

96.

The Flat
Sunday.

Darling mine / I am longing to get
a letter from you tomorrow cos I want
to read that your fever is all over
and that you are back to normal.
I don't like to read about these spells
while you're so far away, darling, I
feel so helpless, and there's nothing
I can do so well as rest your head
in my lap & stroke your forehead.
Cool hands, you know. And this
time the saying is true.

Phew! We've had a
terrific gale blowing all weekend.

But otherwise the weather has been
grand - blue sky with fleecy clouds
racing across it. Just ideal for
tramping in the country, well-wrapped
up in warm tweeds & woolly scarves.
I expect it is difficult out there for
you to imagine walking half-bent
against the wind, with your face
frozen, and eyes stung to tears. It
is a grand feeling.

If it goes on for many days
it will whip all the leaves from
the trees - they are already turning
brown. Have you ever been in
the country in September, and chased

3 leaves as they float down? Is
the most difficult thing in the world
to catch one, but for every one
that you catch, you'll have a
happy month in the year to follow. -
So says the superstitious.

Think I must go out & catch one
cheer - cos I know every month
of the new year is going to be
gloriously happy.

I went down to see the folks
last evening. Joyce is looking as
bright & full of health as ever, and
doesn't seem to worry over herself at
all. I was surprised to hear that

"hey hopes its a girl." Lou & Lay both want a boy & I think if it is of the female species they will put it up to auction. From my experience of prospective parents - they are always as proud as peacocks whatever the Ladies decide. So. We wait & see.

It seems that Albert has had quinces, or Sumpin, very painful I believe, but yesterday he was feeling much better, and could eat & talk with fair ease.

Pop very grandly showed me a certificate of thanks & appreciation he had received on retirement from the Arsenal. It was signed by O.S. Frankes

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The Secretary of the Ministry. Quite an honor. Though they had quoted 54 years' service & pop is sure it is 55. Ha!

Joyce has been staying at Pauper for two or three weeks looking after the Selson because it seems that Blanche had an argument with a motor car & was knocked down. Nothing serious apparently, but bruises and a general shake-up. She is O.K. now after taking it easy for a couple of weeks.

We are still talking about the family reunion party, and we

have already caused the cost of the
hall & are now putting over 6d a
week towards a barrel of beer. 'Loh!
Such going on.

Don't worry, my pet, I think we
shall get our nice quiet spell at
home, and our holiday at X Lاون
long before we are expected to mingle
en famille. It seems that we are
also going to wait for Jack to come
home from Africa, & as he is 35
years in the Army I believe, he is
not likely to be home as soon as
you.

Strange as it may sound, I would

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not be at all surprised if you are not back in City St. before your pals in the gang. The Navy certainly seem to be getting a move on, and there are far fewer men in each group of the Senior Service.

When you imagine that there are a quarter of a million men in Army Group 26. it will take them a month to demob a single group at the present rate! I noticed that Admiralty Civil Servants who are in the Navy, are to be demobbed under Class B. This is contrary to M. of Labour policy & if it raises a storm other Dept's.

might quite easily plead that they
also need their permanent staff.
Who knows?

By the bye, darling, you have
mentioned the money question several
times & I hope you will let me know
if you'd like me to send a further
draft. There must be loads of things
you'd want to buy if you had the
cash & it may be as well to stock
up before the Xmas rush. Do tell
me if you would like a further
draft, however, it is no bother to me.

Don't will ~~send~~ give me the
balance for the map as soon as she

^a knows what she owes you, and I'll
send that as pronto. Incidentally
I hope you got the last two P.O's.
safely.

What say we retire earlyish
tonight darling? We could snuggle
down cosy-like in our big divan
& listen to the wind rustling through
the trees & tapping at the windows.
Maybe you'd care to read awhile in
bed? I must confess I generally
doze over my poetry books at night.
There's no luxury like reading in bed
& falling over to sleep when you've
been lulled into another world.

Of course I don't know that I shall
want to be lulled into another world
when you are beside me. I think I
shall find this present one wonderful
enough.

It will be like a dream come
true to feel your arms around me,
to feel your heavenly, firm, soft,
lips on mine. Gosh, darling, I
mustn't let my imagination wander,
it is too disturbing for me in the
present circumstances.

Just you come home to me, and
then I'll show you what love is.

Clare

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