EUS417/21.12 June

March 20th (1915)

Dear Dr. Jacobs; -

How can I thank you for the Izaac Walton medal: nothing could have come as a more welcome gift, for I had seen and coveted it in Maggs Catalogue and only the emptiness of mypocket prevented me from anticipating you in buying it. Good old Walton: it is pleasant to have something portable enough to carry with me wherever I go to remind me of him and to help me live up to the standard of a true brother of the angle; for you see on my book-plate that I was rash enough to style myself his disciple. My little collection of Walton lives, which is financed by dad, progresses slowly, and I have at present just two of the first editions - those of Herbert & Sanderson, and only the other day I was fortunate enough to pick up for 3/- the folio of Sandersons, the latter's sermons which contains the scond appearance of his life.

I begin to fear that the bibliomania has taken hold of me with such obstinacy that only a German shell could knock it out of me. My appetite for catalogues is insatiable & in the last 3 weeks I have accumulated a pile of them about a foot high, each page is turned down and covered with pencil marks; for in my excitement I forget to take the price of a book into consideration and go so gaily ahead that I soon have marked books to about 10 times the value of my own poor little library.

Hospital to France as Col. Burkett's orderly officer and that I am now learning all I can here at Choidan at one of the Canadian hospitals.

I am perfectly happy among the most delightful set of officers and although the work, I am temporary Quartermaster, is not very congenial.

I thank my stars that I have escaped the lot from which Col. Burkett's

cable rescued me. For the very day on which it came I had been in London to enlist, and luckily I put it off for a week when I found I would have to report immediately upon receiving the King's shilling. You can imagine how thankful my parents are. Please give my leve to Mrs. Jacobs & many many thanks again for the medal.

Yours affectionately,

Revere.