

May 9. 1915.

My dear Maggie,

I have wanted to write to you for a very long time, but since I have taken up my ordinary life again, I have been overwhelmed with things which had to be done. However, I often thought of you & missed the splendid work you have been doing. When I read of the bombardment of

Dunkirk, I at once wrote to
ask if you were all right, &
hear this morning of your
plucky decision to stick
to your job. It really is
plucky of you, & I know
what John would have felt
about it. You will be much
in my thoughts & I hope that
when you come home on leave
you will spend a few quiet days

her with me, & make the
acquaintance of your nephews.

Raymond often talks of "Dad"
- his name for his father - &
his only go to sleep under
"Dad rug" - the rug on which I
gave John - which was sent back
from the front. The little fellow
can say anything now & John
- who always thought him the
most wonderful child ever born -
would have been proud of his
intelligence & entertaining ways.

Arjil is getting on splendidly
to - I simply can't think
what I should do without
them both, & my friends who
have been kinder to me than I
can say. I have never

Thanked you for your sympathetic
letters & for sending the booklet
about the battle of Ypres. It is
indeed a thing to be ever proud of
that John fell in such a glorious
fight. With every good wish

Yours affly

Lily Spottiswoode