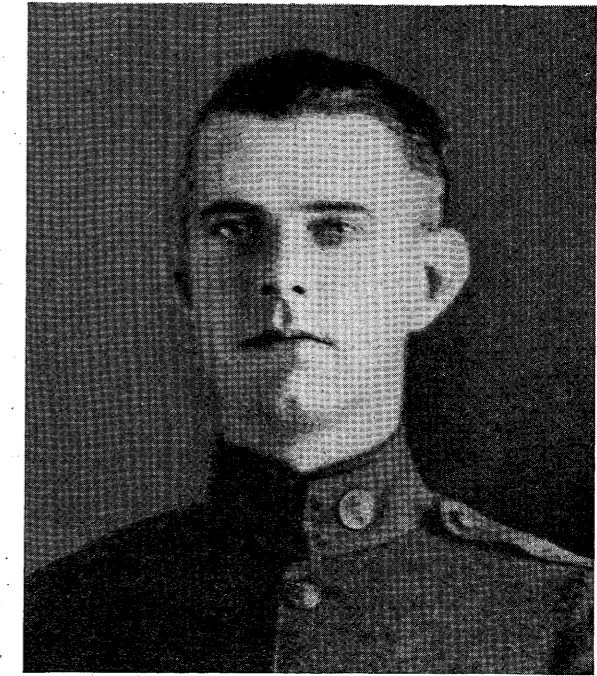


weak against the strong, in the cause of liberty and freedom, is exceedingly glorious. Archie Coats was brave in life and fearless in death. He travelled the path of duty with a high courage and an undaunted spirit. His name is written among the immortals. He had a big heart—a heart that beat strong in sympathy for the weak, the unfortunate and less favored ones of the world. He served at our School Camp and he never forgot the experience. The first pay he ever received in the army he sent as a donation to help some unfavored lad of the city to the camp and its instructive influence. And ever since his death portions of his money have always come to mark Archie's undying interest in the work for others less fortunate than himself.

What we say about this boy may not long be remembered, but what he did will ever be cherished and remembered as a glorious heritage and inspiration to the succeeding generations of sons of St. Paul's.



ALBERT LEWIS THOMPSON

1896-1900

ALBERT LEWIS THOMPSON was at St. Paul's during the years 1896 to 1900. His career was an excellent one at the School and on leaving St. Paul's he entered the University of Pennsylvania. In 1903 he left the University to engage in the lumber business. While travelling abroad, in 1905, he met Miss Ada Scarborough, daughter of Mr. E. M. Scarborough of Austin, Texas, and on returning to this country they were married at Austin. They established their residence at St. David's Pa., and Mr. Thompson entered the real estate business in Philadelphia. Mrs. Thompson died in March 1910, and the following year Mr. Thompson married Miss Clara Pitt Ellis, of Memphis, Tenn.

In May, 1918, Thompson enlisted at Camp Crane, Allentown, in the United States Army Ambulance Service and the following month sailed with his unit for Italy. While in active service with the Italian Army with Section B, U. S. A. A. S., Thompson contracted pneumonia and died October 27th, 1918, at Mantova, Italy, and was buried with military honors in the Italian-American cemetery at Mantua, Italy.

His commanding officer, Lt. Col. C. P. Franklin, A. A. S., wrote of him as follows: "His duty, whatever it may have been, was always undertaken promptly and efficiently performed, and he died, as all good soldiers should—without a complaint."

Speaking of his funeral, Lt. Col. Franklin wrote: "The coffin was draped with the American flag and our band followed, playing the beautiful and impressive funeral march. Then came a detachment of Italian soldiers sent by the military authorities of our Allies; then a detachment of Boy Scouts in their quaint costumes, sent as a compliment by the city authorities; and lastly a large body of our own men. As they slowly marched in funeral step, it made a very solemn and impressive sight. Arriving at the burial place, we halted while our men marched ahead and stood in open ranks, with heads uncovered, while the body was escorted through the ranks to the grave side. Here a chaplain, whom I had brought from an American Base Hospital sixty-five miles away the previous day, recited the last rites, and then a bugler blew taps while standing at the foot of the grave. I ordered some snapshots of the funeral, copies of which I will forward you so that you may have a picture of the grave and its surroundings. These will be sent you just as soon as the pictures are finished. The Italians asked who the man was that was buried with such fine ceremony and they cannot understand when we tell them, in

answer to their question, that he was neither an officer of high rank nor a man of great fame in his own country, and their astonishment is profound when we say to them that he was simply an American soldier. However, they quickly understand when we add that it is because he is as good a man as any who wears the khaki."