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W. Macpherson, English,  
49 Lowndes Square, London S.W.1.  
27th February 1944

Dear Viola,

Thanks so much for your letter of January 7th. It was kind of you to order that subs. for your friend, you sent too much. But our business section is explaining things to the govt office here and they will either return the surplus or we shall extend your subscription to your friend, it is out of our hands, we have to do what the government tells us! I am so glad that you like our magazine.

Well, we have had a perfectly awful week. Such a lot of our friends had their places damaged but mercifully were unhurt. But we are all suffering from a kind of concussion, they say it is partly due to our barrage, it is a great comfort to us but the noise is so terrific that it shocks the nerves of the head. The sky was magnificent, Hilda and I hung out of the window with all our lights off, and there were searchlights crossing like rapiers and great golden tassels of flares and what the populace has dubbed "the green chandelier" which we innocently supposed was our own stuff but the B.B.C. if I heard it rightly said was enemy, and dissolving red stars, anyway all flares and lights. One of the most strange and beautiful sights I have ever seen, and then suddenly, as one is feeling its complete irreality, a swish and a thump, and the whole great block rocks like a leaf, and one knows that somewhere people are killed and homeless. Of course, too, what I think people who haven't been bombed find it hard to realise it, that a lot of trouble comes from secondary causes. We are not supposed to heat the houses at night and it means one gets up in icy cold and sits around waiting for things to happen, getting more and more miserable... and now everyone has started a third lot of winter colds and flu, and then there is the dust and dirt. And the worry of not knowing what is happening to one's friends. I must say I don't want ever to go through last week again. I don't know how Hilda stands it, and I wish she would go to the country but she clings to Perdita.

I do hope you get regular news from your son, I do so understand and feel for your worry about him. We think and talk about you so often - especially when I have my little blue jacket on.

Much love from us all, I do hope things are well with you,

All greetings,

Byler


[envelope recto]



Mrs V.S. B. Jordan  
195 Jefferson Avenue  
Tenafly  
New Jersey  
U.S. America.



[envelope verso]



W. MACPHERSON, (English)  
49 LOWNDES SQUARE,  
LONDON, S.W.1.