

Rosemary Cottage,
Granville Terrace,
Bude Haven,
Cornwall.

Decr. 1940.

My dear Daisy (Q.ue.).

Just told Gillian to school and find your lovely letter waiting for me as my return -

What an exciting Sunday - with all its "Fests" and Gillian will love the p.p.e of a Church. As a matter of fact it was the first Sunday she had ever gone to Church without mother (she went with Joan) and stayed all through the service. It was quite fresh but Gillian did not think it warm enough to wear gloves. How lovely your "Christmas Card" weather must have made Olden & Water meadows.

I can imagine the Refectory being very lovely. The old oak would go well there - I can picture you patterning about arranging it all. I imagined the red Carpet would do well in the boiler room, and of course the small red curtains and small Chandeliers would just complete it -

I'm so glad Mrs Stevens and Hilda get on so well - otherwise Mrs S. might be very lonely at times. It is nice for them both.

I'll have to ring you up occasionally - I'll post the letter you so kindly typed for me to the telephone folk - and get that put right.

Our Colds are better - I cannot say quite well -
 Gillian has gone to school today for the first time -
 She needs building up again - Crys easily etc - I know
 she doesn't feel quite up to things - Had a go on her
 roller skates ^{yesterday} and I suppose feeling a little weak
 felt a little nervous - However I held her hand and
 ran beside her and she soon regained confidence
 and later had a 2 1/2 hrs day sleep - Penma is still
 a bit "ratty" in the chest but has got her appetite
 back - Tom is fighting a threatened sore throat -
 I'm feeling more myself - but first thing in the morning
 have a fit of coughing - The bother is that we
 cannot possibly prepare either for your coming or
 for Xmas as thoroughly as we hoped to - But we
 shall pick up now - Both Children are having
 Cod-liver oil & milk and love it.

Yes, I was disappointed that Gwyneth return west
 to Wales - but evidently the Children had been frightened
 sick (literally) - Perhaps after all they might have
 communicated their fear to our Children - Whether
 or not our Children will have to face horrors & terrors
 there are certain sounds that will not add to their fear
 e.g. The Siren - they love it. Gillian was trying to play
 its notes on the bells - and Penma ~~oooo~~ ^{oooo} it.

If they hear it when bombs fall it will only reassure them being a friendly sound, just as mortar would reassure them being near. - Yesterday ^{the soldiers} they hauled out the three guns and did gun practice out in the front ^{here.} They did not actually set off a gun - but did all the drill for it. Gillian watched ^{from the window} & thrilled and I told her what a huge bang it could make if they set it off - she just wished they would. So you see a sudden and unexpected "bang" - would convey to Gillian the suggestion that the soldiers were practicing the gun just outside our window. There was a pontoon bridge across the Canal yesterday - near the little boat house from which you sent your little Trally.

Yes you brought the silver & Oude - You just brought it aghor - breaking sets - i.e. only one soup spoon. I'll sort it out and divide it in a manner that will be more satisfactory to Mrs Steven's orderly mind. Yes, you can have tea spoons - either the set you got for the Lab - or the set of 6 that was about your father's last Christmas present to us. This set has never been used - is still in its box.

Congratulations to Dr. Glickman - I'm so glad. So he could recognize the horse from my sketches.

From Bristol - and another West tour today - which
 I wonder - my mind is now having round Cheltenham.
 What would I like for a Christmas present? What
 about another photo of you - or don't you think
 we can better these I have. These colds have
 delayed my getting any done - you want the children
 thoroughly well - because apart from everything else
 the hair gets so lank and flat when they are
 not well. Perna is a perfect clown - she
 has us in fits of laughter.

We have no more prim roses but the stock
 is still in bloom. Two lovely red ones were
 broken off by someone, however more are coming
 on all the time.

The Sunday before last no Sunday Times came -
 a mistake in the delivery. By the way I've not
 paid a penny yet for Sunday Times which I've
 had for 13 months. I've asked for the bill after -
 Did you notice an advert in the last one for an
 "Indom Shelter" - a kind of frightfully strong sort
 of table about £12. Wish you had sawed up
 the sort and would spread a sheet of asbestos on
 it and ~~so~~ a mattress under it and have a
 place you could lie in in safety - I don't like
 our roof any more you.

By the way Brimcombe (an milkman) is put in some sort of head position over lots of Dairies - including Warracotts. Convenient if we suddenly want an extra drop - but not so nice not having him call personally - Yesterday 2 more dairies joined him.

Now I'm going to leave this letter for tonight -

I rather lack a map of England - have only a rather battered set of pages (map) cut of one of your A.A. books. Do you get a new A.A. Book every year? If so could I have one of the old ones?

Your room is ready for you. I did it myself this time - it only needs the middle piece of the floor polishing - which will be done last thing not to show last foot marks - and the baseboard. I've put the green trunk there, where I'm hiding Xmas presents as you did last year.

Gillian - "Mummy who made Jesus?"

He - "God"

Gillian - "No mummy - you see Jesus is God so who made him?"

He - "Ask Daddy - that is a Daddy question" -
So be prepared.

Later - All quiet now - children & John in bed and the house left to you and me - just as I was settled down to -

afternoon rest and Gillian asleep, Joan kept an eye on Penma the Siren sounded. I did not disturb Gillian but with Penma continued my rest on the understairs bed. Joan got out her ironing - The all clear did not sound till 3 hrs later - so we had tea understairs when Gillian woke and joined us. I had bought 2 books of the Petrus yoked so Gillian enjoyed these. At the end of it all Joan and I felt as though we had had a long railway journey with the Children. We have decided that night warnings are more satisfactory than day ones.

Gillian has been invited to the school party next Friday. It is to be at the school this year. 3-30 p.m. till 6 p.m. - The invitation was in letters she could read.

M^{rs} Metcalf is going to make our Christmas cake tomorrow.

I got a nice Chamille blue table cloth (16/6) at Midlands for M^{rs} Stevens. I know you have done so much for her - but this is just a little token from me that I care about her having a home in her old age. I put her a Christmas pudding in the parcel you took with you.

Wish I was tickling you my own darling - I shall be soon, but I must go to bed as I'm drifting to sleep now. my letter - Oh Gillian was thrilled with her church p.p.c and asked all sorts of questions about her Christening -

Goodnight my own darling are Goodnight
Your own Edna.