

The Flat  
Tuesday.

Robin Hey,

It is wonderful to be  
in love & to know that your man  
is happy. Your Sunday letter sounds  
as though "you're in the groove" once  
again.

As for me, chicken, I'm  
in the pink! Skin clear, eyes  
sparkling & hair shining. It's  
wonderful to have my specs at  
last. I had no idea how much I  
would miss them until I tried  
doing without! Talk about a  
muzzy head! By 2.0 o'clock it  
had begun to buzz every day &  
by the time I reached home I  
just wanted to shut my eyes  
and sit. Now I can work

to capacity all day, and still  
be comparatively fresh to knit  
or read or sew at home. I  
have really started to put the  
new coat together, but I doubt  
if it will be ready for the next  
leave. Pity, but maybe this  
mild spell will continue & I shall  
be able to wear the fur  
jacket.

Tomorrow is firewatch night,  
and I am going to take various  
addments of stitching with me to  
do, in preparation for our possible  
holiday. Thursday I shall shampoo  
& set my hair, and get out all  
my glamour rags & look them  
over.

Did I tell you that I found

3 a couple of pairs of nice socks  
of yours in the airing cupboard  
here and I will darn them up  
& take them to the drive.

How's about this new suit  
I keep hearing about? Have you  
been for a fitting yet? And  
how soon do you expect to get it?  
Ope, sweet, I'm longing to see you  
again.

I bet the thought of getting  
into flannels & sports jacket is  
good, after wearing dirty overalls  
& the same old dark blue for so  
long. Can't you just savour that  
John Cohn's in the Norfolk? With  
our "woof woof" man singing an  
Irish ballad accompanied by  
Alfred Tupp.



The possible move up to T -  
does not seem to have materialized  
here. At least you don't mention it.

I wrote a letter to your mum &  
dad this afternoon, letting them know  
the latest as far as I know it, so  
that they won't worry about you.

How sick are you, pigeon? Well  
so is your baby. And I reckon  
that we'll have a glorious time  
making up lost ground. Ooo-ooo!  
What I couldn't do with you  
in my arms tonight!

I hope you won't think I'm  
counting on things too much.

And so to bed to dream of  
our honeymoon together,

all my love, sweet, Clare.

Mr. H. H. W. W. W.  
P.O. Box 500221,  
A.M. M.T.B. 710.  
C/o G.P.O.  
London.



W. W. W.