

Sunday.

Angel-nine

This is going to be a very lazy kind of a letter - cos that's how I feel - I'm seated in a comfortable arm-chair with lots of cushions & my feet propped on a stool; facing a huge bay window which overlooks the River. Every now and again a police launch glides by over the sparkling waves, and the leaves on the trees below rustle softly - otherwise all is peace. Truly a place to spend many quiet happy hours.

~~Actually this room is at C.P.~~
but she is granted the privilege of using it by its occupant when she is out of Town at weekends, which is most pleasant.

Now, for what we have been doing all weekend.

Well to start with on Saturday

morning somebody asked ^(Joy) Cully & I to lunch with him - you'll never guess who - Mr Paton!! He has developed quite a crush on Joy lately - says he'd like her for a daughter.

Anyway Joy was afraid it was quite imposs. as she had shopping and other things to do before the weekend - so Mr P. & I went by ourselves. It was quite fun, and he's easy to talk to outside the office. We proceeded to the County Street Courthouse where we pushed a tray. I quite enjoyed myself - quite an unusual experience to lunch with one's boss - especially in so commonplace a joint as a Tyans Corner House - (see that sounds snobbish or snug or sump'n.

It was my late Saturday and I spent the afternoon trying to

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do a little work between social visits from all sorts of people who consider that Saturday afternoon at the office is some sort of "at-home".

Jay and I left the office at about five pm and proceeded up to Shaftesbury Ave. where she tried to buy a roll-over while I wandered around ~~the~~ gazing wistfully at the most luscious undies. Some of the creations just sent me off into dreams, and gave me lots of ideas for when I have plenty of money coupons. I know you'd love 'em - with a little moi, j'espère - in them.

We ate in the House of Hamburger. Remember we've been there together once or twice? It was full of people whom Jay thought had probably overflowed from the

Merchant Navy Club. However we managed to find a table in the corner & ordered fried plaice & chips and prepared to tuck-in heartily. A tall American officer strolled in after a few minutes and sat at our table. He looked so shy and lonely that I think we both wanted to talk to him but were afraid he might not like us to. But I steered the conversation around to radio programs & Jack Benny in particular. & we soon had our friend across the table putting aside his reserve and chatting quite happily.

He was a pilot from Kentucky, who was up in Town on leave and had seen most of the show. Quite an interesting laddie with a lovely soft Southern voice who thought the English countryside was

'awful pretty' with its colourful fields of poppies & mustard etc.

We had a great plateful of fish & chips - two huge plaice each - the most delicious fish I've tasted for years. Ideally, and afterwards a glass of lager to wash it down.

We had arranged to meet Sam (Pam's Canadian Captain whom you met at Cully's flat) and go to Studio One to see a french film and Pygmalion. So we bade adieu to our Kentucky laddie & told him to meet us for lunch of his choice

the Sunday. I don't know whether he just couldn't make it or whether he was afterwards assailed by doubts about us. anyway he didn't turn up today much to our disappointment.

The French film was ghastly -

all about old, old actors all ranging between 70 & 100 years who through lack of funds all lived together in a "Home for Aged Actors." So depressing for words, yet James Agate dubbed it "good."

Pygmalion however was excellent. You know, the world lost a great artist when Leslie Howard was shot down. Every action, every movement, every inflexion of his voice are just perfect, & calculated to have the maximum effect upon the audience - whether they are to cause laughter, sorrow, pride or any other of our hundred and one emotional reactions.

After the flicks we had a drink at the Haymarket Club & then proceeded to Toy's place in Cheyne Walk, with Sam still in Faw.

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Poor Sam - he is feeling a bit off colour - Cos Pam is definitely trying to sever relations as his wife is coming over soon with the Canadian Red Cross. Pam doesn't want to say goodbye in a public place because he will seek consolation from a whisky bottle - So she is doing it gradually by seeing him less & less frequently.

Despite it all he managed to be witty and interesting and knowledgeable as usual. Between us we managed to consume a half bottle of whisky before he decided it was time he wended his way home. At about 12.30 we turned in - very sleepily I'll admit & before many seconds were both in the land of nod.

Today we breakfasted at the Blue Cockatoo - where Jay says she

has spent many happy times with
Cilly. It vaguely reminded me of
'Macduffs' or Plumstead Common where
we used to drink coffee after one of our
walks together. It would be lovely
to go walking together again. During
we used to have such peaceful times
together that Summer didn't we?

I wonder what you are doing this
afternoon, pigeon. I'm sure this war wouldn't
be so unhappy if only people who loved
each other were separated - I'd go through
any hazard quite contentedly, if
you were with me. My my side - do this
beastly waiting at home keeping the flies
flying that is so ^{LONELY} lonely.

Still darling you're here in my
heart & no one can spoil that, can they
sweet?

More later, work to be done,
God bless you, Clare

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(Lablest)