

120

The Flat. Monday.

12.11.45

My dearest,

I had promised to go shopping with Joan last Saturday & help her acquire some material for a frock. Her car is working now & Frank said he'd drive us over to Newisham - which suited me beautifully as I wanted of course to call in at Bessington.

I after lunch on Saturday I got all ready & was waiting for 'em for what seemed like ages. I think it would take an earthquake to get either of 'em anywhere as quick. I was beginning to doze in the arm-chair by the fire when they arrived, & was half-hoping they'd fail to turn up altogether. It was a freezing

cold day - just ideal for tramping
in the country. Especially as all
the leaves are down now & make a
lovely fresh earthy smell when you
tread on 'em. They haven't dried off
yet & it must be a certain amount
of sap still in the leaves that gives
off that heavenly smell. Yum.
I love it!

However they eventually banged
on the door & we all looked off.
Unfortunately there was only time to
do the shopping before it got dark & it
was too late to pop in on the flat.
Pity really, and a bit of a wasted
afternoon as far as I was concerned,
but we found some lovely material
for Sean in Chiesman's & I despair she
is hard at work on it this evening.

3 Baby looks perfectly sweet in her new winter rig of leggings + tailored coat. She trips along now + chatters away quite intelligibly + is such a dear that I can hardly refrain from picking her up + hugging her every few moments. I had her for the rest of the evening while J. & F. went to the pictures. Baby slept on the settee + I did my washing + afterwards sat in + sat by the fire in the twilight + dreamed.

Dorrie, Christmas does not seem very far off now, and even if you didn't manage to get home in time, at least you wait be more than a week or two after - and quite honestly it feels like tomorrow to me.

Tonight your 91 arrived - nice -
and with it quite a number of snaps.
The first thing I do is dash straight
through them for pictures of you - its
not until long after, when I have
satisfied myself as to how you are
looking, that I come back to thoughts
of the Casuarina of India - however
edifying a spectacle that may be.

Oo honey, you look so tall &
handsome & sort of clean - if you
know what I mean - that I can't
believe that its my darling husband
I am looking at. Not that you aren't
tall & handsome & all the rest, but
somehow you look unattainable - out
of reach - not for this girl. I can't
imagine myself stepping forward & putting

5' my arms around that hunk of male
claiming him as mine. It seems
too wonderful to be true. And then
I read your letter & all the lovely
things that you say to me and I
realise that truly I'm the luckiest
girl alive. You do love me, and
one day soon I shall be able to bury
my head in your shoulder & tell you
all that you mean to me, and rub
my fingers through your hair &
feel the muscles rippling on your
back. Ooo-ooo. Not tonight
maybe, but soon.

But to return to earthly things.
On Sunday morning early I could be
seen boarding an 89 bus, coming

Your zip-top bag. In it, were
hand bowl, small kettle, floor cloth,
Soap Sodar & loads of cleaning stuff.
I was going to do a spot of cleaning.
Gee! Were those floors coated with
dust, plaster, paint, putty & dirt.
I was able to heat water as they had
fixed me a temporary gas-stove and
so I got down to it.

I brushed the floor boards first
& was nearly choked by dust, and
picked up a great pile of dust by
the time I had finished it. After that
I set to work & washed them over,
scraping up as much of the paint spots
as I could manage. Very tiring
work & I felt very weary by the time

7 I donned my hat & coat for home.
The lady upstairs give me a cuppa -
for which I was more than grateful,
and as I passed the Bull an Shooter's
hill I had visions of a pint of
cider-shandy. Peltan I'd have sunk
it in one!! And did I sneeze? I
guess the dust had gone into me
practically down to my boots.

But I had a lovely dinner when
I got home, and afterwards stretched
out in an armchair to doze for an
hour. I can tell you I didn't
want to move at all, but eventually
bestirred myself to make a cup of
tea & have a bath - after which I
felt like a new woman.

Washed and dressed I took myself
down to Plumstead for the evening. They
were absolutely thrilled with the new
house, and I believe Don's has now
written asking for a third one. Green
apparently is Tom's favourite colour, and
as they are having light oak dining-
room furniture with green leather seats,
the colouring will be just ideal. God
for you, Sweetheart.

I saw pop & he said you had
sent him some tea & cigars, and he
was as pleased as Punch. I don't
know how, it's like having a
birthday every week home here with
the parcels you send.

I have actually received 5 in

The ⁹ past week :-

- 1 Xmas fruit.
- 2 Sheets & glasses & cigars.
- 3 Food parcel - Salmon, fruit, Chee
- 4 " " - Candied peel, " , Spa
- 5 Cooking fat & sugar.

The food, darling, is absolutely
sumptuous and all in the luxury
class here. The tin of salmon alone
costs 32 points - the equivalent in
dinned food for nearly ~~the~~ one month
for two people. (You & I will get
40 points a month altogether). So
you can guess that nobody can afford
to buy it - when points have to buy
such necessities as dinned milk, cereal
golden syrup, marmalade &c &c.

The sheets are very good, honey.

and I shall make use of them from
now until you come home, and
Conserve our double ones. If you
can get any more honey, in a large
size we can certainly do with them.
- cash permitting of course.

The glasses really are useful - I've
worn both pairs already - and wonder
of wonders, they actually fit like a
--- well you know. Just as if they'd
been made for me.

Altogether honeylamb you are a
benefactor, and we do appreciate all
that you do.

Loyce is looking as fit as ever -
though she is not getting as large as
she thinks she should be. Phew!

" She was feeling annoyed with the Army for having the audacity to expect her Tom to turn up on Parade on Sunday (Armistice Day) instead of letting him come home.

Edgar it seems has signed on for a further 4 years in the R.A.F. I suppose there's no chance of your wanting to stay on in the Senior Service. Eh baby? Need I ask!!

Pop wants to get another night watchman's job - I don't think he sleeps too well. poor old chap. And all he talks about is when Peggy is coming home. It's all we are ever talking about. When you come to think of it thousands of people must all be

dreaming of their ticket & coming home,
& millions at home must be planning
to make that homecoming as happy
as could be.

I think when I receive your
letter saying that you are on the
way, I shall go absolutely crackers,
and if there is any unexpected delay
en route I shall be running up the
wall by the time you dock.

And so to bed. Goodnight, my
precious, and sweet dreams,

Your own,

Clare

120



Colman. L.H. Westcott.

P/mx. 500221.

Miss. Bradford.

Coastal Forces.

Bombay

INDIA