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The Flat.

Friday. 9.11.45.

Dearest

No mail from you since Monday and I am wondering if the threatened move may have taken place and caused some disruption in your letters. I hope you don't wear too far from Bombay hence, cos it strikes me as being a nice central port for picking up a ship for England. Eh? Still I realize the suitability of the foregoir because you distinctly said there was much cleaning up at Braganza to be done by you motor-mechs.

I guess there'll be a bevy of letters for me tomorrow. But letters or no, your parcels have arrived this week! You sweet thing! Yesterday Xmas fruit, and bay oh bay! Almonds! I don't

remember the last time I tasted any nuts
& we couldn't resist munching a few
then & there. They are now in a jar,
waiting to adorn a Xmas cake. I
certainly intend to practise some fancy
cooking so that we can throw a tea-party
to welcome you home & introduce our
friends to "The Westaways". No. 1.

And today there was a notice
from the P.O. to say they had two
Registered parcels at Bexleyheath & I shall
go straight down the line & collect 'em
tomorrow. I'm hoping, honey mine, that
they will be the sheets & table-cloth
material. We really are getting on
with this home-building.

Today I came home triumphantly
bearing a set of saucepans - which
have been much admired. We now have

most of our cooking utensils. Certainly enough to carry us over. - The rest we can acquire gradually from week to week.

You know it is wonderful how things work out. The other week Betty was in despair because she had no where to live & the people with whom she was staying made it plain that they did not want her forever. I mentioned this casually to mum, & she made the suggestion that Betty might care to stay with us. Nothing was decided - until last week Betty had ten days leave with hubby & discussed it with him & asked if mum would care to let two rooms to them after I move out. Of course, mum was keen & last evening I brought B. home to see the flat.

You can bet that the size of the rooms & the general spaciousness of the place appealed to Betty & between them they settled all details right away. So, honey as soon as I get Blessington shipshape I shall be able to move out without a qualm & everybody will be happy.

Grand, isn't it? I've no doubt that it will seem awfully strange at first, but I expect I shall see just as much of mum then as now. - because we are only together about one evening a week these days, & that is spent at the pictures. I don't think I shall be too lonely because I have the wireless and my sewing machine & letter-writing to you, so it won't be much different to spending my evenings alone here at

The flat. And also I shall be able
to stay away at Muriel's or Joan's
for a night if I want to do so.

In any case it is only a matter of
a few weeks before my darling will
be home again & then I shan't need to
feel lonely, eh sweetheart?

I lunch with Betty two or three
times a week now, and we go on
a shopping tour afterwards. It is such
fun, because we are both dying to
have build & we discuss curtains &
get tied in knots working out how
many yards our penitents will allow &
how many windows it will cover. See
the Board of Trade must expect housewives
to be mathematicians!
We get a lot of laughs together.

last evening after we had had a meal & Betty & mum had got down to business details & everyone was happy - we popped around to the Odeon & saw a very pleasant film called "You Came Along". Love story with a background of quiet & wisecracking by the air aces of the Eagle Squadron selling bonds through America. Quite fun, though a little sad.

I wonder how you enjoyed hawa. I remember what a grand film I thought it. Quite apart from the good story & excellent acting, there was some most artistic photography - which I know you must have appreciated in view of your study of it.

Yes I voted that film top marks
& would like to see it again sometime
even though I know the trick answer.

The run of films at home here for
the next few weeks looks pretty dud -
I guess they are holding back the best
for the Christmas Season.

Incidentally shops are beginning to
get dressed up for the festive season.
I noticed the other day that The Strand
Cornerhouse has had its blacked-out
windows removed & you can now see
right in to the foyer through a
screen of the most magnificent flowers.
Domestic life is beginning to lose its
faded wartime aspect. And though
one is inclined to see less uniform

about, at the same time are begins
to realize that the male element are
much more eligible - definitely not
too young or too old as they used to
be. Shows that some lucky people
are back in Curry St.

I'm just longing to get your next
letters honey, I can't wait to hear the
latest dumb news. Life certainly is
very exciting and full for me these
days, and I feel that I follow
Omar Khayyam's advice & live every
day to the limit.

Won't it be heaven when I
can live every night to the limit
too?

So curl up in your arms & sleep!

I love you so. Clare

119

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