

Monday.

~~Monday~~ In bed

Hello darling.

If I remember rightly I left you at the Blue Cockatoo on Sunday morning - so I'll pick up the threads

when I get off.

Well, after brekker we trotted off home, to bath, dress, make up & generally tidy up ourselves and our abode. Everything shipshape we sailed off westwards to meet Kentucky at the Salted Almond Bar of the Socadero. But alas, when we

minutes after noon, the doors were still shut & there was no sign of our American buddy. We waited a few minutes, feeling rather conspicuous standing at the corner right in front of the American

Red Cross - so we went in search
of some Sunday papers. The doors
were still shut when we returned
& voting it a bad show altogether
we turned our steps towards
Chow Ah Restaurant.

There I sampled Chinese food
for the first time - an omelette
filled with bits of fried chicken,
prawns, peas &c together with
fried rice, noodles & lots of other
lovely stuff. Washed down
with lager. The stuff just swelled
my tummy till I was sure I'd
not need to eat for a week
at least.

When we felt at last that
we could stand up to the strain
we left the joint & proceeded
towards Hyde Park where we thoroughly

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enjoyed listening to some Socialist
chap tub-thumping. We arrived
back at Chelsea late in the afternoon
ready to relax in that pleasant
room over the river and write to
respective & respected beloveds.

A couple of young medical students
who had been here at Jay's previous
digs came along to supper. A queer
pair of lads though very sweet &
refreshingly full of ideals & happy
in their work. One of them had
tried to get into the R.N.V.R. as a
quack, but failed on his application.
So he is now hoping to qualify
for a ship's doctor. Besides
talking about the Navy (always
dear to my heart) he told me
I looked as though I loved dancing
- which I took as a compliment as

he'd only been in my company
more than a few minutes. Maybe he
looked around for the rumba band
too, eh honey?

After we'd contented our inner
selves with a dance we

all strolled along the Embankment
& hopped a bus to Piccadilly &
finished off the evening drinking
rum punch in the Captain's Cabin.
D'you know it Sweet? We must go
there together sometime.

Telling I'm longing to get
you next bit? which I hope will
tell me something about these
rum punch trials & how you are
feeling about your sea life. Gee
every time I see a sailor the
same build as my hubby I
have to take a second look to

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make sure its not you sweetheart.
Silly really how one expects all
the time to walk around a corner
into the arms of the one who
matters.

Are you missing your wife
honey? or is life too hectic for
thoughts of that sort these days?
Hope you are getting more used to
the motion & are less seasick
these days.

How about leave sweetheart?
Are the prospects of being together
next week still bright?

She just aching to be in
your arms again,

May our dreams all come
true, angel,

All my love

Clare

P.T.O.

Angel mine

Tuesday am.

Did I tell you that not content with electing me their committee member, the Language Club Committee elected me Book & Stationery Secretary. Yesterday the chap who started the idea of language classes took me out & I

up to High Holborn to meet the people I shall have to contact for text books in the Educational Supply Assⁿ. & afterwards we lunched at the Holborn Restaurant. Very classy joint, good food & service, so altogether your wife has had a jolly good weekend.

had some time off the 'MTB' to relax & enjoy yourself.

Am just sticking to my phone every evening between 5.16 in case you ring me.

See you soon, darling

HASTA LA VISTA.

Love xxxxxx



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