

3

Firewatch.

Wednesday. 6/10/43.

Nothing. I had barely written the heading to this letter when the Sirens started wailing and I had to down tools, pick up my tin hat and make my way to my Post.

However all was quiet and after an hour or a half of wandering around and feeling bored, I can once more start writing.

This evening Joan & I went up to a Spanish Restaurant in Swallow Street for dinner. It's a place worth remembering, good food, pleasant surroundings and watchful waiters, who hover around to do your every bidding. We enjoyed ourselves immensely except that a meal in these circumstances leaves one with the wish that a handsome hero (the only one in the world) could



be chatting gaily with me, & afterwards guide me into a taxi, present a lovely box of chocolates, produce two theatre tickets for a good show and afterwards a drive home through moonlit streets.

~~Too romantic for words!~~ But such times will be ours again when the place is war.

Instead of that dream, we had to grope our way along dark streets board a bus and crawl regretfully back to the office. *Mons pauvres!*

I hopefully told switchboard that there might be a call for me, but the raid has probably put paid to anything like that. So I've joined the gang in the Duty Room.

This place is so silent that you could hear a pin drop.



3/ In one corner sits a young  
Chap rather like John Payne & looks  
at - he is turning over the pages of  
Picture Post in rather bored fashion,  
He is new, but he will doubtless  
in time get used to the lack of  
fun in this crowd.

Then in the opposite corner sits  
Mr. Weaver, He dresses in corduroy  
baggie suede shoes and a blue Harris  
tweed jacket, and I long ago began  
to wonder if he is all that he  
appears to be, his voice is too  
too girlish for words. For some  
reason, maybe my sympathetic face,  
he singles me out to hiss away  
about his relations & his languages.  
&c &c. Nowadays when I see him  
coming I hastily open a book &



pretend to be buried.

The only live spots in the place are at present having their supper, & will probably pound in breathlessly in a few minutes to shake the room out of its supper.

Joan is stuck in a book at the moment. She had a lovely time last week, away at an Inn in the Children's hills, and is looking fit as a fiddle. However there is no news of her hubby who should by now have been released by the

Eighth Army in Italy. With luck he may be home for Christmas. I hope so anyway for her sake. It's so disappointing for her not to have heard a word from Johnnie since the capitulation.



5  
Thursday morning

I gave in last night and went to bed early. I'm still tired. The atmosphere in these shelters is appalling. I awoke in the early hours of the morning simply gasping for a ~~drink of water~~ and by free wandering if I dare attempt to slip out of my bunk & make the journey upstairs. But at every move the bunk groaned & shrieked so that I thought I would wake everyone up. I also had a lump in my middle, - indigestion - which had developed after eating a particularly unhealthy-looking jam tart with my tea in the afternoon. Altogether I was in the woe and lay there praying for a warning or something so that I could get out of bed & do some exercises or Sump'n to help matters.



However the rest of the fire-watch was snoozing + snoring peacefully so I turned over on my tummy, resolutely closed my eyes, and before I had counted 1,569 sheep I was in dreamland once more.

Since I had a wash + breakfasted + drank some coffee I feel as right as rain again in Company with the weather.

I wonder if there will be a letter for me this morning from my darling. And I wonder what you will find to talk about. For my part I feel that I jabbered so much over the weekend that I have told you all the news and left myself devoid of ideas.



7

You remember those ear-rings I bought in aid of the Red Cross? Well the same Chappie came along yesterday with another lot. These were same sweet little daisie ones but they were in a hard blue colour and I said that if he had some white ones I would have them. Well after lunch Mr. Mullan came back & planked a pair of ear-rings on my table & said "They're what you wanted aren't they?" So & behold there was a pair of white daisy ear-rings. I was so surprised but I recovered sufficiently to thank him, ask him how much, (1/6) pay up, and put them on.

He then promptly rang up his girl friend & told her all about it. She very soon came into the room and



had a good look at me. Very  
embarrassing! He's a rat!

I think you'll like them honey  
especially with my black frock  
with white lace collar. Very tasty  
and sweet.

Well the office is beginning  
to look industrious. So I must  
get on.

Going to do some more  
Eliza Doolittle tonight.

All my love, precious,

Clara

~~xxx~~  
xxx

P.S. Have you got the baby yet?  
or the other parcel.?

Hope so honey.



1 2PM  
1 OCT  
1943



M/W. R. H. Westfalandy,

P/mx. 500221,

4th. NIB 710,

410. GPO.

London.

6