



Hotel Europa

Lisboa

Tuesday. 11.3.41/.

My dear Mum.

I thought that I would like to write you a letter of your very own and say a few intimate thoughts. Dear Mum, I do want you to know that when I have been experiencing the most anxious times (of which there have been a multitude in the past few months) the thoughts of your dear self and all that you symbolise to me have been my inspiration to carry on in face of overwhelming disasters and shattered hopes. One day soon I will be able to tell

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you personally, how much your wonderful example, whenever you have had to face tribulation, has given me the strength and imbued me with the determination to get the better of adversity, but in the meantime I will have to be content

with writing to you. You will realise that I have never spoken to you in this fashion before, but I feel that I can't wait till I get home! Little Joseph is so impatient.

I do hope that you quite comfortable at White Gable, and that you have managed to have all your shawls and 'stunts' conveniently placed by you, and that you are comfortable in body & mind after having made such an upheaval. My mind was immeasurably relieved to hear that



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you had gone out to White Gable,
and although I realised what
it would entail for you I thought
it was a very wise move.

What did you do with my
Quinger? I can't quite imagine his
consenting to go with you and therefore
conclude that you left him at Danhill
Road. I suppose he still enjoys
himself fighting and being "anything
but neuter" as Woody so tactfully
put it.

Have you any news of the
Tilletts? And the 'appeps', Stan
Higgins & Stanley Fletcher. And
Winifred — in fact everyone.

I am sure ⁴ you would thoroughly
enjoy being in Lisbon — I can just
see you fossicking round all the
numerous nice shops here. Every thing
outside is so nice and clear, nice
white stone buildings, many of them
tiled all over in lovely coloured
tiles (like the Dutch tiles in dining
room at the Hut), and everyone
likes us very much. And NO
black out! Last night I went to
a concert in the Opera House with
an a musical critic I have made
friends with, and we had a great
time ^{afterwards} talking music until the
early hours of the morning. It was
my first 'breaking out' since I arrived
here and went immediately to bed with
flu. I still have to be very



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careful and it will be some considerable time before I will be really fit again but there is nothing for you to worry about and "the matter is being successfully dealt with." I have been down the coast a few miles to Estoril - the playground of Lisbon - and ^{as} we went a few days after the cyclone the sea was still very rough, and was wonderful to see, huge waves breaking up into fountains of white, white spray.

Amongst my friends here is a married couple who allow me to use their pians whenever I feel inclined so really I am, as usual, very lucky.

But naturally I am just itching to
get my fingers on the keys of
my own instruments again!!

12.3.41/.

Dad's letter (air-mail) dated
the 3rd March has just arrived. I was
so pleased to see his writing again
but grieved to find that I hardly
recognised the writing as his. I
am very distressed to hear that you
have gone back to Bamhill Road.
Now, dear Mum, will you please
pull up your socks, pack up your
stunts and go back to White Gable
and stop there till I come back.

Well now, I must stop or else
the letter will be too heavy to send
by air-mail.

Lots of love and more
Love Joe