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The Flat.  
Wednesday.

Darling, I came home tonight with the thought of a glorious free evening in which I could write to my heart's content to my beloved. The last five nights I have gone out, and it's a bit tedious for this old girl, especially as it means neglecting you.

I manage to write scraggy letters in between its time, but they are not the same as the screeds I'm capable of when there's plenty of time for concentrating on you and the main theme of my life.

So - I sat back in the train this evening + took a little

Snooze & dreamt up all the things  
I want to talk about. Arrived  
home to find a note from  
mum that she had a date, and  
gave a sigh of relief to have the  
place to myself. Most un-filial  
don't you think? But very  
understandable under the circumstances.

There was a letter waiting  
for me - written last Tues 29/5 -  
a bit out of order because a  
Monday 4/6. I received one written  
by you only last Wed. 30/5!  
As I said before darling, you're  
the sweetest man in the world to  
do so much writing to me -  
& let you get ribbed by the others  
about it.

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Now I don't really know where to begin I've so many things to tell you, and so many bits of your letters to answer. Still I reckon you want to know where I've been the last few evenings - did stop-out, so I'll continue with the diary.

We were having tea at Cufley Jones in my last letter.

little Susan is getting more used to her Auntie Clare these days & she honoured me by bringing along her nursery rhyme book after tea, announced "Me up" and proceeded to take possession of my lap. After

which we spent an absorbed half hour with "Jack & Jill", "Jack Homer" & the rest. I used to feel most awkward & embarrassed with children, but believe me, by the time I dangle our Sebastian on my knee I shall have had time to study all their little ways & act accordingly.

However, bedtime came along & Sue was led off to bed - quite contentedly as she was almost asleep.

It had been raining cats & dogs most of the day, but it eased off just long enough for all of us to make our way up to the box about 9.0 pm.

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for a drink. This place as  
always was crammed full. but  
we found a corner for our little  
circle, and suddenly Tim spotted  
George Upfold in the middle of the  
uproar around the bar. He was  
hoisted over & introduced all  
round. He's a size if you  
like & stands like a Guardsman  
the whole time without relaxing.  
It seems he's been floating around  
in this country for about four  
months, & misses the boat back  
to Palestine on some pretext or  
other every few weeks.

I shouldn't be at all surprised  
if there was not something wrong  
with the chap - heart, or head,

he's got the queerest glitter in his eyes and dense way of talking. As a matter of fact I believe Tim said he caught a packet somewhere so maybe it's only some temporary nervous shock. The boys were saying that when the gangs all home they'll have to form a meger team of old crooks & challenge Chorkan Lake or Charles Hill to a game. I'd like to see that.

Believe me darling, after seeing some of the boys coming back to the office discharged unfit from the services, and hearing some of the tales, the picture of you taken at Foreach Andy really

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did much for my peace of mind.  
Even though you are at the other  
end of the world, darling, as long  
as we keep fit & keep our  
minds healthy and active, we  
have reason to be thankful.  
Health of mind and body seem  
to me to be essentials to  
happiness.

Incidentally, you mentioned  
your visits to the optician.  
I hope that the sunlight is not  
straining your eyes too much,  
you should wear your sunspecs  
always - unless you have your  
peaked cap on. But I think  
you are wise ~~to~~ to have a

best, honey. You used to suffer  
some what from eyestrain at the  
office, and you can't take too  
much care of your sight.

You seem a little worried  
about your teeth honey, and  
I wondered if the discoloration  
that you mention has been caused  
by the T.C.P. It sometimes  
happens that way with medicines  
It's wiser to take the dose  
before cleaning. I suppose you  
can get your favorite brand  
of paste at there? Let me  
know honey if there's anything  
at all that you require & I'll  
send a parcel along.

I guess it was a little



a/  
Thoughtless of me to describe  
all those goodies that we had  
at Thornelife. It was only  
because they were such luxuries  
& quite out of the ordinary that  
I felt bound to mention em. Normally  
grub at home is very plain these  
days & rations get smaller instead  
of increasing. But we manage  
fairly well, and if I don't  
put on any weight during  
your absence you won't mind  
too much will you honey?

We can always turn out  
the light.

Actually, though all that  
sumptuous grub was there I  
didn't eat a bit of it.

Somehow I never can eat when I'm out. I leave you to make the obvious cracks about how I get on at home.

You know darling I really was very sorry afterwards about keeping Edgar's illness from you. And I assure you that if I'd thought you'd have heard it from anyone else I'd have spared you the worry. It must have been pretty ghostly after Blanche's letter. I think I have explained that you were still on the high seas when it all happened, and there did not seem to be any point in writing to the base until we knew that

" The danger was over.

But believe me, nothing that is the only secret I have ever had from you & it really was a strain trying to write to you every day knowing that I was holding something from you. My life always is an open book to you, where I go, what I do, how I feel and look, all these things I always try to convey to you, because I like to feel you in everything I do while you're away. And I promise here and now, that I will never again withhold news, however bad, from you because I realise now that in the end

it does not spare your feelings.  
All very serious, angel, but I wanted  
to write that way so that you  
can be confident while you're  
away, and never have a worry  
about life back home. Is that  
a bargain? Cos, darling, I  
do love you, and I couldn't  
bear to hurt you or cause you  
unhappiness. Life must be pretty  
lamey for you & strange at  
times, and I want you always  
to be able to hold on to our  
love & my letters as something  
concrete, something that will  
always be there for you to turn  
to while you're away & to  
come home to at last.

So you have been reading Forsyte Saga eh? I really must get that series out of the library and read it again. I remember very well how I absorbed myself in it a few years ago. It is very satisfying to follow the lives of really well-drawn characters, who have something deep & lasting to tell one in their life story. To read descriptions and scenes by people who know human nature. I would like you like Charles Morgan. As usual when I find an author that I enjoy I lapped up his works too quickly & they are rather hazy-

but I do remember that he had  
a philosophical turn of writing  
and a happy knack of putting  
into words the very things  
that you have been inarticulately  
thinking + dreaming about for  
years. "The Fountain" was  
one I remember.

Darling, when you say  
things like "I'm sure my lack  
of perception & taste made you  
impatient with me" I feel  
very humble. I have a long  
long way to go to catch up  
with you, and I know that  
I have been learning from you  
since the day that we met.

You underrate yourself,

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doing, give a knife among  
men.

As to learning about love from  
the classics, I think that  
after experiencing a union like  
ours, what you read in print  
is just recognised by you as  
the truth simply because you  
have experienced it in actual  
life. You may read something  
which prompts you to say  
"How true" - simply because  
you have felt the same way.  
Anybody who has travelled  
along the surface of life & let  
beauty pass by unnoticed would  
probably class the same piece

of writing as "nonsense" or "trash"  
or just would not understand.

The greatest comfort I can  
acquire is from poetry. When  
my mind is in a whirl,  
when I feel disillusioned and  
weary of the world as I did  
at times during the war, I  
could turn to the poets & find  
complete happiness & tranquility  
of mind & body. They have  
something to say, they know  
beauty & depth of feeling, and  
they know how to mould their  
inspirations into a form that  
pleases the eye & ear as well  
as exciting the imagination.



1 To return to very worldly matters.  
The election campaign started in earnest this week, opened on Monday by Mr. Churchill on the radio.

I did not hear his speech because mum & I were at the pictures, but I read the whole speech in the Telegraph next morning. I was going to say that I was unimpressed, but really I could see no reasoning or clear thought in any of his statements. He was as usual apparently talking for effect, but people are not going to be led as blindly

by oratory in the peace. It may have kept our spirits up while the war was on, but people now feel that they want good sound common sense in their lives & he certainly did not strike the right note. As to his talk about inflation & the small people's savings being lost I think it rather low to sow seeds of that kind of fear in people's minds. There are said to be thousands of people, not understanding what it's all about & not able to think for themselves who might vote for Churchill's party just to keep their little nest-egg intact.

Inflation is caused by a

<sup>19</sup> Shortage of goods on the market  
& labour to produce those goods,  
in proportion to the spending power  
of a country.

Raw materials, food & lots  
of essential goods are short now  
all over the world, and unless  
they are controlled, the people  
with the money will grab them  
all, sending prices up, the  
wages will need to be increased  
to keep up with the higher cost  
of living & so the spiral will  
start. There needs to be a lot  
of planning & controlling if  
distribution is to be fair and  
logical.

Anyway honey you will want to ponder over the policies & make up your mind - so I am sending by air a clipping of Churchill's & Atlee's speeches made on Monday & Tuesday.

They will follow an from day to day & you will get a clear picture of the position here.

There's no end of sub-thumping going on in the office these days & I've no doubt it will wax more violent as polling day approaches. This is my first chance to vote, and I am really giving the matter lots of thought.

For the last ten minutes

Fire engines have been clearing  
up the hill, bells clanging and  
throbbles wide open. Quite like  
old times.

Last evening at Miss Muir  
(10.30.) I was seeing myself  
home from the Embassy. The  
game spent quite a pleasant  
evening there - though the pre-  
ponderance of females meant  
less dancing than usual.  
Lui, Max, Bill, - Vera, Pat,  
Dennis's fiancée Joan, Jeanette  
& I. - and Bill turned up  
at 9.30. after a swim! Bill  
& I nipped in on a couple of  
excuse-me's & got a little  
variety that way.

So you still conjure up visions  
of me do you? Its nice to  
hear of I hope they react as  
I'm feeling - which means they  
certainly wouldn't hover in  
the doorway all evening. Whats  
wrong with your lap? - I used  
to love to curl up with you  
in an armchair.

Only don't make the visions  
too heavenly darling or you  
might have a let-down when  
you come home to just me.

I'll be dreaming of you  
tonight darling & wishing on  
the stars,

I love you,

Clair

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COASTAL FORCES.

BOMBAY

INDIA

