

My name is Jackson Hatfield I am 10 years old. Me and my family are living in a small town in Ohio named Chillicothe. Chillicothe is where Camp Sherman is located. Camp Sherman was home to more than 40,000 people prior to World War One. The last time I saw my dad he was leaving with all the other doughboys heading to the war in Europe.

I went to the general store because my mother gave me a list of supplies to pick up. It was a crisp autumn day and in a swirl of leaves I heard a voice shout “extra, extra, read all about it!” I ran to grab a newspaper. The headlines read, “GERMANY SURRENDERS, GUNS GONE QUIET” It’s a miracle! We’ve won the war! But what about my dad? As I was heading out of the store with my supplies for my family I spotted my father on his way home from the war, my eyes stung with tears of joy, my words could barely escape my mouth. “Father!” I cried as I ran toward him. “You’ve been gone forever!” “Yes, yes I know but that’s over and I am home with my family again” he said calmly.

Once we arrived home my mother and I sat down with him and he told some war stories and said how much he had missed us. My mother shared with him the tragic news that the Spanish Influenza had killed over 1,500 people at Camp Sherman and the surrounding area. This was a terrible disease that killed tens of thousands of men, women, and children overseas. So many people died of this disease that the Majestic Theater was used as a morgue and embalming place. The blood from all the dead bodies was left in the alley. This alley became known as “blood alley.”

Father settled in rather quickly but now it was time to get a job. This was no easy task since there were many people including immigrants and former soldiers looking for work. You see, as the boundaries of countries in Europe changed as a result of the war many people fled to the United States to escape the hardship and seek better lives. Chillicothe became a city of people from multiple nationalities all competing for a better life. Times were about to change for us.

My father got a job at the Mead Pulp and Paper Company. Most of the paper product they produced was used for magazines and newspapers. Magazines and

newspapers are my family's main source of information. Eventually this would change because in the 1920s as I got older new technology became available such as radios and phonographs. One evening my dad walked in the door with this funny looking box and it started playing funny music. My dad said "this is jazz music." My mom and dad would later go to the Majestic Theater to listen to live jazz music and dance.

As the 1920s continued on strange things started happening in our house. We could make lights come on with a flip of a switch and the strange box started to talk. Electricity and radios were everywhere! As the 20s went on my father started bringing more electronics home. The greatest surprise was when my dad drove up in a 1926 ford Model T which I remember he paid less than 500 dollars for! The roaring 20s had arrived! The aftermath of WWI was full of promise for my family in Chillicothe, Ohio.