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Title	[Typed letter signed], 1944 June 2, London [to] Viola
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W. Macpherson, English,
49 Lowndes Square, London S.W.1.
2nd June 1944

Dear Viola,

Your letter of May 13th reached us about three days ago - very quickly this time and just previously the Bergen news with the picture of your son in it. He looks a flier...something quite different in his face than in the other photographs and he must have done splendidly ...can so sympathise with you that he did not get leave when expected. But I fear the better they are, the more they are worked. Do hope anyhow that he gets back soon to you. He has had far more than his share with those many flights.

My age....no, I met Hilda, you see, in the last war before Perdita was born. But I still have a year to go before I am over what they call military age.

The climate in the south of England is always damp and usually never very cold nor intensely hot. I would rather have the intensely hot summers of the continent myself, as I expand in heat and can work better. But Hilda likes the more moderate climate here. We seldom have much snow around London and the south but where my friends are, in Derbyshire, it is usually heavy for several weeks in winter. They showed Jane Eyre here but it was in the winter so there was no chance of my going to it. I can't go afternoons being at work and evenings only utmost need would take me out in the black out. Oh, you asked about summer time. Well, for years we used to put our clocks on one hour for the summer but since war started, we've kept this even in winter and from April to August put on a second hour to save light and electricity. So if we have breakfast by the clock at eight, it is really six by the sun. Most of us like the long evenings without black out but the farmers grumble.

Do tell me how your balsam pear gets on, it sounds too exciting for words. I love trying new things but now - here - have no garden.

We are so fed up with second front propaganda that we are trying to forget all about it. It has simply made everyone very irritable. We all know what may happen when it comes and we don't want a lot of stuff shoved at us beforehand about it.

We survived Whitun. The Parks were black with people as we could not travel but I took a bus into the City where nobody stayed and wandered about old Elizabethan London most comfortably! Still it seems a sad way of spending our so short summer.

All love and greetings and I do hope all goes well with you,

Affectionately,

Byler