

88A. Belle Grove Rd.
Wellington, Kent.
Tuesday.

My darling legs,

When it's been a hectic day at the office. There were times when it even reminded me of some of the worst days I used to spend with Mae! And that's saying something!

"Hay Fever" is being produced by the Adelphi Players in a fortnight's time, and like a lemon I undertook to do the Box Office. I didn't realize how much work, worry and patience it would entail, however, it's getting under way now, and looking a bit more shipshape.

You remember my Mr. Baker episode on Saturday - well that all cleared itself up O.K. on Monday morning when I went in to see him. But I made another faux pas today.

You married a wife, you did: -

Oh, Mr. Shand and Mr. Paton had all buzzed off to a meeting at which they were to

be representatives of Air Min: M.A.P., and Office of
Works &c &c. So we were all set for a nice
quiet afternoon when ~~thin~~ Some gent who was
due at the meeting. It then transpired that no
one knew what room it was being held in. While
Mr Jones took the chap into Shand's room to
try to find out, your bright wife picked up
her receiver and asked for the Conference Room
on the 4th Floor (where our meetings are sometimes
held). Same chap answered at the other end and
said he was alone in the Conference Room waiting
for the others to turn up and that they were
15 mins late & he was just preparing to pack up
& toodle back to the M.A.P. to do some work.

Naturally I thought he was another poor
blighter stranded from our meeting and told him
to hold on a little longer. We eventually found
out where it was being held & Mr Jones hooked
off with the first gent and I popped down
to rescue my protégé on the 1st Floor. He was
a very fat, rather jolly, Sqdn. leader, and as we
sailed along the corridor towards the lift he
explained how he'd been waiting and waiting
for this meeting on ----- Somethings -----
(careless talk)

and I suddenly realized that his meeting was not ours at all!! Luckily, I had not pushed him into the wrong conference!! We realized in time that we were talking at cross purposes!! Still, having rescued him, I thought I ought to do a little phoning & try to get him to the right place. But to no avail!! He seemed to have the wrong time, or day, or something. Cos no one would own him. He did suggest that we might find a room & have a conference of our own - but I thought it best that we kept to the main issue. Anyway in the end he thanked me for my efforts & tootled off to his office. And so ended another little episode in the life of Mrs. Clare Westaway.

I'm now living under the sword of Damocles, waiting for my third effort of "putting my foot into it" as the saying goes.

And how goes my beloved's life? I s'pose Mike's wife has descended on Cobham, and that you are all three whipping it up this evening at the White Lion - you lucky people!! Don't doubt all the beer before the weekend, I'm

feeling thirsty already in anticipation. Ask Mike's
wife to see if she could think up a hair-raising
game to tell us in the dark somewhere this
weekend. Or don't you think such a lot of
that idea? Well I was only making a
suggestion, you needn't be rude about it.

Darling I love you, and boy! am
I looking forward to this weekend. It'll
be the first time for quite a while that
I've stayed with my hubby. We shall
have a grand time together, whatever
the weather.

I love you, love you,

Clare

x x x x

P.S. And I'm going to sue you for neglect
if I don't get a budget from you
tomorrow.

Clare