

Angel mine;
I've been having the most lovely lazy evening lolling about in slacks and a sweater, and feeling very much at peace with the world. I hope my own sweet-mansie-man is feeling the same.

Can't imagine why, but I didn't have a trace of a Monday-morning feeling today - everything seemed bright & cheery despite that plough through the mud on the way to the station. Think you must be good for me darling which is a good thing considering how many weekends there are in fifty-odd years - boy oh boy!

Did your train chug into Waterloo or Lancy? Mine was some 20 mins late - and once more I arrived to find a hive of industry. I deposited one vest & pant in the laundry at the office, but as they take 10 days I brought the other set home to launder myself. How about getting yourself another set next time you put in for 'Stops'. You could do with a spare set. It has been a bit nippy here today so I hope you won't suffer from wearing those thin pants. We don't want a cold in the fun-tun do we Sweetheart?

See my head is nodding, angel. It won't be long before I hit the hay and

So I'm afraid this letter is rather uninspired.

I wish instead of writing to you, you could be here, to carry me upstairs & put me to bed and cuddle down beside me.

Oh ooh ooh! Darling I love you, sweetie-pie. How I miss you all the week, really only living for the weekends when we may be together again. Won't it be sheer heaven when we are together again for all time, darling?

I'd like you to phone me tomorrow. So nice to hear your deep voice coming over the wire - Remember the number of calls a day we used to put through to one another when you were at the office.

We did have fun didn't we? and we'll have lots more lashing fun & enjoyment to come in the future

All my lovehubby miss,
Be good angel.

Clare

xxxxxxx

LONDON, S.W. 1
11:5AM
26 JAN
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