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W. Macpherson, English,  
49 Lowndes Square, London S.W.1.  
17th July 1944

Dear Viola,

The lettuce and chard seeds have come - thank you so much and I am now going to make various friends sow them and supply us with fresh vegetables - I have three friends with allotments and my friend on the farm. It was a kind thought of yours to send them - I like the Cos lettuce so much better than the ordinary round variety, don't you?  
*yet one so seldom sees them.*

Hilda and I are hoping to go this week if we can get on a train to Trenoweth, St Keverne, Cornwall. Any letters sent here though will be forwarded, the superintendant of these flats is a friend of ours and so careful with our mail.

I should think we should be away three weeks. I help with the harvest and Hilda will sit in the sun, I hope, though she speaks of driving Matilda, the donkey, more than I would venture. We are eleven miles from the nearest town there, three miles from the village and no gasoline whatsoever. My friend has a shopping permit to go once a week, that is all, to the town as she has to cater for all the extra harvest workers. But we have the donkey and cart.

Life here has been horrible, far worse than the big blitz I think. This morning I nearly died in the arms of a completely strange sailor and somehow I don't fancy that as my end! The danger overhead signal went and we both dived for the same bit of floor. A friend of ours was partially blinded and his flat wrecked two weeks ago. We have all had enough of it.

I do hope we get to Cornwall, a friend of ours who used to box, is coming to try to help us get off. It takes us about a day with two changes.

Once again thank you so very much for the seeds,

With love and greetings from us both,

*Bryher*