

36

The Flat.  
Wednesday. 30/1/45.

Forest

Remember seeing 'Blithe Spirit' in London a few years ago? Well Noel Coward has produced it on the screen & it is very amusing indeed. Mum & I went to see it on Monday evening and laughed & laughed.

The story was very hazy for me, I could remember how clear the dialogue was but I had forgotten the lovely situation - the medium who conjured up the young man's first wife, & how witty the cross-talk between man & wife & ghost proved to be.

It was an all-English film in  
the most lovely subtle colouring -  
none of your American glorious  
technicolor - it was so soft &  
real that one did not realize  
that it was a technicolor film  
at first. The star parts were played  
by Rex Harrison & Constance  
Cummings, with the medium who  
was in the play - a wonderful,  
heartily jerky woman who took  
in deep breaths of air before an  
open window before going into  
a trance and kept around the  
room like a healthy young  
adolescent playing hockey. Remember?

I don't know how soon they  
get films out in Bombay - but  
if it comes along & you want

3

a laugh it shouldn't be missed.

I was glad to read that you go to an occasional show in Bombay - it takes one away from the everyday life doesn't it sweet? I must say, it will be heaven when we see our first film together again & we can laugh at & enjoy the same thing.

Remember our first evening at in Town, when we saw "Boy meets Girl". How thrilled I was with it all. Little did I guess that that was the beginning of many glorious evenings in the bander which had hitherto been unknown to me. The beginning

of the most wonderfully happy time  
of my life. And it will be so  
easy to pick up where we left off  
doing, when you come back.

This is only a very short  
gap in the happiness we shall  
always have together - and we  
can be sure that when you do  
return, you will never again  
have to go away from home.

It will be your return for  
always to England, home & beauty  
as you call it.

I read all your observations  
against my coming out to Bombay,  
doing, and am ready to  
accept your verdict. Somehow?

5  
have never built up any great hopes of being able to join you. Your own reactions to the place - cheerful though you always are in your letters to me - were not too encouraging. I felt that, while you were prepared to stick it out, & with your usual staunch philosophy even make the best of a bad job, you certainly would not want wifey to endure the heat & its accompanying hardships.

All the same, honey, I'm just as tough as any of those Service girls out here & reckon I've as much spirit as the next woman. However, as I said before, I am ready to stand by you

advice darling & wait here in  
England till that ticket comes  
along. I hate to be parted from  
you, and miss you hellishly all  
the time, and would go through  
any trials to be by your side.  
Especially as I'm sure my  
presence in that land would  
make life happier for my own  
beloved. But I'll be good,  
Sweetheart, and devote my time  
to writing to you & building up  
our future home. Before I  
know where I am, a little brown  
wizened man will be hugging  
me to his breast, & when I feel  
those lips I shall know without  
a doubt that it's my husband's

1  
kiss. You've got a wonderful  
mouth honey - just made for  
kissing. I used to study the  
way it clenched on your pipe,  
and often wondered how it would  
feel on mine. Heaven!

I've just heard Richard Lamb  
Squire "Ich liebe Dich" by  
Greig - one of my favourite songs -  
and I'd just love to send you  
a record of it to play whenever  
you feel lousy or blue.

I hope you'll still got my  
photo safe, and that I'm still  
smiling down on you when  
you are tucked up in bed.

I'm longing to get some more  
up-to-date pictures of you, Sweetheart,  
and I really must try to have  
a pin-up portrait done to send  
out to you.

Keep taking all the precautions  
against germs, and look after  
yourself darling, cos you are  
so precious to me.

lights at now, angel,  
Night night & Sweet  
dreams,

love you so,

Clare

P.S. One of the finest blood-coders  
I know is Milk of Magnesia.



36

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