

M.T.B. 764

Tuesday.

Claire darling, (may I call you Claire?)

A letter from you today, written or posted on Friday, tells me, on reading between the lines, that you aren't getting my mail as regularly as might be. You write of matters that she already dealt with so it leaves me with the very satisfying feeling that as soon as you ask you're answered. What you call service, eh? But then I always was psychic - I could foresee things & events years before their time. I knew I was going to marry

You the first time I set eyes on those
-er- eyes of yours. Of course, you,
being a green little darling, didn't
realise the wolf was at your door
so you couldn't do anything about
your impending doom. But old
Know-All here, he was working
out ways + means to hook you
all the time. Mind you, I will
say this, you were obviously
after something — no gal could
be it along the way you did,
with ~~her~~ her little duff portively
quivering with anticipation, and
not be aware of what's going
on — you can't kid me, I told
ya, I'm psychic.

I know, I've still got a few
illusions about women that you're
helping me to keep — I haven't gotten

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quite so blasé that I think I know
everything. For instance, I still
think they're very mysterious creatures
& that a mere man never gets to
the bottom of 'em. I imagine
I know you as well as anyone
does, but I bet you come up
with a new angle every time
I see you. I sometimes feel
quite puny beside you. Does
that make you feel good? Then
again, I think women are very
fly creatures - y'know what I mean
by that? I think they scheme
a little to get what they want -
in a very nice, reductive way of
course & nobody's the worse off
for it certainly not the man - he's
too dozed & dozey to worry, &

When he comes down to earth the whole affair's a fait accompli which is just as well because I don't think much of a man's ability to arrange the little things that really matter in life. After this men will call me a saboteur, but I call myself a collaborationist.

You see I've no idea what brought on all this propinquity & I do hope sweetheart that you'll take it in the spirit in which it is written - whatever that means.

What I really wanted to write about was the more realistic matters. I wanted to fill in one or two gaps in my stock of home news. Firstly, have you transferred that £75 to War Savings Certificates yet, honey?

You haven't mentioned it but maybe I've missed a letter & I'd just like to get things right. I've had another think about it & I still agree that we should get a little - even tho' a very little - interest on idle money. Later, as the balance goes up, I think we should put a little more in W.S.C.s - keep on doing that, leaving, say, £50 as a current account.

Then there's the flat - any progress there? I bet it's the hardest business imaginable to get a decent flat these days, but we've plenty of time, sweet, so easy does it & get the best

bargain you can.

I'm looking forward with all the anticipation of a young & eager lover to the photograph of you.

I hadn't liked mentioning this before but desperation now compels me to confess that I've lost that other enlargement of you, dear one, & apart from the 'polyphotos', which can hardly be arranged on the dresser I've not been able to gaze on the Dream Face for a long time. So there's one thing you can rush through for me - jolly them along, honey lambs, so that I set it by yesterday at the latest.

You see, I love you so.

PS

What again! This
man so much perverted.

Can it be that he is in love
or in need of £10.

POST OFFICE

MARITIME

~~Wentworth~~

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W. W. L. ...

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