

Shangri-lai.

Wednesday. 13.6.45.

Dohing hey

If I gave you a hundred
guesses you'd never hit on what I am
right now.

Remember how in days of
old when we were returning home in
the train from the office yard

Sometimes turn to me & say what a

lovely evening it would be for a stroll?

Well that is just how I felt in the
train this evening, and I couldn't
bear to waste such a perfect summer's
eve indoors. So - I slip a pad

& put it in my hand bag after dinner
& heads into the fresh air.

I thought of the Park but
that is an eyesore at the moment
cos the lake has been drained, and

They are filling the bed with the
best bomb-débris. The place is a
shambles, and there are always
clouds of dust everywhere!

So it was in the other direction
that I turned instead of lazy-like
took an 89 bus to the top of
Shades Hill. From there I wandered
through the woods, and finally
turned in to the Castle grounds.

There was not a soul, and the lawns
which had been freshly cut were
giving off the most wonderful perfume
in the sun's warmth. They are
coated white with daisies, & I
was sorry that I had not been here
a few weeks ago when the rhodo-
dendrons were in bloom - they
must have been a picture!

So here I am seated all alone
on a huge comfortable wooden seat
on a terrace with lawns stretching below
me, and far in the distance the soft
wooded hills of Kent. The sun is
sinking low, but is still very warm,
there are heavenly rose bushes all around
me and every bird in creation is
chirping and whistling.

I now wonder that I am at peace
with the world?

With no effort at all I can
imagine that I am seated on a
verandah in front of our bungalow,
& that the lawns stretching below me
are ours. I felt rather lonely when
I first came out - as I usually
do when I am going nowhere in

particular all alone. But I don't
feel that way any more, and I
think I shall come up here on many
more excursions this summer & scribble
do you darling.

Don't it be heavenly when we
don't have to vented forth alone to
look for happiness, when we can
count on one another for companionship?

There is surely no more tender feel-
ing in the world than to be really
close to a person's heart, to know
that that person tries to understand
one's funny ways and queer moods
& queers one's love & laughter and
happiness. . .

There's a cuckoo sounding softly
and nicely in the distance
just now, and I wonder if the

5 thought about that call will bring a
whiff of old England to Cheetah II?

You are still I guess wallowing
about in heavy rains, and those
dusty looking roads in your
photos are probably cut about
by rivulets. Give a fellow
that the monsoon season will

not be more after your heart and
you'll probably be feeling much
fresher at the end of the day's
work.

When I was interested to read
that you went to the Canteen
dance the other week, and I hope
that as you the weather cools a
little you will find the energy
to cut a rug occasionally.

The music of the flocks in the
crowds as a wonderful tonic &
always think.

17th I began to blow up Chilly so
I left my haven, and strolled
back through the woods & all the
way home. Its quite a distance
you know.

Surprising how many cars there
are at the roads nowadays.
Old ones, new ones, well- and
badly-driven ones - all speeding
along & looking very pleased with
themselves.

I arrived home to catch
the tail end of Churchills second
election speech & will read all

about it in the morning, and will
send you the gaff.

I might have to digress into
politics but honestly honey I
am showering with a train to
drop off to sleep. Guess all that
fresh air must have gone to my
head.

Hope you'll forgive this
short one, my pet, but I'll
start in writing tonight &
early tomorrow.

Sweet dreams, pigeon,
I love you,

Fido

No number

Sa: 44A



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Mrs. BRAGANZA

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