

A E Maes
6, R. Desire Desmet
Bruxelles 3

February 17th 1937

Dear Bill

In looking through the Christmas cards that I received from England, I found the one that you so kindly sent me and I did not remember having answered it.

I am very sorry indeed, although this is due to the fact that being at the Post Office I am so very busy at Christmas time.

Well. I wish you every luck during the present year and the same for your little family.

I think very often, almost every day, of the Holyland and of you. I spent there some of the happiest days of my life. Then I was young and able and jumped upon the table as you used to say, now I am getting old and have a family to work for so there is more work than play. I would love to come back for a few days, maybe I will sometime although it is rather a costly journey and I cannot always get the necessary leave.

I suppose a good many of the people I knew have died since I stayed in Threapwood but said as it is such is life isn't it?

I often wonder how your parents are and especially your good old mother, I often made her laugh and she was very kind to me.

I did so grieve over the death of Mr Broad, he was just like a father to me and if he was still alive I feel that I could not wait any longer to come and see him.

And how are your brother and sister Bill? I suppose at the head of a big family. And Nellie from the Bank farm is she also married? I often live all the bygone days back in my thoughts and it makes me happy.

As for the last twenty years I have written but seldom in English, I am getting very bad at it but I hope that you will still understand my letter.

I wish Bill you would convey my kindest regards to Mrs Broad and to Geoffrey, two people I shall never, never forget.

With my best thanks in anticipation and also kindest regards to your parents and family.

I remain
your very sincere friend

Aimée

Letters from a Belgian
who lived and worked
at Broads Bakery - The
Holy Land. He was very
friendly with Bill Peers
(Rose Starkey's Dad). Each
Xmas he and Bill + Broads
exchanged letters/cards etc..
These are 2 samples. Why he
was here no-one knows!
Maybe after 1st W.W.?

17/2/37

G. rue Desires Desmet
Brussels 3

Dear Bill,

In looking through the Christmas cards that I received from England, I found the one that you so kindly sent me and I did not remember having answered it.

I am very sorry indeed, although this is due to the fact that being at the Post office I am so very busy at Christmas time.

Well, I wish you every luck during the present year and the same for your little family.

I think very often, almost every day, of the Holyland and of you. I spent there some of the happiest days of my life.

Then I was young and able and jumped upon the table as you used to say, now I am getting old and have a family to work for so there is more work than play.

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I would love to come back for a few days, may be I will sometime although it is rather a costly journey ^{and} I cannot always get the necessary leave.

I suppose a good many of the people I knew have died since I stayed in Etreapwood but sad as it is, such is life isn't it?

I often wonder how your parents are and especially your good old mother. I often made her laugh and she was very kind to me.

I did so grieve over the death of Mr. Brown he was just like a father to me and if he was still alive I feel that I could not wait any longer to come and see him.

And how are your brother and sister Bill? I suppose at the head of a

the family. And Nellie from the
Pauk bank is she also married?
I often live all the bygone days back
in my thoughts and it makes
one happy.

As for the last twenty years I have
written but seldom in English. I am
getting very bad at it but I hope that
your article will encourage my
letter.

I wish Bill you would convey my
kindest regards to Mrs. Pears and
to Geoffrey. Two people I shall never
forget.

With my best thanks in anticipation,
and also kindest regards to your parents
and family, I remain

Yours very sincerely
Frank

A. MAES.

A E Maes
6, R. Desire Desmet
Bruxelles 3

January 20th 1935

Dear Bill

You dear Bill, you ask me if I have forgotten the time we had in the Lake House. Well of course not! Do you know friend that at the Holy Land, in Threapwood, I spent some of the happiest days of my life? I dream of it very often and think of it daily. Had I been English, surely I should have tried to settle down there, marry a Cheshire girl or a Welsh lass and become a farmer. I took an English girl with me to Belgium, you see, I wanted, if I could not stay in England, at least to have a little bit of Great Britain close to me. We are very happy and Mrs Maes is a very nice person indeed. We have two sons one of 14 and one of 9 ½ years. We had a little house built just outside the city of Brussels and I am still at the Post Office (this year 25 years service). Do I remember Threapwood; dear Mr Broad who went so suddenly, the man I loved like my father and good Mrs Broad and Mrs Sarge who was spotlessly clean wasn't she and then little Geoffrey a gentle little boy, who is already married. I do remember the old grey mare, the horse that died. Bob that took its place was the colt of the grey mare. Do you remember Bill the day you sat astray the grey mare in the stable when Mrs Broad entered? Dear me I did feel awkward for I knew that Mrs Broad loved the horses. And how is your mother, father and sister Bill? I hope they are enjoying good health. I can see so clearly the cottage where you were born; I could draw a picture of it. How many babies has your sister now? And you are married Bill? Any youngsters yet? I wish I could come to the Wood and spend a few days there. I often wonder how all those I knew are getting on. I suppose all the young girls I knew are actually married. Annie, Jessy and Maggi from the Bank Farm (Mr Dawson); Annie, Mary and Riza from the Glandeg Farm (Mr Done); Kittie from the Vicarage etc. Didn't poor Harry Mantford die? I was very fond of Harry for he was a good boy wasn't he. Do you remember those Belgian refugees who lived at Worthenbury? They are living a few miles away from Brussels on a small farm. Nearly all the children are married. The youngest girl who is actually about 17, was born at Worthenbury, she weighs nearly 16 stone. Rene Neville who was then at Glandeg Farm is now on a farm close to the French frontier, I mean the farmer himself. I will probably stay a few days with him this summer. Is Harry the blacksmith still living at the blacksmith shop? Now dear Bill, if ever during this year you find time to write me a few lines I should be very pleased to hear from you. Please, if you happened to meet them will you convey my kindest regards to those you know were my friends there. I should appreciate particularly if you could one day convey special greetings from me to Miss Jones who was then at the Bank Farm and Miss A Fowls from Shocklach who worked then at the Glandeg.

With every good wish for you and your mother, father and sister and family and many thanks for your card.

I subscribe
Yours sincerely
Aime Maes

NB I say Bill sometimes I say to Mrs Maes "How being ye blowing" it doesn't half make her laugh.

January, 20th, 1935.

Dear Bill,

You don't see Bill, you ask me if I have forgotten the times
 we had in the Laire House. Well of course not. No you know
 friend, that at the Holyland, in Thirapwood, I speak
 some of the happiest days of my life. I because of it very
 often and think of it daily. God I have English, weekly
 I should have tried to get the down there, many a
 looking girl or a Welsh lass and become a farmer. I look
 an English girl with me to Belgium, you see I wanted, if
 I could not stay in England, at least to have a little
 bit of great Britain close to me. We are very happy, and
 my man is a very nice woman indeed. We have the one,
 one of my own and of 9 1/2 years. We had a little house built
 just outside the city of Brussels and I am still at
 the Post Office (which year 25 years of service). So I remember
 Thirapwood, dear Mr. Broad who went so suddenly. The man
 I loved like my father, and good Mr. Broad, and Mr. George
 who was absolutely clean as soon as he, and then little Jeffrey
 a gentle little boy, who is already married. I do remember
 the old gray mare, the horse that was. Not that look it
 please and the coat of the gray mare. So you remember Bill
 the day you sat among the gray mare in the stable when
 Mrs. Broad witness. I mean I feel awkward for I mean
 that Mr. Broad is not like it, as he loved the horse. And
 how is your mother, father and sister Bill? I hope they are
 enjoying good health. I can see so clearly the things where
 you were born, I could draw a picture of it. How many

father has your sister now. And you are you married still? any
 youngsters yet? I wish I could come to the West and spend a few
 days there. I often wonder how all those I know are going on.
 I buy you all the young girls I know are actually married.
 Uncle Jerry and Maggie from the Pauck farm (Mr. Dawson);
 Annie Moberly and Rita from the Glasgow farm (Mrs. Bond);
 Katie from the Vreemange etc. I don't hear from many more.
 Die? I was very fond of them for he was a good boy next to
 me. As you remember those Polyan refugees who kind at
 Westbury. They are living a few miles away from
 your old small farm. Nearly all of the children use
 married. The youngest girl who is actually about
 17 now lives at Westbury, she weighs already 16 stone
 Please remember who was that at the Glasgow farm is
 now on a farm close to the French frontier. I mean the
 farmer himself. I will probably buy a few days with
 him this summer. In the army the doctor with a
 living at the doctor's office. I have seen Bill if ever
 living this year you first time to write me a few lines,
 I shall be very pleased to hear from you. Please, if you
 happen to meet them, will you convey my kindest regards
 to those you know where my friends there. I should appreciate
 particularly if you could one day convey special greetings
 from me to Miss Jones, who was then at the Pauck farm and
 Mrs. A. from Mrs. Black, who writes them at the Glasgow
 with every good wish for you and your mother, father
 or sister and family and many thanks for your card,
 I am very sincerely
 Yours
 G. J. Bailey

B. I say Bill, come down
 "You being ye steering"
 he doesn't half make no sense.

AIME
 MAES.