

109

The Flat.

Sunday. 21. 10. 45.

Dearest one

This is the end of a crowded weekend, and I'm just beginning to get my breath back to tell you all that I've been doing.

On Saturday I was due to go to Cufley Louess for tea, so I set to after lunch to get through some of my weekly chores - did a little washing, ironing & shampooed my hair. I was just having a wash down, preparatory to dressing when Joan walked in with her sister Ann. She had felt choeca & decided

2 to walk over to the flat & stay the night - Frank was to join her later. Pity she never decides beforehand so that I can arrange to be home, as it was, I stayed and played with babe for awhile & had a jaw with kid-sister & finally tore myself away. at about 6. o'clock. Mum had agreed to stay home, while Sean & Frank went off to the films.

I knew how I should be greeted by Vera, and true to form she met me at the door with "Where the hell have you been?" Same old V. Still she had saved me a cuppa in the pot & a sandwich & piece of cake.

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hen Willard was there, trying
to amuse the kiddies before we
bathed them & put 'em to bed out
of the way. Gee, how they grow!
I put my little finger in Roger's
mouth, & he nearly snapped the end
off - he'd cut five teeth during the
week, and nobody thought to warn
me. Coo!

Well, the children abed, & the
place tidy, we all adjourned to
the Fox where we were to meet
the gang. And my word, what a
gathering of the clans it was! I felt
really sorry for myself without you,
and I longed to have you there
sharing in the fun. But as the

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Gary said - it won't be many weeks before we are celebrating the return of Wesley to the fold. Last evening the crowd consisted of Freddie + Jeanette, Alex + Pat, Jim + Vera, Bill Cufley + girl-friend Grace, Ken W. + myself, and as we managed to grab ten chairs + two tables during the evening, we took up quite a bit of space + certainly kicked up plenty of noise!

It seems ages since I laughed till the tears ran! But certainly Freddie can put over a story, and he had us all in fits with some of his tales of the days when you were running your Austin Seven.

5

I could just picture you sitting
huge & relaxed in the front with
an itzy-bitzy steering-wheel in
your hands, and frowning at a
man on a push bike who passed
you going up Shooter's Hill. Fun!

Johnnie there's no one like you
anywhere on this earth, and it
seems to me that any story of
fun & laughter told by this grand
collection of lads always has you
at the centre. You're a great guy.
I don't know how you ever came to
pick on an ordinary gal like me
to share your life, it certainly was
my lucky day.

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Well we laughed & reminisced for a couple of hours, during which I consumed 7 half-pints of beer! And the lads, innumerable pints! I certainly felt decidedly happy at closing time, and the lads threatened to write & tell my husband about me. I was certainly glad of the car-ride home, and I just fell into bed. Wow!

But, gee, darling, that's the time when one just aches to have loving arms around you. I wanted you near to rest my head on your shoulder. Oh, darling, make it soon!

Lee was I thirsty when I woke up today. I guess the smoke & chatter had done their usual job on my throat & I was up & taking tea to the others at 8.0. o'clock. There's nothing like a hot sweet cuppa tea when you need it. Eh?

Afterwards followed the usual scene for breakfast, with everyone milling around in the kitchenette & fussing & playing with bake. I agreed to walk back to the Drive with Joan, & Frank went off to see his people. There was so much to do at the Drive, that I just arrived home by 2.0. o'clock for lunch. Remember how we used to rush back to the flat for Sunday

lunch in bygone days?

I felt like relaxing after dinner, but I thought it time I went to see the folks as it is four weeks since I'd been down.

They were all home, though Joyce & Lou have had colds, and were in bed for an afternoon nap when I arrived. We jived around the fire, pop came in & joined us & we had a cosy evening. Of course, the main topic is when will they be home, and how is the flat coming along.

Pop mentioned your medal ribbons - he's proud of his boys. He has acquired a tabby kitten, for

which I am glad as it will be
company for him, now that he is
at home all day.

Dons gave me the cash for the
negs - £5-0, and thanks you
for being such a good chap in
sending them home. You are
a nice guy, you know, and at
risk of repeating myself I'd say
you're one in a million. I
might even go so far as to add
that I'm crazy about you.

For that kiddly suit ready,
buttons polished & shoes shined.

Wait be love now darling.

Co. I love you.

Clare

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Polmn. T.H. W. ~~W. H. W.~~

Plm. 500221

Mrs. Brajanga

Coastal forces

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