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Title	[Typed letter signed], 1944 September 18, London [to] Viola
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W. Macpherson English
 49 Lowndes Square London S.W.1.
 18th September 1944

Dear Viola,

You are so wonderfully kind and generous. Just imagine you thinking of sending us those two glorious packets of soap powder, and the marshmallow. Thank you so much. I do wish I could think of a dozen ways to say thank you for all your kindness but I do hope you realise how much we value your gifts and also your letters.

I had a great time yesterday. I was awfully lucky. I got a card for the special Battle of Britain memorial service at Westminster Abbey. The same friend took me last year to the same service at St Paul's. I liked the St Paul's service best, it was simpler and more somehow of London but yesterday at the Abbey it was awfully impressive, with the Air Force banner near the altar and another flying outside over the Cathedral. Hardly anybody was there, male or female, out of uniform. I felt quite conspicuous as a mere civilian. They had an air force guard of honor, lots of the diplomatic corps and people whose faces one knows so well from photographs though one can't always put names to them. It was a lovely end of summer day and they left open one of the side doors so one could see the trees, an occasional passing bus and a vast ~~of~~ crowd who would not get inside. I thought the sermon was poor but then they mostly are. They had drums and the full national anthem with all the verses nobody knows (hardly anybody get beyond the second verse, and I never remember more than the first) and it was all most interesting.

Hilda was asked but felt she could not face being in a crowd and having perhaps to stand for a long time. I think it would have been very tiring for her. I am short and therefore tough and can wriggle in places.

Last night we started dim out. Well, we were all looking out of the window for we had an American friend come in to supper and we were saying it was just as dark as ordinary black out when we had a warning, so we had to close up as usual. But we only had one warning and an all clear five minutes later. But London anyhow doesn't think much of the dim out, it is practically the same as other winters. You see, we daren't rip down our black out because if the warning goes you have to darken everywhere as usual, and therefore you just draw curtains as usual.

I loved your description of the barbecues. They must have been fun. We'd have had more fun in Cornwall only we were just so worried about Perdita being here and having to go to work all summer with those wretched flying bombs about that it spoilt the holiday. But we all do hope it wont be much longer.

Once again all thanks, much love and greetings,

Do hope you have good news from your son.

By her