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PATRICK, FRANCES & KEITH BERNSTEIN
134 Frances Street
Bellevue,
Johannesburg.

Patrick & Frances

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Observatory,

Johannesburg



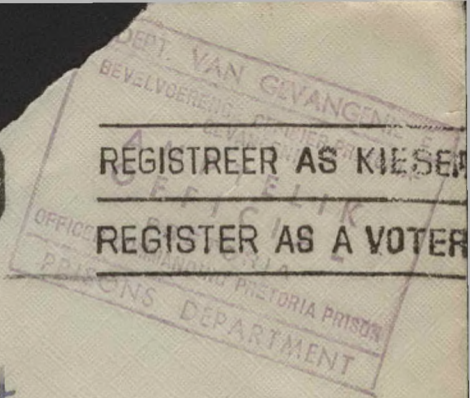
PATRICK AND FRANCES BERNSTEIN
c/o LEWITTONS
134 FRANCES ST
BELLEVUE
JOHANNESBURG



Patrick and Frances Bernstein,
134, Frances Street
Bellevue
Johannesburg



The Bernsteins,
134 Frances Street,
Bellevue,
Johannesburg.



HILDA BERNSTEIN

reunited
B.

A4.2.2

Sunday May 15. 1960

My dearest Rusty,

I write one letter to the children every week - no simple task now, as I'm sure you know. Last week I wrote to the Sherwoods, and the week before to Vera and my mother. Now there is no one left to write to (of any importance) except you. I hope we will see each other on Tuesday, but even if we do, I thought it would be nice for you to get a letter from me. If I know anything about postal services in this part of the world, it won't reach you until next week.

We had a busy day today, with lots of visitors. A Rabbi Katz came, and I was amused to learn that he cannot conduct a service without 10 men being present. We had a discussion on women's place in the Jewish religion - I don't think he convinced us, or we convinced him. Rev. Junod came later, and shook us all by the hand, and in the afternoon an Anglican priest conducted a service outside in the yard. We all attended, mostly to please ~~the~~^{matron}, who is a lovely person, and because we felt since he'd bothered to come, we might as well be civil.

We are getting lazier and lazier, which I suppose is only to be expected, but on the whole bearing up very well, much better than I ever anticipated. Humans are marvellously

adaptable. You need not worry about us, I have a great admiration for all the women here, and morale has been consistently high.

Of course, it is silly of me to write you a letter, for what is there that I can write that is acceptable to our censors? But I thought when the letters arrived you would be surprised and pleased to have your name called out. I would like it.

I find thinking of the children has become more impersonal. As though they were a long way away. I console myself by believing that they, like ourselves, have settled into a different way of life. Every weekend the younger ones go out to different places, and Keith seems quite happy to go away for the weekend. I do hope he hasn't grown too much, or lost too much fat, by the time we see him again. We shall have to make friends and re-establish ourselves with him.

I read humorous poetry to the girls this afternoon. This is the late afternoon - 5.30 - when there is still a great deal of time to be disposed of, and a general feeling of boredom with most of the things we have been doing all day. We lie around on beds. Some play Scrabble - not me. I've never played - there are the inevitable Knittens, and jig-saw puzzles, and our professor is conducting a scientific enquiry into the effects of fasting.

Since there is nothing more to say, except the very

personal things, let me give you a poem:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways,
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being, and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints — I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life! — and if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death. (Elizabeth Barrett Browning)

I think of you often. I wonder when we will once again enjoy
a good life together, It's like the war, when you were in Italy,
and I only remembered how marvellous it was when we were
together, and was always lonely for you.

Do you remember

Music I heard with you was more than music
And bread I broke with you was more than bread
Now we are apart, all is desolate
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Till the day we once again listen to music and
break bread together, all my love
Hilda

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