

P&A. Belle Grove Rd.
Wellington. Kent.
Tuesday. 17.4.45.

Dearest — This has been another
beautiful day of sunshine, simply
gorgeous weather. Though I guess
that it is mild compared with the
heat of the climate where you must
be by now.

I've been wearing my red
suit and red & white striped blouse,
and have felt cool & nice. Joan
on Sunday handed me a rather
backhanded compliment — that I look
like the cover plate of Vogue whatever
I wear. I guess you must by
now have donned the white duck
and I hope you took your sun-goggles

with you. - or can you buy them
aboard in quantity? like
everything else.

Incidentally, did I tell you
about the camera that I nearly
bought in Victoria St. yesterday?
It was in that big photographic
shop, and it took my eye at
once, cos it was just exactly what
you had been looking for. The
label said Leica IIIA. 2F (whatever
that may mean) £12.10.0. I thought
what a chance for her to have
missed, and was just wondering
whether to snap it up in any case,
when I realised my mistake -
the price was one hundred and
twenty one pounds, ten. Phew!
Not today, hester mine.

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I saw in the paper today that a new season of Sadler's Wells' ballet has opened, and I think I'll stroll up to the New Theatre tomorrow lunchtime & book up a few evenings for myself. It will be heavenly to watch some good dancing & hear the lovely music again.

I picked up an autobiography of Rudyard Kipling the other day in the library without realising that it would prove additionally interesting to me at the moment because he was born in India - in a place that you will soon know well.

I have always admired his
works

immensely, and reading this book of his life is entrancing.

He has a simple way of putting down one's deepest feelings in a nutshell. I have come across one or two delightful passages & made notes of them, but for sheer exquisiteness of expression the following passage about life on a New England farm takes some beating :-

"It would be hard to exaggerate the loneliness and sterility of life on the farms. The land was denuding itself of its accustomed inhabitants, and their places had not yet been taken by the wreckage of Eastern Europe or the wealthy city folk who later bought "pleasure farms."

What might have become characters, powers, attributes perverted

themselves in that desolation as
Cankered trees throw out branches
atknibo, and strange faiths and
cruelties, born of solitude to the
edge of insanity, flourished like
lichen on sick bark."

That last sentence is in my
opinion, sheer poetry.

He certainly seems to have
travelled plenty, even 50 years
ago. Born in Barbary, educated
in England then back to India,
England & then a world tour
wherein he lost his money in
Japan & settled down with a
wife in New England. No
wonder he knows a little of life
& people. Describing his arrival
in Australia, for example, he
says "Then I found myself ~~among~~

in a new land with new smells
& among people who insisted a little
too much that they also were new.
But there are no such things as new
people in this very old world".

I hope I'm not boring you
my sweet, but I thought you'd
like to get an impression of what
my mind is absorbing these days.
I can't bottle it all up until you
come home, and I did used to
love my Sundays with hubby
when he slipped up the hill to
lunch, and allowed me to chatter
for hours on end.

It is now three weeks since
your last phone call, and I
find myself wondering all the
time what you are doing and
where you are.

7 Every day now I expect to get another letter, and I hope that it will bring with it the news that you have arrived. I am longing to hear all the news.

I can just imagine how you will all fall upon your mail when you arrive, and I hope that mine will bring a breath of home & wife & love.

Your address has been passed on to everybody now. - even Peggy, to whom I wrote last week. So I guess the letters will soon be piling in on you.

Pictures in the papers recently & articles written by reporters on the spot when our boys have

liberated the prison camps have
sickened me and just torn my
heart out. Poor men! And poor
women who see their loved ones thus!

We really have a lot to be
thankful for, darling, even though
you are a thousand miles
away.

Keep smiling, Sugar.

Love aplenty

Clara

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