

(To Mrs. Cushing - from Lady Osler)

CUS417/52.131
Oxford,

Sept 1st, p.m.

Oh - Kate, dear Kate

My darling fair baby has gone - just laid in that wet cold Belgium, but thank God for two things - your Harvey was with him and he has gone to a peaceful spot. I feel sure of that - and we are rather old and may go too, very soon - We hope so - just fancy Harvey being with him - We are waiting & waiting for his letter and I am sure he will come here on his first leave - and perhaps bring some messages he couldn't even write. I can only see Revere lying on his stretcher with Harvey holding his dear, dirty hand. It is our comfort - our only comfort today to think Harvey was there and you'll be glad too.

(Mrs. Cushing - from Lady Osler, Sept. 1st)

I am not too selfish dear Kate not to think of what it means to you having Harvey where he is - but you'll not complain, just wait & be proud that he can help humanity & thank God your boy is so young. It is the most awful feeling to see them go and to know he is going to be killed - nearly all the good ones are - Day after day the same news comes - our friends on every side - sometimes two and three sons killed or so maimed they are sure to be a burden to themselves. Revere has written such amusing bright letters lately & thought the end was near - and his leave due soon - never realizing his long leave was coming. He expected leave in three weeks and had a list of things to do. "See a few pictures, buy a few books in London - and hurry back for a happy time in our beloved Oxford." And now what is there? Nothing - but the vacancy - never to be filled. We are proud of him and doubly so because everything connected with the War was so distasteful to him and he hated it all - but did his duty like a Spartan - someone said today "he was a sportsman & true gentleman" and that means all to an Englishman - for of course a "true gentleman" would be a loving son. My poor man is heartbroken. I feel very anxious for him - He puts up a bluff in the daytime but the nights - three nights - have been torture - and I am watching near his door now - in case he needs me. Sue is such a blessing - but must go soon to you all and help - at home - We can look after each other and she knows so well now what is needed. This letter is from my poor old heart - Good night.

Tante Grace.

This is the first Saturday night in nine years that I have not been writing Revere.

(over) →

(Mrs. Gresham - from Lady Oaker, Sept. 1st)

Sept. 2nd. Before closing this I want to tell you that in all
I feel grateful for the years we have had him & rejoice that he did his
duty so pluckily. - & believe he is with his many young friends - waiting
most sweet feeling to see them go and to know he is going to see his "Dad & Mum"
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