

CUS417/19.137

(Mrs. Robt. Brewster)

(May) 15th (1915)

13, NORHAM GARDENS,
OXFORD

Dear Mabel

I wish Kipling's 'Night Mail' was running that I could have breakfast with you tomorrow morning, & then spend a quiet fortnight at Avelon. Things are getting pretty hot but we are trying to keep our heads cool; but the war is playing old Harry with our hearts. Every week now the losses are hitting us in the young Oxford men whom we know. One of our special boys has gone - young Howard; and a number of my Canadian friends have been killed. Grace is off at Torquay - bringing back a nephew, my sisters son - one of those at the front - wounded in the left arm, but doing well. Revere is waiting for the McGill Unit & meanwhile is very busy having been sent off from Clevedon with 40 men to organize one of the new Hospitals. Fortunately he has a quarter-master sergent who knows the job - I enclose a photo. which Sue Chapin took of the Col. & the Lt. I always have to wear uniform when visiting the Hospitals. I am away most of the time, but hope soon to be less busy. This Lusitania horror has shocked the nation beyond belief. Sue Chapin was to have returned on her. Several of my friends were lost - among them that remarkable man Dr. Pearson. Please send me a snap shop of yourself & the children. Love to Uncle Ned & to R.B. & kisses to the darlings.

Yours affectionately

WM OSLER