

260. HAVANT. Rd!

PRAYTON,
Portsmouth
England.

7. Aug. 45.

My Dear Leslie, It was so nice hearing from you again, I am sorry to hear you have been so queer, and that the monsoon is so very much a miserable business to endure. I do hope you are taking every precaution against the damp heat and sincerely hope you are feeling better. The De-mobbing is supposed to be speeded up now but have not seen any evidence of it here. But I hope for your sake that you will be home soon.

Doris and Alb were here for the August holiday, Eric is away at his Brother's place for a week. I still haven't found a home for Joyce and Tom yet, in fact I can see no hope that they will get settled before the baby arrives. Tom expects to be out at Christmas. Doris isn't looking forward to the new arrival at all, in fact I understand she nags Joyce silly every day about it. So you can guess Joyce is praying she will find a home soon. This housing shortage is a serious problem.

I expect you wish ⁽²⁾ you had some of our English weather. Although it is August the atmosphere is quite chilly, In fact I am going to light a fire this evening. We moan about the changeable climate in England, but I am beginning to think it is the best in the world. I am sure you must think so now.

Our front in South Sea is beginning to look quite smart and pre-warish. Bands playing, bandsacks doing their daring horse display which thrills people just as much as ever, in spite of the last 6 years of thrills. I try to think that everything is just the same but it isn't really, and yet I cannot say just how or why it's different. Probably we have changed so much mentally that nothing will ever be the same again.

We are trying to get our car going again, but it is in such bad shape that I want a complete overhaul and practically all new parts. Ernie makes no laugh, he has cleaned and painted it all up thinking that might help, but how he imagines paint is going to help an engineless car to run beats me. But it seems to make him happy so I let him carry on.

I am expecting Fred out on the 12th of Sept. then the fun is going to be fast and furious in a queer sort of way. I don't quite know what is going to happen in the business.

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I shan't stay here if Ted comes into the business, I can endure much, and life has taught me tolerance, but Ted is one of the things I could not endure no matter what happens. So if you hear of me setting sail for America or New Zealand you will know why. I can quite understand why his wife couldn't stick him.

Ernie and his kind must have been tough in the old days, I've heard him talk of his four years abroad and the appalling conditions of the service. It's a miracle that he did not pass away with T. B. He cannot understand why so many contract T. B. now in the navy. He says you all have a wonderful life compared to his experiences. But he is as hard as nails, nothing touches him, maybe it's his detachment about things that helped him along. He thinks the navy of to-day is a pansy navy compared to his many years which he refers to as a prison-like existence with hard labour.

Take care of yourself, we are looking forward to your return home, let's hope it won't be long now. Ernie sends his best wishes

All my love as usual
from your devoted sister
Blanche.

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**FORCES
LETTER**

Not suitable
for enclosures

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P/O. Westaway. L.

P/MX 500221

H.M.S. BRABANZA

Coastal Forces

Bombay

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