

Firewatching.
Wednesday.

Darling mine,

Your wife has just spent a pleasant half-hour in the Pavilion, consuming veal & ham pie, salad & potatoes & coffee, with a P.G. Wodehouse propped up against the Couch. I think there is nothing so satisfying as to read when you're eating, with no interruptions or noise. One chappie that I vaguely recognised as a fellow fire-watcher came up and said "good evening", but I nodded & smiled distantly & went on reading. Unsociable I know, but one feels like one's solitude occasionally. Free country, ain't it?

I often think about you being surrounded by men & women in a confined space where there is little chance for a quiet meditative half-hour. What a contrast to the key who used to say so few words

and go his own way in happy solitude.
Or am I imagining that that was how
you were? Might I add that how
you were & however you change, I shall
always be in love with you. sweetheart.

Tomorrow I'm going to have my
hair done! This is how it came about.
For weeks now I have been looking at myself
& saying "Close your hair is a sight!" and
it certainly hasn't been its old wavy, curly
self. I came to the conclusion that it
needed cutting & thinning before I could hope
to achieve any style. So I went along
to book an appointment. Then I thought
perhaps if I had it set in a new style
I could do it myself in future. And
hey presto the decision was made.

I know it's a common - or - garden
occurrence with most other ladies but it
will be a new experience for me, and

But joking apart, darling, I hope they are not keeping you too busy. Been sea-sick much lately?

I wonder how Doris is feeling this week and how her first week in the A.R.S. is panning-out for Joyce. I remember what a dreadful emptiness there was when you joined the Navy! Life was one long misery of finding your memory in every minute experience of the day. Chastly!

I tried again this week to get a copy of Peggy's book, but with no success. I think I will try Joyce's. Second edition eh? Sounds good! I bet Mike is proud of her. I'm so glad you two are keeping in touch cos I have a very high opinion of the pair of 'em and would like to renew acquaintanceship after we settle down when the war is over. Gee!!

I'm hoping that they will be able to do what I want.

Joan has deserted me this evening. Gotta date, dinner & dance, or Supper, and we've got our fingers crossed in the hope that there will be no worry.

By the way, my cold has gone! Have you been trying some ~~new~~ telepathic healing? You might not even know yet that I've had one, but anyway it's now a thing of the past. (Bit Irish eh?).

When am I going to get a really newsworthy & laughable screed from my better half? You've now been gone a week and all I've had is one short screed! Signed "busily yours" on your night of duty!

Sounds fishy to me. You just drop that blade & pay attention to me or I'll do yer!

I'm just topping off my supper with a bar of the nutty that you left behind. Tolly good-o!

Remember Olive Pescod? She got married on Saturday last! Apparently her fiancé arrived home from the Middle-East & they fixed it up there and then. A white wedding with bridesmaids & all the trimmings followed by a week's honeymoon, somewhere in England. Brings back sweet memories.

Dohip, if we don't find our own flat before your next leave, how's about spending it at Bm. That glorious week we had last year simply washed away all the winter cobwebs, so how's about repeating the dose? The thought of a morning swim, walking along the front, dinner and dance at the Swiss, and cocktails in the Norfolk lounge just gets me bubbly inside.

Been playing table-tennis or ruffe
lately harem. Write and tell me of
all your activities and thoughts and
stories if you get any spare time cos
you know how I ache to hear all the
news.

I think its time I reported to the
duty room how sweet.

Pr night & god bless,

All my love

Clare

xxxxxx
xx

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