

The Office.
Tuesday.

Angel mine,
Seeing as how its
a flag day for sailors (God
bless 'em) today, I can't let
it pass without scribbling a
few lines to my favorite
Betty Office.

I'm sorry you
haven't the wherewithal to
phone me this week, not only
cos I shall miss your sweet
voice, but also cos it means
you're broke - no beer, no
pictures or or.

I'd send you some
cash, honey, only you said

You didn't want me to do
So and anyway it would
arrive on Thursday and that
is your pay-day. So . . .
my poor hubby remains broke.
She dashing!

No more news of the
Commissionaire eh? Well I am
prepared to wait as you are,
without knowing whether 'Sid'
rather it came now or a little
later on. As long as you get
it before the war is over and
that wait be many months
from now.

At last we are getting
some rain, though not as much.

as we need, according to the gardening enthusiasts. I believe it is going to be a spring-like Easter. Do hope you can manage somehow to get up the line, it would be so heavenly to spend a weekend together in our itty-bitty home.

Yes the pictures are hung, but I hope my hubby will spend a few minutes on them and make a more workmanlike job of it. However the effect is there, and very nice too!

Dr Dulbas has been flooding the office with "sticky-buds" - cuttings from

horse-chestnut trees that look
most attractive in vases. If
we are spending the weekend
at Blackheath I intend to
bring some home & put them
in a large vase in the
corner by the door. Effective
eh? Or aren't you too sure?

What it is to have married
an "arty-crafty wife". But
it was your own choice—
well practically I admit I
did give you a shove now
& then.

But then I was in love
with you,

Even as I am today &
always. Love.



for Mr. Pitt. Westaway. 17
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