

88A. Belle Grove Rd.

Wellington Kent.

Monday

11th Jan 1943

Hallo angel,

It was funny getting myself up with nobody else around this morning. I slept like a top until 7.0 when the alarm went off, then I dozed for about ten mins. more before jumping out & getting set. You know sweetheart I never get a horrible Monday morning feeling these days - always blithe & cheerful - that's me since I was married to the sweetest guy in the whole world.

I've been all haywire today much to the rest of the office's amusement. My voice has been doing aerobatics & making me quite a different character - quite a dizzy dame in fact. Some poor bloke came onto the phone & asked for Mr. R.C. Westaway & I bewildered him by saying "no its Mrs Pitche you want" and the more the others chuckled the deeper in I got. All the same I'm feeling the strain on the old vocal chords

This evening & I won't be sorry to sink into bed.

Talking of bed the old D of C. R Bedford met me on the stairs at 6.0. o'clock tonight, took my case, and insisted on accompanying me to Charig. X. Apparently he had some sort of "a date" in that direction, Sweet of mine eh? Poor dear, my case was awful heavy & there wasn't a taxi in sight & I murmured something about a bus so we caught an 88 which was very full & he had to stand, still clutching my case & digging in his pocket for cash.

I bed my own darling is between the sheets now. You must be dead tired on a Monday always. Honey bunch, still its worth it, isn't it?

If I get 5 mins to myself during fire watch on Wednesday, I will drop you another note; anyway I 'speak you'll be missing me,

Be good angel,
and keep loving,

Your own wifey

Clal

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Ps I LOVE YOU.