

8th March 44

The Flat.
Tuesday.

Nice doing, I hear from you by
phone today. Though I didn't say
half the things I had intended
to.

It is good to know
where you are, what you expect
to happen, and when you anticipate
leave to come along. I've been
dithering ever since Saturday -
one minute it seems you're
coming and the next that you're
not. Now I know definitely
that you'll not be around for over
a week I will really deposit
your shoes in Randalls to be
stitched.

I hope you had a good Time
out on the van-tan in that
peace-time den of iniquity. Shame
about your ankle, but I'm kinda
gettin' used to these tales of woe.
It seems to have no effect my saying
that you've gotta take care. Might
as well resign myself to living
with a crock for the next 40 or
50 years.

Incidentally, you'd better watch
your step when you're home on leave
cos I'm liable to do you up in
splints and bandages at the slightest
provocation, on account of I'm
really getting dug into this First
Aid stuff. We have lectures and
practice for two hours a week
on Friday afternoons. This lasts

for six weeks (I started last week). In between lectures we have to study a hard book & practice bandaging. Then at the end of the course we have a practical and oral examination.

The lecturer is a hardan doctor who knows his subject upside-down and inside-out, and delivers his talk with a most convincing and interesting style. Me? I enjoy myself hugely. I can't imagine how I can have been content to go through life ignorant of the right things to do in cases of emergency. Course I know that a great deal relies on common sense & improvisation, but nevertheless there

essential things that everybody
should learn.

I have also volunteered (in
a moment of desperado) to try
my hand at something else that
may be needed in emergency. Hope
you wait have any qualms - its
despatch-riding! The thought of
me perched on a motor-bike makes
me wonder, but Joan Fairlie's
Sister did it last summer I know,
and she's no bigger than me &
probably not so strong. Anyway
if they get enough men they
probably won't call on the girls.
Not that I wouldn't have a go,
and rather fancy myself. What
do you think. Sweetheart?
Had a rather nice little look

from here tonight, and he's
coming on leave this weekend
for 7 days. Maybe you'll see
him if he doesn't return too
soon. I do hope so, honey.

Tim was saying that Susan
has had a bad chill, but is
recovering O.K. now. Poor baby!
I wonder if maybe she had a
shock from that shell.

J. & V. are trying to make out
a claim for the furniture in
those two rooms, and says that
it is working out at some \$300.
Seems pretty steep to me, but if
they can get away with it then
good luck to em. I made a
date to see them both on Friday
evening.

Well, Sweet, the brains trust
are just about to spout, and as
I've passed on all the latest I'm
gonna close down.

Hoping that you are now
quaffing a happy pint, and
that the blonde in the fur coat
is entertaining you, brightly,

She's a lucky girl. I'd give
anything to be drinking with you
right now,

Missing you,

Close
xxxxx
xxx.