

36 Garibaldi St
Plumstead

Wednesday

my Dear Les.

many thanks for your letter; so sorry to hear you are in hospital, but very glad to hear that you are having proper treatment for that throat of yours; I have been quite worried about it. I had just finished reading your letter this morning when Edgar knocked on the door with the bad news that two of Mrs Thomas

sons are in Hospital and on the Danger list; one in France & the other in Italy; Edgar says it will finish Mrs Thomas if anything happens to them. Eddie in France was her youngest boy, & his girl had all arrangements completed for their wedding which was to take place at Christmas when he was supposed to have leave; they had even bought the trunks, her wedding & bridesmaid's dresses. Her other son in Italy had been very distressed because his wife had found "another". I feel so sorry for the Thomas family.

I expect you have heard from Blanche that her & Dad have quarrelled over her taking the things that she bought mum. They hurled terrific insults at one another. Blanche wrote Dad 14 pages of dramatic charges, raking up things he had said & done 30 years ago. To my way of thinking there is no advantage gained by raking up dirt, but all she said was true; He cried for a whole day when he received Blanche's letter, I had a terrible job with him, in fact I was ill over it; I went over to Muriel's on Sunday, but I was bad all the time. I was a rose between two thorns.

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So now I do the same as Edgar does. When we are with Dad, we side with him, & when we write to Blanche we side with her. Frankly I am glad Blanche did help herself, because she wouldn't have got any thing of mother's. Last Sunday Dad gave me one of mum's bracelets. I was very upset to think that there was so much trouble over mum's things.

I'm finding the job of looking after Dad very difficult because he thinks I am robbing him all the time. He locks up every thing.

Joyce is home on 10 days leave, she is staying down with Blanche at the moment, it was so nice having her home again as I do miss mum so.

Will Dear, I do hope you & Clair will be having that holiday at Bournemouth soon, you both need a rest; try & come down to see me if you possibly can; I think the rest in Hospital will do you good, it is much better than being out in the cold cold ocean; I am writing this by the fire, so please excuse scibble, let me know how it there is anything you want, Alb sends his love, Joyce says "poor old Les", of course I say "what's poor about him" - what do you say?

o cheerio dear; look after yourself
o write soon.

your loving Sister
Doris & Co



F.O.M. *W. Reston*

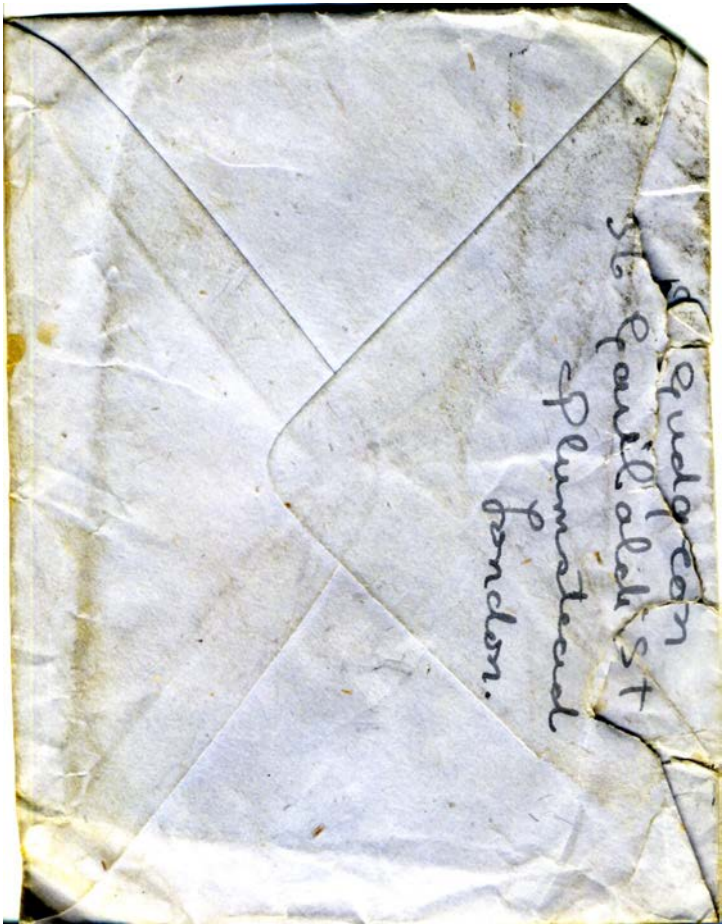
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