

(4)

Sheridan.

7.10.1943.

Dearest boy, I've just been to my
elocution and dramatics class such
fun. I'm sorry I missed the last
two lessons. There were very few of
us, which meant much more
individual attention, and though
called upon to read aloud I found
myself without nervousness at all.

Your wife apparently has good tone
& enunciation but she must learn
to talk louder (darling I've always
been under the impression that I
speak too loudly). Queer isn't it,
how one just doesn't know how
it sounds to other people?

We did some dialogue, two by
two, and I began to learn to
exaggerate every inflection. It's no

good to be just pleased, one has
to positively bubble over; or surprised,
one is simply devastated. Takes a
bit of doing when one is only sight-
reading. Watching people act on the
stage one doesn't realize what a

terrific amount of effort is being
used the whole time. Not only
the breathing, enunciation, tone
& volume of the voice, but also
the brain to get every inflection
& to register the sense of the words
before they are spoken. Gee whizz
& hope next week won't be the
last lesson!

Today has been simply rotund
ever since I got over my indigestion.
Miss Olney is so witty and scores
off Mueson in a dry fashion
whenever opportunity occurs.

Really we do just as we please!

3 I've never known such slackness
in any office before. Most of the
time there are only, perhaps, one or
two people in the room and when
we are all together we all talk
at a pace. Messan quite frankly
admits that he has worked hard
for this promotion & now intends
to sit back & take things easy for
a while. He just skims over the work
never digging very deeply into any of
the files so I watch very carefully
what is going on, lest some dreadful
mistake should occur. Actually his
attitude is hardly fair cos it puts
all the responsibility upon me, but
I can take it.

So funny, this morning we were
all talking as usual, Messan was
out of the room. Course it makes
no difference whether he is there or

not, actually. But when he came
in again, Miss Olney scuttled back
to her seat in mock-fear, and
said, without a quiver of a smile
in her dry way "look out, hee
comes the old man." ~~It brought~~

The house down.

I really get some belly laughs
from that girl.

There was one serious note in
an otherwise hilarious day however.

Yesterday Clip told me that he
had not recommended Morgan for his
increment. He frankly didn't think
him worth it, and said he'd have
to let the poor boy know.

Well after lunch Morgan looked
a bit glum, and came to me to
see if he could take some work
from me!! Had I not been told

5. part of the story by Clip. I'd have
fallen through my chair, cos normally
the old boy sits up in his corner,
writing letters, surreptitiously reading
books, or whiling away the hours
in some other lazy fashion.

Poor old chap. (Though he is a
rogue). I said I'd see if we
couldn't arrange some split-up of
the work. I emphatically did not
want to be in the position of farming
out the stuff cos I know how much
he is capable of doing, and it would
mean that I'd have to carefully
explain each thing to him & then
answer innumerable stupid questions
& finally check the whole stuff
through. No. I want him to have
his own section of the work, and
not to dabble in mine.

So I rumbled Chip about it and we had a heat to heat talk about things in general. Chip is looking dreadfully run down, he really takes too much on his own shoulders and he doesn't put too much faith in his new CEO. (Rather bad of him to criticise M. with me. After all I owe them both a certain amount of loyalty). Anyway I was saved from listening to too much by a phone call.

It was Cully. She's up in Town for a few days - she can't be still for five minutes. Can she? We had a good chat over a cup of coffee & are going to lunch together one day next week. She is making her digs again tomorrow and if you want to write to her here is her address: -

LINDEN COURT,
LINDEN GARDENS. W.2.

I was interrupted in this letter
by three things which happened
simultaneously - a gas
quintfire and then the lights going
out. We were only at Newisham
& the flashes & noises took me
back very vividly to that memora-
ble night which we spent together
under the railway arches three
years ago. There's a memory that
will never fade. - I think we both
passed through every possible
emotion that night, and came
through it all smiling and hand
in hand.

I was glad the Quintfire had
stopped when I reached Wellis,
and I lost no time in reaching the

flat as I had no tin hat with
me.

It's been peaceful for about an
hour while I ate my dinner, but
the guns are having a grand time
just now and Strapuel is flunking
down.

I wonder how Joan feels with
all this going on - Frank is not
too sound since his experience in
the Arsenal.

I think I shall have a wash
now & get all ready for bed so
that I can ~~sleep~~ sleep when
the All Clear sounds.

I love you, honey,
God bless,
Clare

P.S. What a doleful letter from Flux!!!

M/M. L. H. WESTGATE,
P.M.X. 500221,

4th MTB. 710,

Co. Q.R.

London.

