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July 3rd, 1922.

Brigadier-General Harvey Kearsley, C.B., D.S.O.,
7 Southwick Crescent,
London, England.

My dear Harvey:-

I hope you will not mind my making use
of a typewriter in writing a letter to you.

I have often wanted to write, have often thought about you and have wished to tell you how sorry I was that I did not see you when I was in England last year. I was there more than a couple of months and one would think that was long enough to see a good many people, but a month of that time was spent in Scotland and ten days in France, and as I had a good deal of work to do in connection with University matters, I did not get far away from London. I asked Colonel Alexander a short time ago to get me your address and this morning I had a letter from George Farmer giving it to me.

He tells me that you are out of the Army now and also, what I am more sorry to hear, that your baby has been very ill. I hope by this time that she has fully recovered, for I remember how very fond you seemed of her in the days when we were together. It seems a long cry to Wicpe, to St. Jean Capelle, to Hoograft, the Somme and Vimy. It is an association which I recall with a good deal of pride and pleasure. I think you know just how much I valued the help you were to the old division and to myself. I know very well that my subsequent promotion was due to you and them.

Perhaps now that you are free you will find the time to make a visit to Canada. You can take a boat from Liverpool and not leave it until you reach Montreal. I feel sure that you would enjoy a visit to Canada and that you would find you had many warm friends here.