

Fire Watch
Wednesday

Darling boy,
Just back from dinner,
to learn that you have rung me
twice!! Woe is me!! Had I
only known I should have been
fed with love this evening instead
of the inevitable. Come have
braised beef, plum pie & coffee.

Still there's hope that you
will be able to get through again
between 9 and 10. It will be
wonderful to hear your voice
again, pidgeon, I can just
imagine it.

I suppose you are ashore

again paying a visit to that Pub
You Have Found. Have a pint an
we honey and stop making eyes at
Barmaid Mary.

Joan Laidie is away this week
staying with her nurse & sister in
an inn deep in the heart of the
Chiltern Hills. The place is 20 mins
walk from the nearest bus route so
I guess it is a glorious spot of
country. One day, sweet, when we
have time to spend a few days
away from the madding crowd, and
when too we are tired of the gay
life then we must remember that
spot. At the present, however, my
dreams are of "putting on the
Ritz" at Bournemouth.

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I sent off another parcel to you today sweet containing Skat, milk of mag. Tablets, shaving cream, toothpaste & some apples. I trotted up to the Coventry Street Corner House to buy the last mentioned cos I know they sell good picked fruit and flowers.

Incidentally Cicero is the same as ever. The same great placards pasted up every where advertising the latest Shows, the same jostling crowds of humanity, clothed mostly in countless different uniforms, dodging the swarms of taxis which still make the pedestrians do all the work. The same flower sellers, & pornographic literature on show.

Do you miss these things here?
Sometimes when I'm catching my
train in the morning or evening or
maybe deciding where I'd go for
lunch & whether I'll go to a flick
this evening &c. I try to imagine
what it must be like to be tied
down to a set schedule. If only
while this war is on we could

all learn to value our freedom
above all else in the world, the joy
of being able to make one's own
decisions, then maybe our lives
& those of our children may be
free in the future of this stupid
bloodshed & agony.

Your thinking me "a very

5 "Clever woman" for taking up elocution & dramatics, gives me rather a guilty feeling, cos last week I felt a cold coming on, and skipped the lesson, and I still have some catarrh so I don't think it any use going tomorrow (my voice is not my own anyway). There are only two more lessons left and it looks as though I've had it, so you see, honey, we won't make social lions of ourselves after all.

I told you didn't I that Miss Olney is now working with us, and I find her most refreshing. She has brought a breath of spring to the room and

7 helping the two newcomers. As usual Clip has entirely ignored the new staff, & expects them to pick up the work of their own accord. With the result that they are browned-off before they start.

But, despite that, we laugh most of the day & life passes very happily.

Eve (Miss Diney) knows a great deal about books, she loves them, collects them, and devours them insatiably. She can discuss most authors with intelligence & compare styles. Altogether she has opened before me vast fields of reading matter, for which I am profoundly grateful.

I recently read a couple of books of short stories by Squadron leader X, (in civil life a short-story writer of fame). They were simply told, sans heroics, but gloriously thrilling & wonderful. If there are any copies about before Xmas I'd like to send them to Muriel so that she can get a glimpse of the life

as it really is. She talks in the mess, the waiting for take-off, the 'horrible fear and agony of suspense during the flight, the thrill of returning to home, & cocoa & women.

She is going to lend me "White Rome Beans" and I'll let you know how I feel about

9/ The style. We are also going to
look out for Peggy's book. Good
girl, Peggy, I can still clearly
remember her cute face, especially
when she chuckled over something,
and I'll never forget walking to-
wards your Camp on that Sunday
morning & hearing the Victory Bells
sounding out of the M. Africa
victory. We silently agreed that
we would celebrate our victories
the day our beloved husbands
were home again.

You know, honey, I was
almost there with you on deck,
gazing over the water, and feeling
the peace of the scene you described.
Heavenly, dearest.

By the way, a portion of your letter had been cut out by the Censor. I got as far as "we're ready to move to pastures new" our next book of activity is" & the rest was a blank.

So the Chief wfm had a weekend off did he? Then there's hope that maybe you will

manage me as well at same time. That's more than I dared hope for! Gee it would be grand!

They tell me that the girls may make the choice of firewatching here or at home, since the new Regulations came out, and there's

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only one reason why I'd do it here - that is, in case there may be a call from you. What do you think honey? It is rather grand to be able to hear from you, however infrequent the calls may be. But should you get a foreign draft then I think I shall give it up.

I guess it won't be long now before we know definitely what is to happen to you, darling, and wherever you go, darling, there goes my heart.

Cully is in Town this week, she is on a month's sick leave, and is spending the greater part of it resting at Goring. I must say she is looking better for it,

though there are still rips round her eyes. The treatment she is receiving is evidently taking effect & much to her relief she will not have to be operated upon.

John like a fool apparently told her all the gruesome details of the operation and got her thoroughly worked up about it - so she is

devastatingly relieved that she hasn't that ordeal to face.

Darling I've just spoken to you on the phone & I love you and love you. You sound just the same as ever, and awfully happy. The thought of spending a weekend together in the near future is just wonderful news.

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Dear Leg, you are so afraid I shall bank on it and be disappointed maybe. - but darling being a Sator's wife I am leaning to temper my anticipation with caution & only when joy is actually within my grasp do I enjoy it to the full.

~~Oh happy weekend at Aunt!~~

Thank you angel for my seat, which I hear is now on the way, and I shall most certainly bring it with me if I come away the ~~next~~ ^{after next} weekend. Yippee!

By the way, chicken, if you were to book a personal call to me, they would defer it if I

am not here any time, and you
wouldn't have to pay twice or
three times - poor dear - for one
call. Charge me up.

On Saturday I am going to
a Swimming Gala with Vera - the
first time I will have seen her
for ages. She rang me up yesterday
- cos she was so worried at my long
silence and she told Sue about
down the phone at me. Sweet kid.

Well darling it is getting
late & your honey's wrist is
aching,

So, au revoir,

See you in my dreams,

Your own, Clare

xx+xx
xx

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