

The Office

Sunday. 4/4/43.

Darlingest one,

You certainly picked
the weekend to get shoved
back into barracks, didn't you?

The sun has simply blazed down
ever since I kissed you goodbye
on the platform at Waterloo. Don't
you think I was daring angel?

I paced up and down for
several minutes. Found out from
the indicator the platform from
which your train was leaving
and then plucked up enough
courage to buy a platform
ticket. Course I had no idea
what whereabouts you'd be so I

decided ^{to} pace slowly down to
 the engine and back counting on
 you spotting me. ^{Was} ^{you} ^{expecting}
 me having? Or didn't you think
 I'd be able to get up ^{that} ^{early}?

Or let me tell you ^{what} ^{is} ^{going} ^{on} and
 how ^{that} ^I ^{shall} ^{never} ^{let} ^{me}
 slip the opportunity of seeing you
 that even for a minute, pass me by
 again. I love you, miss you
 and miss you so every minute of
 every day... and night.

I am ^{and} ^{attached} ^{to} ^{you}
 on Saturday at my ^{father's} ^{house}
 (remember the times we used to
 go there with Minnie & Lily)
 and I discovered that she is
 a free-lance journalist having

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Written occasional articles for
"Woman & Beauty", "Lure & Lide"
and the "New Yorker". She was
married 5 years ago when she was
18 and tells me that after a
year of separation from her hubby
who is in the Middle-East, she
can't picture him or hear his
voice. I think that must be
tragic - hope it never happens to
me. Though I think you are
too much a part of me for that
to happen.

I went over to Cufey Lovers
last evening to see the baby &
Vra & Jim. They were sorry to
learn that you were away and
could not be at the Christening
Ceremony. The baby is lovely

chubby & happy. ⁴ we even managed
to get an occasional quirk or
chuckle out of her, and I
nursed her and looked at her for
a lovely long time. I've often
used to picking them up and
moving them about. At least
you know I was scared of hurting
her or bumping.

It wasn't so good going
home to the flat by myself
last night and going to bed
alone. I did lay for our own

divan and my hubby's arms
to nestle into. How did you
feel honey. Settling into a
dormitory full of men again.

But it was rotten after the
more or less comfortable time you

have enjoyed ⁵ at the Coppins and
to see you dying to get your
letter and to hear what you have
been doing all weekend, and
your impressions are of
the barracks, what sort of grub
they are dishing up. &c. &c.
I am keeping my fingers crossed
in the hope that you will
remain at Pompey and that
you will be here again on Saturday.
I shall write about the
month soon. I shall be
well - but the weather is usual -
which is detrimental to my
work at the office. (Oh yeah.)
Monday
Darling, I received your letter
today as you promised. It must

have been a thrill for you to see
the sea again and with all that
sunshine about too. The idea of
manning a boat appeals to me
tremendously and its all I can
do to stop myself volunteering right
here and now.

Glad the honey came in useful
honey, wish now that I'd bought
you more than just one ounce. Glad
too that your leave is confirmed
as from Saturday - Mippee!! I
will now post off those forms to
the Neville's pop over to Waterloo
Station for the tickets - Youzie!!

So you dried out some NFS
girls in your dorm. did you -
Starting a strip. please act the
moment you're out of sight
your ever-loving spouse - Shame
on you!!

at a ~~mid~~ ^{mid} ~~summer~~ ^{summer} like, as midsummer
day here today. I've been sitting
to the day just a part of Sunshine -
but if it will only hold out
for another week. Thought I spoke
to you of square bashing at all

you must be feeling pretty grim
talking of square bashing.
Alex phoned me today to say he
was coming until Wednesday
at afternoon. Cyril is also on leave
Saville is going to do a
lot of wallop this evening. He
said he'd play again tomorrow
and will probably all meet up
at Gifford's tomorrow evening.
He was going to miss you, his
mum had raised his hopes by
saying you were on today, so I
had to break it to him gently
that that's not until next week

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By the way, nobody seems to have heard from Tom - even his mum has been waiting a couple of weeks for a letter and Hux feels pretty confident that he has gone abroad. Still you know Hux the old pessimist. Hux expects to go before a Selection Board for OCTO. Shortly & is feeling quite pleased about it.

Well angel I have been scribbling this at the office so that I can catch an evening post & you may get it tomorrow.

Remember my heart is yours
Sweet So treat it kindly,

Waiting for Saturday &

You

All love

Clad



o/s. H H REST-AWAY
Jx 339213

Mess 22, Sultan Division,
HMS VICTORY

New Barracks
GOSPORT HANTS