

(Letter to Mrs. Robt. Brewster)
(handwriting)

13.IX.17

ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL,
SWANAGE, DORSET.

Dear Mabel

You will be anxious to hear how we have stood the hard blow - well, better far than we could have anticipated. I suppose the long period of apprehension had prepared us. Ever since the outbreak of the war "Fear at my heart, as at a cup, my life-blood seemed to sip." I never saw a wounded man without thinking of Revere, and since Oct. when he went out every telegram has been opened with dread. The difficulty is to realize that he has gone, and that we shall never see his dear face again. It was most fortunate that Dr Darrach & Dr. Brewer of New York were at the Casualty Clearing Station, & as I told you, Harvey Cushing was with him, which is a great consolation. He was terribly wounded in chest and abdomen & I do not think there was much suffering. We have had such touching letters from all the men. I am copying an extract from Major Davidson letter. Dear laddie! he was always so cheerful and he kept all horrid details from us as much as possible

We have come here for a couple of weeks rest & change

Love to you all

Affectionately yours,

WM OSLER

P.S.

Ext. from letter of his Battery Commander. 31.VIII.17.

"He was simply splendid the whole time. I feel rather shy of putting this down on paper when so many officers write letters to relatives of men who have fallen in action, which they could not have written had this not been so. Your son was as delightful & cheery a member of the mess as he was reliable, hard-working & efficient at his work. Nothing was too much trouble to do for the Battery. It was never too dark or late or wet to go out to the guns and do the various small duty jobs which abound out here, & the doing of which well, makes all the difference to a Battery. He was always the same whether checking the sights of the guns or the 300 S.O.S. fuzes which are kept always handy and set ready for any enemy attack, or unloading ammunition, or riding all over the country to get tarpaulin, timber, roof wire &c for the gun pits and the dug-outs. He worked with all his heart and looked for no praise. He had not an atom of conceit and never lost his head or his temper with the men when things went wrong, which so many do. I hope I have not said too much but I feel my mother would like to hear any good about me when I get killed, and we all feel about your son what I've tried to express"

Is not that a nice letter to have been written from the dug-out the very day word reached them that he had died?

W.O.