

Oxford.

5, February, 1915.

Dear H. B.

I have not written to you for a long time. The days in the weeks fly by, and we are so busy with so many things.

Fortunately, the back of the winter is broken, and we are beginning to get a little better weather. They have had a devil of a time on Salisbury Plain, where I went a little while ago to see the cerebro-spinal epidemic. I have been off, too, to Shorncliffe camp to see the cases there. It is upsetting, though not wide-spread. It is an alarming disease; the mortality is high.

I hope by this time you will have seen the Jonathan Hutchinson collection. It was awfully good of Marburg to put up the money in these lean days.

You asked about my Early Printed Medical Books paper - well! it is not quite ready. It appears in the forthcoming volume of the Transactions of the Bibliographical Society. You will have an early copy. It is rather a heavy job.

Revere keeps very well. He is still in the Officers' Training Corps, and is expecting to get word of his appointment to one of the Canadian contingents. He hopes to go with Birkett and Campbell Howard and Billy Francis, and he will get some training here in ambulance work. Norman Gwyn came over a couple of weeks ago - just in time. I got him a commission the next day, and he sailed for France on the 1st.

Were it not for the khaki, everything goes on in London the same as usual, and the country is really in very good form; the new men have been put into good shape. Mrs. Emmons tells me that transports are now passing out from Southampton Water every day.

I forget whether I told you that I had been elected a member of the Roxburghe Club, which is a sort of blue ribbon society of its kind. They re-elected me President of the Bibliographical Society this year. My last extravagance was the Aldine 1495 editio princeps of Aristotle. Fortunately, it was E.B.'s money.

Love to Mrs. Jacobs,

Sincerely yours,

Wm. Osler.