

[n.d.]

1-1

### NOAH T. PARSLEY

Noah T. Parsley is one of the Edmonson County veterans of the World War whose fore bears and relatives saw service of the various wars of the nation's past history.

His great grandmother, Elizabeth Isbell, according to tradition, was just a little girl in the Old Dominion when the French and Indian War was in progress; but she showed her devotion to her State by carrying food to the Virginia Continentals. One morning after she had carried George Washington's breakfast down to him on the battle front she lingered to see the fighting and witnessed the shooting of that young commande's horse from under him.

Her husband, Anthony Parsley, was born in 1768 and was too young to serve in the Revolution. He lived to the ripe old age of 102, however he saw two of his sons die on the battlefield of Shiloh, - one of them James Parsley, fighting with the North; and the other, Boyce Parsley, with the South. Three of his maternal uncles wore the blue at Shiloh. Their brother, John Anthony Parsley, a pottery-peddler, migrated from Tennessee to Kentucky, and settled on First Creek in Edmonson County in 1859 on a thousand acre farm he bought from Asel Houchin. Two years later, just as The Civil War was opening, he died and was buried at Poplar Spring.

Among the half-dozen small children surviving him was George Parsley, who became a public leader and one of the best informed citizens of the County. He was the father of Noah T. Parsley.

On the morning of March 28, 1911 Noah Parsley and Roscoe Jagers had been making ties and had them "taken up" with a few extra dollars in their pocket, the wanderlust seized them; and they and Thurman Parsley

6-1-11

proceeded to Bowling Green to enlist in the Army.

There being no recruiting office there, the other boys returned home but Noah proceeded to Glasgow and enlisted.

At that time Noah weighed 190 pounds stripped and stood 5 feet 11 and 3/8 inches. The examining physician pronounced him the most perfect physical man he had ever examined. What a contrast to his physical condition now after his service in the Army!

He reached the camp at Columbus, Ohio, on April 5 and was not long in learning "chow call" and a few things like that.

When they bundled him up with his outfit and equipment weighing 100 pounds, and started him out, he got sick of "this man's army" and his thoughts went back to the cooling waters of Nolyn and First Creek.

He would write home, at least. Noah said that was the first time he realized the necessity of an education and that it was not long until he was writing his own letters home. Those who know how well he writes now and how much he reads may marvel at the education he has acquired since that time.

On April 15, he was entrained for the Pacific Coast reaching Angel Island, California, five days later. Then after seven days on the Pacific he arrived at Honolulu, and two days later stopped over at Guam. There the ship took on coal and Noah took the mumps.

Eventually he went to the hospital in the Philippine Islands with a temperature of over 106, and the doctors pronounced it "dangy fever". Then they called it T. B. and said his death was imminent. Noah knew better and talked himself away from the hospital. In a few days he was in the Southern Islands with Co.

L, 9th Inf., doing drills and starrring on their baseball team.

Coming from Edmonson County he was a natural born ball player and made quite a reputation in the three leagues with which he played in the Army.

His initial pay was \$15.00 per month, but that was increased to \$18.00; and when he was made a sharpshooter, it was raised to \$21.60.

Full dress for the native Philippinoes consisted of a belt and a knife. When one died, his body was tossed into a stone enclosure to rot beneath the tropical sun and moulder in the mother earth.

On July 15, 1912, he returned from the Philippines by way of China Sea and the Pacific. In Japan he spent a couple of days, watching the natives travel about in their two-wheel, man-drawn carts. There the dead are buried in an erect posture and tamped downlike a telephone pole.

After seeing no land for fourteen days, he stopped over in Honolulu for a couple of days before continuing home.

When land was sighted, the band began to play "Home, Sweet Home", and Noah says the beautiful sight of his service experience was the sun-kist-shores of his native land as his ship steamed in through the Golden Gate. Eyes were wet with tears at the sight - and sobs of "Home, Sweet Home".

His next six months were spent on the Indian reservation in Oklahoma and the following 14 months in Arkansas.

Then he left for the Mexican border, but was honorably discharged at Laredo, Texas, on April 6, 1914 with

4-2-14  
07 28 W

a record of excellent service.

Noah's next term in the service began with his enlistment at Nashville, Tennessee, August 17, 1914, where he served for 4 months as a recruiting officer.

Then at his request, he was returned to the Philippines where he served with Co. G, 13th Inf. under one of the finest officers in the army, Captain (now Colonel) Charles H. Morrow, a twin brother of Governor Edwin P. Morrow.

One night they were awakwned to learn that they were surrounded by 5,000 Philippino warriors and the grass was on fire all about them. However, the fire was soon extinguished, one native slain, and order restored without a casualty.

From Camp McKinly he went to Camp McGrath, was made a Corporal, and started to an officers' training school. He was making a good record; but before he could get the course completed, he was transferred to the Southern Islands. He saw Magellan's monument and the wreckage of the ships Dewey destroyed July 4, 1898.

There Noah was made Supply Sergeant for the whole outfit of 6,000 men; and a little later, Captain Morrow made him his First Sergeant.

Then came the War; and Noah parted sadly from Captain Morrow whom he loved dearly. Morrow was ordered to Siberia and Noah back to the States.

Back in the States on August 13, 1917, after a few days in California, he reported to Camp Funsten, Kansas, volunteering. There he met General Wood's 70,000 men made up of millionaires, bankers, lawyers, farmers and what-nots.

After a three weeks seige of the measles, he reported to Co. A. 355th Inf. General Wood gave him

the longest furlough that had ever been granted anyone there; his Captain loaned him money for the trip; and Noah spent Christmas in 1917 with the "Home Folks in Old Edmonson".

His mother wanted him transferred to Camp Taylor. She wrote M. M. Logan, a cousin; he wrote to Senator Ollie James; he saw President Wilson; and in a few days Noah was with Co. I. 336th Inf. 84th Division at Camp Taylor.

After three months there he spent a couple of months at Camp Sherman, Ohio, a short time at Camp Mills, N. Y. and sailed overseas September 9th, 1918, with seventeen troop ships and a convoy of two battle-ships and a number of torpedo destroyers.

Passing Iceland and Greenland they entered King George's Strait were attacked by submarines, sent two of them down, and arrived at Liverpool after a voyage of fourteen days.

After a short rest he boarded a troop ship at South Hampton and sailed for Le Harve, France.

The vessel ahead of his was sunk a few minutes after landing he was forced to take shelter in a dug-out during an air-raid.

In describing his experiences "over there" Noah said, "We were ordered to Southern France for a few days, we found a sign on the car '8 mules or 40 men'. No soldier who went to France can say they never rode a freight train. No one would expect a soldier to tell things as they really were for we under went so many things no one else could realize. We were then ordered to the front. The sound being a continual heavy thunder, I could see the lightning as it flashed on the western front and continued day and night as we drew closer. We were on the front three days and nights.

87  
09 59

We got the scent of some gas and heard the great gas bomb pass. That great dread disease called "Flu" took hold of me I protested the Doctor's orders and was told I would be lucky if I got back to the Hospital, my fever was 105 degrees. I told him there was nothing wrong only I was starved. He told me my war days were over and I had but a short time to live, that I had T. B., I was sent to one hospital to another spending most of my time over there in hospitals. I finally was sent from France June 28, arrived in U. S. July 16, 1919.

Back home Noah spent several months in various hospitals; and was finally discharged (25% disabled) on October 22, 1919 at Camp Dix, N. J.

In giving a sketch of his life with Uncle Sam Noah said:

"I visited 8 foreign countries and many islands, crossed both oceans visited 38 States, and had a birds eyeview of the world."

Noah was born June 2, 1890 and was married March 25, 1920, to Miss Janie May Doyle. They have six children:

- Lillie May, born January 17, 1921
- Elsie Marie, born May 22, 1922
- Annie Urie, born October 29, 1923
- Noah Elliot, born December 6, 1926
- Wanda Layan, born May 24, 1928
- Catherine Morris, born December 14, 1929.

Submitted to the "Edmonson County News", July 23, 1931, by Charles E. Whittle. The American Legion.