

Ste. Agathe des Monts
March 7th 1923.

Dear Tavarisch,

Meaning no impudence
but veritabily Tavarisch. Thanks
so much for your letter. I
fear I was not over bright
when last I saw you: you
see I was mentally low
in the morning I thought
a tramp would shake
the ghost's off my trail:
instead it brought fatigue
& I was humiliated as
I have been often during
the past 2 months. It's
an affront to one's man-

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to go at $\frac{1}{2}$ speed. After months
to a specialist again I tried. Same
thing. "Nerves. Mental." And now
along comes a College Contemporary
not claiming any right to the
term "specialist" & quietly tells
me what they should have known
in 1917. I don't complain but
thank a strong constitution for
my present ability to lie in
a spinal chair all day & breathe
a read. In 6 to 12 months
time I'll be able to go to
my Boston specialist & ask
him to give me a year back
and if my life I guarantee the
future. I'm not far gone; just
naused but this bug is more
of an opportunist than McCar-
ber & quickly seizes on you
when something does turn up.
I don't care a blasphemous damn
for it's all in life's game &
sitting down in your mouth is
grim old Jack Cahoon who
writes cheerily "Make yourself
comfortable & smile. The war's not
over for you & me yet." Good

I had to tell my physical:
nothing so humbles pride.
Two years ago I sneaked
down to Boston & saw
an eminent specialist: "I'm
slowly becoming a weed";
says I, "day by day the
effort to keep going grows
greater: I'm restless &
frightened"; continues I.
Sincerely says he "let hang
over. Mental. Nerves. (more
humiliation). So home I
forgot about it." I tried;
I scurried about; plunged
into law; curled my imag-
ination; stoked my boiler
& kept full steam up, afraid

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old Jack! He wants no
Decorat'ion on his coat
for the British Army, I
venture, has no reward
fit for such service
as his. V.C., D.S.O. etc
are wholly inadequate. The
finest citation I saw in
the whole war was; "Capt.
—. Died at Madrid after
three years of pain bravely
borne." Oh, I had great
Courage from Jack.

But I've been reading
"Fidelity" by Gerhard, a
Russian pal of mine: it's
good if you come across
it. "One of Ours" by Wilkie
Coster: readful but bored

5 badly as to character. "Courage"
an address of Parrie's & Can-
daining Capt. Scott's wonderful
letter. The Grefells, Frances &
Riversdale; I think Risy's
was the better part though
it's hard to choose: both
were splendid. I'm now
into "Ordeal by Battle" &
"Legend of King Hereward". A
few days ago "Simon Called
Peter" came my way. Frankly
I like Julie: I've met
her sons & they're true
blue but Peter's a damned
Cad. Why does he skunk
behind the cloth when he's
lost his faith? Why does
he love his faith behind

6. the lines. Can't he take his coat off &
go up & find' the for himself what
original impress:ous cause the Towns
to disdain his Orthodox goods. Can't
he be strait forward & tell his Bishop
that he thought instead of keeping
up his hypocritical shame. The book
angers me. Did he find no decent
clean men & women to whom he could
tell his trials & must' he seek out
a harlot? "Damn her", say I. He goes
into a lady on seeing a prostitute
helping a drunken officer when drunk.
She has helped hundreds to get drunk.
And what does he do? leaves his
comrade to the ministrations of
a cabby & the King's regulations &
goes upstairs with the prostitute
who three forward becomes his
bosom pal. To another he denies
his body & gives his purse. He gets
the latter from his calling & forgets
that his manly could any less for
the wounded he's the shepherd of.
And poor Julie! if she's alive today
I'll bet she's run down at the heels
& her underweat's dirt'g while that
snake is still in the fold. Excuse
me, but no book has angered me
more. It's not what he did: that was
all done, & by some poor sod, but
they were in the line & had the cloth off.
Well I have written more than I ex-
pected & must' go to bed. I'm feeling queer.
Auree