Private Emory M. Cox
Is Killed in Action

Son of Minister at Newburg Gives His Life in War That There May Be Lasting Peace.

WAS A BRAVE AND FAITHFUL SOLDIER

Excerpts from Many Christian Letters Showing Eternal Faith in Right and Justice.

Next Sunday at two o’clock Newburg will hold a memorial service in honor of its soldier boy who lies buried on the field of honor somewhere in France. The soldier, Emory M. Cox, was born in Calhoun county, July 8th, 1888. The telegram to his father announcing his death, signed “Harris, Adj.,” says: “Deeply regret to inform you that Pvt. E. M. Cox, infantry, is officially reported killed in action Sept. 12.” This telegram was received at the Newburg home nearly a week before it was given out by the war department for publication last Thursday.

Pvt. Cox was thus a little over thirty years old. His parents lived at Newburg when he was a boy, so he was well known there, although he had not

The young man was not called until the April call in 1918. He came to Camp Dodge April 30 and was placed in the artillery. Inside of three weeks he was transferred to Camp Travis, Texas, and in another month was at Camp Mills ready for over-sea duty. He sailed for France in June, and must have got into action in August.

Letters received by his parents, from which we clip a few passages, show that he was a manly, clean-cut Christian, ready to do his all, and hopeful for the future.

Just after he left Camp Dodge for Camp Travis the parents received a lovely letter from Robert R. Vernon, of the Camp Dodge Y. M. C. A., testifying to the young man’s high Christian character and genuine worth.

From a letter written from France July 9, we quote:

“Dear Father and Mother: I have been to church and just got back. I am feeling fine and hope you all are. This is a pretty country. There are mountains all around and we take hikes over there. We took a hike of eight miles yesterday and a nice swim. The water was cold and clear, so we could see the bottom, and it was over our heads. We stopped at a canteen on our way back and got what we wanted to eat. We have some good officers in this company. They couldn’t be better. I and one other boy went out in the mountains and prayed last night. He wants to be saved and I pray for him. He says it is too late but I think he will feel better soon. Pray for him and me too. Don’t worry about me. I’ll be all right.”

Under date of July 11 he wrote:

“Dear Father and Mother: I know you are praying for us boys over here, and that is what is going to win the war. If there were no Christians at home praying for us we could not win. * * * They are all good to me. We

had prayer meeting Sunday night. There were a couple more officers with us and we had a good time. * * * We have the best lot. He sure does treat us boys fine and we all think lots of him, and everyone of us would fight for him to the last breath. * * * I was in the field artillery at Camp Dodge and the country is so different. * * * We camp on a mountain to drill. It is level there and more like home.”

Again on Sept. 9 he writes his last letter. We quote in part:

“Dear Father and Mother: I got six letters—the 6th and 7th. It sure makes a fellow feel good to get mail from home even if it is a little late. * * * I just got back from the front line trenches and believe me there was some noise. Fritz sure could send over some shells. The boys call them G. I. cans, but Uncle Sam could send over a few more. I won’t say I wasn’t a little nervous because I think every one of us was. It wasn’t too bad when a fellow could get in a dugout. I feel thankful we all got back safe. I know God is with us. We can’t have prayer meetings now. We have no place to hold them, but I have them all by myself. * * * I am now in a Y. M. C. A. and there is a real American woman here, the first I’ve met since I left the U. S. A. * * * I think I may send you some money from here when I get paid but it won’t be much. I want you to use it any way you can to help your outfit. I would like to have the Church Advocate read. I could get lots of good from it. * * * Don’t write any bad words. You know more about the war over there than we do here. Write often. I will write when I can. Pray for us. I know you do. You have lots to tell us when I get home.”

“Pvt. EMORY M. COX
360th Inf., American Expeditionary Forces.”

Three days after writing his last letter the soldier gave up his life for his country.

He belonged to the devout Baptist stock which has done so much to make America the land of the free and all his letters breathe the same faith with which he made the soldiers of the Revolution sacrifice all to lay the foundations of a government based on equality and justice.

His sorrowing parents have the assurance that he lived the life of a high-minded soldier and died a brave soldier’s death with his face to murderous guns.

EMORY M. COX.
be born an actual resident there for a few years. His father, Rev. David L. Campbell, is pastor of the Church of God at Newburg, now in his third year. Before that time, he had been preaching in northwestern Iowa and has a son farming near Harwood. Emory Cox was with his brother when he registered in the draft June 5, 1917, and claimed Newburg for his home.