

48A

The Flat.

Friday. 22.6.45.

My heartthrob.

I've been awfully busy with my chores tonight and, but I made a vow to pack up at 9.0 and sit and write to you.

Imagine my amazement when I realised that I had once again left my Stationery at the office - must be getting absent-minded in my old age - so once again began the search for a spare sheet or two.

I finally unearthed this stuff from a pile of old correspondence dating back to the beginning of the war.

I actually came across your first letter at Helli & also saw written just before we were married. See darling we were walking on air those days - and

re-reading them I couldn't suppress
a few tears at the sweet memory
of those days. I am a lucky girl!

The difference ~~is~~ in tone of the
letters written when you first arrived
in Wales, and those written from
Howston just before December 1942
is quite amazing - the latter ones
were really slap-happy, and I
imagine you were quite pleased
with the idea of marrying me after
all.

I guess that in years to come
if we read through your Indian
letters we will remark ~~the~~ same
thing about those written just
before you came home to England.
I rather imagine you'll be slap-
happy then too - eh angel?

As for me - I don't know
how I shall live once I know

That you are on the way home.

I am sure I wouldn't sleep
at nights for excitement. Gosh!
Somebody knew a thing or two when
he said that 'absence makes the
heart grow fonder'. Wish I could
swim out through the Red, the
Red Sea, & right up to the back
door of Cheetah II.

Wonder what you are doing
with yourself this evening?

It's been scorching hot all
day, and I brought sandwiches
for lunch so that I could spend
a whole hour in the fresh air.
I walked all along Victoria St -
calling in the photo shops for films
with no success, I regret, honey -
up Buckingham Palace Road and
all around St James's Park.

It was heavenly! There are

loads of ducklings in the lake - and I recalled many happy hours we spent together in the Park at the beginning of the war. They are demolishing all the brick walls that were erected in front of doors & windows in Whitehall and it is lovely to see the windows & beauty of the stonework revealed again.

The changing face of London back to its pre-war beauty is so gradual that one hardly realises that it is going on. I expect the boys coming on leave notice it more than we people who pass through its streets every day.

Joan came over last evening and we all went to the Regal - saw an English village film which was quite interesting. Poor Joan was feeling pretty low - because

dear little haddie was run over &
had to be put to sleep. lying in
bed last ~~evening~~ night I kept
thinking of his sweet little ways
and couldn't believe that he wouldn't
chase down the road to meet me
again. It is very hard to part with
loved ones, and Joan must miss him
every moment of the day.

Kind if I make it a
very short one tonight, pet. cos
my chatter seems to have dried
up on me.

Don't ever stop being your
everloving
Wifey

48 Pa



Polym. L.H. Westaday.

P/mx. 500001.

Mrs. BRAGANZA.

COASTAL FORCES

BOMBAY

INDIA

