

The ~~Office~~ Lat.
Monday.

Hallo
My cherub, my love,
my darling, my man with
a capital. M-A-N.!

What a Smasheroo -
what a picture - gee I can't
stop gazing upon that stunning
bunts of male in the very bitzy
Semi-frunks. Coo! You do
things to a wawa's heart -
yessir + its not good with
thousands of miles of ocean
between us. You'll have me
making love to my pillow
tonight. Wow!

All of which leads up to the fact that I'm crazy about a certain chap in the Navy, and no kidding!

I've known Sumpin. I had four letters from you last week, and two this week, and today's only Monday. You're spoiling me. But believe me honey I can take it - and I wait 'till you get spirit & expect you to do it all the time - cos I've tried it & I know that it's a strain when there are a hundred and one odd jobs to do & dozens of other people all clamouring for letters. So -

3

when they come along in bunches
I'll love it, and when they
come along two or three between
I'll spin 'em out. So don't
you go neglecting your health
& spirits.

But high-jinks apart
darling your picture tonight
did a whole lot for your
wife's morale. You look so
fit and well, and happy too.
Just the same as the wonderful
man that I married. You look
more like the boy I used to
know in the days at the hot
springs summer ago. Swimming
& sunshine certainly do things

for you - its quite definitely
your element. The only thing
out of place is the fact that I'm
not in the picture. And that
won't be for long, angel, so
I'm not moaning. I only hope
you'll manage to get to Beach
Candy every weekend for the
rest of your stay in Barbary.

I am glad you are
getting - in some reading these
days - it certainly does take
one right away from the
world. I think I mentioned
that I too am reading more,
and train journeys just whizz
by & I wish they could last.

5

longer. The latest of mine was a very long book by Elizabeth Goudge called "Towers in the West" & dealt with Oxford, the city, and the birth of learning in the sixteenth century. Very good sidelight on social life and customs during those times. I am beginning to think I was a dope casting history on one side at school. As soon as this election is over, I intend to start reading that Grevelyan book in our library. For the present however I must concentrate on fairly modern stuff.

Incidentally, the election
Campaign opens this week and
you are going to be flooded at
with press cuttings of the various
speeches.

I enjoyed reading about
your shopping expedition & I
recalled a time when you made
caustic remarks at the amount
of time it takes a woman to
make up her mind. You even
ventured to sympathise with
the poor shop-girls. Hah!

That snake skin handbag
Sands wizzo! And as to
perfumes, darling, I love any
floral scent except poppy. In

fact I'm not at all hard to
please in that respect - but
don't let them have you - Some
of the claps in France for example
paid pounds for bottles of stuff
just because the makers name
sounded like Chanel, or
Hohynewx. I don't know
whether they have popular brands
but my real weakness of its
obtainable are Yardleys - "Orchis",
"Band Street" or "April Violets".
Sailor's Nose, any flower perfume
- and I guarantee to set your
pulses working and your head
swimming when you come home.
Only let me get you alone

I chuckled at your description
of the Bokhara Palace - sounds like
the Arabian Nights.

I bet you had a job to choose
anything with so much variety
at your command, and I'm
hoping to receive the news that
you say are on the way. It's
really thrilling to think that

some of our home is coming from
far over the Sea.

And what a wonderful home
ours will be doing. Full of
love and laughter and lightness
of heart.

There's no one like you,
I love you so.

Clare

3/8



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