



Manley

Postmark Jan 4/44

It seems to me that while I'm down here doing my highly professional job of entertaining the Troops in Transit I could write to my own particular Troop. It's a rainy night and pray the boys have enough sense not to get their feet wet (two paratroopers just didn't) so we won't have a great deal of luggage to check. (Plus three drunks oh dear. Why don't you give the boys a lecture on temperance.

Last week was hell week - at least it was one of those times when so many external things happen that the part of you which is really you becomes rather buried and one is either "Mrs. Christmas of the Organization & Procedure Division" trying to sound efficient or else one is Ugh, keeping Theodora calm despite the

fact there are 12 people to dinner  
every night, and 14 people to put  
up, and no clean sheets, at  
various times we had with us in  
the last 4 days: McGuck; Banning  
(Jan's man); Banning's mother (belonging  
vine type); the fiancée of some  
friend of A.B.'s; David - A.B.'s  
young man (whether past or present we  
don't see); an unidentified  
midshipman. I finally retired to my  
room Saturday night, put on some  
Beethoven and spoke to no one (which  
wasn't hard since no one was speaking  
to me).

The house is undergoing a  
combined Renaissance and Reformation.  
In any case, there has been a  
sudden drive on for cleanliness,  
godliness, and cooperation. The place  
vicariously did look dreadful when I  
got back from Norfolk and I  
got to the point where I decided  
it did absolutely no good whatsoever  
for me to pick it up. So Theodora



and I talked it over & let things  
go from bad to worse. It worked  
beautifully - The present reform  
is being run by Humphreys (usually  
responsible anyway) and Plumbie  
(one of the worst offenders), with  
Christman cooperating. The kitchen has  
been clean for three nights in a  
row and everyone has a weekly  
cleaning job assigned to them.

Domestic details, darling, but  
that is what the week has been.  
As I started to say way back  
on the first page all these things  
have taken up my daily life and  
there has been no energy left to  
notice the colour of greyness in the  
mornings with the Smithsonian's  
ridiculous ~~edit~~ cheesecake raising  
itself up. It was the kind of week

when you notice how dirty the streets<sup>4</sup>  
are but not much else.

Today it has rained all day,  
for the first time in a long time.  
Everyone has been very unhappy about  
it but me. (Intain - one p/c from  
Maine who talked about lobster.

Two sailors, inebriated (just nicely)  
wanted the nearest night club, to  
get back to the rain, I find it nice  
for a change. ~~The street looks~~ There  
is somehow nothing quite as lovely as  
the reflection of light in wet  
black streets and the diffusion of  
light by the rain so the street  
lights look like great fluffy balls  
motionless in space. There is a  
more definite contrast of light & dark  
and somehow it always makes me  
think of the long line of lights over  
the bridge at Bonn, reflected in  
the Rhine, and the little place with  
the green iron chairs where we  
went for after dinner coffee and  
they played Strauss, of course.