

"Welcarmas"

Poste Restante

Stellenbosch, Cape.

4th November '81.

My dear Phyllis,

I'm so sorry to hear about your Mother and send you all my love and sympathy. I know how you must feel especially as you were not with her. My Mother died in England and I wished so much that I could have been there and held her and told her how much I loved her - something I had never done in her lifetime, although we wrote to each other every single week. I remember your Mother, you know I visited her once with Omar and was sorry not to have been able to see her again, she was so kind to me. Mothers are special and can't be forgotten.

Thank you for your card and good wishes, I can hardly believe that Christmas is almost here again. It doesn't really mean much to me any more, without a family it merely becomes a commercial racket. I believe in the Christian ethic, but where in the world is Peace and Goodwill today? Oh well, not to be gloomy, it's nice to have that brief contact with all my friends at once. I'll probably spend the day sitting on my stoep with my bread and cheese and a book, and I'll have a drink with you.

I've just received more cuttings re our friends. He says he made a mistake not giving up his Commonwealth passport for a S.A. one. I wonder. So many have been detained since he left. And he has no doubt been welcomed with open arms by friends and has also been offered two good jobs. So he hasn't done too badly. All his affairs must have been in order when he left Durban - I believe the house was sold. So he was all set to go. Oh well, let's hope I'm wrong.

I listened last night to the Ciskei becoming 'independent'.

What a farce!

You say you thought I was in J.B. But I never went there, just didn't feel well enough. But now summer is a-coming in though in fits and starts, as hot as hell one day and back to cold and wet the next. Weather none mad like the rest of the world. Today I risked my first swim and am hoping swimming will do a lot for my wretched arm though I could only do a poor little breast stroke today. But I need the exercise as I've hardly moved all the winter. I realise I hardly used my left arm before so now I'm trying to turn myself around and just not worrying about the right arm. It all comes down to OLD AGE and I'm becoming resigned. So many of my contemporaries are much worse off.

Jann was seventeen last week. She is now at College, taking English lit. History, Economics, German and Art. She writes she has just been made Chairwoman of the Entertainments Committee, and seems very happy. She'll get on as she works so hard. Kim is bright but is no student, but she'll always get by on her personality. I wish they were nearer.

No special news so here's my love and best wishes for 1982, let's hope it will bring some sense to the world!

Jane