

[From Mrs Stansfield]

June 15.

1913

29 Ann. Redlands.

My own darling Dick, 4277

I hope your throat is all right again & that you have not much of a cold. I don't think you need be a bit nervous about it for it isn't the time to get measles. Dear old Cass you need not keep things from me I won't worry unduly & I like to share every thing with you. I do hope you won't be lonely without Mary. I know you are such a brack. Dear Babs is so well she has increased another five ounces & weighs 21.2oz.

When I went upstairs to bath him I found that he had pulled

off his nappies & was busily
sucking the safety pin. I
put him at the foot of the
bed on the floor while I got
the scales right - and he wriggled
under the bed except his head
which he couldn't quite get
through. My legs are
being tired this morning &
I got cramp in my ankles
last evening with the long
walk in the procession. It must
have been five miles & with
constant stops to let the traffic
pass and with having to
wait about an hour before
we started, it seemed being
tiring, but it ^{was} well worth going

up. There were crowds all
along the route but it was
worst on the Euston Rd, & by
King's Cross. The whole of the
front of St Pancras was packed
with people. At King's Cross
there were not enough policemen
& the crowd was composed of the
lowest type of men & it seemed
being dangerous. The police had
hard work to keep the roughs
back & an inspector shouted to
us to get through it as quick
as ever we could. I hope the
end part of the procession got
through all right. I was a bit
anxious about them. Most
people were white with a band

of Huck on the left arm &
we carried white lilies. I
brought mine back for Edith.
I saw Auntie Lily in her scarlet
robe & Uncle Mark in the
distance & I spoke to Dorothea
but only for a moment.
I sold papers before going up
& then Miss Cobb, Mr Green, Miss
Lyle, Mr Bardsley & Miss Marks
went up together by the 12.7.
train. We took taxis to Victoria
I dare say I shall be able to send
you a newspaper cutting about
it. Miss Davison must have been
a wonderful woman. How darling
I must give Babe his bottle. If
Mary has not started give her my
dear love & let her see this.
Her own loving Mother.