

(Jan 27, 1915)

(From Lady Astor to Dr. Cushing)

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Hotel St. George, Algiers.

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My dear Dr. Cushing

I wish that I could have seen you & told you of our Beloved Sir William at the Hospital. Like all things that are wonderful & true & different it's almost impossible to write of them or say in language worthy of - him what one wd. want to - He made the whole difference to the Hospital. Of course to the staff that was natural but the men waited for him & accepted his word as final - & his word was never one of discouragement. I only saw him cross once - a young Dr. said before a patient that his case was practically hopeless - & that of course annoyed the Chief. I always felt that no case was hopeless, & I waited for him to come & say so. That was the wonderful part about him. He really brought Healing & Health Life not Death - Then after Revere died - I shall never forget that. We wondered if he cd come back at once - We knew that he wd. soon, but at once - Yes, there he was I think in less than a week after he got the news which I feel really killed him. - The men saw what had happened, & we all knew that his heart was broken. He went through the wards in his same gay old way but, when he got to the House - for luncheon, - alone with me - he sobbed like a child. - It was so so hard for us who loved him. - I was in Scotland when the wire came - he wired us - but returned about a week afterwards - I know you only want from me about his work at the Hospital. It was like his whole life - wholly unselfish - & each Tommy got the attention which the Prince of Wales wd have had from him - Of course he only went to the special cases - I wish you wd. try to see Col Murphy - our Col. he wd tell you about him & Major Vipond in Montreal. He was so devoted to his Canadians & he used to write me such wonderful letters about my kindness to them They are too full of adulation!! to be published but he was never too busy to thank me for some small thing, when he was doing those small kindnesses all day, long, along with the big ones.

wd. P  
to Monday 3. (?)

(?)

Paris

I wish I could really write about him, but you see that I can't.

My children adored him he called them "The Darlings" & spoilt them most outrageously. They waited for his Mon. visit -

Grace writes me that Revere died on a Thurs. & he was at Cliveden on the Mon - as usual - ! I thought it was a few days longer.

I hope I am not t. late in writing you I have always hoped to write something worthy, but I've failed. My 'vanting ambition' has come to this poor letter. I can't think of him without feeling that nothing one can do in this brief passage is really enough - He made us all want to give more -

Waldorf is better - He shared my admiration for him - but my love began when I was 15 at the Johns Hopkins

Do let me know when you come over again.

Sincerely

Nancy Astor