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Drim Farm
Stawhaden
Harbert
Perms.
S. wale.



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Bellington House
Leic. Staffs

24th May 1968

My darling Brian

I have been turning out drawers and sorting letters, some too precious to part with, some of Daddys, which I shall leave for you to read, I have been very shy and never felt able to give you any idea of the sort of man he was, so lovely in mind and outlook and such a wonderful lover.

He often wrote little letters to you his adored baby, I hope I sent them to you.

The letter was to his Father when he thought - W. Poebley, your Grand father was about to bring a suit for divorce against Granny. The letter was so understanding & loving and reminding him of those of us who loved him himself. G. Phyllis, you & me who were still there to be about. We all grew up together just across the road, the two Mothers were great friends & W. Poebley thought the world of my darling Mother, as did Daddy & V. Brian.

I am sure if Daddy & V. Brian & Granny my Mother had been available when your troubles came it would not have been so awful for you.

I think M. would have seen things differently, and
no doubt Mops would have behaved differently, but yet
Tim & Ellie said all that could have been said.

No one can have any idea of what you went through
and what a terrible waste of what should have
been a happy married life.

But I am just thankful that dear Blue has
made you a happy home, nor at all busy I am
sure.

Amongst letters of Auntie is one of yours
writing of things you would like to have if suited.

Dining table & chair. you have these.
Something for Elsie. what about this?

The Perfect Hostess.

Photo of Bow and Auntie or Holmby or Mary.

Ker Lawson Pencil drawing of an old man with beard,

Radio Gram & record.

Bronze Hand.

Triggy Treasures.

Little Mosaic.

Mum's Grieve is mine of Bows.

Have you had all these things?

I will bring the book on Lake Rudolph.

If you have not had all these things I could bring them.

I have been hoping to hear from you this week.

Sunday morning. I spoke to Bill last week and it all seems satisfactory about Rock thank you for going over. I count on you to raise the bed please.

I have a letter of yours dated June 1st 1958 ten years ago describing Lake Rudolph. In it it speaks of the atmosphere created at the Robinson home before the three children were coming here and what Mayone thought about it. I may bring it with me.

I wrote to Patricia Wainwright who in replying said how much they regretted seeing nothing of you. How such charming people! The nice children! They live in Stratford or Avonlea and could come over for lunch one day here.

I am interested that you may be giving up the sitting room to Phyllis.

It is still quite chilly. The next door children in the garden on their ~~pink~~ bikes. The Mill weekend was a great success.

Prima! never imagine that Daddy was put out of

My thoughts when I named Uncle Ernest. It was a terribly difficult thing to do but I did not regret it and I hope it was good for you.

As life goes on I realize how strange ways are.

I hope when my will is being dealt with you will realize how sensitive David is and how very considerate he has been in dealing with both wills. He has already had to deal with a thankless job, which he carried out with the greatest care and now again my will will have to be attended to which I trust is as simple & clear as possible. But no doubt some difficulties will arise.

I must tell you about Daddy; he and Uncle Brian went to The North Shore Grammar School and left to go as a Jackeroo, the Headmaster thought a lot of him, he was good at games & enjoyed school but not clever as Uncle Brian was. They both came to stay with us at The Inlet whenever possible.

We were engaged for two years and then the war came and Uncle Brian went as a doctor with the navy and as you know was killed. He gave his Red Cross Coat to cover a German prisoner and was shot in the back from a man in a tree.

Brian was a great loss such an outstanding person a terrible shock for Daddy. They were the greatest pals.

Then the families thought we should be married which we did by which time our darling Mother was found to have cancer. you can imagine what we felt to have a wedding at such a time, and the trouble between Granny & Grandpattie Pockley. The marquee attached to the veranda was burnt to the ground, fortunately very near our Uncle Fred had his hand burnt but otherwise was injured.

We went to the Inlet for our honeymoon.

When we returned Daddy went into the warehouse and in a few months he joined the Karoola Hospital Ship, I was going to have a baby.

So our house was given up and I returned

to Rippon Grange. I lost my first baby, a boy.

and during the first time Daddy came home

Granny died. and he joined 33rd Ball. C. I. F.

and trained at Duntronn did v. well and

earned his first pip. then you were born

and in the following January he was

going overseas with ~~the~~ company & Auntie you & I were to be allowed on the same ship. We got as far as Melbourne when our passports were withheld on account of Submarines and we returned to Sydney until the end of the war & lived at Rippon Grange, by which time I was a widow. All through this you were the greatest comfort to Auntie & me & Grandfather Sargood loved you too.

We came to England in the first ship to come home and sailed with sealed orders and had a cargo of wool which was landed at Bombay & we were to take on troops but owing to riots there the wool was taken on again & the troops not taken.

I am sure you must know that I was in the Abbey at the Burial of the Unknown Soldier as the cross erected with Daddy's name was sent to England and the permanent one is in Crucifix Corner Cemetery. The one sent back from France is in the Vault in Gore Hill Cemetery North Sydney where Granny's body lies embalmed and Grandfather's ashes are placed. We hear Gore Hill is going to be cleared out.

