

88A, Belle Grove Rd.

Welling, Kent.

Tuesday.

Angel mine,

Just a short note before I buzz
off up to bed once more. - Gee I'm tired!! Did
I ache yesterday!! My shoulders & arms felt as
though somebody had been pummeling them all
night so that they were all bruised under
the skin. I bet your back began to show
the strain on Monday too, didn't it?

I've been getting my things ready
for fire-watching tomorrow - I could hardly
appear in mixed company with that split in
my slacks could I? Bit embarrassing eh what?
I'm wondering how I shall feel sleeping at
the office for the first time & I'm glad Joan
is going to be with me - we're going to
have our evening meal together.

I took your boots to be repaired
today - just let me whisper how much they're
going to be ($9/4^d$) - still I think the kitty

will just about stretch that for. - can't have our
darling hubby catching cold in his tummy from wet
feet can we. Talking of colds I feel rather as you
did last week - everyone in the train is sniffing
& coughing & quaking - so that I want to hold my
breath all the way from Welling to Hardan Bridge.
but it can't be done - so I just trust to luck &
my mighty gargle.

I am enclosing a cutting from *Southern*
Eve News, which may interest you. It's a slight
impression of what life may be like aboard an M.T.B.
or is it larger than a Masbee? I noticed the mention
of a P.O. Engineer. - is that your angel?

Bobnemoth keeps swimming into my
imagination these days angel, and my heart
starts doing flip-flops - Guess it's the spring and her.

Do ring me up tomorrow darling, I'm
longing to hear from you again,

Till then darling,

Sweet dreams,

All my love

Clare

xxxxx
xxx

