

Rosemary Cottage
7 Grimsby Terrace.
Bude -

Sunday 11.a.m Jan 12
1941.

My Own Darling One

I was so glad to get your letter of Jan 9th yesterday
I hope you have safely got my two letters - one with Income
Tax form & receipts you wanted. It was good to hear
your voice from Water Meadows and know you got home
safely - You say the roads were appalling - what do you
mean by that? Actual road surfaces - or Congestion or
weather? Anyway you got through in good time so
I expect you had no further trouble with the car -
Joan has taken Gillian out with Poobear in the dolls
pram. Poobear - the Californian one who is the only
one we call Poobear is in great favour just now - having
been put away for a few weeks, he is her constant
companion. Gillian by the way is in angelic mood
today. Yesterday when on the way to Breakwater Road
we saw a wedding car - so of course nothing would do
but go to the Church & watch the wedding. There
was only one bridesmaid - a mite just about as big as
Gillian when we went to California. She was dressed
in yellow satin and had a bunch of daffodils. The
priest gave a sermon - an "instruction" as he calls
it - and began in a very clear distinct voice
"There is no reason why you should not be

perfectly happy if you do exactly as you are told - Gilliam looked up at me and smiled - I think she took it to heart. His theme was "The wise man profiteth by the experience of others".

Penna has a cough again - no temperature but seemed very rattly in the night. As I had heard her cough a good bit the night before I had moved her into my room. At about 4am she coughed a lot so I took her into bed with me and kept her in "Lawler's position". We then slept till 7am - including Gilliam - and Penna scarcely coughed at all on waking. She has no temperature but a flushed right cheek. I expect it is a tooth again. The pain to the one she cut while you were here -

Just as we had got Gilliam to bed ^{before she was asleep} and I was settling down to my supper in the dining room last night the siren went. Of course Gilliam came flying down shared my supper and then very gordly settled herself down to sleep under the stairs. I say "gordly" because she was terribly excited to hear her beloved siren again. I think she would have gone to sleep only the "all clear" sounded very soon. The little back room is now regarded as part of the air raid shelter. I did not disturb Penna of the siren as I felt disturbance and chill a ~~greater~~ ^{more likely} danger than a direct hit.

So glad you had a nice time with Sylvia & saw Anna & the mother. I have not got Sylvia's letter but have a long one from Mary - interesting but as usual exasperating. Re the cats & infection. With all my care the children have colds - and with her carelessness none of them get them. Am I making my children hot house plants? Or is it Bude? I was thinking today about that awful cold I had that Christmas time we came here. I blewed my tooth for it - but I could not throw it off till I got back to Cambridge.

Laney Mary having boys who could sit 20 minutes quietly on a Chair - jellyfish brains I suppose - no wonder they are so uninteresting - Gillian couldn't sit still for one minute - it would be torture for her - yet her mind is so full of interesting things she might think of while sitting.

You say the business was not bombed but gutted by fire - you mean I take it Victoria & not Broad Plain - or has the latter gone too.

What about your vests? I find I have 3 in my mending basket. They are all impossible - but I've used one to patch up the others too. They could be worn once but I doubt if they will stand another wash. Shall I send

them or keep them here. I also found a pair of grey woollen socks in the wash. Shall I send or keep these -

Now the excitement of Christmas is over Gillian is settling more quietly to her new presents which she is finding most absorbing I'm glad to say - Joan too is being a little less scatterbrain - so I'm beginning to feel a little more rested.

If it helps at all please let me know your problems - it may take my mind off my own and give me a better perspective - I wanted so badly to have everything beautiful for Christmas for you - but just overdid it and was utterly unfit for you. It comforted me to hear you say that you did realize we could not do everything at once - not even table manners - Anyway Gillian uses her table napkin without a murmur when I remind her - also her handkerchief - although not having a cold the latter is not very necessary I'm glad to say.

I'll post this now as I'll be writing again on Tuesday to post Wed. I am looking forward to your first Cambridge letter - What did M^{rs} Stevens do for Christmas?

I wonder if you are writing to me for your new study now. Your picture is before me. I keep it in my writing case till I get a folder for it - All my love my own precious husband -
your Ada.