

(In Dr. Osler's handwriting)

HM James
CUSA 17/120.25

July 29th. 1915

WSS

Dear Harry T.-

How's thee? and how's the family and the medical student and Trudeau and Margaret? I wish you were over here in this orgie of neuroses and psychoses and gaits and paralyses, etc. I can not imagine what has got into the C.N.S. of the men, and I see it is as bad in Germany. It is a sort of psychical decerebration. You never dreamt of such gaits-- the craziest, un-text-book things. One fellow was just like Blondin on a tight-rope. Hysterical(?) dumbness, deafness, blindness, anaesthesias, galore! I suppose it is the shock and strain, but I wonder if it was ever thus in previous wars. It is a horrid business but we have much to be thankful for at the end of a year. The Germans have not carried out their program; we have 2 1-2 millions of men under arms and the navy is in command, but the country begins to realize that it is a long affair, 2 or 3 years more, unless there is a sudden smash somewhere. If we go under, Johnnie get your gun! Your turn next. Revere is off with the McGill Unit, Asst. Quartermaster, and working so hard. There are 13 members of my family over. Norman Gwyn has been with us with a broken ankle and his brother with a bullet in his arm. A cousin comes tomorrow to convalesce after a bullet through his chest. One is dead and one a prisoner. I am very busy and getting a good deal of education, but I am longing for a time when I can spend some hours of each day at the Bodleian. Tell Zoe I wish she could see our garden. Such roses! Grace has been such a worker. Her shop in one of the museum laboratories is a sight. We have 153 Belgians (professors and families) 22 professors, and heaven knows what will become of the poor devils. 'Tis an awful tragedy.

Love to you all,

Ever yours,

Wm. Osler.