

Soothe & cheerest
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 do for and thus
 so happy letter
 such a poor little
 to your beautiful
 one. but you will
 believe how much
 I thank
 you for
 your love
 sympathy
 your friend
 always
 Heather

THE MEADOW,
GROSVENOR ROAD,
READING.

Oct. 4th 1915

Save to all of you
 with the children
 please

My darling Mary.

Your dear loving letter
 has just come. I can't tell you how
 much your beautiful & uplifting words
 & thoughts have helped & cheered me: & how
 much I thank you dearest for your
 sweet & understanding sympathy - and
 for all the your appreciation of our dear
 boy's fineness & the kind of sacrifice of
 his life & death. It is just as you say
 that one feels through all the grief a glow
 of pride & thankfulness that he should have
 been so good & saved & splended all
 day even to the end. My heart feels so
 sore for all his suffering, but when I read
 in your letter that you had just been

F.S. Rht.
her husband one
stationed at
Frontier Health
about 15 miles
from here he
has left duty
in England now.
She speaks her
baby d. Xmas.

reading his Rosary, and thought that perhaps the loveliness of his thoughts in that way had perhaps become part of other people's lives & had helped spirits to develop & grow. Then I take comfort ~~there~~ in the hope that all that could not have come except through suffering. I think that poem embalms his memory & that it holds all the best of Tom. & in it one can see that he looked forward to death as a friend & a reward and a glorious road of freedom for his spirit. Just a few people have told me how much that poem has been to them, only a few but that is all one could expect, and my only regret is that they hadn't all had the opportunity of telling him too before he went. poor boy he always considered

himself such a failure in this life, and that his work did not count & that he had failed to express all the beauty he had in his heart - sail to pour out to anyone who could listen & understand. Tom always said that the two finest things for a man to do were ~~to~~ to write poems and to fight: if he had been younger & strong he would have gone to the front & died that way rejoicing, but he did practically the same thing tho' to him it was bitter that his health again stood in the way of his work, as it had done all his life. I do hope Tony will inherit something of his father's spirit, he is a nice healthy boy a regular school boy at present, & is at St Bee's school; he used to be a very lovely sensitive little soul, but since he went to school he has of course become harder & less interesting. The inevitable effect of school life; but it is of course only a stage & he may come through into something fine. Margie is a nice girl, rather stolid & practical at present. She helps her

Mother with the school, as Kate decided to stay in Aspatonia - keep on the school which is an outlet for her - poor thing I think she feels very lonely & lost without Tom, but she is a very sociable character & her friends are very good & kind to her. & of course she has the children to love for.

We have been living in a kind of nightmare of anxiety ever since I wrote last, as dear Dad has had such a sad & long illness, & has just been hanging between life & death for many many weeks. You know the shock & grief of Tom's death ~~might~~ had such an effect on poor Dad that he had to have an operation at once, & although it was called a small one it was serious for him at 48 and he has not recovered from it as the Drs expected & hoped. It was an operation on the bladder & that is always so critical. He is still a great invalid & has two nurses yet & cannot do anything for himself - hardly feed himself - and you would not know him Mary dear now he is so changed & aged & his beard has to be allowed to grow ~~his~~ his

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THE MEADOW,
GROSVENOR ROAD,
(2) READING.

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though his lovely kind expression is still
in his eyes. One of the hardest things
is that his voice has got very weak & low
& he finds it very difficult to articulate
clearly so that as he can't write because
his poor hands are so shaky, I make him
seem to ~~get~~^{be} so far away from us - he is got
up every day into a wheeled chair, & has
his lunch in the dining room, then has a
rest after, & comes out of his room again
for tea. & sits up till about six; he can
walk just a very little. He has been out
for a drive or two, but it tires him too much.
It is so sad to see him, & to feel what
a weariness life is to him now, after being such
an active open-air man all his life to have
to see him in the hands of Drs & nurses, a thing
he always hated the thought of. poor darling.

The war, our Roll of Honour in the cloisters gets larger & larger each week.

I have learned to drive a motor this summer and have bought a second hand Ford which is most useful for getting about in taking out the family & the convalescent soldiers - also for carting the huge quantities of apples we take to people about. Our orchard is most productive & yields like a Tasmanian one. People say they've never seen

Oct 10th

This letter had to be put aside, as most of my letters do now - a day

Mary dear - now I have only a few minutes to finish it as I do want to get it off. You will have had such a long gap between my letters. You know Walter & his family are living just now in a house quite near us, as Walter has a post in the Board of Agric. in this district. It is such a blessing to have him in England & near us, we live in Calcutta for he will be off to the war as it is quite on the cards he will as his name is down at the W O for a commission.

The day before yesterday his wife had a baby: a lovely little girl, which makes 4: we can't help wishing it had been a boy; but it's no good being disappointed, &

Do you like Rupert Brodies poems? what such crops in England. but it does all mean work. do you think of Compton Mackenzie's novels? I am reading my Pauline's now, but find it hard to get interested

really she is such a perfectly beautiful child in every way & both of them doing so well we feel we don't mind. of course Mary & I have been kept tremendously busy ever since the little family came as Raima does not understand English life very well & is such a dear child herself she needs every thing done & arranged for her. now they will soon have to move into another house as the one they have is ~~to~~ let to them and till next month. I write in England & a serious thing for little children from a hot climate. They are very strong & splendid children though & so sweet & handsome they are most engaging & take up lots of air time & thought.

How this terrible war weighs one down, & only seems to get worse & worse as the months go on; we seem to have already lost all the young men we know or are related to, & still every day in these awful casualty lists one sees name after name one knows or is connected with in some way. How gloriously the Australians & NZ

in novel, now as the papers are so full of such tragic & wonderful stuff - what would it be if we could hear all mixed up of paltry crumb of what is going on.

men have come out - perfect heroes - especially their behaviour at the Dardanelles, what an awful death trap that place has been & what will be the end of it? Now the Balkan complication means another big expeditionary force - another push to keep up - how our wretched Govt has bungled everything! & how we still muddle on with our miserable "voluntary system" and our pampered work people striking & hampering everything, & all the skunks whose only idea is to make money out of their country's hour of trial. Every few days I go on ambulance duty & meet the trains of wounded & sick soldiers coming into the hospitals here of which we have six or seven now; at present we have over 2,000 wounded soldiers in Reading. The last few trains have each been 250 each, & lots of stretcher cases, - since this last big battle in France - before that we had chiefly Dardanelles men, such splendid Australians & New Zealanders, all with fever & dysentery & other diseases brought on by the flies & dirt & heat & want of water.

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Ballroom complication means another - but expeditions force - another front - look up - how our untrained soldiers have bungled everything - how we still muddle it with our miserable "voluntary system" and our paragoned work people shivering & howling every thing - all the ranks were out of ideas - to make more out of their country's hour of trial. Every few days go on ambulance duty - meet the trains of wounded & sick soldiers coming into the hospital & here of which we have six or seven now: at present we have over 2,000 wounded soldiers in Reading. The rail four train house ~~is~~ has 250 each - lots of stretcher cases - since the last big battle - France - before that we had chiefly Sandowella men, such splendid Irish & New Zealanders all with fever & dysentery & other diseases brought on by the flies & dirt & heat & want of water.

We are always working & making things for them but we feel we do so little. Term has begun & we are trying to keep the old staff with hard any lecturers left, & any men students. Our Beland Lecturer is wounded and missing & we have lost many of the staff by

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Goodbye dearest
with lots of
love & thoughts -
do forgive this
sorry letter -
such a poor reflection
of your beautiful
one. but you will
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I thank
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your love
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Your friend
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Heather

GROSVENOR ROAD,

READING

Oct: 4th 1915

Love to all of you
The Charles
Pears

My darling Harry:

Your dear loving letter -

has just come, & I can't tell you how
much your beautiful & uplifting words
& thought have helped & cheered me. I have
much to thank you dearest for your
sweet & understanding sympathy - and
for all ~~the~~ your appreciation of our dear
Ray's fineness & the kind of sacrifice of
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that one feels through all the grief & glow
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sore for all his suffering, but when I read
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