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88A Belle Grove Road.  
Welling Kent.  
Friday. 20. 4. 45.

Dorling

I received h.o.b. tonight,  
and ope it was a relief after being  
without news for nearly two weeks!  
But I was mad to see how long  
it had been in transit - it was  
censored on the 8<sup>th</sup>! However  
it has arrived at last & cheered me  
up considerably.

I've spent the last half-  
hour puzzling over your clues of  
Bluebell. - I'm sure there must be  
some significance in them, or  
surely they would never have taken  
up so much valuable space. I've  
tried anagrams, & I've tried the  
figures this way & that on the map,

but to no avail. Honestly if  
you write to explain that there  
was nothing to it, after me racking  
my brains I'll do you.

In any case the letter is  
nearly a fortnight old, so there's  
no point in me knowing where  
you were then.

I gather that the passage  
had been rough, and that people  
were feeling the motion, which  
seems to have damped spirits  
somewhat. Also I was really  
sorry to hear that the food had  
tailed off. - knowing how fond  
my hubby is of his grub. Bless  
you.

I'm dying to know if  
you have by now arrived at your

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destination. I wonder if you are reading my mail yet, or whether it is piling up in some draughty hole waiting for its owner to claim it with eager hands?

There was also a card from Peggy tonight, written in fearful hurry because her day is full from light to dusk with planting and digging. She has sent an your address to Mike - in Italy she says - "an active service - homely, active too." I wonder if he is aboard one of the old Stella which is operating in the Red? Might be worth your enquiring to see if you can get news of your old gang.

I took myself off to the pictures on Wednesday evening cos I was feeling a little fed up, and saw "Music for the Millions". The music was lovely, played by José Gudiol - but the story was very weepy & sentimental all about a girl who is waiting for news of her husband in the Pacific. Course, when I came home I was feeling more miserable than when I started.

That, combined with the dreadful accounts of German prison camps, of which the papers are full, made me feel utterly wretched & sick at heart all day yesterday. I never felt the need of your loving arms so much. I came

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have from work just utterly,  
utterly miserable & longed to be  
able to weep my heart out on  
your shoulder, and to feel in  
the knowledge of our love that there  
is some beauty in the world.

Curiously enough early in  
the evening I listened to Bing  
singing "Melancholy Baby", and  
for some reason it comforted me.

This morning I chucked out  
of bed early, and caught a  
train that got me to Town soon  
enough for a leisurely stroll  
through St James Park. The peace,  
the trees <sup>reflected</sup> in the water, and the  
soft heat haze hanging everywhere  
was enough to send me into the  
office feeling that God was in his

Heaven & that all would come right  
with the world.

You have probably heard over  
the radio that we've been having  
the most heavenly spell of summer  
weather here. Temperatures soared  
& we have been spending our  
lunch hours lying on the grass  
on the Embankment. The sunshine  
has brought all the fruit blossom  
out on the trees, and the gardens  
are looking a picture.

The war news from all quarters  
continues to progress marvellously.  
- and I was glad to see that the  
V. proclamation will not be made  
until all pockets of resistance are  
cleared. I really can't see any

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point in celebrating the end of the war until it is over. The only sense I saw in such a proclamation was if it meant the start of some peace-plan, such as demobilizing. I don't think anybody would have felt like cheering or celebrating while fighting was still going on.

We are now completely free from raids of any kind - and it really is wonderful to have peaceful nights. We're just beginning to catch up on all the sleep we have been losing since last June, when the flying bombs started. You see, when you come home there won't be a suspicion of dark rings under my

eyes.

I think I should put on record that at long last I have finished the second silk vest. Ra! ra! ra! What's more I am wearing it, and very nice too.

Do you realise that it is a month this weekend since I last saw you? It was brought home to me today because I lunched at the Grand Corner-House with Mrs Lucas, & that's where we had our last meal together. Ah me!

When you were on active service around the coast I used to tick off each week on the calendar, & reckoned that before B had gone by, you'd be home



9 on leave. Suppose you are away  
for a whole year, that is 12  
whole months — it seems an  
eternity, but already one of them  
have gone by. I've a feeling,  
may a belief, that we shall  
meet again before this time next  
year. Once letters start passing  
regularly back & forth between us  
life will carry on much more  
contentedly for me, and days  
are so full, that weekends are  
upon me before I have time to  
turn round. I only hope that  
you will have plenty to do  
when you arrive, so that time  
will pass quickly for you too  
however.

Incidentally I hope you don't  
mind me having a go at your  
Limes crossword each week, I  
thought it would be fun to do  
it together even if we are  
separated by a few hundred miles.  
I know I do the easy ones -  
but I must leave you something  
to get your teeth into after all.

Keep smiling, my love,

Fido

P.S. Any Latin scholar will tell  
you what 'fido' means - as  
if you didn't know.

x  
x  
x