

43

The Star.

Saturday. 9/6/45

Darling mine - Picture me, sitting up
in bed writing this letter to you.
Seem' as 'no it was only a half-day
today, and that I can anyway
lie-in tomorrow morning it seemed
the ideal arrangement to come earlyish
to bed & scribble to my beloved.

Sometimes, what with
chores & needlework, washing &
ironing, & visiting in the evenings
the weekends fly by generally
without me writing my usual
billet-doux & then I feel glum
on Monday mornings & imagine
you watching the mailman go by
with disappointment in your heart.

This afternoon I spent a pleasant time making our new green curtains. I believe you saw the material - it is satin with a heavy linen back, soft green with an old-rose design in flowers. Awfully sweet and I bet it will look super with the carpet you bought darling.

Sitting there stitching the ruffle tape on the top (that's the stuff that the rings & hooks fit into remember?) I was reminded of those lovely domestic evenings we spent when we first moved into Blessington. You on one side of the fire with your book & pipe, and me stitching away at the curtains. I guess we must only

3
have had our black art up them.
And what a black-art arrangement
that was!! Thank heavens we've
done away with that stuff for
ever & a day.

And what a boon that sewing
machine is! It took me a couple
of hours to measure, cut & tack
them up, and about fifteen
minutes to machine them! Tomorrow
I intend to make some cushion
covers - two fitted ones for our
cane-seated chairs, and some
quilted - coloured ones to keep on the
divan when it acts as a settee
in our lounge. O.K.?

Maill see dachip. It may
be a few months before the flat
or patrol comes along, but when
it does, our home will be
very cosy. Your letters are so
full of talk of our home sweet,
and I long to get settled in an
my own. But don't worry
dachip, before many more weeks
go by, our luck is bound to
turn up, & I'll be writing to
describe our flat, and making
all arrangements for removals.

You ask about mum. Well
she certainly is more like her
old self since the lifting of the

2

out the light at nights and lie here dreaming back through all the wonderful memories of our life together I could weep for ~~with~~ yearning to have you near. . . .

But it doesn't do any good to the old morale to give way so we must just make the most of the opportunities given to us while we're apart, and build + plan towards our future happiness.

Sunday

After tea last evening I went down to Pinstead. I knew that Joyce + Lou would not be here this weekend as they only went back off 10 days leave on Thursday.

Albert & Doris were just getting ready to walk over to the cemetery, and I said I'd enjoy walking over with them. Before we left pop came in and asked after you - said he'd had a letter & would be writing off this weekend.

They were very interested in seeing your snapshots & pictures of Barbary. They thought you were looking very fit and seemed to be happy. She is in bush jacket with cane & cigar always makes people smile. As for me, well I just pore over them at odd intervals all day, and have them spread out on

9/ The table when writing my letter.

There is now little doubt that Joyce is going to have a baby - and she's having quite a job trying to get booked up in a nursing home. The knitting and preparations have started, and your help has been requested to knit the shawl. Same job!

Still its nice and straightforward, and there's bags of time to go, and anyway it will be some thing to keep me occupied in the lonely winter evenings ahead.

I know that Don's is writing, or has written to you, and I expect she will give you all

The home news in detail.

As I started to say, we strolled over Win's Common - shades of many happy hours spent walking with you - and came back by the lower road. Quite a distance. Unfortunately the Cemetery was closed when we arrived. So I was not able to see the grave as it now looks with its white surround & vase.

later

At that juncture I was interrupted for lunch; and as we spent the afternoon & evening at the Drive I am just signing off as I go to bed.

Darling I do wish the food situation would get better at that Camp. It worries me to think you are not getting enough to eat. And you have not told me whether you are able to supplement the ration at your canteen.

What I wouldn't give to see you stride in on a Sunday as you used to do those weeks when you were stationed at Bomper!

Never mind sweetheart, I'll feed you like a king when you come home. I hope by then

to have got in a little practice
on my own.

I do hope you did not feel
too tired to go into Barbary
this weekend - I think a break
from the usual surroundings
are up for the week.

Keep the old spirits up honey,
and everything will come right
for us soon.

Hope I dream of you soon,
and remember that I love you
always.

Clark

43



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CASTLE FORDS.

BOMBAY

INDIA

