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88A Belle Grace Rd.
Wellington N.Z.

Thursday. 10.5. 1945.

Sweetest

I've just been down to Hunstead to see the folks, and though it's late, I've such reasons to write about I can't go to bed yet awhile.

First of foremost I think I ought to unburden myself about Edgar's illness, because I understand that the others have mentioned it in their letters to you & I expect you'd like to hear it all from me. I'm sorry we did not tell you about it straightaway honey, but you were on the high seas when it all started, and I didn't think we need worry you until the worst was over.

It all started on the Friday April 20th - the day before you arrived in India. Edgar apparently went to bed after reading a few chapters of a novel, and awoke after midnight with a terrible headache, managed to phone an ambulance & was taken straightaway to hospital. The first diagnosis was cerebral haemorrhage & Merial was telegraphed on Saturday to that effect, but was told there was no immediate danger. As luck would have it I

went to Garibaldi St. that day, and later when we phoned Meriel for the latest news & were told that there was no ~~news~~ ^{change} I suggested that she & I visited him on the Sunday.

5.30 am. saw me climbing out of bed, and we met safely, caught the 8.20. to Cambridgehire where he was and spent three very slow hours. I managed to ~~steer~~ the conversation into other channels, and Meriel talked quite cheerily & didn't go all to pieces as I would have probably done in her place.

We did not go in to see him until 2.0 pm. & I let Meriel break the ice while I tried to read a book in the lounge. - it was a kind of rest hospital for R.A.F. nerve cases - a big old Russian standing in its own grounds where the Chaps were allowed to wander & get their shattered nerves back to normal in the peaceful atmosphere.

I went in with Meriel after a while & we joined quietly with Edgar for an hour. He was lying flat & looked very frazzled & fit, except that he had these terrific pains in his head the whole time. He asked all the usual questions &

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laughed over all my little anecdotes of you & life aboard that luxury liner. But he was obviously in pain & I signalled to Mervel that we should leave him quiet after an hour.

We pulled the blackout curtains, cos the brilliant Sun was worrying his eyes & left him, and he slept for an hour, which pleased the nurse immensely. They made us tea, and we talked it over & decided that he had probably studied too hard for the last 4 months without a break, and that added to the flying, and then the heat-wave (he'd obviously been sunbathing) may have caused sunstroke or a brain storm or something.

He awoke around 5.0. and Mervel went back with him for the last hour while I tried my hardest to get the load from the nurse & Sister. They don't say much, but they were sure he had got over the crisis. It really was rotten having to tell her it was time to go, & of course she wished she had decided to stay on. However she felt better after having seen him & went home a little

easier in mind.

Next morning however when I rang she had been recalled to the hospital & he was on the danger list. That began a terribly anxious week for us all. Edgar went through X rays & tests galore & we rang up twice a day to get reports.

I know I didn't stop thinking about him & praying until the Friday when I was told that he had some lunch - he had previously been on a milk diet. After that I relaxed & knew he was going to be OK. Heaven knows what I wrote to you in my letter, I was so strung up - just like last year when mum was ill.

Poor Mr & Mrs Thomas had Philip to look after & the phone must have rung all day with the family making enquiries. So after that Friday I only rang every other day.

It is still not clear what is wrong. The doctors say he has a nerve in the forehead which has swollen - cause unknown. Until they know the cause they must keep him under observation, as they want to prevent it ever happening again.

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That truly, darling, is all I know. - except that I understand he is now sitting up, taking solid food, & is well on the mend, & can receive visitors, & is off the danger list. He has even been moved to a new hospital - and he was not allowed to move his head an inch the first Sunday that I saw him - so you can rest assured he is getting right back to normal.

The doctors have told him that it was a nervous breakdown - cos naturally he wanted to know what was wrong. I suggest you write to 8, Hillcrest Close, Beckenham & they will forward your letter on.

I wrote a happy ^{ist} to him, sending over birthday greetings & giving him a few funny bits from your letters - ~~you~~^I had just heard of your arrival. - so I expect he got a laugh or two out of you.

I had intended to write all this as soon as he was off the danger list so's you could write him. So go to it, honey, and I hope you understand why we did not let you know right away.

I hear that they had great fun on VE night in Plumstead.

Tom & Joyce & Blanche were up, and in the afternoon they all went to Loren to see the sights, returning early & spending the evening in the Green Room. There they all got pretty merry & came home about 10.30 & lit a bonfire in the road. A piano & the jazz-set were pushed into a window & every body joined in the fun & dancing until 3.0 am.

Albert says he had so much pig's ear that he didn't know whether he was hitting the drums or the piano, and everybody did the conga, hambeth walk, Okey Okey &c &c to further orders. They did wish we'd both been there, and I've promised that we shall have the biggest party ever when you come home. You simply must make it before V.I. night.

Now that the war is over here, I intend to concentrate on getting our home going. Next week is Whitsun, & we get the whole Saturday

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off, and I intend to go over to Llewisham &
See Mr Gifford about a flat of our own.

I shall also get a docket from the Board of
Trade to buy some more blankets. - and I
shall gradually collect pots & pans & things as
Dons has done for Joyce.

Incidentally, darling. That Indian rug
Sands marvellous, and if you could possibly
arrange for it to be sent home it is just
what we need. It will be wonderful if you
see things like that now & again - cos then
even though we're miles apart we'd be building
our home together. And it's going to be a
wonderful home Sunday Sweetheart, full of
joy and happiness and laughter. We certainly
had lots of fun at Blessington, & this is
gonna be a bigger & better Blessington.

After all, now that there is no more danger
of air raids & rockets there's absolutely nothing
stopping us building. I certainly didn't take

hard to find what we wanted before, so
I intend to concentrate all my energies on
this flat-hunting game now on. Bless the
Postals - the way the schemes are chopping and
changing will be old & grey before you carry
me over the threshold.

Keep your fingers crossed, Sugar, and I'll
keep you informed of all developments on the
Home Front.

Must away, now, if I'm to look
rosy-cheeked when you come home.

'Saying all my love for you',

Clare.

P.S. I shall enclose another £2 with this making
£6 so far. Let me know it arrives safely
with you honey?

Cl

P.P.S. All my love & kisses. Cl.

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Colman. L.H.

P.M. 500 821

Mrs. BRACQWIZA

COASTAL FORCES

BOMBAY

INDIA

