

1/8 Mrs. Copping
57 Hartman Rd.
Isleworth, Ind.

Dearest,

Prior to placing my body in steaming hot water I thought I'd just sit down for a few moments and make my present thoughts known to you. I realize that I shall be there in person by the time this letter arrives and will be in a position to take up any points personally in the usual manner, but there you are - I'm funny that way.

In the first place I love you + I'm afraid that I'm going to spend a small fortune in 2d phone calls telling you so. Speaking of phone calls to you, honey, I do wish we knew another language besides English, so that the rest of your office colleagues don't know, so that we can converse in a manner that all lovers should. When I say "I love you" I like to hear something a little warmer than "Oh yes?" - I'm funny that way.

But I realize your difficulties looking, and if your actual words are not all that I want to hear then I'll probe behind them and try to imagine what your thoughts are. At the moment I'm egotist enough to believe that your thinking very lovingly of me, I'll even go as far to believe that you're wildly in love with me - you'd better be, because at sometime or other

you've got to say "I do" under circumstances which give those two words much significance, and I mean much significance and it's no good dithering at a time like that. Not that I think you will dicker darling, because I'm egotist enough to believe - blab - blab - blab - I'm funny that way.

As for me (still speaking about the "I do" business), I shall speak out in a loud clear voice - bell-like, in fact - which will symbolize the firmness of the decision. Of course, honey, if for some reason I croak it out, don't take that as meaning the opposite - I might be too late to gulp after clearing my throat in realisation. Anyway, I shan't be nervous - nothing to be nervous about - after all, I'm a fully grown man - I'm funny that way.

All the time these days I think of our marriage sweetheart. I look around me at houses and gardens, and furniture and other married people, and - tee hee - children. I think of what we shall do together all day (when I'm not at work, that is), and the jobs I shall do around the house (very intricate jobs too, being, as I shall be, a fully qualified engineer), and how the 'little woman' will potter around and cook and all that and how, after a chota peg of gal, (just me, darling, huh?) we shall both retire and you'll put on your 'nightie' and me in my rig - you should see me in just a pyjama coat - I'm funny that way.

And then weekends, we get out the old jalopy, and buzz off down to the blue waters, (or grey-green water - you never can tell with our weather), and then "up mainail - up jib - cast off - stand by the sheets" and o-o-o-off we go.

Where have you been all my life, angel? Why the something haven't we gotten ourselves married before? huh? Think of all this time wasted - me in my dotage and you, well, you know dearie, can't call yourself young now can you - we none of us get any younger and dyeing your hair won't hide that fish skin - and that waist line - my dear, too gigantic for words - well of course you can try corsets.

But I guess we can manage to stagger up to the altar together - eh, darling? Life in the old dogs yet. Hell, there'd better be.

I haven't given a single thought to where we shall go after the ceremony - by the time I've day-dreamed up to the altar I'm much too dozed to worry about afterwards. But I really must bestir myself - after all we have got to go somewhere - can't park in the street - what a thought! But I guess we can arrange that at week-ends from now on. Trouble with me is I've got a one-track mind and marrying you is a terrific enough thought to manage at one time. If anybody'd told me two years ago that I was going to marry you I'd have - wow! I've pulled that one before, haven't I angel; fox-paw No. 1.

I'd like somebody to write a story about us. I'm thinking of writing it myself as a matter of fact although I wouldn't let it be published. All I'm anxious to see is the ending - come or not the last words would be - "and so they lived happily ever after". I'd just like to see it that's all. The funny dar-
way.

Les.



Miss Claire Pitcher
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