

STATIONS { HIGH WYCOMBE
GT. MISSENDEN
TEL: NAPHILL 221 (TOLL)

Bosslane,
Hughenden,
Bucks.

Feb 11 21 Lansdowne Road
H. Ward Park W 11
London.

My Darling Nell,
I got Mr. Faulkner's
letter this morning - He had
ring me up just as I was
leaving the Manor House &
I could quite catch your
New York address & waited
till I got her letter to write
My darling - what can I say
to comfort you - nothing
I really know - but I do feel
certain that all the waves
of love & sympathy are sending
out from you & may help a tiny

bit. Since I got your letter after
Christmas with its tragic
foreboding about you dear Bel
- I have never been out of 3
heart - hopes & prayers - I do
feel for you - with all 3 heart for
I know how very dear the dear-
child was to you - & how close to
each other you were. She looked to
me to fail that 3 heart of the
asked for her & you - & I wondered
how she had ever had the strength
to bring those 2 little darling souls
into the world - And now you
leaving care for her can do
no more & you must leave her
in the love & certain hope of
a loving reunion one day - when
all our puzzles & troubles
will be laid aside & we shall
know everything - And you have

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dearest
love -
with
love to wife
- love you
- love you
- love you

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those two little darling pieces
of her Kitten & Barbie to need
& keep your love & I - can
watch & shield them & see them
grow up with the love of people
I - & she would both wish
them love. But I do fear
all too long & heartbreak
other men have told me
I - said - darling darling little,
Nell - & I do times I - to
tell me if there is anything I
can do to help. How I wish
we were not so far away
as how badly - for spiritually
(feel very near -) - have only
to say & there is a lovely

quiet room for you - anything &
for any length of time as The
Mansion where with the peace
of the wide sea shore. I think
you find much to deal for
it is in the Bournemouth sea
& shore "not the hills of Rome"
as it were - but then life free
& fresh meeting & helps me
a lot - to don't leave it too
long but one soon dears
& the house is comfy & not too
much unlike Boscombe -
'just as full of junk' H.
says. I believe he is unty to
you - too for he does feel so
loving & loves you - dears too
I know but will be sad too
for he was v. fond of you dear But
I have, still a very bad hand so can't
write lengthily but send you all my