

Appreciations

From Major E. Percival Brown,
C.E.F.

Mons, Belgium,
20, 11, 18.

Dear Mr. Fudger:

From a letter received a day or so ago from my father I learnt for the first time of the illness and death of my old friend Dick—one of my best friends for over 30 years past.

Many a time in recent months I have looked forward to seeing him on my return to Canada—chatting over the experiences of these war days and the incidents of those happier ones of long ago.

His rich, many coloured nature endeared him to us all and we shall miss him sorely—irreparably. To Mrs. Fudger and yourself I can say little that will avail in your sorrow, but sympathy of Mrs. Brown and myself you have in fullest measure.

Yours sincerely,

9th Bn., C.E.F.
B.E.F., France.

E. P. Brown.

From Sir William Orpen, A.R.A., to Mrs. R. B. Fudger.
c/o D. A. P. M., A. P. O. S26,
B.E.F., France,
28-1-19.

My dear Mrs. Fudger:

Thank you so much for your letter, which I have just received. I would have written to you before, but I did not know your address. A little girl I know in London wrote and told me the sad news a few weeks ago; she had often heard me talk of him—and she was told about it by a Mrs. Reynolds, a friend of hers who lives at the Carleton Hotel, London.

I cannot tell you how sorry I am for you. He was a great chap—and had the real joys of life, which to me is the greatest thing of all—and rare. Thinking of him I think of Maurice Baring's great poem on Lord Lucas who was killed out here—I cannot remember the exact lines, but they run something like this:

"Nothing awry, not anything misspent,
Only content, content beyond content
Which hath not any room for betterment."

Please remember me to his parents, though I never had the pleasure of meeting them, but I congratulate them on producing Dick—a real joy to those who came in contact with him.

Yours very sincerely,

William Orpen.