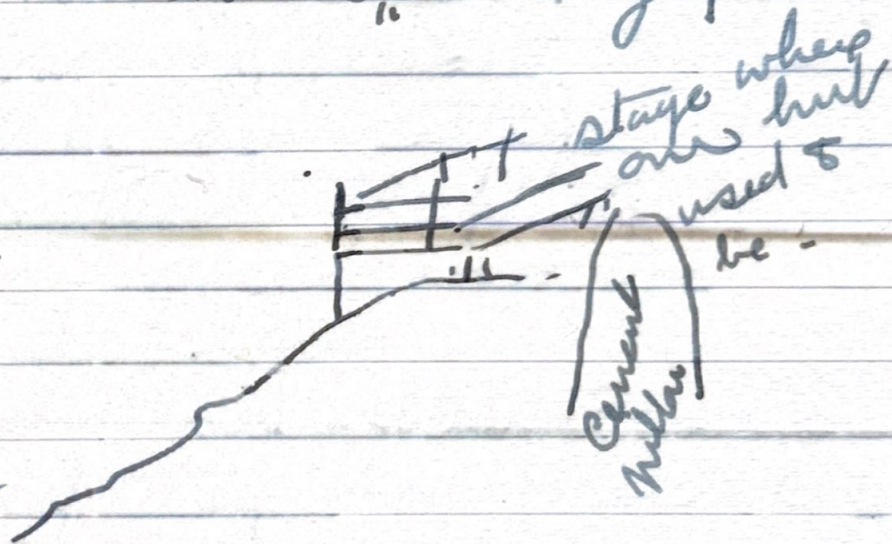
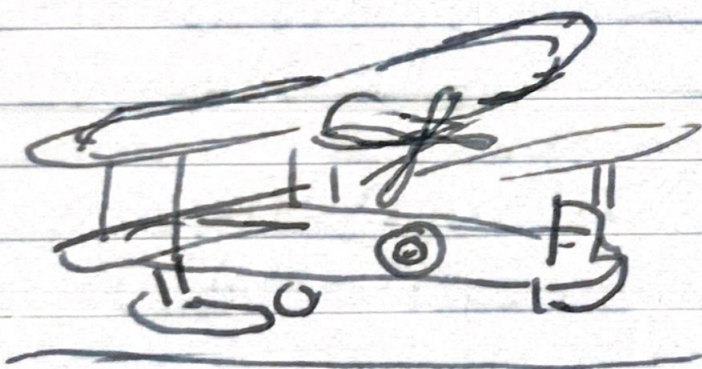


Rosemary Cottage,  
Granville Terrace,  
Bude Haven,  
Cornwall.

June 18 - 1942.

My one darling One -

This is what is on the beach today! You can imagine the excitement of the children - It isn't a forced landing or a crash - but just a seaplane that went out to rescue five men in a <sup>rubber</sup> dingy



and then settled itself on the beach quite near where our hut used to be - We did not see the rescue but Gillian was thrilled because the seerby kindly lifted her up to peep into the window -

Gillian has been very normal since that "Bro!" - Has been happy jolly and

reasonable without that excitability - which shall we call her safety valve. Anna is a dear little girl and plays with them a lot. I chatted with that old lady you saw gathering grasses for her budgetary or haminic mores bridge. She is Nancy Moores granddaughter - she asked me in and showed me her lovely bellmettle skulllet & other pots - & old photos - you must get to know her she is very nice indeed and seemed pleased that I took an interest in her cottage - I must show her that old photo you have of the bridge - she knows the original picture I believe -

A full letter from Flora - better love - As a matter of fact if they have real war hardships she will rise to the occasion. When everyone is in trouble she is heroic (really I mean) but when all are well off and aisy she is pathetic - That is my summing up -

Well anyway she sent Pemma a lovely birthday card & letter and a dainty handkerchief for each of the children - You never heard anything like the thrill

in Gillian's voice when she picked up this  
huge letter from the mat & shouted -

"Gemma there is a letter for you!" I  
believe it meant more to her than one  
to herself, the darling -

Well my darling, are it is you I want to  
hear from - The weather here is no  
better really - still the cool wind,  
some rain - during the mornings and  
warming up about 5 p.m. - so I don't  
feel you are missing much - Had it  
turned out lovely now much as I long  
for fine weather I'd have been fed up  
at you missing it -

Hope you managed to sleep well in  
spite of strange beds - and I do  
hope your tooth & cold are better -

My throat is better and tongue much  
clearer - but I'm afraid the antenae  
are not escaping - face ache & almost  
purulent muck coming away now - However  
I do feel lots better and am truly resting  
all I can - With Anne coming in to play  
with Gillian & Mowena sleep till 4.15 p.m.  
I got 2½ hrs rest this afternoon.

Please don't have your operation till you

nose is quite clear - I'm sure an anaesthetic would be very bad with it.

A letter (from W. Hally, I should think) came today, I forwarded it - also Lawrence's wedding invitation - I'm leaving you to answer the latter - Of course I can't go - I don't suppose you can either - but you can answer formal things like this so much more charmingly than I can - I'll enclose it -

Bunyan Burrows cat had to have the Vet. Penhale for Holworthy who got the bone out of his throat.

What about a present for Lawrence - May says money would be acceptable - Shall I send it?

How much - guess I can afford it better than you - My allowance is bigger this year & Lawrence is my nephew - It is all out of the same purse I know - but you give to me so generously and have so many unexpected calls on yours whereas I by proper management can meet a few extras -

I got the book whose paper covers I enclose - do you know it? Better return the covers in case they ask for it - It is a new book.

Arnie says it is her father who winds up Big Ben -

Friday - weather suddenly hot & thundering - Arnie taking the children out - post this on the way - all my love & duty, love Ada.



Penna drew this  
showed it to me  
and said  
"look my girly's  
got a nose."