

Excerpt from Dearest Helen • Letters from Edgar 1921 – 1922

Then I fell to wondering if by any chance you might pay me a surprise visit. I looked round the hut and passed it as being presentably tidy and clean. At least to my eyes. And I hoped you'd bring some flowers. And be wearing your sports coat and appear just as you did on marsh days. I wondered whether I ought not to change my coat in case you did come. I suddenly thought that I had intended to scrub the table before you came so jumped up and did so, so that I could proudly show it to you when you came.

Then I sat down on the chair again, dreaming on, and at last dozed. Such a sweet little doze. I cannot tell you the duration of it because, as we have discovered, the flight of time is so deceptive when we attempt to measure it.

But I awoke - and my first thought was that perhaps it was time you were due - and I hadn't commenced feeding. Then I realized it was only Easter Monday. That it was cold outside and I had to go out to feed before I could come back and get my tea. And it would be for myself only, though there was cake for tea, which my dear girl has provided and so made my little existence alone here bearable.

This little hut is surely different, now that you have graced it occasionally, to what it would have been if it had not known you. It appears more on speaking terms with me by reason of the consideration you have given to me by showing an interest in it.

Helen, my dearest, you shall never have those curtains back however hard you pray for them. If ever you do ask for them you will have to furnish proof that you need them more than I, before I shall think of giving them up.

*Helen's flowers
in 'Helena Hut'*



Dearest Helen



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Letters from Edgar 1921 – 1922

Compiled by Wendy Henningsson.

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This collection of letters from the 1920:s presents a charming episode in the life of a man recently returned from service in India. In the Norfolk village where he was recuperating, he met Helen, to whom the main part of the letters are addressed. His approach, at first shy and reserved, progresses from poetry and sunsets to a deeper discussion. As

he searches for a place of his own, his letters convey both anguish and anxiety, but also promise and hope.

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