

The Flat.
Friday.
15. 6. 1945.

My darling
I had the most wonderfully
satisfying letter from you tonight.
You talked about all the home news
& topics that I wrote about a couple
weeks back & then digressed to more
personal matters. And now I feel on
top of the world. Also, your letter
sounded bright in tone that the
last two of I gather that you have
come out of a period of slight
depression.

I suppose we are both
bound to get these two feelings
while we're apart, and it's hopeless
to try and disguise our spirits
when writing letters isn't it?

for me. I've been feeling very languid
and tired for the past few days, but
that feeling has completely vanished
with the advent of Mr. Bennett this
morning. I said my tummy has not
been the regular machine it used to
be, since you went away. Guess
the emotional upset of parting from
my beloved, followed so soon by
the shock & prolonged anxiety of
Edgar's illness had something to do
with it.

Still I shan't be sorry when it
settles down to the old clockwork
regularity so as I can feel full
of beans all the time.

It was funny in the train
this evening. They're still as
crowded as ever - even more so on
a Friday! At London Bridge

A party of four got into - a young
blonde leading, a very named
Loyal Marie, the girl in circles and
a paratrooper. - and from them
I just bubbled inside at their chatter.
They were all so happy, obviously not
long married. The men talked
about my wife and the girls
my husband all the time & there
was much friendly rivalry between

em.
I gathered that one of the chaps
was just home from overseas & the
other had been home just a week.
You should have just seen their
shining eyes! So have gone through
perhaps, danger & anxiety, and
then to be home & safe with the
people they loved.
Naturally my thoughts turned

to us - darling. We've been through
all the heart-aches, and one day
soon we too will be thrillingly
close together & looking at one another
with eyes full of the love light
that those four were showing.

London really is full of bars
and tea-houses and there is no
longer about foreigners in uniform
as they were before the invasion.

So Sir, they are our own ~~own~~
and RAF & Navy have from abroad
or on leave from the Continent
and it's good to see them, even
though my own man cannot yet
be aware of them.

Incidentally, by the
time you come home you'll be
wearing a row of medal ribbons
which were made public a few

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... back. ...
... Defense ... for ... Service
... in the Home Guard. ...
... Invasion ... in
... the Channel in support of the Normandy
... landing.
... Africa ... which has been
... extended to Service from 1943 to 1945.
... India ... for East ...

I'm not very clear on the details
how, but last Saturday when
was down home, pop mentioned
with pride what a much decorated
man you would be when you came
home. The newspaper containing
all the dope about them must be
somewhere at sea. Shame that the
papers arrive so late out of date
daily, but I'll keep you advised
of major items of importance, and

I expect you enjoy reading the editorials
and articles, even if the news is past
history.

Incidentally the paper situation has
eased since VE day - most people were
probably only interested in the news
of the European war, or else the stocks
have been increased - So I have now
ordered The Telegraph & Evening Standard
& these will be sent on to you

twice a week. They will provide
you with more sober reading, while
Doris will supply your manly soul
with the Daily Mirror & Tale - yes
I heard you faithless man.

Have your five boys done
anything about softening up the
interior of the bungalow? Such
as hung muslin curtains & bought
a cushion or two? Or is it as

Sparse & bare as when you moved in?

Softening effects can have a tremendous effect on one's morale you know.

Still I guess my remarks would be received by the boys with derision - in case you should appear to be getting soft.

I told you didn't I that last weekend I made some new curtains & cushion covers? They

are really nice & will make our home look beautifully fresh & cozy.

So you agree that if we can get the points we may as well invest in a utility dining room suite - and when I write Luis to this effect, I will spend a half-hour filling in the form. These Government forms!!!

Did I tell you that last week
I bumped into a girl from school.
We both recognised one another, &
said Hello, but afterwards confessed
that we couldn't remember names,
and were not even sure in our hearts
that it was at school that we met!
However we soon broke the ice and
were talking away about this girl
& that one & what we did then
not how we are spending our time
how to etc.

We finally decided that it
was time we went to work and
we made a luncheon date for
yesterday. Another old school pal
also turned up, and we found so
much to jaw about that it is to
be a regular weekly do! - ~~we~~ we
all married, & one girl's husband
in the army (group 29) is in India

at MHow - wherever that may be.
The other air's man is also Jimmy
a Ferrer - who hopes to be out by
next January.

It was fun swapping tales &
hearing of their individual experiences.
The lucky pair were actually
evacuated with their offices to
Bournemouth throughout the war!

You can bet we had plenty to say
about that dream-house.

On Fridays Mrs Lucas & I usually
lunch at the Strand or Coventry St.
Comer house just to make a break,
but she is sick this week & I
went alone by myself to the Strand.
They have a new idea called the
"Salad Bowl" - which I don't think
you have tried - and on reasonably
warm days we lunch in this part.

It's a good idea, you just pick up a plate & help yourself to salad & hors d'oeuvres dishes, roll, butter & Soup. - go back for more if you have room - and then a Sweet, gateaux, fruit or jellies with, occasionally, ice cream, followed by Coffee. The bill is 2³/₄ however much you eat, & I imagine that growing lads & even some of the grown lads find it a treat. We must try it together when you come home Sweetheart.

I read your further remarks about Bombay, Angel, and I see that no amount of persuasion would make you change your mind about having me out there, and I guess in the circles it would be better if I waited at home for you

do get your release. So I'll be
good, and wait patiently. But
I'm not gonna let anyone think I
like it, though I do understand
that I would not have the amenities
of the service girls and I'd be
stuck all alone in a strange town
in a strange country with only
an occasional visit from my
beloved. It's a cruel life that's
all I've got to say - and I
don't at all like your talk
about the effect of the climate upon
one's health & constitution. Hope
you are looking after yourself
baby, and not taking any risks.
Do you know what I've done,
dodie? Looking back I realize
that I have neutered food - and
I swear I never would again in my

letters. I do hope that the day
this arrives you will have been
into Bombay & had a good
blow-out. Or else I shall be
dubbed the thoughtless little woman
from now on.

Oh I do love you so much
Sweetheart and I miss you so
much, and all the time. It
doesn't get any better, does it
daring? You'd think that after
three weeks one would have
become inured to empty weekends,
lack of love and kisses, and no
immediate prospect of leave. But
it just gets worse as time goes
on, until it's only the thought
of the joy that lies ahead
ultimately that keeps one's chin
up. It must be really queerly
not to have that hope at the
end.

I remember when ~~we~~ we were I was
down at Thorncliffe, and we were
all getting ready for the dance. I
had a small room next to ~~the~~ &
Pat & I could hear ~~the~~ sniping
away at some old Bing hit, and
trotting around the room, with an
occasional exchange of words and
laughs between them.

If I look me back & bright
into mind many little cameos of
you looking around in shorts &
Sniglet, having a shave, brushing
your hair, struggling into a shirt
or into shoes. Oh god darling,
So many memories, so inexplicably
male, and so precious.

I'm afraid you can't have
many really feminine memories
of me, cos austere fashions &

lack of company just didn't give
an girl a chance. But I'll see
what I can do in the matter of
a Super wardrobe for our first
handmade dollhouse & I hope
until then, she can at
least dream, and town castles
will have more foundation than
wee air cos when you come
home it will be that day.

I love you dollie
for ever
Clara
I hope you'll be
happy & healthy
I'll be thinking of you
all the time
I'll be thinking of you
all the time
I'll be thinking of you
all the time



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