

AMERICAN

Y.M.C.A.

64 Bothwell St.
ON ACTIVE SERVICE

WITH

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES.

Glasgow, Scotland, May 28th 1919

Dear Madam:

I have learned from Mrs. Gardner of the American Club here, that you are desirous of getting in touch with someone who was with your dear boy at the last. I had that great honor, and I was at some pains to write you fully and promptly about my last, tender interview with him. But military red tape required that I, a "Y.M.C.A." man, should submit any communication of that kind to the Red Cross officials. I did so, leaving it in the care of Lieut. Martin who was in the Red Cross office. He promised to forward it to you.

Some weeks after that I met him and asked if he had sent it. He said: "No, they were going to write one from the Red Cross, too, and send them both together." Evidently you never received it.

I had just come to Glasgow and, as one of my first duties, went to Stob Hill Hospital on a strictly "Y.M.C.A." matter. There had been some irritation between the "Y" and the Red Cross in France about that time, so we had to be very careful not to trespass on Red Cross territory. But having heard that there was a brave American lad making a wonderful, gritty fight to live, I felt that, Red Cross or no Red Cross I would venture to see him, ^{as an American pastor.} I had been told that he had said: "Why, I can't

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die, I've got a mother and a sister down in Texas, and who will take care of them if I die? Why, I've got to get well!" Everybody, nurses and all, admired the plucky spirit of the boy. I went to his bedside and saw that he was very weak. The nurse had informed me that there was no hope whatever of recovery at that time. He told me he had had very kind treatment, that there was nothing at all he wanted to eat, that at that time he was not in any great pain; but I could see he was weak, and his voice was not above a whisper. I therefore spared him all I could as far

as talking was concerned, that is why I asked questions that he could answer with a word or so. I said: "Is there anything you want me to do for you?" He said: "Yes." "Is it a letter you want me to write?" "Yes." "It is to your mother," "Yes." "Is there anything particular that you wish me to say: "I'll leave that to your judgment." "Shall I tell her that you were trusting fully in Christ as your own, personal Savior?" "Yes" (He said this eagerly, and his eyes brightened as he said it. "Shall I say that your last thoughts were about your loved ones and your Savior?" "Yes", he said this with a bit of a smile - peaceful and as though he were perfectly reconciled.

He was a grand boy, and

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everyone over here who met him spoke in the highest praise of him. He was a great credit to you. You can rest happy in the thought that you were the mother of a son who showed the good work you had done in bringing him up. It is a costly sacrifice that you and he have been called upon to make for Humanity's great cause, but you will always know that you were the mother of a brave, noble boy who gave his life like a real hero, unselfishly, Christian. How good to know that he has entered into that rest that is un-

troubled by sickness or any
foe, even "the last enemy."
I hope, through God's rich
mercy, to be permitted to
renew the acquaintanceship
with him in the better country.
After our conversation, I asked
if he would like me to pray.
He responded earnestly. It was
a blessed moment right there
in the hospital ward. He
passed away soon after that.
I have been at his grave in
Craigton Cemetery, and will
have a picture of it for you
later. Meanwhile I am
sending to you, with my
compliments, and with my
most sincere sympathy, a
copy of a poem I wrote in honor
of these wonderful lads. The
only one I met in ^{this} life was your
son. He is the last one buried

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in the one big border (= a long plot) so that brings him on the end, just back of No. 1. The graves are 56 in a row - ~~head~~ and the ² rows are heads to heads, so altho' last, he has a very prominent spot on the highest end. The white cross has his name, No. on it plainly, as you will be able to see when you get the picture. I am not permitted to send it yet.

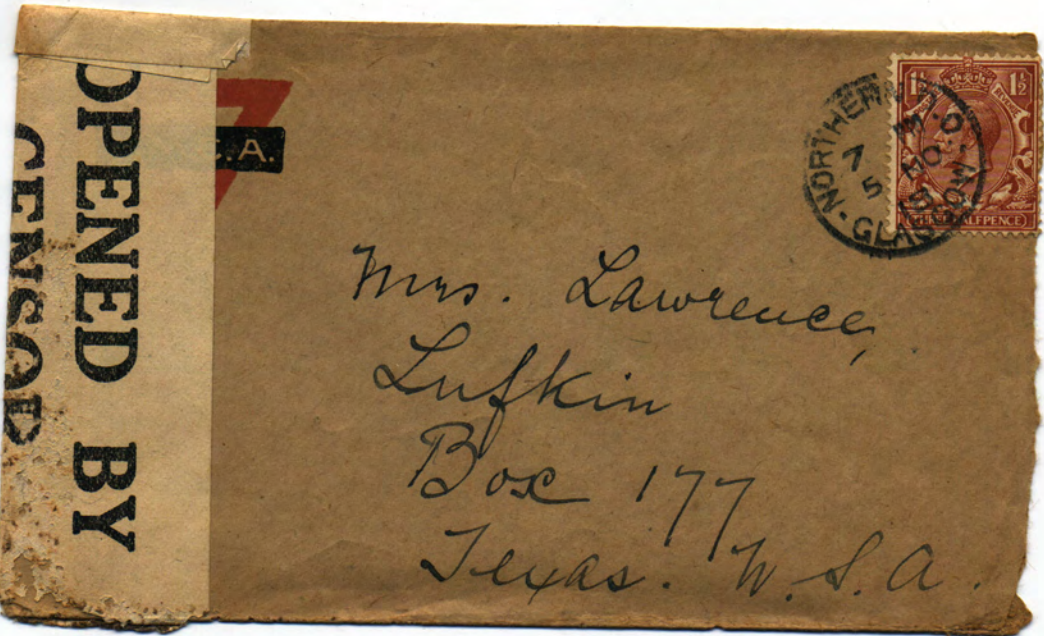
I might add, because it may be of interest to you, that in civil life I am a Methodist Episcopal pastor, having been at Cornell Memorial Church, 231 East 76th St., New York City

for the past thirteen years.
I have just had to relinquish
that pastorate on account of
my devotion to this war-work
for our boys. They still need
our work.

It is my expectation to
leave here July 1st I hope to
be back in New York sometime
in August. My address
there will be G. Travis &
Parks, 29 Broadway, New
York City.

I hope this will reach you
and tend to comfort you.

Very cordially yours,
James H. Lockwood.



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