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The Hat.

Tuesday. 26.6.1945.

Sweetheart

I pride myself on being quite an efficient miss at the office, and yet I can't keep check of the numbers of my letters to you! Very unsatisfactory doing I know, but I'll try to turn over a new leaf in the future.

We have just listened to the news, and one item that was of interest to me stated that the monsoon rains were still falling in Burma & holding up movement. I guess that that sentence applies to you too my honey - and that may explain why I've had no letters since last Wednesday. Maybe the old mailman can't get through at your end.

I hope that you are

2
still in the pink at any rate darling.
Keep on dabbing the T.C.P. and taking
all the tablets that the M.O. dishes out.

Incidentally I do hope that your
spectacles have arrived safely & that in
your leisure time (spent I gather in
Cheetah II mostly due to the rains)
you will be able to lose yourself in
some good books. I have not
had much time for reading lately,
in the train I devour the papers,
mostly for political information, and
at home I have been spending my
time needleworking.

The second candy-stripe blouse
is coming on apace. You'd love
them darling they look so crisp and
fresh. I used the past tense there,
but I do mean I'll be wearing 'em
when you get back home, so you'll

3) See for yourself.

The weekend weather was simply wonderful - and I imagine that for thousands of lucky people it was a taste of dear, old, peacetime England. I enjoyed it myself sweetheart in my own quiet way - but England will never seem the same to me until you are once more inside its shores. Half my mind and dreams lie 7000 miles away right at this moment.

I am wondering what you are doing - though according to my diary you should be tucked under that mosquito net & dreaming of me at this hour of the day. Do you know there was a full moon this weekend, and it looked beautiful in a

cloudless sky. Believe me I haven't seen darkness now for weeks! It's still light when I draw the curtains at night, and the sun wakes me at the ungodly hour of 6.0 am! The alarm goes at 7.0. and I have to crawl reluctantly from my bed to face another day's grind.

Though I mustn't grumble - there's actually a rumour that our hours of work are to be shortened to 9- to 5. Good eh? The old peace-time conditions will prevail when you are recalled from your exertions in that hot and sticky country, and wifey will be able to prepare a meal for the returning husband at 6.0 o'clock. It'll be grand to have the rest of the day to

5. ourselves wait it?

We could go to a movie, or get the car out & go for a spin to some nice roadhouse for a drink & a jig around, and when it rains we'll draw the curtains & have a quiet little snooze all by ourselves in front of a crackling fire. We'll be as happy as a couple Sandboys - or as the day is long - whatever they may mean.

On Sunday afternoon your wife decided to drop in on Mervel Fischer - so I put on a summer frock, brown & white shoes & sunspecs & braved the tropical heat outside. I decided it would do me good to walk when I got off the trolley bus - but gee whizz it's miles down that road!

6/ Remember how it nearly killed me this time we went to meet Eve & George? However I strolled in leisurely fashion this time. Unfortunately when I arrived Ben. was out - I'd had a vague idea that she always spent Sunday at her people's - so I left a message that I'd call again on Wednesday. i.e. tomorrow.

After that I did a foolish thing. I decided to take a short cut back to the main road. Do you remember what that estate was like? Every road winding out of the other, a few houses, a few bungalows, an occasional car, roses in the garden &c &c. All the same! No landmarks at all! Except an electric pylon

1 which never seemed to get any farther away.

Obstinate-like I kept on going - the sun beating down & me feeling the need of nothing so much as a cup of tea or a pint of cider shandy. Then! (You know the feeling too?).

Fate must have heard my inner woman, because I came across a pub called the Yacht. This I thought is well off my route, so I pocketed my pride, decided my bump of locality had gone on its annual holiday & asked the nearest garage hand the way home.

"Oh he says" you're between the devil & the deep blue sea 'ere,

8/ What I'd do is this & that & other
which I did, and after walking
some five more miles landed at
near the Regal, having acquired a
shiny nose, blister on heel, and
quite a tan.

Well it was 5.30., and I
didn't in the least feel like
visiting anybody else, so I
decided to go & sit in the Park.

I had only gone a few steps
further - to the nearest bus-stop
& may add! - when I spied an
advert for the Granada programme
- two good films - Melvyn
Douglas & Joan Blondell in one,
Ann Sheridan in other.

looks good methought, feeling

a/ guilty at the idea of spending an evening like that in the pictures.

I didn't want to go home but I was still feeling thirsty so I dropped into a place which we have passed together. It's a huge house, with a thin sign hanging in the front window that says 'Teas remember? Between Cooks bog & the Upton - you must have passed it often. (Crack!).

Very imposing looking joint or I hardly dared knock - but I did, and a dear old lady invited me in - as though I was a relation coming to visit.

Inside the place was lovely - old house, very quiet, old

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furnished a double room,
overlooking through French windows
a huge lawn skirted by tall
pine or fir trees. Really beautiful
& your baby relaxed with a sigh.

I was brought a pot of tea &
some glorious home made cake
& I felt like the lady of the
Manor once more. A couple came
in & had the most wonderful looking
salads - we really must try it
together some time. Oh & I must
tell you how much my tea cost
- 7d. !!

I came away really refreshed
& with a feeling that here I had
found something worthwhile.

The program at the Granada

2 night up soon. The Australians
are advancing fast after their
invasion of Borneo, Okinawa is
entirely American now, and the
Philippines are almost cleared of
Japs. Japs are now ~~beginning~~
beginning invasion talk as they did
before D-day last year.

How much do you bet me
that you're back in England for
Christmas dinner this year?

I should say the odds are
even, honey, and I've a special
Christmas box sailed up for you
if it happens,

All my love & thoughts,
precious,

Clare

V8C.



Polmn. L.H. Westaway.

PmX 500221.

Mrs. BRAGANZA.

COASTAL FORCES.

BOMBAY

INDIA