

Sweetheart

The Flat.  
Wednesday. 20/6/45.

Well, herewith are a wife, a pen, some paper (rather mixed since I left the public Stationery at the office) and being, to be devoted entirely to the boosting of one particular sailor's morale. You want something to read well here goes - I'm in a talkative mood.

Course it would be much more comfortable if I could just snuggle down with you in a large armchair, with my legs round in your lap and rest my head on your shoulder, but life being what it is, and this being the only method at the present moment of getting together with my hubby, it'll just have to do, till the real thing comes along. Do him!

First and foremost to reply to letters 30 and 31 which brought me much happiness, last evening & this.

I'm glad to hear that the weight is static around 13st 11 lbs. and I reckon you must look like the handsome life Guard who used to quicken the girls' pulses up at the Pool a few years back. I'm also glad to learn that rations are improving somewhat & hope you will continue to use your influence as Vice-Pres to obtain even bigger & better meals & other living conditions for the men & yourself. I was surprised to read that where your stomach was affected you

could put your whole heart & soul into the V.P. job, sounds a bit biologically mixed, but I get the general idea.

I was sorry that you didn't get to hear the M. of Labour genl, but quite frankly darling I don't think anybody knows how far this demobbing business will go this year. There have been so many contradictory statements that most boys have given up coming on their group & are just (?) patiently awaiting their ticket be it tomorrow or six months hence.

The moan about lack of news & information in those parts was received by me with much sympathetic indignation & tomorrow evening when I sit down to write other general letters \* I might have a dig at a letter to that Capt: Belenger Chappie. Actually though honey I did read that Sunday papers at any rate are now being flown East direct from the presses, so you should be soon getting pretty up-to-date news. I will continue to send all clippings of interest and as usual the political dope. I'm pretty sure now that my vote will go to the Socialists - my views are really liberal, but since there are not enough of 'em to get a majority in the House I think I shall almost definitely vote Labour. How's about you, honey bunch? Sue is getting short now, & it will be about 14 days before I receive a reply to this letter.

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Don't forget that Foliage Day is July 5 - though I've an idea that proxy votes have a few days' extra grace - I must find out about that & let you know.

So Mike may be coming East too huh? Maybe you will join up again after all. I jolly well hope he doesn't go into actual operations against those beastly little Japs. Ugh! Being a few years younger than you, and having joined the same day he will obviously be in a later group than yours for demob: and anyway he hasn't a vital job to come back to in any case. In fact his hopes of a speedy return home must be pretty negligible. I have not heard from Peggy, though she said last time I wrote that she'd definitely give me a Chibele when next she is in Town. It would be fun to see her again - I loved her sense of humour.

I see that you were not going to have another quiet domestic evening spoiled by an unannounced and uninvited monsoon storm - and have like sensible lads taken lots of precautions for your comfort & well being. Just as well that you invested in a pair of swimming trunks aboard ship eh honey? Why bother to travel all the way to Beach Cuddy when you can have your own pond right in the back garden? Except that you have

no glamour - dunes in your back garden. Or did you even think of smuggling in a few of them for your comfort & well-being?

To go from the sublime to the other extreme, I certainly did not realise that the spots had reached such proportions that you were worried about an outbreak of boils, and I wonder that the Sick Bay could not give you a shot of penicillin - which attacks streptococcus (pus cells). Maybe it has not arrived out there in quantity yet - though I believe it is going ahead in England & that once they've mastered its plentiful production it will become available for purchase in chemist shops.

We have a Penicillin Production Control now in the Ministry. It really is a wonderful discovery - British of course - and I don't know whether I told you that Edgar had it injected every few hours for weeks to reduce the inflammation of that nerve in his head.

By the bye I had a long phone call with Edgar yesterday. He sounded almost his old breezy self. - he was called indoors to the phone from the garden - where I understand there was a small undisturbed colony in existence. Philip & Seamus was having

5 wonderful Jim diving in & out of a huge bath of warm water & drying off in the sun.

But joking apart, Edgar must be well on the road to recovery, he actually made the journey over to Plumstead last Saturday he tells me - and though he admits he felt pretty dried when he finally arrived home - it certainly shows the improvement he's made since he came home. Unfortunately he reports back on Saturday - so I shall not see him again until his next leave. He said he'd written to you - and was amazed when I told him you'd dropped two stone & were looking handsome & debonair again

<sup>6</sup> how that you are out of reach of  
your nagging wife.

how I guess you are interested to  
know what I've been doing this week.

Well on Monday as usual mum  
& I went to the films & saw two old  
ones - Betty Grable in a very colourful  
musical - lots of fun & Siquia romance  
- "Moon over Miami"; and also that  
epic of the Pacific "Lightning hadri" -  
actual photography of carrier planes  
in action - Remember? We saw it  
together along with that Alan Ladd  
film - "And now Tomorrow."

Quite an enjoyable evening, and  
definitely a good ending to any Monday.

7 Last evening as I said, the gang  
were going to the Embassy & were to  
assemble in the Stratton Hotel at 7:45.

Bit of a rush for me, but I was  
ready by about 7:35 & dutifully  
toddled off. I sailed into the Stratton  
Hotel, looked around, looked again -  
was with a hundred eyes watching me  
- decided that nobody had yet arrived,  
and, lacking the courage to stay, order  
a pint, & stick it out, I sidled to  
the door & out again into the fresh  
air. Phew!

Almost immediately I spied Tom  
coming up the road. Honestly however  
it might only have been yesterday  
since I last saw him - same walk

8 Same mannerisms, same clothes. I'm quite sure that the moment I see you on that platform or landing stage it will seem as though you'd never been away. Oh, my stars I can hardly wait.

However to return. We went inside - we full of courage now I was under escort & we sat quietly over a beer & cigarette trying to catch up on all that had happened in two years. Quite a feat.

The others soon came along - Vera, Tim, & Jeanette - and after they had all examined your snaps and passed various comments on the size, tan, costume & poses, all grudgingly



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Complimentary I might add, we drank down & proceeded to the dance.

As usual we had picked a hot night - as Tom remarked, some time the gang should try dancing in the winter time. It was more crowded than the other Tuesday & the band was as good. Sammy has not forgotten his dancing - though he said it was the first time he'd been on a floor since before he went away. Jimmy too is getting quite expert, and I know he's having secret lessons somewhere, somehow. He actually executed a hesitation turn in a waltz! I admit he was very quiet for a few steps beforehand, & I was

just beginning to wonder what was the matter when he came out with that step and we actually didn't fall over. Altogether quite a gay evening - but oh, I do long for my beloved, when the band is playing all the good old good ones, & I close my eyes & imagine all our glorious evenings together.

Life is going to be so wonderful when you are home again and all the gang pile into the various cars & go out for fun. Incidentally, Jim & Vee's car is a Ford - not the same model as yours a 10 I think, very nice & comfortable inside & runs smoothly. An asset too because they did

" not have to worry about catching the last bus home. Sammy goes back to Pomany on Friday & I shall not see him again before he goes. I must send you his address if I can get it from Jimmie, I'm sure he'd like to hear from you. ~~His~~ Since life must be pretty dull in Pomany for the boys. Maybe he'll even find time to write a few ~~lines~~ himself.

Remember how I always used to say that Tom had a fatal fascination for women - a certain something that attracted women? Well it just isn't there any more - at any rate for this girl. I guess it's simply that you satisfy every desire that I have

12. ever wanted in a male, you're just all that I could ever have hoped to find in my Prince Charming, and I thank God that you found it in your heart to love me, darling. That is an honor that I shall never betray.

You often indulge in an analysis of this thing called love, and I realize that as a general rule I just glory in its happiness without pondering on why it should be, and why it should have happened to us.

Love happiness is a thing that I can't define - it is just there, and all the time it is there you feel wonderful, and there's very little that

13/ You can do about it when it vanishes.  
Love is a make up of happiness  
and something more tangible - I mean  
you can actually take steps to see  
that it doesn't vanish.

My own view is that it is a  
reflection of all that is good in a  
human being. - You cannot have love  
without feeling kind, generous,  
understanding, forgiving, faithful,  
selfless, tolerant. Take away any  
one of those qualities. Could you  
be in love & happy, completely so,  
if you were unwilling to share  
everything you possessed with your  
partner, if you did not try to feel  
& understand his every mood, if you

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Could not trust him implicitly?

People are often so tight & mean inside. They are afraid to give in case they themselves do not gain enough out of life. Yet if they only knew, the more they give, the happier they will be, the less they worry about themselves, the more they will get out of life.

"Cast your bread upon the waters,  
and it will return one hundred fold."

Put any evil feeling at all into a partnership - jealousy, mistrust, deceit, intolerance, and love immediately loses all its glorious fullness and richness of spirit.

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We are two wonderfully lucky people who have received a gift of Heaven. Let us never take it for granted, but rather be humble & pray that we may remain true inside and worthy of the gift.

Your love is my reflection of Heaven darling, always,

Carol

Sorry for the violence of the colour  
of this paper, but I thought you might  
like to have a few words on the subject  
of love from the maestro himself-  
Shakespeare, and this is positively the  
last sheet of notepaper in the house.

“

Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediments. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or bends with the remover to remove:  
O, no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests and is never  
shaken;  
It is the star to every wand'ring bark,  
Whose worth's unknown, although his  
height be taken.  
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips  
and cheeks  
Within his bending sickle's compass  
come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and  
weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of  
doom:-  
If this be error and upon me proved,  
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

There's so much in that sonnet that it  
takes quite a bit of thinking out, but  
with his usual wisdom and inspiration  
Shakespeare has pretty well covered the  
subject - its a favourite poem of mine.  
And I simply love his definite and  
almost mathematical conclusion. (P10)



And so to  
bed angel - to  
dream of you whom  
I love, Love

x 8



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