hate to come back to earth again. I feel as though I could just live in the air.

Did you know Captain Hartwell of St. Johnsbury? Well, he is going into the Air Service too. I don't think we will be at the same place. I am going through that wonderful city of France that begins with P and has five letters. I have never been able to get there yet in all the time I have been in France. I probably will not have long there this trip, but I will have seen the place at least. I rather dread the trip alone because the French railroads are so slow and the customs of the people so different from America that I hardly know how to act. I can speak a few words of French now, so I guess I will get along all right.

When I got out of the hospital I had a long ride in an ambulance to a railway station to get back to my outfit and I got to the station after dark. It was raining; and when I went to get aboard the train, there was a French second lieutenant who was the acting Railway Transportation Officer for the French. He wouldn't let me ride because it wasn't a military train. I walked along beside the train and it was just loaded with French enlisted men. He wouldn't let me get on. He climbed up on the platform and when I would go to get on, he would push me

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After World War I, which provided a proving ground for the flying machine, the Post Office undertook a serious expansion into airmail service. As early as 1911 it had experimented with the airplane, sponsoring several flights at fairs and meets in more than two dozen states. In 1916, during the war, Congress even authorized a transfer of funds for the purpose, but it was not until 1918 that airmail service was begun in earnest. Using planes and pilots on loan from the Army Signal Corps, the Post Office began the first regular airmail service, between New York and Washington, D.C., on May 15 of that year. The date marked an important moment both in the history of the Post Office and commercial aviation.

The Post Office soon took complete control of the service, using its own planes and pilots, and despite reliance on primitive equipment and a lack of all navigational aids and weather data, compiled a remarkable safety record. The public was at first reluctant to pay the 24 cents charged for airmail letters, but interest picked up by 1920, when, on September 8, the last links were made to connect New York and San Francisco. By 1926, when the Post Office began contracting service with commercial airlines, it had won several awards for its pioneer work in night flying, the development of navigational aids, and the general advance of aviation in the United States. The transfer of equipment and stations to the Department of Commerce and municipalities was completed by 1927, when the Post Office put all airmail service under contract to independent carriers.



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off. I waited until the train started and then I swung on and caught him by the neck and seat of the breeches and threw him off the train. The last I saw of him, he landed in the middle of a large mud puddle. The next day I had to go to him again for transportation for some of our men who were going back to school and he was just as nice as he could be and couldn't do enough for me. Can you beat it?

Isn't it a sad thing about Robert McDowell? I really can't make it seem possible that he is dead. I do pity his people for they thought the world of him. I am going to write to them just as soon as I can get time.

They are having a great time trying to find someone to take my place in the train. I guess they are trying to get some officer from General Headquarters. I tell you – it is great to be so important as all that. Ha. Ha.

I hate to leave the outfit in a great many ways – worse than I did to leave home – and I flatter myself enough to say that I am leaving a lot of friends. The boys in my

office hardly know what to do with themselves. They say it's like losing their father.

Well, I have a lot to do to get ready to leave, so I will not write a very long letter this time.

Heaps of love to you all and don't worry.

Your loving brother,

Earl



Earl Lang VT National Guard 1916

Somewhere in France: November 3, 1918

Dear Will & Olive,

Just a line tonight to tell you that I have completed my course at the school where I was when I wrote you last. Now I am at an artillery school near Bourdeaux. I will have about two weeks here and then, if I am successful, I will go to another school for a six weeks course where most of my work will be in the air. They keep me busy most of the time. Here is what my hours are:

- Breakfast at 6:00 a.m.
- Class in radio from 7:30 to 8:30 and other classes until noon.
- Noon = Lunch

Next class is at 1:00 p.m. and the last class at 6:00 p.m.

We have from 6:00 to 7:30 p.m. to eat and a lecture from 7:30 to 8:30 p.m. After that, we have to study our textbooks for our classes next day. I am messing a mile from the school and have to walk each way three times, or six miles a day besides.

I like my work real well and seem to be getting along fairly well considering. I will be an expert wireless telegraph operator when I complete my course in addition to several other things (if I don't get my neck broken before that time comes). There were 15 of us in my class when we started, but two of the men are now in the hospital. My roommate, another captain, went this afternoon with pneumonia. I am awful sorry because he was a fine fellow and wanted to complete the course with the class he started with. I am feeling fine so far and eat like a pig. It seems so funny to be back here and not have to worry about "Boshe" shells - the last two weeks being the longest time that I have been out of range of a gun since the fifth of last February. I have seen quite a bit of action on the ground. And now, to make my trip to France complete, I want to see a little in the air before it is all over.

I saw a pilot and his observer a few days ago who were just getting back from the hospital. One lacked three fingers and the other got a machine gun bullet through the front of his neck and it came out between his shoulders in his back. He had a stiff neck and the wound healed; but he was so anxious to get back to the line again, when his pilot went he made them discharge him

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from the hospital. They had both been over here over a year and they worked with my outfit during the Chateau-Thierry drive. This sure is a wonderful game. Can you imagine flying down through an artillery barrage? The shells whistle close by at times and they said it looks as though every gun was pointed directly at you. They do hit quite a lot of planes, but it has to be done, so why not do it? It is one thing that has deer hunting trimmed a mile!

Say, I haven't heard a word from the States for over a month! I am beginning to wonder if you are all right over there. I sent my new address to my old outfit about a week ago so they could forward my mail to me. Probably in another month I ought to hear something. Even my present address is so insufficient that it will take some time because it will have to go to headquarters of the air service and then they will look me up on their records and forward it to whatever place I may be. After I complete my training, I expect to be assigned to a squadron and then I will have an address. Well, as I have "beaucoup" work to do, I will say tood night.

Heaps of love to you all.

As ever,

Your loving brother, *Earl H. Lang*

Military Rites for Earl Lang

From: *Caledonian-Record*, Tuesday, November 6, 1929

Military funeral services were held for captain Earl H. Lang of Rutland at the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Lang in Lyndonville Sunday afternoon.

The Rev. A. M. Markey of Groton, former pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Lyndonville was the officiating clergyman. Company D of St. Johnsbury and Company CD of Lyndonville were present as representatives of the 172nd regiment. The bearers, members of the two local companies were: Captain H. A. Wilcox, Sergeant L. C. Moreacy, Lieutenant Cecil Burns, Leon Hopkins, Oliver Ouellette, and J. Eugene Nadeau.

Burial was at the Lyndon Center Cemetery.

Captain Earl H. Lang had an excellent record in every military organization of which he was a member. He was a member of Company D when it was called out for service at the Mexican border in 1916. At that time, Company D was made up of

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Somewhere in France: November 20, 1918

Dear Will & Olive,

Well, here we are again – still well and happy as can be. I have finished my course in artillery and radio and now I am at another school getting my aerial gunnery. I fly several times every day and today I was up and our motor went dead. We had to make a forced landing. We are flying hydro planes and fly over a large lake. And today, when we came down, we landed out in the middle of the lake. They thought we had an accident and sent out a high powered boat; but when they found we only had a dead motor, they went back and sent us a tug boat to tow us in. We got part way back and the motor in the tug stopped and we had to wait awhile before they got it fixed again. I just love to fly – and when I get up, I hate to come down.

We have machine guns on our plans and targets in the lake. Then we shoot at them from the air. It is sure great sport. The guns we are using will shoot 600 shots a minute, so you can imagine what it looks like in the water near the target when we are shooting. I get \$50.00 a month extra for flying and it is only extra pleasure for

me. It looks as though the war is over, but I am not so sure. I hope it is. Yet, on the other hand, I would like to see a little action in the air.

My old division was chosen as part of the army of occupation; and if I am sent back to it, I will probably not be home for a couple of years more.

I am getting worried about you people because I haven't heard from anyone in the states for two months. Well, I'll say goodnight for now.

Heaps of love to you all.

As ever, your loving brother,

Earl

(Continued from page 12)

men from Lyndonville as well as St. Johnsbury. He was made a corporal and later a sergeant in the company.

He was commissioned a second lieutenant while the First Vermont regiment was at Fort Ethan Allen and was with one of the first regiments to go to France, being attached to the 101st ammunition train, 26th division. Immediately upon landing in France he was sent on an important run to the front. He made the 400 mile trip with a train of trucks. He made the

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Work Completed to Preserve Lang Gravestones *(continued)*

(Continued from page 2)

ture of the gravestone. Gravestone inscription reads: *“’Tis hard to yield them to the dust so youthful and so fair, but oh, the joy to know they will not always slumber there.”*)

6. Laura Belle Lang (1862-1869 Buck Cemetery, East Charleston, VT. (Laura was daughter of Andrew Lang and Janett S. Dolloff. Laura is said to be buried in Buck Cemetery, but I could not find it in 2010. Gravestone inscription reads: *“Little Lora is an angel now. We lift our eyes from the lowly sod, and with aching hearts we kiss the sod, with submissive heart we truly pray. The Lord gave and he taketh away.”*)
7. Alexander C. Lang (1830-1899) Hillside Cemetery, East Charleston, VT. (Alexander was son of Jacob Lang and Sarah Sherburne.)
8. Angelina Handy (1835-1896) Hillside Cemetery, East Charleston, VT. (Angelina was wife of Alexander Lang.)
9. Frank Butler Lang (1862-1916) Hillside Cemetery, East Charleston, VT. (Gravestone refurbished in 2010. Frank was son of Alexander Lang and Angelina Handy.)
10. Mildred Lang Miller (1888-1968) Hillside Cemetery, East Charleston, VT. (Mildred was daughter of Frank Butler Lang and Lillia White. She married Miller.)
11. Glendolene Lang Lee (1890-1993) Hillside Cemetery, East Charleston, VT. (Glendolene was daughter of Frank Butler Lang and Lillia White.)
12. Stella C. Lang (1857-1943) Hillside Cemetery, East Charleston, VT, (Gravestone refurbished 2010. Stella was daughter of Alexander Lang and Angelina Handy.)
13. Caroline S. Lang (1816-1904), Hillside Cemetery, East Charleston, VT. (Caroline was daughter of Jacob Hurd Lang and Sarah Sherburne.)
14. George Washington Lang (1825-1907), Hillside Cemetery, East Charleston, VT. (George was son of Jacob Hurd Lang and Sarah Sherburne.)



BEFORE: Frank B. Lang’s Stone



AFTER: Frank B. Lang’s Stone



BEFORE: Jacob and Sarah Lang’s Stone

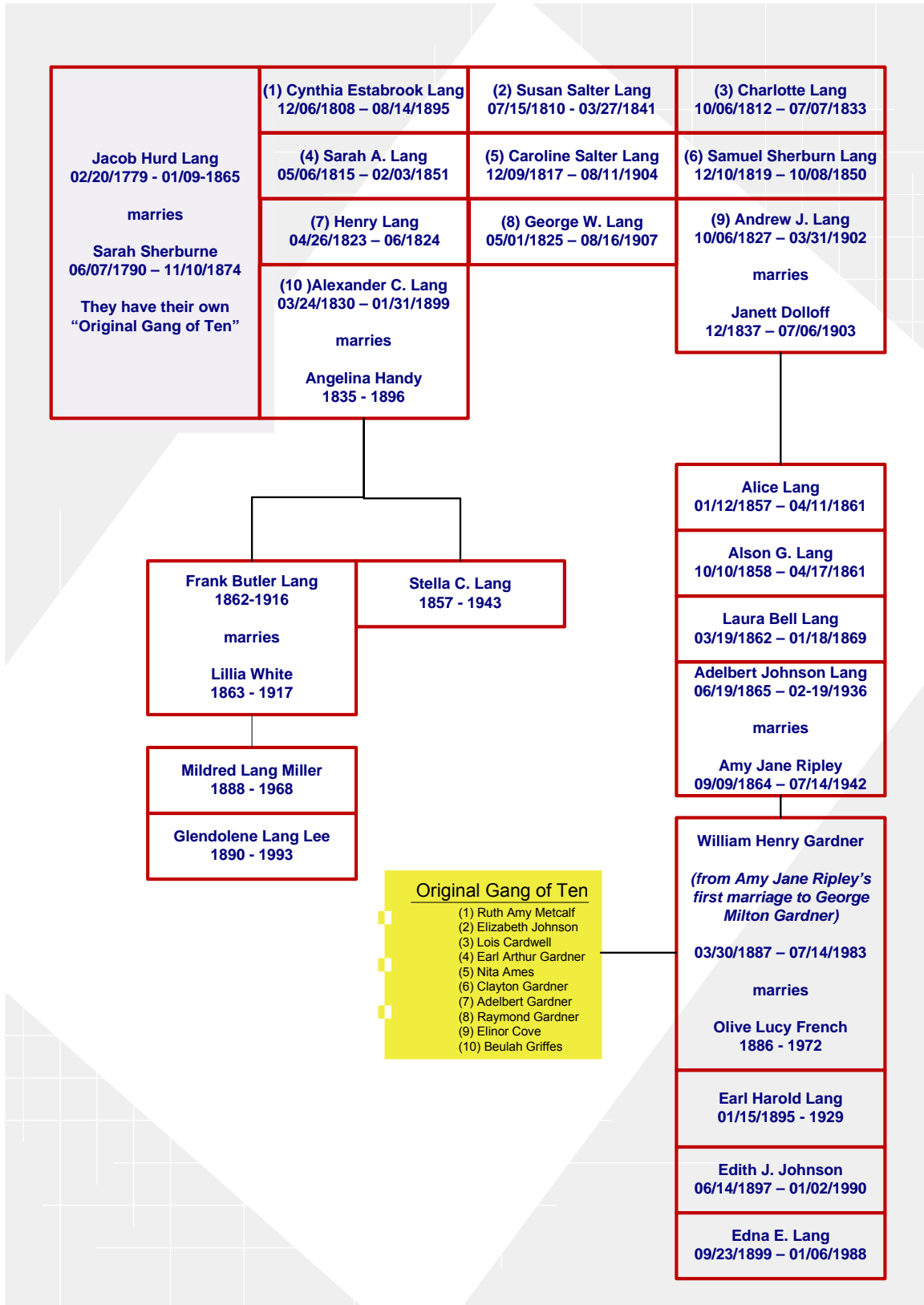


AFTER: Jacob and Sarah Lang’s Stone



Cleaned Lang Markers in Hillside Cemetery

Lang Relationships (charted by Elaine Goodall of Wolfboro, NH)



Obituaries of Earl H Lang and His Mother (*continued*)

(Continued from page 13)

trip without loss of life, although the train was under heavy artillery fire several times en route. Captain Lang was the duty officer on the train and was in charge. His great success within the ammunition train brought him his commission as first lieutenant. A few weeks later, he was made a captain.

He was in all major activities of the 25th division with the exception of a few weeks when he attended an air school where he qualified for an observer's rating. After a short while at the school, he returned to his old outfit and was with it at Chateau Thierry and the battles of the Argonne. He received several individual and company citations.

Following the signing of the Armistice, he transferred to the fourth division and went with it into Germany. He returned to the United States August 15, 1919. Several weeks later he received his honorable discharge from the army.

He married Verna Aldrich of Lyndonville, September 9, 1918. She is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alex Aldrich of St. Johnsbury. Besides his widow, he is survived by two children, Milton 9, and Earla May 6, his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Bert J. Lang of Lyndonville, two sisters, Mrs. Edward Johnson of Newport and Mrs. Ray Eggleston of Claremont, NH; and a half-brother, William Gardner of East Charleston.

Out of town people at the funeral were Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Kelley and son, Robert of Bradford; Mr. and Mrs. Ray Eggleston and son, Ronald of Claremont, NH; Mr. and Mrs. Edward Johnson of Newport; Mr. and Mrs. William Gardner of East Charleston; the Rev. and Mrs. A. M. Markey of Groton; Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Aldrich and son, Kenneth of St. Johnsbury; W. O. Erskine of Rutland, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Fagan of Windsor, and a Mrs. Fish and a Mrs. Stearns.

Card of Thanks.

To all those who extended many acts of kindness and sympathy at the time of the death of our loved one, Earl H. Lang, we wish to express our deepest appreciation. To the members of the American Legion, members of Company D of St. Johnsbury and Company C of Lyndonville, fellow workmen of the Marsh Construction Company, friends and relatives, and for all the beautiful floral tributes, we express our sincere thanks.

Mrs. Earl H. Lang and family
Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Lang
Mr. and Mrs. Edward Johnson
Mr. and Mrs. Ray Eggleston and son
Mr. and Mrs. William Gardner and family
Mr. and Mrs. Alex Aldrich and family

MRS. AMY J. LANG

Mrs. Amy J. Lang, who passed away at her daughter's home in Claremont, NH, July 14, 1942, was born in Nova Scotia, September 9, 1864. When a young woman she came to the United States, with her husband, Milton Gardner, and worked for several parties in the vicinity of Island Pond, VT, one of them being Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilder. The time she worked for Mr. and Mrs. Wilder she must have enjoyed as she so often spoke of it in later years.

She returned to Nova Scotia where her first child, William, was born. In 1888 she returned to the United States and worked for Andrew J. Lang and Son of East Charleston, VT. Later she was united in marriage to Bert J. Lang, son of Andrew J. Lang. There was born to this union three children, a son, Earl, who was killed at the age of 34 in an elevator accident at Rutland, VT and two daughters, Edith and Edna of Newport, VT and Claremont NH respectively. She lived in Charleston until 1912, where she had a host of friends; then they moved to Island Pond for a short time before moving to Lyndonville, where later they bought a home.

In 1922 they moved back to Nova Scotia to give her aged parents her tender care until her mother's death, when they returned to Lyndonville bringing her stepfather with them and caring for him until his death.

Mr. Lang passed away in 1936. Mrs. Lang continued living in her home at Lyndonville until her last illness in June 1941 where she went to her daughter's Edna Eggleston, at Claremont, NH where she received the same tender care until her death, she had given her parents.

The funeral was held in Lyndonville at the Wood and Trefren funeral home, Mr. John White of Montreal officiating and burial was at the Lyndon Center Cemetery. The bearers were Mr. Homer Johnson, Mr. Ed Johnson, Mr. Raymond Eggleston and Mr. Clifton Simmons.

She left to mourn her death one son, William Gardner of Island Pond, VT and two daughters, Mrs. Ed Johnson of Newport, VT and Mrs. Raymond Eggleston of Claremont NH, fifteen grandchildren, two great grandchildren and a host of friends who will miss her radiating personality.

