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Fort Kamehameha
Oahu, T.H.

January 28, 1926.

My dear Dr. Cushing -

Those pictures and your letter were so unexpected and so much more than my deserts. You were too good. I really didn't want you to do it - only thought you could tell me where one could be bought. However, I'm not repining over it to any extent. But how do you expect me ever to adequately thank you? It simply can't be done.

You are clairvoyant, seer, telepathically endowed or some

such thing to see that that particular print of yourself would be the one I would most appreciate. Had I known you had such a one I would have delicately hinted that it was the coveted sort. And that beautiful Targent print too! What a splendid piece of work it is. My goodness! I hope you have not robbed yourself. That portrait is a double revelation to me — of painter and subject. I can't recall ever having seen one I like so well. Thank you more than can be expressed.

There is really little to tell about myself. I was in the class of '06 and consequently

in what, in retrospect, seem
more the happy days of J.H.H.
than now. How different things
seem there with all the
expansion and amplification.
One can't help but feel that a
very certain measure of power
and virtue has gone out of it.

But that probably only shows
one getting senile. Anyway I had
some measure of faith in the old
place for I left my wife in
Cullen's tender clutches for
about three months a year ago
now — preferring some expense
with confidence and peace
of mind than a free operation
at W.P.G.H. with naught but a
stalled ox thereon. My metaphors
are mixed but are lucid, I hope.
Inasmuch as it did not quite

4

break me I feel that I came out well. A nephrectomy is not a small thing anywhere.

Was among that first batch of Casuals sent to the B.E.F. Never really knew whether the help was efficient or inefficient. Was assigned by old Gen. Sawyer of Boulogne to the 7th Division, 22nd Field Ambulance and from there went to various of the combatant units in the division. We were in that Ypres sector all the summer and fall of '17 used practically as shock troops - a varied and far from unpleasant existence. At the time Revere was killed I must have been between Langemarck and Pilken in the most pestered R.A.P. I ever was unfortunate enough

to inhabit. The number of bullets, bombs and shells that were wasted on me right there makes me feel that the usual efficiency of the Baches must have been in temporary eclipse. It looked like a glorious death "bleeding at every vein" for a while. Anti-climactically enough, it was a lowly combination of trench fever and phosgene that gave me my blighty one and sent me finally thro channels to The Am. Women's Hosp. for Officers at Lancaster Gate, a heavenly place where Sir William was consultant and "Consoler General", to me especially. When I first saw him I hadn't heard of Reverie's death and I was so shocked at his appearance. His old time

manner and his wonderful
Kindness were still there and
gave me no clue to his
appearance. Nothing but an
all-wise Providence held my
tongue from some faux pas.
They told me after he went and
when he ran in again to see
me I was really afraid to say
anything. Of course he invited
me to Oxford and did everything
for me as he did for so many
others — how much I did not
realize then, though it was so
wonderfully pleasant to be
taken under his wing at all
that I had to pinch myself.
Certainly I never did one
distinguishing thing while in
J.H. to mark me but he made
me feel as if I had been one

of his phenomena. How characteristic that was! I know he put in a word when I was "boarded" that made them grant me 3 months sick leave, an unnecessary luxury never experienced, for they ordered me back to the A.E.F. to Central Medical Department Hq. at Dijon the next day. Had a "cushy" job for the rest of the war not at all to my taste, as I found out later. The excitement and turmoil did seem to get into my blood so that my lab. work was pretty dull.

By the way, have you read "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" and "Les Discours de Dr. O'Grady" by André Maurois? They are accidental bits of his experiences

8

as interpreter in a British
mess, are easy French and
most interesting. If you
haven't seen them do let me
send them to you. They will
furnish some amusement I'm
sure.

Excuse the extreme attenuation
of this missive. There is so
much to say and one thing
leads so to another. Do let
me know about those books
and thank you again for
your kindness.

My sincerely and gratefully
Harold P. Sawyer