

The Office.  
Fire Guard.

Darling one,

You know you write the sweetest letters! You seem to have the happy knack of saying just those lovely things that will make me feel good and on top of the world. Maybe it's cos you love me and the writing of happy thoughts comes naturally to you. At all events you have a happy and very contented wife who loves her hubby very dearly. Cos darling, I'm sure there's no happier state in life than marriage between two people who truly love and understand one another - as we do.

Yes, it was a bit of a blow to get back to office routine again after our luscious weekend of glorious freedom. Still, these days, I can take

it! There are always letters to look forward to, and flying visits to your billet, or your flying visits home, for which I count the hours always.

Which brings me to the subject of your possible foreign draft. Darling I don't know how I shall feel if it ever comes along, but somehow I shall try to put on a brave face, and realize that tens of thousands of other women have already been torn from their loved ones. It sounds selfish I know, but if I thought you were going to some place where danger seemed less imminent, I should certainly feel

better about it. And, of course, if they would allow wives to join their husbands in such foreign location yours truly would be packed and on the first boat going in that direction.



If such an event ever came along I know that I should just live on your letters and I would sit down every night and write reams and reams to you.

Cully was writing to her hubby yesterday in the office - said she felt "in the mood." So I asked her if it was a "nice lovey-dovey one." Her reply was "no," that she was sure menfolk preferred the "slippant" "I'm missing you, but not too badly" kind of style. Now my philosophy may be wrong - but I reckon a soldier copped up with lots of others with never a sight of womankind would enjoy an occasional sweet breath of perfume & love & kisses from his wife back home. More especially if he is a trifle jealous-

as Cully's hubby is on her own admission. Maybe I'm wrong - should I have been writing to you all this time about the lovely dinner Johnnie & I had t'other night & that good show that Jimmie took me to on Saturday? Still that's silly cos I'm not made like Cully and tho' it sounds dull I much prefer not to get too intimate with other men, to me its just playing with fire, someone is sure to be singed.

Mind you I like to join a party of mixed young people & have a good time but if one person singles me out for full-time attentions its 'Curtains' to him.

As for being 'bed-worthy' as Pam proudly considers herself!! Vgh!! It just disgusts me!!



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By the way, Mike's reading of our hands was uncanny wasn't it? There's more in this palmistry than meets the eye! You talk as if Mike had read a wonderful character in mine - but he pointed out some of my obvious faults - namely - moodiness, vivid imagination given to horrors instead of beauty, over sensitiveness. True he balanced them off with some nice ones.

I'd better put your mind at rest re air raids. Every night this week apparently Jerry has come over - plenty of gunfire in play and one or two very occasional bombs. The raids I think are meant mainly to disturb our rest, and in that respect are very successful.



My last full quota of sleep was had on Friday night - and - with a slight yawn, droopy eyelids &c - I'm hoping he will keep away tonight. I like my bed, and I prefer not to have to move it down stairs halfway through the night.

Besides it interrupts my dreams and we can't have that can we angel? Our only opportunity to meet mid-week.

By the way, if you don't come to the dance on Friday I think I will skip it, cos of getting home. It's not too good travelling late at night when there's a likelihood of blitz.

Sleep well, angel,  
Sweet dreams,  
have you.

Clare  
xxx



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