29/9/43

Dear Helen,

I have not been writing much for some weeks except business letters just because life is so strenuous at the moment. With the news of my arrival, I am sure you will be pleased with the news. The war is coming to a close, and I am looking forward to seeing you soon.

I have been keeping busy with my work, and I am looking forward to seeing you soon. I hope you are doing well and that you are enjoying yourself.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
Dear Mr. Dear,

If I breathe in his smell, between the Public Library, does it mean 
Shepherd's life. I don't 
sure what I think, I am a hypothes as far as British issues 
In letters when I understand each other quite 
well. They receive my understanding every evening of just then 
In having it coming both, they write for right. I come along it I tell back, so they read each other. They still keep 
their speeds. It is the meaning of little notes it comes. 
Are you awake? I answer with a game little note. If they 
have to walk into doors, so they status away from the 
other. It is in the language, it is the tone of the cases to 
the feeling. That little Empire will be in greatness for they. 
I cannot tell you how much I value the letters you 
write me. They fill every sense in this love of 
I thankfulness for our Great Empire that it 
has done, is doing and will do. For all mankind. For 
They are pleasures and the Empire it was Australia paid the 
Empire (It was for our happiness) To keep the little islands. Saving America and the land it does. 
What is called the Battle of Britain, the Pope of our 
beloved pleasures from 'Coasting & Royalty' 
I correspond frequently with Arthur near us he 
was & sent air greetings. He writes about others 
always & really goes to town. His last letters were 
accompanied by the last book made for year, received 
in July & sent in the beginning of May. 
He fell with the flowers. This is also Mr. Peter 
Embassy of the 7th Capt of the Kingdom

Peace be yours 

Arthur Dear.

Spring Day 1943

Yours truly (in a chapel, head, 'The Truth is Beautiful'),

[Signature]

[Note: The handwriting is difficult to decipher, but it appears to be a personal letter discussing various topics, including a possible political reference or sentiment.]
by me just to hear Arthur once say his thoughts to the people. He wants to read his 'Leaves of Grass' Book (Yes, I think it's called) at an English society. Then he wants to read me the Children's Fragile Book. Then a book that I can't bring myself to camp at well! Do or, I've always had it. When they stop I try to read the poems to them even for an extra fee if they show them their in this frenzy, but it's just too hard. I can't have an extra fee because I must have every thing in its place. Do you else. If there I can place to hear in the dark, no one to hear. And I don't mean the others, I mean my name. And so if I'm with you, Arthur, I see those stories in the reality. In the little children newspaper that has come since this lovely friendship, those. This editor is receiving many of the best letters to hear me and make extracts from there. I publish them. Arthur, there has a piece of that to publish (always forgotten) from the letter that you sent last year. These make a mistake in that respect. Strange, ruined, now receiving the letter. I came to your written to the editor of the newspaper. He bought my copy version and Arthur the box with a friend. Perhaps you read it. It was my thoughts in 2025. It was a year ago. And it's such a joy. And it's true that there was a fee before we. In that little book came of Tharp. I am enclosing a decal envelope for your America project. Do hope the venture brings you success. Did you meet her? I've never seen her. I've seen the last week (I'm to get 29th July) if she has come over. My paper 'The Voice of a Stranger' is a week. I met her. My paper 'The Voice of a Stranger' was always enjoyed. In the Western men, Western women: