

Fire Guard.

Wednesday, 23/6.

Darling mine

Phew! I've just been doing my French homework and it's taken me a solid hour and a half of hard grind and even then I didn't write the composition! Well I ask you, how can I painstakingly work out "The life of a young lady of the twentieth century" when I'd much rather be scribbling a love-story to my hubby. M. Batmalle will have to be satisfied with what I've done, or else!!

By this morning, when I received 'official confirmation' that leave was off I had got over my disappointment. (can't be too down when I know we shall be together in two weeks' time) and

your letter just sent me haywire. I expect you've received the telegram which I sent off to you.

You've no idea how proud I was when I read the result of your exam. - I always knew you'd get what it takes, angel. It works out to 87% - and if that's not the tops I'd like to know what is!!

Pep talk coming up. -

So my strong silent hero can't take it. Huh! So that steady reliable man of mine also has his ups and downs, has he?

Well darling I'm not sorry to hear it. Love is supposed to be like that, according to all the sages and songwriters, and it shows the bug must have bitten you too.

I know cos I love you.

So darling keep the old heart pounding
for me and I don't care if next time
you see me you do hug me till I
gasp for breath. I shall adore every
minute of it.

Don't start me dreaming that sort
of dream as I've got to spend the
night in the bunk above Joan Fairlie
and I want to be able to account
for my words &c when I'm asleep. It
would be rather startling to wake up
cooing my pillow & murmuring
'darling', to an audience of fireguards.

How your mum laughed when
I told her of my question about
fire-fighting, and what sort of a
reply you gave me! Course, I
knew the answer all the time -
just wanted to see if you were up
to scratch.

So you've been issued with lots more kit have you? It might be an idea to bring some of the stuff you won't be using home to the Drive. Spose the razor has never turned up, has it, honey? The quest for one in London seems well-nigh hopeless but your wife is a stickler, pidgeon, and she'll keep on trying. What are you doing about your hirsute growth these days, sweet, if it's not a rude answer? I'd like to know whether to buy a suit of armour in place of the chiffon nightie.

By the way, darling, I s'pose on these trials you're not likely to touch N. Ireland, are you? Co remembers that clothes in that country are not rationed and your darling's legs look awful good in

Sheer silk hose. Sort of enhances the beauty - or so they say. (Never mind who). - SIZE 9.

Jorge, your niece, is still at home awaiting draft into the A.T.S. She has passed her medical OK. and is now quite resigned to the prospect of leaving home. Though I don't think Doris is quite!

Blanche was rather upset last week cos there was a slight accident in the hairdressing salon with one of the electric machines. An operator apparently received a bad shock & some bruises. Do you ever write to Blanche? I'm sure she'd love to hear - but I spread the idea everywhere that you are terribly busy for a few weeks. - so you've got an alibi if time does

not permit letter writing.

It must be a terrific thrill to you handling those wonderful ~~machines~~ engines. I got some of the tenseless from that little booklet I sent you. The noise must be terrific - and I hope you've got over your sea-sickness. Must be a ghastly ordeal if your tummy is squeamish. But I believe you get accustomed to the motion after a few times. I hope so darling anyway.

More of this tomorrow. Sweet. I hope my mail is coming through to you regularly. I'll write every day.

Part of me is with you always,
I love you

P.S.
Always dreamin' of thee.

Clare
xxx
xxx
x

Angel

Wonderful to hear your voice last night (but you must have some more Galloways) and I hope you will manage to get through to me now and again at the office.

As to writing letters here I wait worry as long as you send me a postcard occasionally to say you are safe & well & happy - say once a week ?? Est ce possible?

I'll keep up the one-a-day if I can tho' life is pretty full these days. Am staying with Joy in her new bed-sitting room in Chelsea this weekend so you may find a gap between my letters from Friday to Monday.

Gee you must be in your

element these days with an MTB
to handle.

Keep the old flag flying
Sweet, & Chris up.

I love you always,

Your own wife.

Clare

P.S. How is Mike? Following
in your footsteps?

Reminds me to him &

Peggy.

P.P.S. And now for brekker - I'm
starving!!!

Cl



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