

The Flat.

Wednesday

Dadling

So you are playing ruffe
tomorrow huh? Well I hope the
ground is not too hard, sugar, and
that you don't come up against
too many tough eggs. I might I
guess that they will think twice
of talking when your bulk
comes on the horizon! Put that
to stake to good account in the
Scrum.

Remember the time that I came
along & saw you play in a match
with the gang, and that chap
took a kick at you? And
after all the swearing and cursing

it was all forgotten over cups
of tea & glasses of beer.

I was jolly glad to read
about your voice. I had a feeling
that maybe it was improving
definitely, but don't overdo the
Suckins - as if you would after
an 8 weeks - do like you've had.
It would be lovely to think

you had your proper voice back
again, darling, next time I see
you.

which brings me to the
question of leave, about which you
speak more confidently than for
months past. I wish I knew
how many weeks it will be.

You see, my going away outfit

as you so sweetly call it, is
going to be fitted for the first
time on Saturday, and I don't
know how long after that it will
take to complete. But I would
like to wear it away.

The thought of a holiday,
away from the madding crowd is
a thrill! "Where do you suggest
we go?" "Somewhere quiet but gay."
I guess Dorling would have the
former, & Bournemouth the latter.
I wonder what the hotel was
like where this & Pat stayed?
Anyway darling think about it.
I shall. I'll just be counting
the days. It is ages since we
had a real holiday.

As for the photos, they're an excellent likeness, just typical here. At first sight I thought the printing was not good, but they look much clearer at a couple of yards distance. I shall get one framed & stand it on the bedside cabinet. I showed them to my luncheon hen-party & they said "mm" "mm"

Got the S.E.P. yesterday. You may think it not worth recording every time, but I consider it a major triumph when I trip it off. I have now found one bookstall at Victoria where they always seem to have 'em. Each Wednesday I approach diffidently

When there is no crowd around,
and ask quietly & appealingly
for a copy. There's an old gent
serving & he takes a look at
me (maybe he's got a son in the
Navy?). Sees the badge, produces
something spurtively from below
decks, rolls it up à la bell-
bottom's at night, and I keep
it that way until I get well
away but anyway anyone does
peek at the title. High ho!
But it's worth it!

See whiz if noise having
the frost up there that we are
getting you'll need some
ministering angel to tend the

bruises after today's game.

Did I tell you that I had a basinfull of Benny Goodman's other night. You'd have enjoyed that film too. Mainly because it really was wrapped around the band, which played solidly right through. There was a jam

session in it, giving close ups of the hands of Benny, his pianist, bass & drummer. I just didn't realize that fingers could move at such speed & precision! Don't give me any cracks about your lady-be-good!

It was sweet & hot alright

As you've probably guessed
I am finishing this record
off in the train (Millie came
over last evening) and I shall
have to quit this 'cos we
are nearing L. Bridge.

Bye, darling,

All my love,

Clare



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