

May 22nd, 1922.

W. M. Nickle, Esq.,
Kingston, Ont.

My dear Major:-

Thank you very much for your letter
of the 19th.

The tobacco pouch is mine. You will remember that as I got into the car I filled my pipe, barely getting a filling out of the pouch. In attempting to put it back into my pocket I must have put it on the seat. I looked for it the next morning and came to the conclusion that somebody had stolen it from my pocket. I shall be very glad to get it.

Please remember me most kindly to your father and mother. I am deeply grateful to you all for your kindness to me last Wednesday night.

With all good wishes, I am,

Yours faithfully,