

OBITUARY

2-16-1919

(Because of delayed mails particulars regarding the death of Mr. Noe was but recently received).

Our Star of Blue Has Changed to Gold

Private Leo J. Noe of Wheatland, Wyo., late of the 91st division, Co. C., 316th Ammunition Train, A. E. F., died at Ceton, France, on Feb. 16, 1919. He was born Sept. 1, 1891, at Paxton, Nebr., the oldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Jonah Noe. He came with his parents to Wyoming in May, 1917, and registered for draft in the following month. He left for Camp Lewis, Wash., April 25, 1918, where he remained until June 28 when he left with his company for New York, sailing for France July 12. He was in active service with his company in France and Belgium until Feb. 1st, when he was stricken with pneumonia and taken to the hospital at Ceton where life passed away.

A letter from the commanding officer of his company to the parents says: "The soil of France holds the remains of no better American soldier, nor truer man. Always fulfilling his duty, ever amenable to discipline, brave as the bravest, his record is as clean and white as those whom he has now joined. . . His action on the field of battle where he participated in the Meuse-Argonne and Lys-Scheldt offensives, was that of a true soldier. Leo has given his life to his country as truly as tho he had fallen on the field of battle."

Several of his comrades also wrote letters of condolence to the bereaved family, in which Leo's many virtues and manly qualities were emphasized. He was buried with full military honors in a quiet French churchyard at Ceton.

Leo had been a devout member of the Catholic church since childhood and lived a pure and upright life. Besides his parents he leaves one sister, four brothers, and a large number of relatives and friends to mourn his loss.

Sometime, when all life's lessons have been learned,

And sun and stars forevermore have set,

The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,

The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,

Will flash before us out of life's dark night,

As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;

And we shall see how all God's plans were right,

And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

—May Riley Smith.