

The end of the letter is brighter
than the beginning - it was written
in Amalric!!

Rosemary Cottage,
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Nov 23. 1941

My own Daily One

I'd ring you up this morning to hear your dear
voice - but by the time both children had had their
say I'd have to have a second call - and - well -
with the piano for Xmas - we must be extravagant
- the latter has already used a good many telephone
calls.

Re piano. Keats can't manage it. They
have only one man + M^r Keat himself and
I believe his old father - + no son!!!!? ?
But Barretts will. I don't know the
initials - "Barrett + Son" is on the shop
I suppose Queen St the address. Anyhow
they will receive it, unpack it, store it
as long as necessary + deliver it to us
when you want it. That was what
you wanted wasn't it?

What an exciting parcel came of the children
red gloves. They both need navy gloves - Pema
never had any + Gillian lost hers - but these bright
red ones will ~~be~~ brighten things up a bit. Gillian
shall write a thank you letter. She was going
to write to M^r Lynmuntt - if ~~both~~ of both -
energy

~~Friday~~ ^{10m} Thursday

Lillian had a temperature 101°. I did not see any other symptoms but she was flushed & bleary. Dr Holthy came & see her & went over her chest but could find nothing - ordered milk of magnesia & 36 hours in bed, even if the next day she had no temperature. Friday Lillian's temp was just around 100°. So I kept her in bed Sat too until the afternoon. I think now it is a cold we checked. If she jumps about she coughs & occasionally needs to blow her nose. When these happen she sounds as tho there is a lot of phlegm. I shant send her back to school tomorrow - but will let her up today at about 10 a.m. & if the weather clears up as my lovely barometer says it will. I'll take her out a little. Owing to Lillian being in bed this week has been rather hectic. So I've rather spent my time tidying up in hers & Dennis rooms. I've brought all the Children's encyclopedia up & Lillian's room also the Geographic. These all look very well on her big shelves. Then I've put her holy books on the next shelf propped at the end with a bookend so they dont go far - and I've

let her have her Californian Crit already set up in the middle of this shelf. This, of course has thrilled her.

It is Joan's half day - I thought I'd get this letter written while she was upstairs where she could keep an eye on Gillian in bed - Penma running about her room. Gillian got excited & hysterical & utterly unmanageable - "so I went up & dressed Gillian and let her come down stairs with Penma in her nice warm nursing - she was just as madly hysterical - so I've brought her desk downstairs to my room and am letting her write to Mrs Wilson - Of course she keeps talking to me and I find it so difficult to write under these conditions. I'll wait till Joan has broken the back of her work and then let her come in my room and read to or play some quiet game with Gillian while I take Penma out a bit. I don't think Gillian is fit quite.

3.40 p.m.

The barometer was right - I took Penma out and we visited the Smiths who send you their kind regards. I had a glass of superb red wine and Penma a "Bungar" - when we left them

the day got more & more lovely - so after taking your envelope & the Church we decided to fetch Gillian for a little outing. and we took an inland walk - less wind. They both ate a huge ^{dinner} ~~lunch~~ & we have all slept till now. I've missed the post but see I could catch it at the station box so will do so. (Frankie says he will post it for me.)

Only three clear weeks to your coming. So we are starting to prepare for you. All the time I'm planning & thinking out some Christmas things and am doing some drastic clearing up. Think I'll clear out the under stairs bed, etc. for a while. Will soon be getting rid of Dennis high chair, cot, etc.

Children awake - no more peace - but a perfectly magnificent afternoon - we are in a blaze of sunshine and will be for the next 2 1/2 hrs.

This seems rather a self-centred - but you do know my absorption is in preparation for you -
 All my love my own darling -
 Ada.