

Private Mail Bag.
Wynburn St. Paul
Pa.

10/7/44

Dearest Klemency

The Times & you & I are
inseparable in my thoughts of you. It is so dear
you to send England's Spokesman & me, so that
I shall have my glimpses here in solitude of the presence
of my deep love & faith. That Paper now has changed
its course. It is so thoroughly HOME to us all.
& we always know that it will be the same
for evermore please God. Without what England
spiritually means to us all - it does scarcely be
worth while to trouble. Thank you again & again for
the bright ray of your generous friendship.
The drought is extreme here. A few drops this
year & last year & the short hours of
daylight. (I use no artificial light.) give me
plenty of tent work. Strong winds come & have a
game with my tents & there is no postponement of
repairs, but as I feel I am 'England's' here & every
where, I just go on with my own light heartedness & carry
on my duties & talk to my birds meanwhile.
In my childhood our floors were of sq. pavement & more
now & then? Store your little mind as you store your
little body, & I was encouraged to commit to memory
every thing that I liked. Through the years I've done so.

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& so my long dark & sometimes hazy nights are
passed in memories, memories of all kind. From
Washington Irving, Irving, Irving & Eugene Field's lovely little
poems - & on to our own children: just - too retained
them all. Did you see or meet Mr Roosevelt, I should
like to see America & see how we British are truly
'Contact' with her after all this hours of war.
& I often think that if in some way we could bridge
the gap - without - seeming between those great - magenta
& red waters, & their British kin, & get - the two classes
to mix & mingle & start a new kind of a
contact, mingling our Britishness meanwhile with
their Americanness! I could do more. I want to see
the Virginia Dare ancestors & their descendants
& our own descendants. Meet on high ground in those
epochs. I wander off into these memories in my
long wakeful hours, & find no weariness or loneliness,
& get up every morning with the sun & go to bed with him,
& so pass cheerfully along towards my 85th mile
stone. I am not able to write here. My things
are so mixed up - & there is no assorting them in
this confined space, & I have written a little native
book of familiar names & their outlook on their
lives, & their Heaven & their legends of stars & suns,
& their rifles & laws & customs - & make it an
"wonderfully interesting" as I always find by talking of
these things to my hearers.

I have never liked to chronicle sadness or
wornies or anything but brightness to my
kind native or white, & I can endure by

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absolute Solitude here with my birds as joyful
visitors. I think of you all & your
many restrictions & the 'Snooping horrors'
& 'Comest' with 'Censorship' which are no more
related to 'war precautions' than they are to say they
that is British & Clean -

I am waiting quietly for release from my
Solitude here, but I wait in brightness & hope
for its coming, & cannot move one finger
or one line to help or suggest that release - &
so I mention that to Carthy Jewwood in my letter
yocart, & the first Australian edition of my
book 'The Passing of the Aborigines' (issued
by the & paid kindness Press Sydney House & the
Collins St Melbourne, but with my John Murray
name as publisher always - I hope the books
you want to Antis & all the other letteresses
will give copies to their pals - that is, I
be a success in Australia, because England &
Ireland spirit - colours it - all & the true
black fellow is represented there.

God bless you my dearest Keeney I hope we
may meet again. I should so love to see the
dear Adelaide faces that gave me such pleasure
to meet & know & retain in memory that will never
fade. I'd love to see Adelaide & Keeney by the sea on
the new diet. To constant experimenting on! Agree
June. It takes me 3 weeks - 35 days - to negotiate a cabbage
Thanks again for the Times for not yet had time to do
more than the illustrations, after doing ink sketches