

P.O. Box 619, 34

Masem.

Lesotho

2/4/78.

My dear Edie & Norman,

You letter arrived
when I was in the midst of packing. We
had an extremely small outhouse

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In each room marked 1 & 2 only
one single bed would fit - but the amount
of stuff that came out of there was not
funny - since to get boxes here was sea
impossible.

We shifted into a flat where a doctor & his
wife lived - 7th day adventists - no children
a extremely superstitious folks - They took
15 hours to move out as they moved an
armchair at a time in a little van & all
the while I was checking to find out how
far they were - Eventually at 7pm - I
started bringing in the bags - She was
furious - that some clothes of ours was
placed on her bags. Poor devil she has
never had to share anything with anyone
except her thoughts with a God in heaven -
God help her.

Anyway the flat is lovely - we did
not have a chair to sit on till last
week. It's very pleasant - except that
it is 3 floors high - But we shall
take it easy when you & I come.
It's getting cold - but I'm sure you'll
enjoy it. We love beds for you.

Painted - messy - not very good at it.
 now found paint on my hair face -
 I enjoyed it though.

There are some wonderful people here.
 There are others whose only concern is
 themselves - they want to parasite on the
 ignorance of the locals - make some money
 & get out.

I have been reading the news of Allen -
 Edie will you take care of her for me -
 She wont write to me - she does not
 approve of people leaving the country -
 neither do I - whenever I can I will
 tell her why I had to leave - &
 hope to God she will forgive & understand.
 If she thinks I am happy here & that I
 left to save myself from detention - forget
 it. Joy as I might to create a
 home in this foreign country - S.A. is
 my true home - & the home of my children.
 I look wistfully across those grass
 covered hills - O.F.S. & sigh painfully.
 That river which separates me
 from all that is home - both
 impious & does not protect
 me - for their activities here
 are rampant.

I love her as I do you & N.

Keep well & strong
 Love Phyllis

98 Henrietta Street
Newmarket.

2192

24/2/78

My Dear Pheyl,

Our distress was great when we read of your trouble last year. So concerned was I about not hearing from you that I even asked my maid who comes from Lesotho to get a message to you. He has a cousin who is a lawyer, practising in Maseru, but he said that at first it was difficult to get a message to you as there was always someone with you checking on your credibility & presume.

Thank God all is well with you now, but you must miss the children. It appals me to think that decent people have to go, just in order to live with human dignity. Please God the day will come when all will be peace & goodwill.

all our love

Norman & Estee