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Mme Ida. M. Tarbell.

c/o Cosmopolitan Magazine

57th St & 8th Avenue

New York City. N.Y.

U.S.A.

Dear Madame. I lectured for the American Liberty Loan and Red Crap. in five Middle West States during the 1918 Campaign, by permission of my country's Federal Government. I had returned shortly before from service as a Canadian (born) Chaplain with our British and Canadian forces, and had seen the horrors, and experienced very bitterly the outcome of senseless War, against what men (few & most of them) call the right of the few to limit the freedom and rights of mankind. These few were the War Lords of Germany, headed by the greatest ass of them all, the 'mad cutter' Hohenzollern now settled in Holland. I had been for seven months attached to one Clearing Station (a temporary hospital), in Ypres salient Belgium, where women nurses were used. That was the nearest to the firing line women were allowed (twice) to Ypres itself, and could say "change and decay in all around I see". The very earth itself with gaping wounds seemed to utter a mute protest against the utter senselessness of man's desire for honor falsely so called. I afterwards was attached to our Canadian Field Artillery at Vimy Ridge, France, where our Canadian troops accomplished what British and French forces had twice before failed to do, ie drive the foe out. Our third past Governor General of Canada, Lord Byng Canadian Commander (1916) of the Canadians. He is now Lord Byng

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On my return to England in 1917 I served once again in the Shorncliffe area, including Folkestone. The day after my return from France, I went back to Folkestone, and within an hour of that return to my billet, where I had lived for a year before going to Belgium and France, I passed through the very worst air Raid, Great Britain has ever had to endure during the whole time of the War 1914-1918. My purpose in writing to you is twofold. First to say most emphatically that the phrase attributed to your General Sherman; viz "War is hell", is perhaps somewhat mild in its content. My experience leads me to say that the cartoon (one of many issued in England or elsewhere) wherein Old Nick is shewn giving Bill Hohenzollern as Kaiser the Keys of hell and saying something like this, "I quit Bill you have me beat." was not an exaggerated picture of events I heard of or read about, and having seen many refugees from Belgium and France, all about the places I was in, I can readily say that War as it was conducted by the fiendish methods of the German War staff, none of which were more frightful than the gas attacks, (cowardly unfair, utterly unmanly, utterly lacking in all sense of chivalry, if War anytime be chivalrous) that whatever hell may be, I saw with mine eyes gassed, wounded, dying and all other types of War results, by the thousands, but none of the horrors equalled Gas. It buried many, suffocated hundreds, and my very worst nerve shocks came from hearing, seeing, and pitying the gasping, struggling, for breath class of noble lads burning up internally. Never again. Never again will I want to see or feel what I had to in England, Belgium France in 1915-18.

My second reason for writing to you is to say that once when on my way out of Chicago to lecture at some Illinois City, I sat in a seat with a gentleman who introduced himself to me. I was in khaki and wore the uniform of a Captain (my rank) Over-seas. I found his name was Farbell. I said I had read some of your books with pleasure. "Are you a relation?" "Brother" he replied. We conversed until

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either he or I reached our destination, since which I have not heard about or from him, ~~not have I heard about him~~. Possibly he was your relation. Saw Madame, I am not introducing myself as one desirous of flattering you or seeking your autograph. Autograph hunters are often as merciless as head hunters of Borneo or etc etc. I'm simply giving you facts. What I desire most to say is, that I thank you for your books and articles on the World's greatest ~~Sleuth~~ Big-Heart. Of course our Lord Jesus is outside, beyond, and above all humans. But dear Abraham Lincoln, All man, big brain and Overflowing heart and soul, is my ideal among humans per se. I travelled forty or fifty miles once to Springfield Illinois to see where his relics lie. (or said to lie. I've been there & have doubts about it) I think of course that Abraham Lincoln, is like Lazarus, now in Abraham's bosom that is, he the Man Lincoln, is with God while "his soul goes marching on." I lectured in an Illinois town during that campaign, and was billeted with a Banker who told me that Lincoln was a great friend of his (the banker's father) I am not sure of the fact, but think that he told me that either Thomas Lincoln or Nancy Hanks Lincoln's body was buried in that same town. I spake that night in a Church. The place was crowded to the doors. People sat on the platform. Many had to stand up. I had with me my steel helmet, and two gas-masks, which I used during my lectures. That was a great attraction to many. They caused one business man in another town (which I afterwards learned to be Darlington's location for his story about "The Prince of New Canaan") "(I spake in the very court room mentioned in the story). to ask me to allow him to place the masks and steel helmet in one of his store windows. It was a Saturday I remember. I consented. It drew crowds to his store, and I thought it to be a shrewd business deal on his part. Just before the lecture, I called to get my ~~Relics~~ War relics which were on exhibition. He felt delighted at my kindness. and forced a ten dollar green back on me. Going back to the story of the lecture in the town referred to. I spake in as subjective tone as I could

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but not unctuously, or too flatteringly about my ideal man, Mr Lincoln. PS. I think Churchill's "Crisis" does not exaggerate (over Mr L). I said that he was more than a great American, he was a World's Man, he was as much my man as he was the American people's. He belongs to the ages, as Bachelder names him in his book. After the lecture a sallow looking deep dark hollow eyed, heavy black moustached man came to me, and thanked me for "the kind things you said about my cousin". Enquiry on my part, led me to the conclusion that this man was either third or fourth cousin to the great War President. But he was certainly not a giant. I am 5-8. in height, and weigh around 175. This man was not taller, and certainly his gauntness of frame made him look lesser in weight than I was then. That was 14 years ago. I once read this expression made, or I read it somewhere. "Apart from Christ, no other being save Abraham Lincoln for over four years ever bore the same burden of sorrow." I believe it. and A.L. The Martyr forever belongs to the ages to come. amen.

I hope you will pardon the length of this letter. If the gentleman who spoke to me on the train going out of Chicago in 1918, is your brother, and Miss. will you please (if you can) tell him by letter or by word of mouth, that a lover of Lincoln, who conversed with him that day, a Canadian Padre, wishes to be remembered to him. Hope that if he lives, he will be able to recall the occasion.

Thanking you fair Judge (in anticipation) for your extreme leniency in this case where I am being tried for prolixity, verbosity, extreme length & verbiage in words, and without desire or wish for pardon when I thank you for your books, not least for the Standard Oil exposure, and the cat and nine tails whipping given to Tom who is phrased "praise John from whom all blessings flow, praise him all creatures here below" (a good parody) I remain till Jesus Comes

very cordially Rev. Alan Patterson, B.A. Captain and Chaplain C.F. 1st B.C.F. 1915-18. also South Africa 1901-2 with Canadian C.M.R.

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