



# FORT WORTH CLUB



FORT WORTH, TEXAS Mar 11th

Dear Mr Carter:

If this reaches you may it bring a crumb of comfort from one who too late a soldier & not a soldier in uniform, but the bravest soldier I ever knew; never the less - a fine handsome six footer who at the age of 16 was stricken with T.B. and for eight years fought as none ever fought better; with the last four years of that time flat on his back in hospitals and sanitoriums in Colorado. During those eight years, he never uttered one word of complaint and always had a smile and joke for all. I am sure he knew for many years that he could not get well. His last words to his mother as a hemorrhage took him were: "It's all right mother". She joins me in deepest



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sympathy to you.

My prayers for him was for his recovery if it was for the best and may I pray this same prayer for your fine son who joined our Church just before he left to fight as our son would have liked to do.

If he has gone beyond recall, I hope he meets our Jack as I am sure they would be buddies in that land that knows neither war nor disease.

No one knows better your worry and sadness better than Mrs Clatt and I and she joins me in this.

Most sincerely,  
Mortimer Clatt