

## Letter from Mary to Arthur Prior, undated<sup>1</sup>

Darling,

I am mad with myself for being so stupid. Somehow getting the idea it was so much later than it was and leaving so much sooner than I need of. It was only when I saw the bus coming up the hill I realized my mistake. Hell, I'm sorry. I was feeling rather upset and confused today – this housekeeper business and uncle Max at once, and then wishing Joan wd. say her goodbyes and be done w. it instead of lingering over them in such a useless way you know all that together. I just howled my head off in the lav. after I was so miserable. You must have thought it all pretty rotten of {2} oh da I love you so Don't get upset about it. I didn't do it a purpose. Of course I wanted my tea etc. But only after it was time you were gone. To hell w. it. I haven't had the tea anyway. By the time I'd said goodbye to you (rushing off as I'd poured it) and spend ¼ hour in the lav. it wasn't worth drinking.

I do love you so.

It's horrid all this housekeeper business: we can[']t keep Helen, can[']t sent them to hospital. We can[']t get anyone else to look after and I'm worried stiff about it. Helen's father is just the last straw. {3} I wish I weren[']t here. If only I could come home and do things myself.

Later

People we could ask to try and find someone to help:

Mary Hussey might know of some one. She might know something about such things w. Pat having had it.

I was going to say Aunty May might but she's in Du.<sup>2</sup> w. the family just now.

Lloyd Geering.  
Mac Wilson  
Harold Turner

Oh Hell, I feel so mad about the whole business. I feel ashamed to be in a position where we cant say, well take your daughter out of it. We aren't slave-drivers and we have no desire to overwork a girl who is ill. I feel to[o] damned upset about the whole fucking business to be at all rational. And Helen[']s so very decent I feel so wretched about it all. I just don[']t know {4} where I am and for two pins I'd come home and be damned to it all. I mean if it's a case of Helen's health or mine, the kids are my responsibility and not hers.

And then there's this fucking shift too. My God!

I'm no bloody comfort. I'm afraid. I'm sorry. You're harassed enough without all this, but if I can't do my scone about it all to you, I can't to any one.

Da, I do love you

Marry.

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<sup>1</sup> Editors' note: This letter has been edited by Martin Prior, Peter Øhrstrøm and David Jakobsen. It is part of the Martin Prior Collection, presently kept at Aalborg University folder C, item 11. The letter is written on standard unheaded writing paper. It was kept in an envelope stamped 11 p.m. Wednesday 5<sup>th</sup> August 1954.

<sup>2</sup> Editors' note: Dunedin.

Do you think Geo. Hughes might know of someone?