

CORPORAL EDGAR HUBBARD FREEMAN, son of Rev. George W. and Jennie Freeman, was born at Centreville, Bibb County, Alabama, February 31, 1894. He came with his father to Shelby County, locating on a farm near Underwood--then Dogwood--in 1906. Here he tilled the soil for a year, then came to Montevallo and had employment with George Kroell as store clerk and livery stable manager, and subsequently with Brown Bros. Lumber Co. He was a bright-faced, jovial boy, of loveable disposition, attentive to duties, splendid in physique and character; one who extended the glad hand to and won the esteem of all.

When the tocsin of war sounded, he and his brother, John Isaac Freeman, between whom a twin-like attachment has ever existed, were among the first in the community to volunteer. They sought the nearest enlistment station, at Bessemer, Alabama, June 24th, 1916, and were assigned to the famous 4th Alabama Regiment at Montgomery. Together they went to the Mexican border; together they volunteered for the war against Germany, and together they became members of Co. D, 167th Infantry, which, as a part of the 43rd (Rainbow) Division, won imperishable fame on the battle fields of France.

Edgar, from the first a 1st class private, was made corporal in June, 1917. The brothers were in all the tests of endurance and entered the front line trenches with their regiment, on the 22nd day of February, 1918, and were with it in three bloody battles: Lorraine, Champagne and Chatteau Thierry. The first Germans to be captured by Americans without the aid of Allies, were brought in by Corporal Freeman and four comrades, Sergts. Hall and West and Corpls' Whited and Teske, for which they received each a Distinguished Service Cross and a Croix de Guerre. They met eleven Germans in No-Mans-Land, came to hand-to-hand combat with them, left nine lying on the field, and brought the other two in without a casualty among themselves. On this occasion Freeman shot one German loose from his grapple with Whited. On another occasion his squad was accompanying an advance leading across a road down which the enemy's machine guns were trained. Freeman observed that the squads were being mowed down as promptly as they stepped into this highway of death. Exercising his native wit and initiative, he saw that by manoeuvre the machine could be rushed and silenced, and under his direction this was promptly accomplished, when his and the following squads passed over in safety.

At the battle of ^{Champagne} ~~Lorraine~~ the 167th advanced under the most terrific and withering barrage that had, up to that time ever been projected. Corporal Freeman, passing up and down the trenches, steadying the men for the ordeal, was told that a shell had struck within a few feet of his brother, and had blown him into atoms. With sickened heart he sought the spot. Imagine his relief and joy when he found his brother unhurt, standing valiantly at his post, rifle in hand, while the shell, which failed to explode, almost buried, projected from the wall, hardly six feet away.

In the advance at Chatteau Thierry, Corporal Freeman, while creeping forward through the underbrush, was detected by a machine gunner, camouflaged in a tree, and became his target. He was struck in the back and severely wounded, but managed to drag himself into a ditch where water was running, where a comrade soon found him, and with the corporal's assistance located the German gunner and promptly plucked him off his perch with his rifle. As illustrating the soldierly fortitude and unselfish characters of our soldiers, while the corporal was being carried to the rear on a stretcher, he saw one of his men, Kirk Satterfield, of Huntsville, lying on the ground, fatally wounded. Against the protest of this private, Corporal Freeman ordered his bearers to put him down and hurry Satterfield to the hospital, as he was more severely wounded and required immediate attention, while he, himself, could wait. His comrade, however, died, soon after reaching the field hospital. In the same battle every member of Corporal Freeman's squad except himself, was killed or mortally wounded. In the same battle, also, his brother Isaac was severely wounded by an explosive shell which struck and shattered his hip. They were carried to different hospitals, and neither knew of the other's fate for nearly three months, when information came to them from home. They reached America in December, 1918, by different ships, meeting shortly thereafter in Atlanta, where Isaac was still in the hospital. Corporal Free-

man was assigned to the hospital at Camp McClellan, whence he soon obtained furlough to visit Montevallo. Here he was received in a manner befitting the return of a hero. In spite of the night and the snow covered ground, he was met at the station by a delegation of citizens, including most of the boys and girls of the town, and was kept busy truning on his one crutch to acknowledge the greetings on every side. Escorted to the hotel, until far in the night he entertained a charmed audience by relating his interesting and gruesome experiences. Subsequently the citizens presented him with a beautiful gold watch with an inscription of their appreciation of his distinguished services to his country.

He later received his honorable discharge, conditioned on the favorable progress of the healing of his wound, and with the privilege of re-entering the hospital.

On the triumphal return of the glorious 167th, Corporal Freeman was able to meet and parade with them in Birmingham and Montgomery. At this writing he has discarded all artificial aid to locomotion, though he limps slightly, and is awaiting, while he works again for Brown Bros., assignment to an Army Vocational School.

Corporal Freeman is a splendid type of those valiant Americans who accomplished what they went to Europe for in a manner becoming the world's best soldiers; who well deserve all the honors they have or can receive, and the unfaltering admiration and devotion of their countrymen.