

I enjoyed
David
letter!

Rosemary Cottage
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Dec 2nd - 1941.

My Own Precious One -

(I've just filled my pen!!!) What a lovely letter this morning - and for the first time have for you today - Never mind darling one, I'll ring you up tonight - As I told you Tom was "off sick" and though Mrs Metcalfe came over two mornings and fixed us up a bit so that I was able to take & fetch Gillian to & from school. But I couldn't find time for a letter on Sunday as I wouldn't let Mrs M come that day - and as a matter of fact I, too, felt pretty rotten and it was all I could do looking after Berna who also was a bit off colour and doing the rest of the work - However Tom is back now and I shall have a bit of a rest before I attack the preparations of Xmas in earnest - Mrs Metcalfe - the good Cook she is! made our Xmas Cake while she was here and (secret!) I have a little icing sugar hidden away somewhere so we'll have a great day icing it - with ceremony, a little nearer Xmas - Meanwhile, how I should have been anxious about you on Friday night - walking to Shelford. If you'd only known it I was awake two or three ~~hours~~

that night and finally between 2 a.m. & 3 a.m. went and got some Oraltine to put me to sleep. Of course I was thinking of you - we might have telephoned - that is if one can telephone during the night.

I love the star on your letter and the reminder of Advent. We just gave to our Xmas Chest and fished out Metas two stars of the ^{last} two Xmasses. Gilliam & I resealed them with fresh seals before putting them away. The children are thrilled with them - It has brought to me the first pang of a personal loss in Metas - In till now we only thought of her loss to her own family - and before she died her own suffering. Now I realize I have lost a very dear member of your family - the first to welcome me into your family - Wasn't her drawing room the first room in which we met after we were engaged.

Here is a flay letter from Gilliam - Only the beginning I'm afraid.

I'm glad you had an interesting time in London. I should have loved to see the Vet Hospital - I expect Chris would have too - Glad Knighit gave you a good meal on Friday evening - helped you with the walk I expect.

Glad the Mitchel business is settled for the moment -

Hope you will get your Radium Centre in the end -

Yes, the hall is very nice clean - We have put the "bread cupboard" there which makes a good place for shoes (sacriligious!) at the moment & a nice little hall stand - The trolley is there when not in use - but it leaves plenty of space -

I'll read the Iowa pamphlet - I'm awfully interested in it -

Thank you for all enclosures -

Re dancing - Gillian says she likes it better than eurhythms - By the way the school party is on ^{next} Friday 3 p.m. + 5 p.m. - Then on 19th there is

to be a play or tableaux or something of the sort and Gillian is to be an angel - I think she is to be adoring the infant Jesus. Won't it appeal to her.

She says her prayers to her "Crib" which we have already set up - and kisses the infant Jesus & all the animals - and Mary I think - Coo! what would Grandma Chesterman say. But I

think Gillian's mind is of the type which is perfectly safe with symbols etc - she never confuses the symbol with the reality. Here is an example - You know the letter she wrote

& Santa Christmas re her doll. (I snuffed it without her knowledge when putting it in the envelope & sent it to you.) Well with great ceremony she burnt this, and has been telling everyone about it and how Santa Claus or Father Christmas is going to bring her a doll. I thought she believed it. Well yesterday she calmly enquired of me "when are you going to buy my doll?" I said "I thought Father Christmas was going to bring that." "Oh, mother you know it's really you" - and then "please may I help fill the stockings?" You see she enters into all the thrill and ceremony of it enjoying both the giving & receiving with absolutely no superstition - only romance. The latter seems enhanced - her eyes look like deep exciting pools of magic themselves when thinking and talking about such things. The list of persons to whom Epithim is giving homemade presents is ever so long. Smiths, Bullens, Rickels, Sexton, Shannon, Morrow, Chris May, Anna Sylvia, Susan, Michael, Hazel, Noira + Pat (Rita's kids) and she ought to add Weir, Payer & Chamberlain (her own teacher) as well (Turn to back of page 1 for P.S.)

Since beginning this I have put the children to bed - in a rather Xmas-y atmosphere - each carrying their star
Here is a conversation - a rather a prayer started by Gillian and repeated by Penna as I did her hair - each studying a book - (Gillian one of prayers.)

Gillian reading.

"Oh come and thank the Lord etc etc."

Penna:-

"Oh come thank" - (by that time Gillian had reached her next line.)

Gillian:-

"The Lord loves the world" etc -

Penna

"The Lord loves a thank."

She had got stuck at "thank" (thank) in her first sentence - Hearing Gillian start a fresh sentence she began quickly herself but never heard the end - her "thank" of the first sentence came to her rescue - We fished out of the Xmas trunk a book Chris had sent last year which was rather too old for her then but perfect now "The Third Lamb" - a story of word careers - so we read that tonight.

Now I have had my supper - with a talk with you over the phone during it. Yes, I remember I said I would write a par - but as I felt very below

(back of p. 2. - p 6)

pas - I was afraid I'd only send you a depressing
 letter and not do my job of the kids & have well either
 so I gave myself up to the children hoping to write
 you on Monday a.m. - Actually today is the first time
 he felt myself again. Whatever it was was a very
 mild infection - and if only Jesus had been here & well
 I should have thought nothing of it. But with all
 your care & love this house is very easy to run
 if you don't make too much of the meals - and I
 can tell you except for the nice dinner M^{rs} M got
 for us on Saturday which she shared with us, we
 preicked all the time either in the kitchen or nursery
 I let Penma lay the table & Gillian make the salad, etc.
 By the way there is a "tiny baby" wanting to be
 adopted. Father went down in a submarine and mother
 only 21 living with her mother who has 6 other children
 They don't know yet whether it is a boy or a girl -
 Perhaps it isn't born yet. But I feel it wouldn't
 be fair to our two to give up my time now to a tiny baby
 even if you thought we could have a third. Our two
 are getting more delightful every day in the development
 of their minds and the interplay of their minds on
 each other - I've never seen more beauty in the relationship
 of real sisters when as young as this. Gillian is an ideal
 big sister - and Penma an admiring trusting little sister

(back of p3 & p7.

A common expression in Dennis's life when Gillian is doing anything is "That's clever Gillian" - she rather pronounces it "Cleffah".

I posted you a small parcel today. There is a delectable of plain chocolate at the moment. Have had it with raisins & biscuits or toffee in the centre - and some with a layer of milk choc: in it. I've sent you a little of the latter to try. I suppose one more parcel will be all I'll send before you come.

I'm rather anxious about the food for Xmas.

I've ordered a Turkey - or failing that a fowl from MacFisheer - but they promise nothing.

I don't know when the Meat of the week will be available. Usually I get it on Sat. I'd better take it on the Tuesday before Xmas if it is there

- in case we get nothing on Xmas day. However if the worst comes to the worst we'll open one of the big loaves you brought us and some SPAM.

- anyway we've got Xmas puddings & Xmas cake and Xmas crackers. Is there going to be a chance of getting one of those pickled chaps you got last year - those pickled in the Chive solution?

What about Japan? Wonder if Buller & Clance in

leave Chivan now? Where will they go? California or England.
After ringing you up as I finished my supper I read the
Lona pamphlet - It is thrilling - Do they only have
men there? I'd love to go with you for the two summer
months some day -

I'm getting on with Nicholas Tern slowly - am about
half through - I daresay I can finish it - I was going
to say in time for you to take back - but you won't want
to carry back to me now you have no car. However
I'm rather wanting you to take back some bottled
stuff if you can manage it for the winter. I'm so
glad you found the blackberry pond -

I'll close now so that this can be posted
on the way to school - before 9am (tomorrow Dec 3)

Oh it will be good to see you again -
Gillian has not yet written to M^r Guinness - but
I see she has decided to give him one of the
Calendars she has made - She can't take into
slave yet - and her letter writing time is usually 2.30
after her own "rest" and when I'm just deep in mine -
at 3p.m. Tom takes them both for a walk.

All my love my own darling one -

Your Ada

P.S. Did you mean to put the extra snaps of yourself
in my letter to Daisy?