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Portmore Nursing
— Home.

SIMLA, 26.7.46

My dearest Mother,

I believe you have almost forgotten me: But you are always in my mind. How are you all?

I have been so busy looking after my boy during his illness recently without a nurse that I had to come into the Nursing Home to have the delivery prematurely.

There has been much trouble - Coo was not well - her tonsils were bad, and she had fever. I left her and the boy with Azim's wife, and her sister and a very clumsy Nurse. Azim's wife also has a Baby girl one month old now. I reached the Nursing Home just in-time for the Delivery ^{23rd} at 11 p.m. I reached at 11.29 p.m. Baby boy born. He is born over fifteen days too early and weighs only 5 lbs 3 ozs + 1/2 very weak - Please pray for him and send your blessings. We need them.

How, even Sueti and his wife, one night
a couple of months ago I dreamt I was
in Nagpur & unwell, and Sueti's wife came
to see me, and just behind him I could
see Svetoslav standing & saying "How
are you"? But in reality now Svetoslav
would not even recognize me if he
saw me, as he did in Lahore last
time - Just learnt how careless brothers
can be, so don't blame him - humane
nature is such.

Do remember me to Father, and please
ask him to send his blessings -

Convey my best wishes to George -
and my news to Dr Yalavanko. How
he will come to Lahore in winter, &
we shall be able to come & see
you in Kulu next summer.

I am lying in bed writing with pencil
& if all goes well, will go home
early next month - My home address
is - PARK NO. 4, SIMLA. My love to Ray
Love from Shrin & yours Asghari M.

Park 4,
S.M.A.E.
4.10-'46

My dearest mother,

thanks ever so much

for the sweet message in the telegramme - It was ever so kind and loving of you to send it, and both Shirin & I were ever so pleased. We miss you and the family a great deal, and hope sometime to come and see you.

The apples were received in good condition - are one still not ripe enough, so we stew them for the children, and they are pleased to eat Kulu apples their Granny has sent them from there.

Shirin is now quite a grown up girl, but quite self willed - rather peculiar - on one hand she dreams of plays and acting and applause, & on the other hand she adores looking after Babies and doing things for them!!! Prefers the company of grown ups, and yet longs to play with children, but cannot get on at all with them. She is fond of painting & sewing, and not so much of doing her lessons, which distresses me, and she adores dancing & singing at any time.

she is most patriotic, and the trend is these days^{to}
+ non communal minded, has communistic tendencies
and calls her-self a nationalist or communist.
As full of ideas as ever, quite helpfull and
ever so affectionate - talks of you all often,
& and says she wants to make something for
Auntie Kulu's (Daria) birthday - she likes 'handwork'
she has a healthy dislike for anything crude.
The boy is slowly improving, and gets a set
back now & then. He has learnt many words,
and crawls quite well, & can stand when holding
to a chair or bed - He needs very careful looking
after, and I feel most concerned about him -
May he become strong soon and get quite well.
The wee little one is rather delicate and
small & needs great care, and as I have to
nurse him myself I am growing very fat -
as I was after Shinn was born - So after
I wean him there will be 'Some' reducing
to do - to come back to normal again.
We are going back to Lahore between the
15th & 20th of October - & hope to celebrate Sherin's
Birthday with her brothers at Lahore.

The snaps I took were not good enough,³
& some more have been taken, so will
send some as soon as they are ready.

We are having heavy rains here for the
last three days, and have also had a
long & heavy monsoon season.

● I brought up canvas and paints, but
with so much to do for children I got
no time at all to myself - and feel very
unhappy that my painting is sadly neglected.

Only if the money for children was more
competent and nice, I could do some painting.

One day I opened my cupboard & the smell
of grease paint was so pleasing that I could
● see myself in moments at a canvas, & longed to
get back to my painting, & hope one day

before long I will be at it, as that is the
one thing which pleases me most, & to write
two or three things is my ambition.

It is now 3.40 a.m. - and as I don't get
any time by day to rest, I will end my letter,
but before I do so - I want you advise
" what should I do or say when people
make fun of my belief in Theosophy ; and
hold it to ridicule ? It annoys me, that
they should not understand, and yet I have
to meet these people and be nice to them.
Mother dear I have much to thank you for
looking back on those days I spent with
you all, I feel they were wonderfully peaceful,
& I felt most happy & at home with you -
and my little Shin got full of ideas about
collecting all the things that interested her,
& in art & beauty. How are you keeping ?
and how is the family ? my best wishes to them.
I am up to the eyes busy looking after children,
and don't even get time enough to rest.
Best love & kisses from Shin & your loving
daughter again.

Dingle Lodge⁴
Simla,
7-9-47

My dearest Mother,

This is to give you news -
Shirin had enteric Fever, & was ill for a long time -
Soon after my operation I returned from Lahore
to nurse her after my little Boy's birthday 23rd Aug.
She is convalescing, but we must leave Simla
at once because in Hindustan the massacre of
Muslims has started & unluckily we are Muslims.
When as they have started a massacre of Hindus
& Sikhs - The freedom of our country means
Murder & Blood shed - I never thought it meant
this - the day we longed for & dreamt of
brought Horror in its wake - Was such
Culture worth saving - This which changed
human beings into animals or even worse. We are
filled with horror & disgust at all that is going on -
This may be my last letter to you in case
we are attacked on our way to Lahore - we
are being taken by a Convoy - but these days
the attacks on convoys are also very bad - &
people are indiscriminately butchered to death - It
is worse than the Russian Revolution - & what
we have achieved is tearing up the Country -
It is a great shame & we are very unhappy -
But have no choice & must live in the same
ruined town of Lahore.

I cannot write a very long letter - as time is short
& I have to write to all my people (brothers & sisters)
in case I never see them again in this life.

We leave at Dawn - small children - rushing down
the plains by Heavy Trucks - it is frightful, & God
knows what will happen. Mangun & his brother who
is in the Military have come to fetch this father,
me & my three children. I am sending a snap of

myself with the children - & hope you'll like it -
I have a very hard & anxious life ahead
if we survive this journey - & do hope my
two boys will become normal by the time they grow up.

Mother - dearest don't forget me & write to me
when you can & do hope I'll get your letter.
Don't know what your plans are, but I do
hope we'll meet again before very long: when
this unfortunate country will have calmed down
& become normal again - Poor Co is convalescing &
is very weak & now this journey will be so hard for him.

I must thank you for all your kind & loving wishes
& hope you'll pray for us; as I need all your good
wishes considering what lies ahead. Please convey
my very best wishes to Father, & to brother George.
Love from Co & your loving daughter Asghar.

41. Lawrence Road⁵
Lahore.

29 - 9 - '48

My dearest Mother,

Where are you, and how are you? I have missed you much, got ^{some} news of you, intended to see you, but couldn't manage to get away, and am very sorry indeed to have missed you. And now I do not know where you are.

So please let me know as soon as you get my letter all your news and how the family is. If you are likely to be in Delhi again, I'd love to come and see you. If you are leaving the country do ~~not~~ let me know. I do not wish to loose touch with you. Often I think of the times we talked to each other and discussed so many interesting subjects. You have helped me so much, that I wish to be as near you in thoughts as I have always been.

What can I say of all the Political happenings in our two countries - May God make the best out of chaos, and bring peace to the

tortured minds - and bodies which have resulted
in evil thoughts interpreted into actions.

One's mind grows sad and in despair,
& see so much pain and suffering, and a
deep depression in place of progress. But let
us hope goodness will yet save the world
from complete ruination.

Many years ago when I talked of the
changes & freedom we wanted and hoped
would bring us prosperity + progress - came
and brought such horrors with it - that
I was sorry we got it - Because nothing
can bring greater confusion ^{& chaos} than muddled thinking.

How is George? and how are Raja + Luchilla,
& Dr Valaranco? What news of Suek & his wife -
and where are they now? I am writing to them also,
& do hope you get my letters.

When I hear from you I'll send you snaps
of children & myself. Cos is a big girl now, &
the boys are better now. With love - Yr Agha.

41, Lawrence Road,
Lahore.

26 - 12 - '48

Dearest Mother,

This is to
● wish you all a very Happy
New Year and send you our
very best wishes and good
luck for it.

I am very sorry indeed
to hear of your indisposition,
and do wish I could
● come and serve you. My
inability to do so makes me
very sad indeed. But I
do hope I'll be able to

see you before long looking
well and happy.

I have not been able to
write to you earlier, as Margie's
father was ill, and now Shirin
is ill with what they call
Chicken pox, so is in quarantine,
& will be out of it on the 1st.
She has asked me to write
& send you a New Year Card,
I wonder where you are now,
& where you will be in
the New Year - Do send
me your address so that
I can write to you on that
date on, at length.

41, Lawrence Road,
Lahore.

Svetoslav never writes now.
So I am not taking the
trouble to write to him. So
please convey my very best
wishes for the new year to
his sweet wife. I will try
to write to her later on.
I would ^{like} you please to
give a message to S.R.
from me about what he
wanted done -
"Your few paintings in two small
packets are lying with me safely
& one piece of old stone. When
you send for them, I'll send them on.

No one will take them there
these days unless he is a
great friend of yours. Dickens
didn't contact us at all.
Your other valuable stones
have not been detected at all
& there is no hope of detection
at all, unless you send the
address of the man "Sud."
you mention - He could
have left them in some one's care.
If you could ask one of
your friends from Bombay
coming here to collect ^{the paintings} them,
we could hand them over
to him safely with a letter. "A."