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The Flat.

Thursday.

Heart o' mine,

Two long, long letters
from you this evening, darling, and
once more the colours are back in
the flowers & the stars shining
in my eyes. Even at 7000
miles you have that effect on me,
so how I shall react when you
kiss me for the first time again
Heaven. Knave! All on that day!

I guess the VE celebrations
held up the mail somewhat -
which explains the last week of
silence. Only hope my letters to
you are not delayed sweetie-pie.

Honestly, darling, your
letters are so long & interesting that

I can't hope to take it all in or
answer it all in one go. I read
I read them until I nearly know
them by heart & there's no doubt
that if ever I find myself in
India I shall know my way
around Bombay thirdfold. It
sounds a very varied and exciting
place and I certainly think you
might have found yourself much
worse off.

I'm really glad to know that
you go swimming regularly, and
that there are such wonderful
opportunities for that spot. - and
I hope you continue to enjoy
some lovely weekends. I'm sure
that you will need to relax after

3. a week in the workshops, and don't try to write home at weekends sweet. Just have a jolly good time & cast duty to the winds.

So you ventured to the markets & shopping centres & took account of prices & values. Here I must be careful, because it is forbidden for anybody to request things to be sent from abroad. You suggest handbags sweet. I think it's a lovely idea and I should be really thrilled. - natural pigskins are nice because they go with everything & are always sweet - as to shape I think you have

very good taste, honey, so I
leave it to you.

I thought the price of the
lingerie very high - they
can be made so much cheaper
& better by anybody with a
sewing machine, and I
think Harold would have done
better to have bought a length
of silk instead.

I can just imagine you
boys going out for presents for
the girls back home, and I
think it's perfectly sweet. -
especially when you are all
pretty broke.

I was sorry to hear that
George has only had one letter

3/ from home - I know myself how
depressing letter-less days can be
& for you boys for from home
in strange surroundings & working
under very trying conditions,
mail from home must be one of
the essentials to your well-being.
As to wives who fill their
letters with trouble - they ought
to know better!

There are bound to be occasions
when I shall have to nip at
bits of bad news homey - eg.
Edgar's illness - but when, and
if, I feel overtired any
evening, or perhaps a trifle blue,
I shall just refrain from

writing. Black moods very rarely trouble me these days - maybe I am getting more stable & don't throw myself into fits of depression as I used to do.

With the war over here, and the Sun shining as it has done for the past few days I am feeling & looking in the pink - absolutely.

I did have a fortnight of real headache - starting with the ghastly revelations of the concentration camps, which really shocked me terribly, and followed by the sudden

7 Now that he is getting well,
and since I have told you all
about it I feel a weight
lifted from my shoulders. So
don't worry about me, sweet,
I'm as fit as a fiddle, and
I believe am putting on some
weight. I sleep like a child
at night, with all windows
flung wide, and wake refreshed
in the mornings. I read in
the train & don't find the
journey tiresome since the lifting
of the blanket.

The days pass swiftly as
we have loads of work to do,
and the weeks seem to speed
by.

I've so many people to visit
& so much needlework always on
hand that wet or fine I can
fill my evenings happily.

I wrote last week to both
Eve & Muriel & suggested to M.
that we have an occasional
evening in Town when she recovers
from the miscarriage & is back at
work. She probably spends too
much time alone & analyzes
her feelings too much - so
I'll see what I can do to sup
her out of it. She seems to be
afraid that Jui may not want
her to have another child after
what has happened - but I
said in my letter that I reckon

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by the time you all leave India
your one idea will be home,
wife & babies. Am I right?

As to our own V. celebration
Sweet, how I longed to rub
a magic lantern last week &
find myself dancing with you
instead of with a stranger. I
think Leonard realised how I
was missing you. - it isn't
easy to be gay when the band
is playing a sentimental tune
which is crowded with memories
& the one you love is miles
away.

But well make up for it
one day Sweet, well really

put on the Ritz & get drunk
on Champagne - Darling that
is one wine that I have
never tasted & I think ~~it is~~
we should really celebrate our
first dinner in town together
with a magnum of the stuff -
though I have heard that it
leaves a ghastly hangover.

But who cares? We could
sleep it off - get up in the early
hours of the afternoon & pry one
another with ice-packs. Is
that a date?

Incidentally, I wondered at
the time whether I should
write & tell you about my
dinner with the Yanks, or

" V.E. day. I had a feeling that far from home & in trying heat, things might get exaggerated or out of proportion. But I know you, sweetheart, and you know me - so I told you all about it & know that you understand & do not grudge me the outings.

Strange how they appeared out of the blue just in time to help me to celebrate V.E. evening in Town, & then faded away again like ships in the night. Life is a queer pattern.

Did I tell you that I

was spending this weekend at
Shoncliffe? Rex & Pat very
sweetly asked me down and
I accepted with alacidity.

These days I refuse to
pass up any occasion like
that. Ever since the war I
have refused invitations away
- because of mun. - but now
that the war is over, & there
are no air-raids to contend
with I have a life of my
own to live & I intend to
make the most of every minute.
When I realise that I am
25 and look back on the

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Think of all the wasted opportunities
I'm now on it, going to be
action & not fruitless worry
about things that might never
happen - and all my energies
are bent upon getting our home
going & collecting the little
necessities of life as they come
upon the market again. I feel
that the more things I buy
now, mark by mark, the better
it will be for our budget when
we are buying the bigger
essential to the 'Westaways'.

See, honey, we're going to
have such fun together some
day!

You have so far not mentioned
the receipt of any newspapers.
I have been sending them off every
week regularly, as also has Doris,
So some day soon you'll have a
budget of 'em to read.

Do you realise that it
is nearly two whole months
since we spent our last evening
together? You'll be home again
before we can say Sebastian.

'Night night my angel.

I'll pray for you.

All my love,

Clas

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Polym. L. H. Westaway.

P/mx. 500221.

Mrs. Bragawa.

CONSTABLES,

BOMBAY.

INDIA