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The Flat.
Sunday, 22.7.45.

Hallo my sweet,

Your wife seems to have been playing general nursemaid this weekend - last evening over at Cufley Lovers + today at the Drive. All babies I'm glad to report are fit + well, + looking bonny with sun-tanned skin + sun-bleached hair.

Sometimes wish I could go back to the baby stage + start all over again - I'd be so careful over diet + exercise + getting to bed early so's to grow up into a beautiful lady. Kids of today certainly seem to be getting a good start in life + I think the coming generation will be top-notchers.

It's been very warm all weekend & hopes run high that we shall all see some sun next weekend when we go on holiday. Actually I felt rather selfish at going away to the sea for a week when I guess that you my sweet, are feeling very much in need of a rest. Still we will have two whole months' holiday

together when you come home & be damned to the Civil Service. And you know, darling, without being unduly optimistic I think it will be early in the New Year.

There are all sorts of dumb stories every other day in the papers & I try very hard not to allow my

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spirits to go up & down with the headlines - but when official Admiralty announcements appear then I do take them to heart. The enclosed cutting really went to my head.

On Saturday I had your epic no. 43. & considering that it was only written last Sunday I feel quite up to take in hubby's life, & somehow it brings you so much closer. Only not close enough. Tonight there's an almost full moon & I've got that real ache in my heart to feel you and stand me & to be at peace.

There just isn't anybody else in the world who understands, or even wants to understand one's

Feelings & thoughts except the one
you love, and I find that being
parted from you during I only
live half a life. Like you I have
very few people with whom I can
talk & feel stimulated - and there
is often a real fear inside ~~me~~
that maybe one's brain will become
addled & not respond when it gets the
chance. But it is not so daring.

Get into young, vibrant company
& all the old wit & savoir faire
& intelligence comes to the fore again
in the familiar old give & take.

Yes, there are thousands of petty-
minded people around who drift along
with the shallowest minds & empty
thoughts, and maybe one is so placed
at present

5/ That they have to be endured socially
- but life will get back to its
own freedom again & we shall be
together & at liberty to place our
friendship where we choose. It seems
a waste of time just now - but I
prefer to think of it as a breathing
space, a chance to gather resources,
do all those things that seem to
get left behind in the mad whirl.

Don't ever worry about your
mind stagnating honey, I never
knew such a creature as you for
thirst for knowledge. The brain is
so constructed that whatever you
learn all your life is there, waiting
for a chance word or phrase to call
it forth. All you need worry about

is keeping it exercised by learning something new. Your interest in photography is a good thing, because it is a vast subject with plenty of scope for study. What does it matter if you never in your life put your knowledge into practice? You'll have acquired a vast knowledge of light, & a host of other things of which I, my sweet, am completely ignorant.

As to asking whether I mind being the butt for your outpourings, I should feel extremely upset if you did not share all your feelings & thoughts with me darling. I know that being thousands of miles away

1 it may ~~be~~ seem difficult to understand the conditions & trials under which you are living at present, but I have a very vivid imagination, and being in love with you I try to place myself in your shoes and really feel what your life must be just now.

I was really glad to read about that dance the other week, because I think it essential that you should all have a chance to let off steam & clear all rancour from your system in a healthy surge of that kind occasionally. And I was glad too to read that you are going into Bombay for a Libur

regularly. It doesn't seem much, but
I feel sure that change of scene, the
loss of one's-self even for a few
hours are wonderfully stimulating.
And there's nothing like seeing how
the other half lives, for making one
realise how well off one is. Oh
darling?

We are going to be so wonderfully
happy together some day darling, &
it won't be long now, before we're
together again wondering what that
Foreign Commission was all about.

Sweet dreams, my precious,

I'll always love you.

Clare

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