

Tuesday Morning  
The Office.

Hallo darling, I've been neglecting you, there was so much ironing to do last night that when I had finished I was too tired to attempt to write to you. So here I am at the office at two minutes to nine, scribbling to my lovey-dovey.

What a day it was yesterday!! The rain was pouring down when I got up and was still going strong when I tucked myself up to sleep.

Despite the fact that on Sunday the barometer had made an about turn and was going up and up. Hoorah for our weekend in the country!

Mr Self left last night for a few days in Scotland with his daughter (they have the most glorious bungalow), but he said he would be back on Saturday morning so I think I shall have leave that day. Anyway I'll let you know before Saturday.

Yesterday Cully and I trudged around Piccadilly and Bond Street looking for a jumper for her. We went in Simpsons, Fortnum & Masons & Knickerbockers and you'd be surprised how cheap their clothes are - course most of them are utility these days. We spotted the most lovely suit which Cully assures me is "me all over -



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A dark cherry red tweed with a faint black herring bone running through it which tends to tone down the red. She was so enthusiastic about it that had I had enough coupons as we did I have purchased it right then & there. Needless to say I fell for it too!!

Still until August I must hold my horses, and I expect by then I shall have decided not to buy a new suit at all. You know me!

Have just read your short Sweet note darling - Thanks kiddy.

Will write again tonight.

Love you,

Clare.

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11th May?

POSTAGE