

The Flat
Tuesday.

Angel, Sorry about this paper, but I've lost my cream pad and this is the only paper available. Bet you thought you had seen the last of this stuff ages ago!

I had a bit of rough luck this evening, honey. As the bus swung around the top of Whitehall, by the lights my black bag slipped off my wrist and landed in the gutter. I jumped off at the stop & ran back, but someone had

evidently picked it up. Though
I looked around in the semi-
dark it didn't appear to be
around in the road or on a
wall or stump. So I found
a policeman (after a good
search) and reported it to
the nearest Police Station. My
spices, torch & knitting were in
it, and some letters from you.
It was the loss of the letter
that made me feel so fed up.
However my address is there,
so I live in hopes that I
shall get it back. Sickenin'
though, and it made me late
home. - quite an hour!

3/ I was starving when I finally arrived home, and mum was wringing her hands, and wondering whether to go over to Joan's. So altogether, sweet, I'm not feeling quite the life & soul of the party this evening.

Still it might have been a thousand times worse - I know I'd be heartbroken had it been my hand bag! Still I knew the handle was weak, and yet I continued to use it, so it is my own fault.

Waiting for your phone call.

Tomorrow evening. Somehow
I never stop missing your
voice and your smile & your
sweet ways. If only this
war would come to an end
soon & we could live together
for always. The thought of
it is sheer delight!

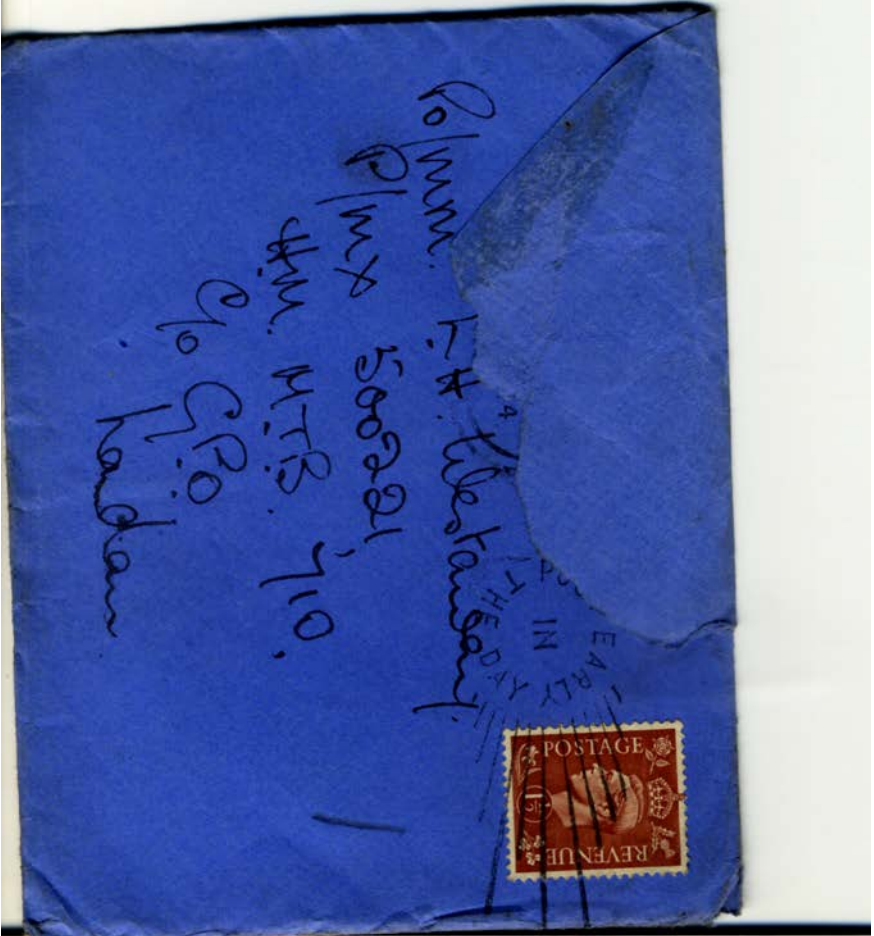
Did you see tonight
in the news that the Russians
are now into Poland and it
looks as though some of the
Balkan countries might
collapse as Italy did. Great
news!! Though I guess you
are only interested in your

"Ticket." The darling? Oh
boy I think I'll get drunk
on Champagne that night,
and well carry one another
have sniping "Sweet Adeline."
What say you?

And now my pidgeon, if
you don't mind I ought to
wash & pack my baggage for
firewatching tomorrow, & if
possible get an early night.
Be hearing from you (j'espère),
I'll never stop loving
you,

Clare

xxx x
xxx



Polym. Fitz. Thekassart

Plym 50022-21

410. Mrs. C. P. O.

Hardan



EARLY IN THE DAY