

The Office.
Wednesday.

Darling mine,

This is the first time since our posting at Dorford that I have had a chance to sit down to really write to my darling hubby, so I intend to let you have it in the usual manner, no interruptions (save for maybe a 'phone call from you - what bliss!) in sight for at least an hour. Oh Gee I forgot Wailing Lizzie - but we'll keep our fingers crossed and hope that she'll keep quiet tonight.

I had another lovely billet-doux from you this morning

Sweetheart which I find very amusing
and joymaking. Apart from the
fact that it left us with a guilty
feeling at the gap which there
must have been before my first
letter arrived.

You sound as though you've
been terribly busy since your
return, darling, and I hope that
when you do get a moment's
break you will get your head
down and sleep deep. As I found
to my cost that missing that
commodity is just the worst thing
in the world for the old brain
and body, and I want my wife
to stay healthy and good to
look at. Yum. yum.

3 I gather that you are once more
back at that hell spot - though I
didn't know it was famed for its
night-life. Tell me more!!

I'm inclined to like Tony Bares.
The more I read of him the more he
seems to me to be a worthwhile
skipper to have. Though I must
say some of the little canoes you
described made me chuckle heartily.
I can't help feeling that it takes
quite a lot of grit to instal that
kind of rule & order to a scape-
grace boat like yours appears to
have been under its Aussie. And
your wifey likes the change.
Yessir. Course I know you can
turn round and tell me that

I am only a looker-on and am not a fellow-sufferer but I sticks to me guns.

Talking of which I like the sound of "woof" - quite appropriately named for his job. eh? Is he an addition, replacement or what?

So they've started buzzing about the next base already have they. Stant fellas, and I shall be praying along with the best of 'em.

As for me, well I returned to the old familiar routine on Monday feeling much fitter, and was greeted by smiling faces and good wishes from all.

Clip said it was good to have our
the Westaway back again, and
looked it. Seems they missed me.

Farmer is an awfully decent chap,
and frightfully keen to get stuck
into the stuff and know all there
is to know about electricity. He
really digs deep into cases and
ferrets the stuff out for himself
without peppering me with questions
all day long as did our friend
Mussa.

He had a chat with me
generally yesterday and said
that he had gathered that my
Seat was overloaded and that
he was anxious to get a fair

distribution of the work between
the three of us. The room is
fairly quiet most of the time,
which gives us all a chance to
concentrate on the work in hand.
(Under his rule the place was
like a bear-garden from 9 till 6.)
But in between times and just
after lunch he chats, and he
really has some most amusing
anecdotes to tell, & interesting
things to talk about. He is
gifted with a dry wit, which
just hits the spot as far as
your wifey is concerned.

Added to which it is very
interesting to watch him typing
tapes & handling the phone with

7

one hand only. He has certainly
conquered that handicap!! The
wound was received in the last
war when he was serving with
the Highlanders.

It was interesting how I
gleaned that piece of knowledge.
He was relating how he had
recently read an article by an
Aussie journalist who was telling
a tale of having been stranded
in the last war, one night, and
stumbling in the dark upon a
tavern of sorts, popped in to
quench his thirst with a pint.
He'd just put his cash on the
table when some bushy Scot
came up and slapped him a

walloped on the back & said
"How's things" or words to that
effect & in a few minutes he
was outside the place sans drink.
Farmer said that he knew the
reason - as in the last war the
Aussies had about five times as
much cash as the Britishers, and
when their own canteens had been
exhausted used to practically
buy out the other chaps' drinks -
so much so that nowadays when
an Aussie walks into an inn where
there are Sets he just doesn't
stand an earthly.

Farmer seems too to have
tagged old Jones, and is adopting
a different attitude towards him

9 than the previous bosses. He is
there to work in the capacity of
T.A. & work he will have to, or
get out. (I can almost hear you
saying "about time too!").

Altogether life in this dump
is apparently going to be much
more tolerable in future.

Heard also from Cullie today.

She was anxious for me to
purchase some nail-varnish for
her since it is going off the
market at the end of this
month. She is feeling bucked
with life cos at last she has
landed her business-manager-in-
-CEMA job. However the H. of

Kabam is proving to be a bit sticky so she has to attend some interviews & will be in Town next week.

I hope everything smoothes itself out for her as I know she is anxious to get started on this work which seems more in her line than flower-packing.

She sends her love & hopes you are fit.

I also heard from him today - sounding very much as usual. He is on leave until next Tuesday & intends to enjoy himself over the holiday. Unfortunately I had to hang up on him quickly in order to take a trunk call on the other line. So

"
we made no definite arrangements
to see one another, but I guess he
will arrange something over the
weekend. Wish my angel, could
be there but I'll keep you in tune
with all my comings & goings
from now until we meet again so
never fear haley-mine. I loves you.

Joan & I dined as usual this
evening, and she read some most
interesting & exciting letters which
she has received from her sister
who accompanied Dr. Churchill
to Malta, Teheran & N. Africa!!
She has a most wonderful knack
of describing scenes so that they
live for the reader, and also
notices all those queer & odd

Things that people love to hear about. Despite the terrifically hard work & late nights she has been having she says that the glamour & wonder of it all keeps her afloat the whole time.

What a memory to have!!
To see all those wonderful places & in the finest possible way.

The food she describes hardly bears thinking about!! She says that she wishes she could have had the first three weeks' food spread over a few months so that she could have enjoyed it all to the full!

What stories people will have to tell when this war is over!

13

Today was Mr. Paton's 65th birthday & we presented him with a little token of our esteem.

It was Miss Cleary's suggestion (who is an old maid & inclined to have 'sweet' ideas & to be very obstinate) and I know Clip was as embarrassed as a schoolboy at having to purchase the thing and present it. - he was not sure that it was entirely suitable -- a flowering plant in a pot !!

I could imagine your face if the ship's crew presented that kind of ~~token of their esteem~~ ^{token of their esteem} to you ^{their daddy}. Cor! Still

I suppose you are not 65 yet, and that probably alters the case.

Ehkkh?

Incidentally Mark presented me
today with an old pipe of yours -
I think made out of corn cob or
Sumpin. After a Dunkill I don't
know how you had the nerve to
smoke the thing!!

Gosh darling, I'm missing
you. I'd give anything to be
spending the evening, deep in cosy
chairs, by a coal fire, you
smoking your pipe & me crocheting
or knitting or reading, or maybe
listening to the wireless with
the lights turned low. - - - ah me!

Keep dreaming those dreams darling
cos they'll all come true someday,

loving you,

Clare

×××××
×××××



POST OFFICE
LONDON, S.W.
234

P/mx 500221

dim. WTB 710.

Go G.P.O.

London.

Po M/m.