

3 Westwind Terrace
Hobart, Tasmania

Dear Meredith,

I was very relieved to hear from you as it's been months and months since you left and you still looked so terribly thin and pale and I was very worried that you were not up to travel. But I suppose I'll have to get used to only hearing from you every 3 months from now on! I am very glad to hear that you and your Uncle are getting on all right but he does sound like a terrible old fusspot, wanting his eggs done like that! As for his complaining that his shirts are not white enough, I am sending you this marvellous new blue powder which whitens things as Mrs Barrett was always at me about the linen not being white enough and now this seems to have shut her up – thank God. She is as much a bloody old cow as ever.

Pusspuss missed you terribly and would hardly touch his food and meowed pitifully for several days, but finally he seems to have become used to me and likes to sit on my lap and some times if it's cold, even joins me under the blankets which does not help my eczema any! But I must say, we rub along quite nicely and I'm grateful for the company as of course, I hardly ever see you know ho, and I think I must finally resign myself to the fact that he is no longer interested. I feel very foolish for having let him lead me on such a song-and-dance when all along I think he had no serious intentions at all.

Don't worry – of course I didn't tell Mother what the nature of your illness was, and would never tell. She thinks you had something amiss with your kidneys. Also she is not the sort to listen to gossip, and thinks the world of you.

Now I must mention that I bumped into Edie Gates at Lamprills the other days and she said that P.T. (can not bear to even write his name) is now seeing Annie Harbright on the sly. Needless to say, his wife knows nothing of it. So clearly he is working his way through the typing pool. I know you will be upset to hear this. Meredith, but you might as well know the truth. I would spit on him if I saw him in the street for the way he treated you. Sending you ten shillings and a box of chocolates, and you half dead in hospital. I have a good mind to write to his wife, but I won't of course – only out of loyalty to you.

Do you remember old Mrs Jacobs who lived downstairs with the terrible cough? She died three weeks ago, and no one knew till her body started to smell something terrible. A rather strange looking woman has taken your old room, and got very angry at Pusspuss who kept thinking it was his room at the time. She accused him of giving her fleas, which is a joke, as she looks far more flea-bitten than Pusspuss.

I am knitting myself a rather nice cardigan in rose pink – the wool was on sale – and noticed the other day that there was a lilac in 4 ply that would look lovely with your green hat – shall I buy you some? Let me know any other things I can send you. Have enclosed an interesting article on how to use sour milk as you said you had problems getting fresh – also some lovely frocks I tore out of Mrs Barrett's Ladies Home Journal.

You can write to them for the patterns. I have sent away for 5197, though obviously will look completely different with my hips.

Look after yourself Meredith and write soon.

Much love,

Myra
(and Pusspuss) xx