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The Flat

Wednesday. 27/6/45

Dearest

I've just come home from  
Leinig Meriel & its way past my  
bedtime - but I had a letter awaiting  
me and it made me feel so happy  
I must talk to you.

It was no 33 - very  
neatly, and it had been censored,  
which explains the gap - though  
32 is <sup>still</sup> missing, unless, like me,  
you've lost count.

You know, darling, there's  
nobody quite like you anywhere  
else in this world. Knowing just  
vaguely the kind of climate you are  
bathing at the moment, I guess

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you would be justified in sitting & writing home a long moan - but what do you do instead? You think up lots of wonderful things to say to me, you talk about all the funny things that happen, and you discuss the political situation ~~with~~ in a clear concise way - despite the shortage of news out there. In fact, angel, you're one in a million. Any wonder that I'm yours forever more?

I can't hope at this time of night to answer all the points in your letter - I just couldn't do justice to all the things I want to say. We still seem to think along the same lines on

3 most things. You mention Edgar,  
and strangely enough I was  
playing with the idea of writing to  
the Civil Service Commission re  
his chances in the post-war exam.

I wondered if he might think  
it a cheek on my part, but after  
your words on the subject I think  
I will see what the position is

— though I've an idea there is an  
age-limit of 30. However there's  
no harm in asking, & his previous  
Service, & his Commission in the  
RAF may carry weight. I know  
he must be worrying about his  
job & his future salary — well  
all I'd that we shall need to  
economise somewhat when we get  
back to peace-time wages. That's

\* Why I'm so keen on saving all we can now. The more capital we have behind us when we start out on our own, the easier life will be.

You know, we have not as yet had any of the sordid & everyday kind of worries that are supposed to test married people. Not that I'm worried about our reaction to them sweetheart.

I have an absolute & unshakable confidence & trust in the love that we bear for one another. And with such a wonderful feeling inside us there can surely be no difficulty ahead that we cannot surmount.

You know, darling, I just can't imagine how life would be without you. I know that you

are miles away now, but I still  
have your thoughts & love, and I  
can still pour out my heart to  
you in my letters. Bless you!

I must sit down to write to  
write to you tomorrow - tell you  
all about my visit to Mu.

And how my darling, my  
own sweet, it is really time I  
retired. The witching hour of  
midnight is chiming & another  
day is upon us.

Keep those old Westaway  
spirits high, I'm loving you  
all the while.

Carol



POST EARLY IN THE DAY



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