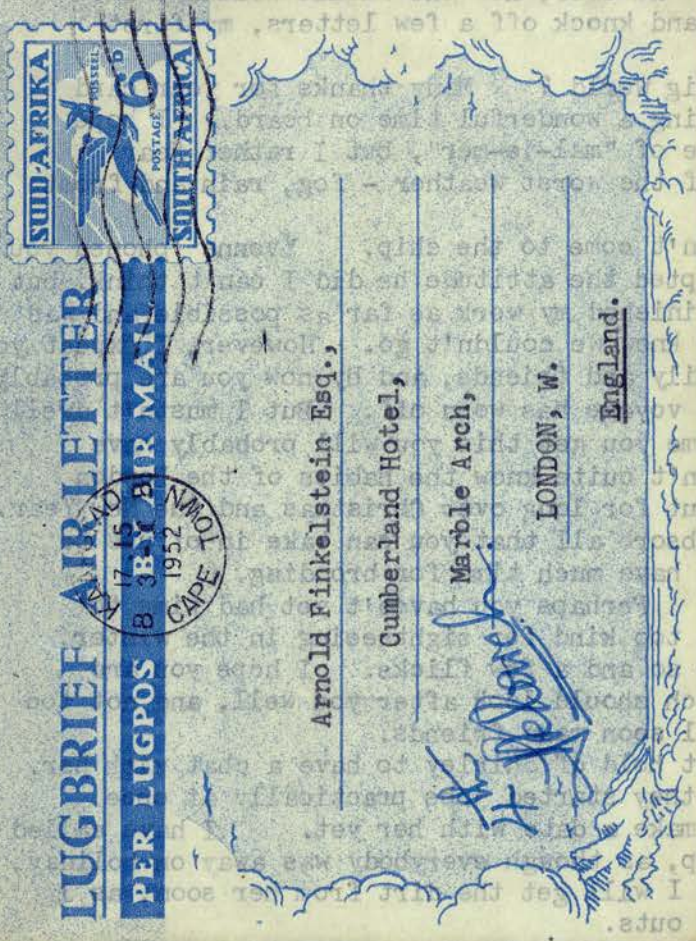


driving. Needless to say he didn't do anything spectacular, but just kept pegging away. Altogether we thoroughly enjoyed it and it was a good day in the fresh air. You wouldn't know your Blackie I am getting almost sunburnt for me, as I haven't had such a lot of sunshine for ages. The weather has been heavenly ever since you left, not a drop of rain, and sun, sun all the time, and yet it hasn't been too hot, but I must not dwell on climates else you will start making odious comparisons with a London "pea-souper", and I don't think even I, staunch Londoner that I am, could possibly put up any defence in favour of that particular brand of fog, which obliterates the world and clogs the bronchial tubes.

I heard from my Father and elder brother Alan, that they had met Philip and his wife at the Cumberland, and completely succumbed to "her" charm. She apparently chatted away and put them both at their ease, and anyhow I really did appreciate



TWEDE YOU - SECOND FOLD

IF ANYTHING IS ENCLOSED, THIS LETTER WILL BE SENT BY ORDINARY MAIL

AS ENIGIETS INGESLUIT WORD. SAL HERDIE BRIEF PER GEWONE POS GESTUUR WORD

SEA POINT, C.P.
8 Avenue Marina,
Mrs. M. Blackmore,
SENDER'S NAME AND ADDRESS
NAAM EN ADRES VAN AFSENDER

EERSTE YOU - FIRST FOLD

them seeing Father, it was very kind of them.

I have heard from Mr. & Mrs. Fenyesi at Christmas time - just a short note on their Xmas card, but it sounds as though he has retired from the business, but shall await their next letter. However, if you don't find him at 49 Old Bond Street, try the flat, 20 Lancaster Court, 100 Lancaster Gate, London, W.2. just a walk from the Cumberland Hotel, along the side of the park. Actually I believe they will be in Canada for some weeks as they were going over there to their youngest daughter for Christmas holidays, but you will be able to see them later on, and they said they would look forward to seeing you. If you 'phone my elder brother Alan first before going to see Father, perhaps he would go over with you. He is very easy to get on with, although he is naturally about your Father's age (48 I think). However, you please yourself about this Finkie. If you want to, phone him at the Bank - he is Foreign Manager of District Bank, Cornhill, E.C.2 in the City, and he goes over to see Father regularly I believe, although he lives right the other side of London in Surrey. Well Finkie there is no room for more, and you know how glad I shall be to hear from you when you have time. but I also know what a lot of correspondence you will have to cope with from now on. I am going to miss you sadly at the office this coming year, and so will everybody else. My love to you, "Blackie"

8 Avenue Marina,

SEA POINT.

3rd January 1951.

My dear Finkie,

I meant to write this letter in time for you to receive it when you arrived in London, but I think you know what my life is and what little time I get for my voluminous correspondence. However, now the Public Holidays are all over I feel I can settle down a bit and knock off a few letters, my first being to you.

Well Finkie how is the big, big world? Many thanks for your card from the ship and you were obviously having a wonderful time on board. I hope you managed to complete the crossing free of "mal-de-mer", but I rather fear that you have landed in London in some of the worst weather - fog, rain and frost I believe from all accounts.

Finkie I was so sorry I couldn't come to the ship. Yvonne 'phoned you to let you know why, and why Maurice adopted the attitude he did I can't think, but there was no arguing with it. I had finished my work as far as possible and was quite ready to come and was astounded to know we couldn't go. However, I expect you had a right royal send-off from your family and friends, and by now you are probably missing them after the excitement of the voyage has worn off. But I mustn't dwell on such miserable thoughts, as by the time you get this you will probably have already started with Brian Hart. I don't quite know the habits of the London Fashion Houses but I don't think they shut for long over Christmas and the New Year. And now your quick brain will begin to absorb all that you can take in of use to you and I hope, for your sake, you won't have much time for brooding.

I wonder how you like London. Perhaps you haven't yet had time to get around and anyhow the weather is not too kind for sightseeing in the winter. No doubt you have already done a show or so and a few flicks. I hope you are quite comfortable at the Cumberland, which should look after you well, and not too lonely there. I am quite sure you will soon make friends.

I haven't yet been able to get hold of Shirley to have a chat with her. Apparently they were both so broke that they started jobs practically at once and consequently I haven't been able to make a date with her yet. I have called at the flat twice only to find it shut up, as though everybody was away on holiday, not even the girl was there. I expect I will get the dirt from her soon, as I am quite anxious to hear all the ins and outs.

It seems a long time since I was at Rex Trueform's and we broke up with the usual fond farewells and good wishes. Maurice's party was up to the usual expectations and it was fortunately a lovely warm night for it, and it was really quite lovely sitting about in the garden and having an odd dance when one felt like it, or a chop at the barbecue or a drink of his unlimited store of Scotch whisky. Stanley came with me this year and to his surprise quite enjoyed himself. As we had previously been to a wedding in the afternoon, when Stanley had given the bride away in the absence of her parents in England, we had quite a day. We spent a pretty quiet Christmas at home, having been to a party on Christmas eve till early in the morning. The New Year Stanley brought a car home so that we could go out for the day, and had a long drive into the country round Piquetberg and then made our way across to the coast in the Velldrift and Saldanha direction, but couldn't make it in the time and had to cut back via Hopefield and Malmesbury. However, it was a new stretch of country for us and instead of the ruggedness of mountain scenery, it was undulating fertile red soil interspersed with large pasture lands - in fact farmlands all the way and although it was rather monotonous I rather liked it. Yesterday Jan 2nd we went to the Motor Races at Gunners Circle and saw the illustrious John Baylis