

The Office.
Wednesday

Dating

This is the first five-watch night in ages when I have not been all agog for my three minutes of joy talking to my hubby.

Never mind I'll try to console myself with the thought of what might be this weekend.

The inner woman has just been satisfied by a snack, and I'm all ready

to address my attentions to
the man that matters.

The burning question
that fills my thoughts this
week to the exclusion of
such mundane subjects as
electricity agreements is,
"Will my hubby be coming
on leave?" Every time the
phone rings today I
have wondered if I would
hear your voice. I seem
to hear so little from you
honey, and it seems ages
since our last weekend
together.

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Life has been very unmomentous for me for the last few weeks. I go home every evening and sit with mum & knit or sew, or some other household chores. Gerald has not been near us for weeks and mum cannot write to him since she does not know his address - so life is rather empty for her.

We went over to the Drive after lunch on Sunday and stayed the evening.

Joan is looking awfully

fit still, and though she is
putting on weight, naturally,
she is keeping a good shape
with it. The woolies and
things she has collected so
far for little John are lovely.
(I must put in an hour on
the shawl tonight, too).

Frank has fallen into his
new position very well, and
has become quite a pal of
his boss. Unfortunately it
seems to keep him out very
late some evenings, much
to mummy's annoyance. So he

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is thinking of installing a phone so that he can let Joan know, and she will be spared any anxiety.

Did I tell you that Jet and Daisy their two chickens were stolen a few nights ago. Such a shame after all this time, I s'pose somebody thought they'd make a nice Xmas dinner.

And haddie has been put to stud with a Scottie up the road, so the family may be acquiring another doggie soon.

There are loads of good
Shows & films here in Town,
and if the fates smile on
us I hope that maybe we'll
see some of them together.

Life seems to have lost
its bubble for the last week
or two, probably because I
don't have my usual daily
dose of uplift in the form
of news from my hubby. I
know you'd write if you could
angel, and this really isn't
a moan, just the plain
fact that life without some

Sort of contact with the man
I love, is no sort of life
at all.

Stark at her!! She had
a letter from you last Saturday
She has spent unpteen
weekends by the sea this year,
I've had weeks of leave
and she beeps!! What about
the girls whose menfolk are
abroad? Compared with
them I should be counting
my lucky stars.

My love to the 710
gang & tell that Skipper

of yours that I very much
desire your company for
anything from one to two
weeks in the very near
future.

Be seeing you, honey,
All my love,

Clare

xxxxxx
xx

Dohing, dohing, dohing,

What a heavenly
Surprise!! I'm now feeling
just about as happy as they
make 'em!! My man loves
me and he's missing me
and oh! everything is
wonderful again.

What a good job
you hadn't received my
Saturday letter!! Such a
lovely long talk too - 6 mins
at least

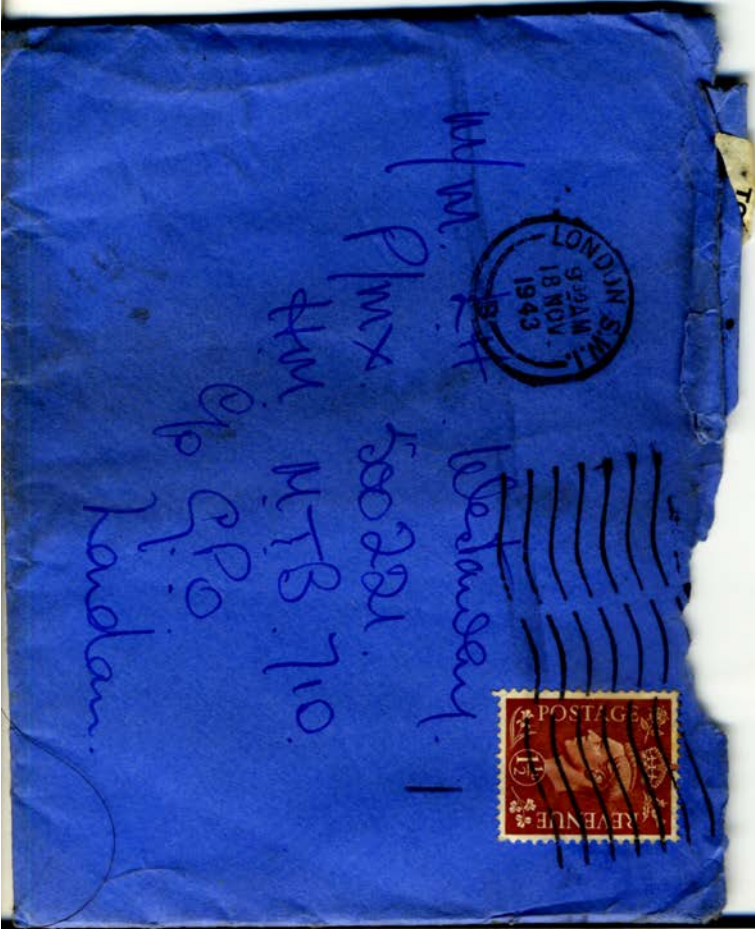
On rereading your letter I
least quite a good deal. Some
folks are dumb aren't they?

I shall be expecting you
from now on, honey, any time
any day. If you do happen
to drop in late in the
evening there's a double bed
available at the flat which
we would find cozy I'm
sure, despite the bumps.

Rust away now angel,

Keep smiling,

I am, Carol



W.M. Pitt

P.M.X. 500221

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