

(Miss Margaret Revere from Mrs. Chapin)

(Typewritten copy)

13 Norham Gardens,
Oxford.

December 30th, 1919.

My darling Margaret:

I don't know when I wrote you - there have been so many notes to write and mails to U.S. have been rare, so I can't remember. We all felt so cheery yesterday morning - a good night and more strength made us feel hopeful - at least those of us who didn't know - and Aunt Grace has never felt hope. While we were at lunch the Sister came and called the London man (doctor - Sir Thomas Horder who came down to see him) and Archie. There was a hemorrhage, and after that the strength went quickly and at half past four he ceased breathing. They had oxygen, and dear Aunt Grace sat and held the cone to his mouth for an hour or more, but we all knew it was no use.

Jan. 1st. Never a moment have I had, dear family, to continue this letter - and now everything is calm and done and we are waiting for the London train that will bring "Frank and Bill" and one or two others who come early - and the funeral will be at three at Christ Church. I sent a cable this morning to tell you, and am sorry I did not do so before so that you would be with us in thought - though of course you are that, all the time.

Grace is calm and fine - of course thinking of everyone, and every detail, but letting Bill, Archie and me do things for her - I really believe because she knows it gives us satisfaction and that she'd rather do everything herself. I will go back to where I left off on Tuesday. He became unconscious so did not have the pain of knowing he was going. Aunt Grace has never felt any real encouragement with different signs of improvement from day to day because he has always been so confident that he would not get well, and has prophesied each stage of his illness. The Gift Memorial book was sent over by hand on the Imperator - but he was too weak to run the risk of showing it to him - so he never saw it.

There was a post-mortem examination - as he had referred often to the interests of his "case" in that connection - and it was seen that these weeks and weeks of coughing had so affected the tissues of his lungs that he could never have been well - and that had not this hemorrhage occurred which was in the pleura he might have had weeks or months of failing health. That would have been unbearable. He has never complained and never acknowledged pain or discomfort beyond the paroxysms of coughing. The nurses were splendid - Miss Edwards who had been here three months was absolutely acceptable to them both - and a nice Scotch Sister who came after the operation was just as nice as she could be. There was still a third who came for the night. You can imagine how much machinery has been necessary to carry on such a household - and Aunt G. has been perfectly marvelous - thinking of everyone and looking after the comforts of the nurses as they had never been looked after before. Bateman left last Saturday - the day she had expected to leave - and it has added much to the confusion in not having her competent service.