

(Typewritten)

(To Dr. H. V. Ogden from Dr. E. J. A. Rogers,  
who lived at 1351 St. Catherine St.)  
222 Colfax Ave. W., Denver, Colo.,  
April 2, 1896.

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Dr. H. V. Ogden,  
Milwaukee, Wis.

My dear Ogden:

I am glad a favorable excuse was found that enabled you to let me know that you are still in the land of the living. I have often wondered what had become of you and what you were doing and why I have never heard from you. I have "gotten" so tied up in the affairs of this world that I seem absolutely to have lost touch with all my old friends. But amongst pleasant memories of bygone days, your genial self occupies not a small part. How I envy you your canoe trips and your quiet summer enjoyments! I have sent your letter to my brother in Peterboro with the request that he have the best catalogue sent you. Should you care, however, to address the Ontario Canoe Co., Peterboro, Ont. which I think is the name of the Company manufacturing, you will get prompt response and what information you require. A cousin of mine, J. Z. Rogers was the president of the Company the last time I heard from it. Mention in the application that you are a friend of mine and it may get you a little closer attention. I have done a good deal of canoeing and boating, and in still water there is no comparison between the two; the canoe is the boat for enjoyment.

What has become of Cantlie? I have not heard a word from him for years and letters and inquiries sent to Chicago are returned blank. Is he still in the land of the living and if so, where? Your letter was the first intimation I had of a young Osler. I must write and congratulate him; I have hoped to see him out here every year, but he never comes. He thinks it is too wild and woolly to ever venture so far from the Atlantic coast. Why do you not send me a paper occasionally telling me what sort of a place you are living in and what you are doing. With your scribbling faculties it would not be a great effort for you to write me say at least once in every five years or so. Why are you still a lonely bachelor? I have even lost track of our old friend, Reynolds; it is all my fault I suppose, but my life is an endless routine of unsettled confusion.

With very kind regards in which my wife joins me believe me,

Yours very sincerely

Edmund J. A. Rogers