

Firewatch

Sweetheart.

howdy, do have your call today, though I'm afraid I did most of the talking! (as usual?). I must say though I'd have made the conversation more lively had the call come through this moment. And who knows? maybe it will. gee!

So the other Mfu has gone on leave has he? Poor he, and poor me. Still maybe you'll get next weekend - and anyway the work may go on a bit longer & give you chance next week. Got my fingers crossed.

So you had not received my letter about the flats. My idea is that if these Charlton

flats are in a fairly decent
neighbourhood & accessible to
the bus & train routes. They
will be ideal. After all I
suppose it would not be sensible
to take on anything too large
& expensive if we are only going
to use it occasionally - and
I see that you agree.

I am hoping you may be
there to view them with me,
but anyway I have had a
chance to tell you about them
& get your opinion & I shall
act accordingly. O.K. Sweet?

Sorry for the changeover from
pen to pencil - but I've transferred
to the Duty Room for the following
reason:

When I entered my office there

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was a flurry of scampering feet & mice flew in all directions. That didn't worry me very much until I became aware of an insistent "Squeak - Squeak" and a creaking noise, and the horrible thought occurred to me that maybe some poor little mouse had got stuck on that inhuman glue that they put down to catch them. I know it was cowardly but I couldn't bear to make sure but left the room in haste & hope that I was either mistaken or that some of his pals will rescue him.

Have I ever told you of the bird that I once drowned cos the cat had broken it terribly? Well I'm sure that experience will

always prevent me from trying
to kill anything again - even tho'
it wd relieve the animal from
suffering. Sounds illogical but I
just couldn't bear to watch the
pitiful struggle for life.

And so on with my narrative.
I have watched Mr. Farmer trying
to work on some of our cases &
get the hang of the work - and
I have realised that he was
getting a bit fed-up at the
lack of order in general. This
evening he started to jaw at
a quarter to six & the trend
of the conversation was that he
considered the section pretty
messy. He was trying to fathom
what was wrong & came to the
conclusion that it was because

- 1) Chip tried to do all the work himself.
- 2) He never followed the rules, but bargained in every case with the result that nobody else could handle it without consulting him.
- 3) He seemed to enjoy being "cussed" and his aggressive attitude has lost the Dept the confidence of the electricity industry.

All of which so drastically set out my opinion of my boss (which I formed long ago). Eve then joined us & it developed into a regular round-table conference. We finally left the office at 6.45. (Good job I was an F.W.) R. Farmer & I then had a drink together in the Pavilion where I was to eat, and for another

30 minutes or so he argued out ways & means of improving the section. Curiously enough I didn't feel disloyal discussing my colleagues behind their backs - simply because F. is such a decent chap that there was nothing in the least catty or underhand about our talk. Altogether I unburdened myself - but I can't see what we can do - short of throwing Clip out on his ear.

I then popped into the snack bar for my meal and had a very entertaining half-hour, cos I know the woman there now & she was being chatty with a couple of Americans who proceeded to include me in their conversation.

They insisted that they bought me a drink to have with my food, and be amusing.

They wanted to know why all the good-looking gals in England were married? Were you in Scotland - or maybe the Mediterranean (very hopefully). ho? Oh! Pity!

Would I care to meet them tomorrow & show them London?

Sorry had another engagement. (me)

We'll tell the Navy! (them)

Anyway they wouldn't see much of London in the blackout. (me)

Oh ho! (they)

And so the conversation went on in light vein & I countered all proposals in a very easy manner (I thought).

I refused a second drink on the grounds that I had to be back at 8.0 & before they could ask what office? and whether I firewatch every Wednesday? I had thanked them & disappeared with a smile.

OK. Honey? Think I handled that? I want tell you what they said about sailors! To all accounts you are having a good time with the women.

Still they are talking of sailors & not my honey lamb. eh?

Love me sweet? No other strings to your bow?

Good Egg!!

And so back to the office to chat with Joanna & watch

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The lads playing Panto, Quite
a jolly crowd tonight and
if this letter seems a bit
disjointed its cos of all the
crosstalk thats flying around.

Glad the baccy arrived, and
I hope it will weave its smoky
dreams around my angel.

You're the darling of my
heart,

all love,

Clare

P.S. Somebody said to Bob Hope: "have
romance as sweeping the country
these days" & he replied "Yeah
I was given the brush-off twice
myself last night."

Cl



(Label)

London

Ro/Mm
P/M

LONDON
9 20 AM
8 JAN
1940

STAMP AREA
DO NOT WRITE IN THIS AREA
H.M. M.T.B.

C/o S.P.

W.L. 15844/1979.....6/42.....51-5076.

