

August Monday  
6.8.45.Sweetheart

The weather seems to have broken up today, such a pity considering that it is a Bank Holiday & everybody wants to get out & about.

I have no plans at all & will probably take myself to the pictures this evening & get an early night in ready for my return to the office tomorrow.

It really seems ages since I saw Great Westminster House & beyond sending them a card I haven't given the place so much as a thought since I left.

I sent picture cards all around to everybody last week so that they'd know I was away, and I arranged to visit the folks yesterday. However

Doris wrote to say that she & Albert are spending the weekend at Pompey with Blanche, and that Joyce & Sam are also weekendening somewhere. She didn't mention what was happening to pop, but I expect he is managing to take care of himself pretty well for a couple of days.

They apparently took him for a char-a-banc ride last Sunday out to Wrotham & had a lovely time. As you can gather coach trips have started once again on Sundays.

I think I told you before I went away that Edgar had come home on 10 days leave, and according to Doris is looking much better. I would very much have liked

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to see them if I'd been home, but I shall hear all the news next weekend.

There was a letter from them also advising my return, stating that they were coming on leave & would I ring Blkham. So yesterday I went out to phone & found I'd only one penny, & I was dorned if I could find a shop open to get change.

In the end I thought I might as well hop on a bus & visit 'em instead. Cyril, his sisters Pat & Eileen & his mum, Miss Hat, and Mrs Duxley were all in, so there was quite a party of us. Cyril was rather quieter than usual & seeing that he

had recently returned from America  
I could quite understand his preoccupation  
Poor lad, he very much wants to get  
married to Blossam, but doesn't feel  
he earns enough in the Merchant Navy  
- according to his mum he is trying  
to transfer to the American M.N.

Pat has got the most lovely dog -  
a red setter - ~~and~~ and how they wish  
they could have it with them at  
Shorncliffe, but the woman of the house  
doesn't like dogs. Such a shame.  
But in any case Pat is coming home  
to live in a few weeks time.

They are still trying to get a  
pre-fab. house, but chances are pretty  
slim at the moment.

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Cyril thinks that he too will be heading East soon, & he made a note of your address in the hope that he may some day drop in on you in Bombay. reckon you could manage to paint the brown red between you huh?

They were interested to hear that our rugs have arrived safely & when I said they were the tops, Pat said she would write off immediately to her brother to do his stuff.

You asked in today's letter about the next batch of rugs or carpets. Well I think it would be a grand idea to get an all over carpet for the dining room - cum - lounge, as you suggest darling. As to colour, it is

difficult to make any definite choice, but I never think you can go wrong with browns, fawns & rusks, or browns, fawns & blues in a room that is much used in. - They are not only practical, but also cosy and warm. A plain carpet is apt to show every spot, so I think some sort of design is preferable, especially when we hope to entertain beer-drinkers & babies - both noted for spilling stuff around the place. (Doesn't it sound heaven to think of actually throwing a party in our own home?)

To go with this carpet we should have a hearth rug, about 3' x 4'6", and if possible picking up one of the

<sup>1</sup> dark colours in the carpet. - I say dark because it will almost undoubtably be in front of a coal-fire most of its life.

I will pay a visit to our bank tomorrow & see if I can arrange to transfer £25 to you in Bombay to cover the cost of the abaci as you suggest.

Quite apart from the abaci, darling, I think we could do with other things in time - after all I suppose we may as well get all our needs while we have the chance, eh? But I think you're enough to worry about to date, huh precious?

I'll let you know in my next  
epistle what arrangements I've made  
about the cash, we'll certainly try to  
do better than that postal order stunt  
this time.

You know I've never had so many  
presents in my life - and I'm thrilled  
with all the parcels that are on the  
way. It's like Santa Claus all the  
year round! The lengths of frozen  
brocade sands spiffing, and I  
promise to have something shiny made  
of it ready to parade at your home-  
coming party. As to shoes, darling,  
don't worry too much about them -  
I think the clothing situation will



9.  
gradually improve, and I have enough  
shoes to last me now until next  
Summer - so you need not picture a  
poor little girlie tramping through the  
snow barefoot. Glamour shoes are not  
obtainable here yet, but I can guess  
we can stand the old utility styles  
for a while longer.

One thing, though, that I really  
would like is a pair of pigskin  
gloves - unlined, size 6½ - if it  
is at all possible, sweetheart. Honestly  
I feel as though all I do these days  
is ask you to buy things for me. -  
do you mind dearest? I feel like  
a pampered baby.

And now about me buying something  
for you. I will go along to W.  
Deaton about cameras tomorrow, and  
see what they have. It seems to  
me that so long as you get something  
with a good lens - say a H.S. you  
will be happy, and I'll do my  
best. Bit of a handicap not to  
know my own mind, but if as you  
say the firm have a reputation for  
helping the amateur I shouldn't go  
for wrong.

One thing, while I was away  
I was given by the business man  
in the guest house the address of a  
supplier in London who carries a

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good stock of films, & I intend to  
write off & see what the position  
really is.

It was a shame about that  
Voightlander being sold because I  
understand they are good cameras. -  
but never fear angel will have you  
fixed up soon, & I'll register it  
out to you pronto.

Incidentally, Sweet, what news  
of your spectacles, they should have  
arrived long ago - I do hope they've  
not gone astray. Let me know as  
soon as you get them wait you  
Sweet?

Gosh darling it seems like 4  
years since you went away. Still

as you say, the demobbing is going  
ahead at a good rate and I'm  
counting on having you home definitely  
in the Spring - if not in time for  
Xmas dinner.

And now, pidgeon, I'm hitting  
the hay early, ready to face the  
office with bright eyes tomorrow.

Keep that old heart pumping  
away for me, darling, cos there's  
no room in my heart for anyone  
else but you.

When I see,

Clare

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