

Read this first: if you have plenty
of time. If hurried read the 14th letter first.

Rosemary Cottage,
Granville Terrace,
Bude Haven,
Cornwall.

Sunday - Dec 15th 1940.

My own Darling One -

It is a lovely sunshiny Sunday morning
Penna is asleep. Joan has taken Gillian out for a
walk so that I can have peace and quiet for your
letter. Later the doctor will come to see Penna, I
expect to discharge her. She is quite well now and
very quickly picking up her strength. I hope he
will say she may go out for a little while. It
is quite mild.

We had quite a go with all of us. Looking back it
seems that there has been sickness ever since
you last left us - and so there has - but the first
part of the sickness was mumps at school which
only affected us as it kept us from school, and
Gillian & Penna were gloriously well and the weather
good so that was when they learnt skating and walking.
Penna has got her 4 big teeth and had "middles" ^{teeth}
since you left. So we haven't done badly.

Gillian is in magnificent health - Cheeks glowing
Penna's cheeks pink when she woke this a.m.

I've been steadily attacking the Christmas card
and present list. Last night at 11 p.m. I wrote
to you - I was tired and feared it was a bit muddled

but felt I must write it in case I hadn't time
today. I'm very pleased about Gallagher. I
was very anxious about her. You see the suggestion
has been made about you possibly picking her up at Bath
- but don't want to make difficulties for you. She
will find her way here some how - Don't you
suggest picking her up in London. As to a place
to spend the night in Bath. She'd sleep on a couch
on the floor or anywhere. Perhaps Hilda would take
her in - "A nurse working in East London
in War time" ought to touch her imagination.
But I leave all this to you.

Sylvia is already in Bristol. They are
at the Nurses Home Bristol Royal Infirmary
I believe.

Oh my darling it seems really too good to
be true having you again. The first day
little Penna came downstairs I put her on
my couch in my own special place. She looked
round and saw your photo. Held out her
little hand for it and when she got it crooned over
it "dear, dear, dear" with such a wealth of love
and tenderness in her voice. You have two lovely
little daughters waiting for you - and a terribly
loving wife - Ada.